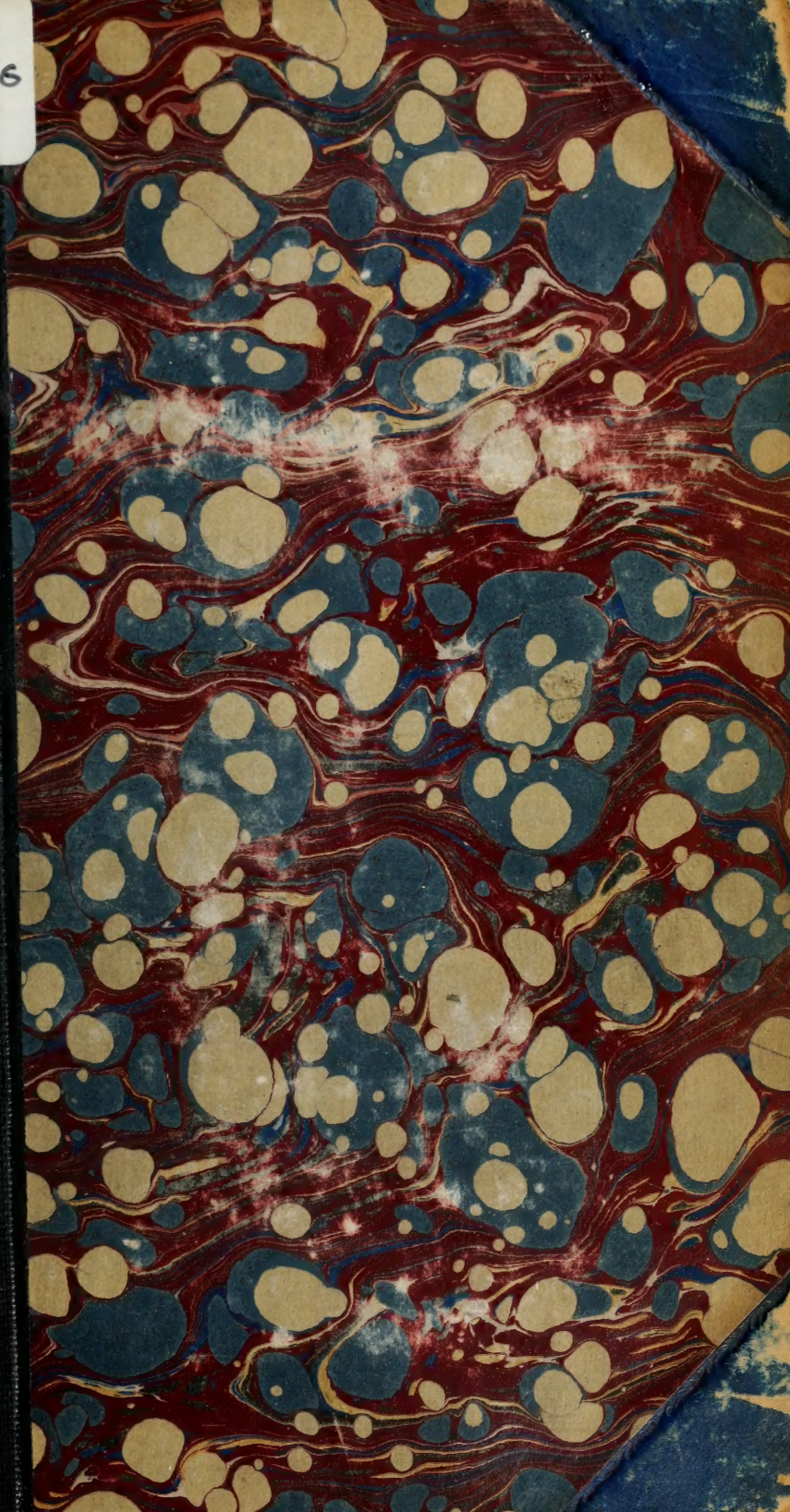
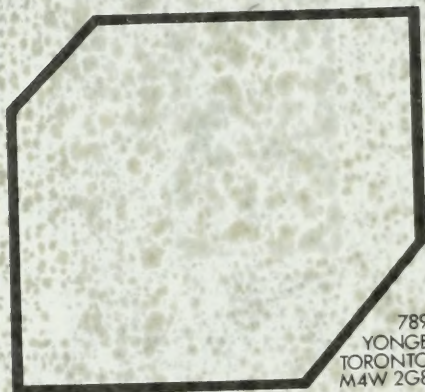


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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1881.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY MRS. A. MAC GILLIS, BARRIE, ONT.

GOOD-BYE, Old Year, we cannot let thee go
Without a farewell tribute ; thou hast been
A faithful friend since first thy face was seen,
Smiling and fair, with youth and hope aglow.

Now thou art hoar with age, thy form is bent,
Snowy thy locks, and dim thy sunken eyes ;
Poor dying friend, thou wilt not see arise
Another sun in Heaven's clear firmament.

The winds are wailing with a doleful sound
A requiem for thy burial ; go in peace,
Thou art o'er-wearied now, 'tis time to cease
From all thy toils, and seek a rest profound.

But, ere thou art quite gone, let us review
The past, and see what blessings thou hast given,
And think if we in gratitude have striven
To live a life pure, earnest, brave and true.

A year of plenteous harvest ; lo ! our land
Teems with the riches of the bounteous earth,
And ' smiling plenty sits around each hearth,'
And joy and peace abound on every hand.

Within the year no fell disease has come
To strike a terror to the people's heart,
And scatter death, with every poisoned dart,
Leaving sad blanks in many a happy home.

A year of peace, the olive branch has waved
 Its guardian shadow over our fair land ;
 Our laws and liberties inviolate stand ;
 Our shores no treacherous foe has dared invade.

Oh ! dying year, I would that thou couldst take
 With thee on thy dread journey, never to return,
 The wrong and misery that makes our earth to mourn —
 The fetters that we *would* but *cannot* break.

How long shall chains of 'faithless coldness' bind ?
 How long shall narrow aims and low desires
 Still keep us down to earth, and quench the fires
 Of purest love, and stunt the growth of mind ?

Alas ! alas ! that still New Years should dawn
 On a dark world, or one so dimly lit
 That we but grope to find the Truth, and hit
 Our stumbling feet on many a rugged stone.

But yet, we hope 'twill not be always so,—
 That the dark corners of the earth shall be
 Enlightened, and the 'Truth which maketh free'
 Be known, and felt, and loved by all below.

We know, indeed, the time will surely come
 When wrong and violence in the earth shall cease,
 When wars shall be no more, and peace
 And love make all the world one home.

New Year ! we greet thee both with smiles and tears,
 We cannot make our welcome only glad,
 For thinking of the hearts that have grown sad
 And wearily await the coming years.

Hearts that were wont to bound as thou approached,
 While faces wreathed with smiles and eyes grew bright,
 Alas ! those eyes have lost their beaming light
 Through weeping for the loved whom death hath touched.

Oh ! sweet New Year, thou canst not dry their tears,
 Or give the lost ones to their fond embrace,
 But thou canst bring them hopes of brighter days,
 When Sorrow's night hath waned and Morning's light appears

New Year ! thy face is strange though young and fair ;
 We do not know thee yet, but as a friend
 Would greet thee, trusting thee to send
 A goodly store of blessings to our share.

But not to us alone, to all, be given
 God's grace and benediction ; on our Queen
 Thy love and favour rest with rays serene,
 Dear to her people's hearts and blest of Heaven.

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, B.A.

The Clerk of the House of Commons, Canada.

CHAPTER II.

EDUCATION.

THE great educational advantages that the people of Canada now enjoy, and more especially in the premier Province of Ontario—as the splendid exhibit recently made at Paris and Philadelphia has proved to the world—are the results of the legislation of a very few years. A review of the first two periods of the political history affords abundant evidence that there existed in Canada as in Europe much indifference in all matters affecting the general education of the country. Whatever was accomplished during these early times was owing, in a great measure, to the meritorious efforts of ecclesiastical bodies or private individuals. As long as France governed Canada, education was entirely in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. The Jesuits, Franciscans, and other religious male and female Orders, at an early date, commenced the establishment of those colleges and seminaries, which have always had so important a share in the education of Lower Canada. The first school in that province was opened in 1616 at Three Rivers by Brother Pacifique Duplessis, a Franciscan. The Jesuits founded a College at Quebec in 1831, or three years before the establishment of Har-

vard; and the Ursulines opened their convent in the same city four years later. Sister Bourgeoys, of Troyes, founded at Montreal in 1659, the Congregation de Notre Dame for the education of girls of humble rank, the commencement of an institution which has now its buildings in many parts of Canada. In the latter part of the seventeenth century Mgr. Francois Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, a member of one of the proudest families in Europe, carried out the project of providing education for Canadian priests drawn from the people of the country. Consequently, in addition to the Great Seminary at Quebec, there was the Lesser Seminary where boys were taught in the hope that they would one day take orders. In this project the Indians were included, and several attended when the school was opened during 1668 in the humble dwelling owned by Mme. Couillard, though it was not long before they showed their impatience of scholastic bondage. It is also interesting to learn that, in the inception of education, the French endeavoured in more than one of their institutions to combine industrial pursuits with the ordinary branches of an elementary education. For instance, attached to the Seminary was a sort of farm-school, established in the parish of St. Joachim, below Quebec, the object of which was to train the humbler class of pupils in agricultural as

well as certain mechanical pursuits. The manual arts were also taught in the institutions under the charge of the Ursulines and Congregation. We find, for example, a French King giving a thousand francs to a sisterhood of Montreal to buy wool, and the same sum to teach young girls to knit. We also read of the same Sovereign maintaining a teacher of navigation and surveying at Quebec on the modest salary of four hundred francs a-year. But all accounts of the days of the French régime go to show that, despite the zealous efforts of the religious bodies to improve the education of the colonists, secular instruction was at a very low ebb. One writer tells us that 'even the children of officers and gentlemen scarcely knew how to read and write; they were ignorant of the first elements of geography and history.' These were, in fact, days of darkness everywhere, so far as the masses were concerned. Neither England nor France had a system of popular education. Yet it is undoubted that on the whole the inhabitants of Canada had far superior moral and educational advantages than were enjoyed during those times by the mass of people in England and France. Even in the days of Walpole and Hannah More the ignorance of the English peasantry was only equalled by their poverty and moral depravity.* Sensuality was not encouraged in Canada by the leaders of Society, as was notoriously the case in the best circles of England and of France. Dull and devoid of intellectual

light as was the life of the Canadian, he had his places of worship, where he had a moral training which elevated him immeasurably above the peasantry of England as well as of his old home. The clergy of Lower Canada confessedly did their best to relieve the ignorance of the people, but they were naturally unable to accomplish, by themselves, a task which properly devolved on the governing class. But under the French régime in Canada, the civil authorities were as little anxious to enlighten the people by the establishment of schools, as they were to give them a voice in the government of the country. In remarkable contrast with the conduct of the French Government in this particular, were the efforts of the Puritan pioneers then engaged in the work of civilization among the rocks of New England. Learning, after religion and social order, was the object nearest to the hearts of the New England fathers; or rather it may be said that they were convinced that social order and a religious character could not subsist in the absence of mental culture. As early as 1647, Governor Winthrop sanctioned a measure* which was the first school law ever passed in America,

there were none save the grammar schools of Edward and Elizabeth. The rural peasantry who were fast being reduced to pauperism by the poor-laws, were left without moral or religious training of any sort. 'We saw but one bible in the parish of Chedda,' said Hannah More, at a far later time, and that was used to prop a flower pot."

Parkman also admits that 'towards the end of the French Régime the Canadian habitant was probably better taught, so far as concerned religion, than the mass of French peasants.' *The Old Région in Canada.*

* This measure provided that 'every township in this jurisdiction, after the Lord has increased them to the number of 50 householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their town, to teach all such children as shall resort to him, to write and read, whose wages shall be paid, either by the parents or masters of such children, or by the inhabitants in general, by way of supply.' And it was further ordered that 'when any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families, or householders, they shall set up a grammar school, the master thereof being added to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the University.'

* Green in his 'History of the English People' says:—Purity and fidelity to the marriage vow were sneered out of fashion; and Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son, instructed him in the art of seduction as part of a polite education. At the other end of the social scale lay the masses of the poor. They were ignorant and brutal to a degree which it is hard to conceive, for the vast increase of population which followed on the growth of towns and the development of manufactures had been met by no effort for religious or educational improvement. Not a new parish had been created. Hardly a single new church had been built. Schools

and outlined just such a system as we now enjoy on an extended scale in Canada. Wise men those stern Puritans of the early colonial times. ! It is not surprising that intellectual food, so early provided for all classes, should have nurtured at last an Emerson, an Everett, a Hawthorne, a Wendell Philipps, a Longfellow, a Lowell, a Howells, and a Parkman.

After the Conquest the education of the people made but little progress in Lower Canada. Education was confined for the most part to the Quebec Seminary, and a few other institutions under the control of religious communities, permitted to remain in the country. Lord Dorchester appointed a Commission in 1787, to enquire into the whole subject, but no practical results followed the step. In 1792 the Duke de Rochefoucauld wrote, that 'the Canadian who could read was regarded as a phenomenon.' The attempt of the 'Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning,' to establish schools was comparatively a failure; for after an existence of twenty years it had only 37 schools, attended by 1,048 pupils altogether. The British Government, at no time, after it came into possession of the province, ever attempted anything for the promotion of general education. Indeed, the only matter in which it appeared in connection with education, was one by no means creditable to it; for it applied the Jesuits' Estates, which were destined for education, to a species of fund for secret service, and for a number of years maintained an obstinate struggle with the assembly, in order to continue this misappropriation. No doubt the existing antagonism of races, then so great an evil in Lower Canada, prevented anything like co-operation in this matter; but added to this was, probably, a doubt among the ruling class in Canada, as in England, as to the wisdom of educating the masses. An educational report of 1824, informs us that 'generally not above one-fourth of the entire population

could read, and not above one tenth of them could write even imperfectly.' In the presentments of the grand juries, and in the petitions on public grievances so frequently presented to Parliament, the majority of the signers were obliged to make their marks. During the year 1824, the Fabrique Act was passed with the view of relieving the public ignorance, but unhappily the political difficulties that prevailed from that time prevented any effective measures being carried out for the establishment of public schools throughout the province.

Nor was education in the western province in a much better state during the first period of Parliamentary Government, that is from 1792 to 1840. It is noteworthy, however, that high schools for the education of the wealthier classes were established at a very early date in the province. The first classical school was opened in the old town of Kingston by the Rev. Dr. Stuart. In 1807 the first Education Act was passed, establishing grammar schools in each of the eight districts in which the Province was divided, and endowing them with an annual stipend of one hundred pounds each. In 1816 the first steps were taken by the Legislature in the direction of common schools—as they were then, and for some time afterwards, designated—but the Acts that were then and subsequently passed up to the time of the Union were very inadequate to accomplish the object aimed at. No general system existed; the masters were very inferior and ill-paid. A very considerable portion of the province was without schools as well as churches. Of the lands which were generally appropriated to the support of the former by far the most valuable portion was diverted to the endowment of King's College. In 1838 there were 24,000 children in the common schools out of a population of 450,000, leaving probably some 50,000 destitute of the means of education. The well-to-do classes, however, es-

pecially those living in the large towns, had good opportunities of acquiring a sound education. Toronto was well supplied with establishments, supported by large endowments: Upper Canada College, the Home District Grammar School, besides some well-conducted seminaries for young ladies. For years Cornwall Grammar School, under the superintendence of the energetic Dr. Strachan, was the resort of the provincial aristocracy. Among the men who received their early education in that famous establishment were Robert Baldwin, H. J. Boulton, J. B. Macaulay, Allan McNab, John Beverley Robinson, Dean Bethune, Clark Gamble, and many others afterwards famous in politics, in law and in the church. Dr. Strachan was not only a sound scholar, but an astute man of the world, admirably fitted to develop the talents of his pupils and prepare them for the active duties of life in those young days of Canada. 'In conducting your education,' said he on one occasion, 'one of my principal duties has always been to fit you for discharging with credit the duties of any office to which you may hereafter be called. To accomplish this it was necessary for you to be accustomed frequently to depend upon and think for yourselves. Accordingly, I have always encouraged this disposition, which, when preserved within due bounds, is one of the greatest benefits that can possibly be acquired. To enable you to think with advantage, I not only regulated your task in such a manner as to exercise your judgment, but extended them for you beyond the mechanical routine of study usually adopted in schools.* None of the masters of the high schools of the present day could do as much under the very scientific system which limits their freedom of action in the educational training of their scholars. But whilst the wealthier classes in the larger centres of popu-

lation could avail themselves of the services of such able teachers as the late Bishop of Toronto, the mass of people were left in a state of ignorance. The good schools were controlled by clergymen of the different denominations; in fact, the Church of England was nearly dominant in such matters in those early times, and it must be admitted that there was a spirit abroad in the province which discredited all attempts to place the education of the masses on a more liberal basis.

The Union of 1840 and the extension of the political rights of the people gave a new impulse to useful and practical legislation in a country whose population commenced from that time to increase very rapidly. In 1841, 1843, and 1844, measures were passed for the improvement of the school system of both provinces. In 1846, the system of compulsory taxation for the support of public schools was, for the first time, embodied in the law, and education at last made steady progress. According as experience showed the necessity of changes, the Legislature improved the educational system of both provinces—these changes having been continued to be made since Confederation. In Lower Canada, the names of two men will always be honourably associated with the working out of the School Law, and these are Dr. Meilleur and Hon. Mr. Chauveau, the latter of whom succeeded in establishing Normal Schools at Montreal and Quebec. In the Province of Ontario, Egerton Ryerson has perpetuated his name from one end of the country to the other, where the young are being educated in large, comfortable school houses by a class of teachers whose qualifications, on the whole, are of a high order.

Great as has been the progress of education in Quebec, yet it must be admitted that it is in some respects behind that of Ontario. The buildings are inferior, the teachers less efficient, and insufficiently paid in many

* Scadding's 'Toronto of Old,' 161.

cases—and efficiency, no doubt, depends in a great measure on the remuneration. The ratio of children who are ignorant of the elements of knowledge is greater than in the Province of Ontario, where, it must be remembered, there is more wealth and, perhaps, more ambition among the people generally. Still the tendency in Quebec is in the direction of progress, and as the people become better off, they will doubtless be induced to work out their system, on the whole so admirable, with greater zeal and energy.

In the Province of Ontario every child can receive a free education, and can pass from the Public School to the High School or Collegiate Institute, and thence to the University, where the fees are small and many scholarships are offered to the industrious student. The principles which lie at the basis of the system are local assessment to supplement State aid; thorough inspection of all schools; ensuring the best teachers by means of Normal Schools and competitive examinations, complete equipment, graded examinations, and separate schools. The State recognizes its obligation to the child, not only by contributing pecuniary aid, but by exercising a general supervision, by means of a Superintendent in Quebec and by a Minister of the Crown in Ontario. The system of Ontario, which has been the prototype for the legislation of all the smaller provinces, is eclectic, for it is the result of a careful examination of the systems that prevail in the United States, Prussia, and Ireland.

As in the larger provinces, much apathy was shown in Nova Scotia for many years on the subject of the education of the people. Unhappily this apathy lasted much longer; for the census of 1861 proved that out of a population of 284,000 persons over five years of age, no less than 81,469 could not read a printed page, and 114,877 could not write their names. It was

not till 1864 that Sir Charles Tupper, then Premier, brought in a comprehensive measure containing the best features of the Ontario system; and the result has been a remarkable development in the education of the province. In New Brunswick, where the public schools were long in a very inferior state—though parish schools had been established as early as 1823—the system was remodelled in 1871. on that of Ontario, though no provision was made for Separate Schools—an omission which has created much bitterness in the province, as the political history of Canada for the subsequent years abundantly testifies. In Prince Edward Island the first free schools were established in 1852, and further improvements have been made of recent years. In British Columbia, the Legislature has adopted substantially the Ontario School Law with such modifications as are essential to the different circumstances of a sparse population. In the North-west, before the formation of the Province of Manitoba, education was in a much better condition than the isolation and scattered state of the population would have led one to expect. In 1857 there were seventeen schools in the settlements, generally under the supervision of the clergy of the Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian bodies. In the Collegiate School, managed by the Church of England, and supported, like all other institutions in the country, by contributions from abroad, *Æschylus*, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides* and *Livy* were read with other classics besides mathematics. In 1871 a school law of a liberal character was passed, provision being made for Protestant and Roman Catholic schools separately.

The higher branches of education have been taught from a very early date in the history of all the provinces. In the Jesuit College, the Quebec Seminary, and other Roman Catholic institutions founded in Montreal, St. Hyacinthe, Three Rivers, and Nico-

let, young men could always be educated for the priesthood, or receive such higher education as was considered necessary in those early times. The Quebec Seminary always occupied a foremost position as an educational institution of the higher order, and did much to foster a love for learning among those classes who were able to enjoy the advantages it offered them.* It has already been noticed that a Grammar School system was established in the years of the first settlement of Ontario. Governor Simcoe first suggested the idea of a Provincial University, and valuable lands were granted by George III., in 1798, for that purpose. The University of Toronto, or King's College, as it was first called, was established originally under the auspices of the Church of England, and was endowed in 1828, but it was not inaugurated and opened until 1843. Upper Canada College, intended as a feeder to the University, dates back as far as the same time, when it opened with a powerful array of teachers, drawn for the most part from Cambridge. In 1834, the Wesleyan Methodists laid the foundation of Victoria College, at Cobourg, and it was incorporated in 1841, as a University, with the well-known Rev. Dr. Ryerson as its first President. The Kirk of Scotland established Queen's College, at Kingston, in 1841, and the Presbyterian Church of Canada, Knox's College, at Toronto, in 1844, The Roman Catholics founded Regopolis, at Kingston, in 1846; St. Joseph's College, at Ottawa, in 1846; St. Michael's, at Toronto, in 1852. Trinity College, under the auspices of the Church of England, was the issue

of the successful effort that was made in 1849, to throw King's College open to all denominations. Bishop Strachan determined never to lend his countenance to what he called 'a Godless University,' and succeeded in founding an institution which has always occupied a creditable position among the higher educational establishments of the country. The Baptists established the Woodstock Literary Institute in 1857. The Episcopal Methodists, Albert College, at Belleville, in 1866; and the Evangelical section of the Church of England, in 1878, obtained a charter for Huron College, under the name of the Western University of London.

But the great province of Ontario cannot lay claim to the honour of having established the first Colleges with University powers in British North America. King's College at Windsor, in Nova Scotia—the old home of 'Sam Slick'—was the first institution of a high order founded in the provinces, its history as an academy going as far back as 1788, when Upper Canada had no government of its own. This institution has always remained under the control of the Church of England, and continues to hold a respectable position among educational institutions. Dalhousie College was established at Halifax in 1820, chiefly through the efforts of the Presbyterian Church. In 1831 the Baptists founded Acadia in Horton, and in 1843 the Wesleyans an Academy at Sackville, N.B.—a neutral ground as it were—which was afterwards elevated to the dignity of the University. The Catholics founded St. Mary's at Halifax in 1840, and St. Francois Xavier at Antigonishe in 1855. In 1876 the experiment was commenced, at Halifax, of a University to hold examinations in arts, law, and medicine, and to confer degrees. In New Brunswick, King's College was established at Fredericton in 1828 under the control of the Church of England, but in 1858 it was made non-sectarian

* Mr. Buller, in his Educational Report to Lord Durham, says: 'I spent some hours in the experimental lecture-room of the eminent Professor M. Casault, and I think that I saw there the best and most extensive set of philosophic apparatus, which is yet to be found in the Colonies of British North America. The buildings are extensive, and its chambers airy and clean; it has a valuable library, and a host of professors and masters. It secures to the student an extensive course of education.'

under the designation of the University of New Brunswick. Even the little Provinces of Prince Edward Island and Manitoba have aspirations in the same way, for the University of Manitoba was established a year or two ago, and the Prince of Wales' College followed the visit of His Royal Highness to Charlottetown in 1860.

The establishment of Laval University was an important event in the annals of the education of the Province of Quebec. Bishop Bourget of Montreal first suggested the idea of interesting the Quebec Seminary in the project. The result was the visit of the Principal, M. Louis Casault, to Europe, where he obtained a Royal charter, and studied the best university systems. The charter was signed in 1852, and the Pope approved the scheme, and authorized the erection of chairs of theology and conferring of degrees. The University of McGill is an older institution than Laval. The noble bequest to which it owes its origin was for many years a source of expensive litigation, and it was not till 1821 that it received a charter, and only in 1829 was it able to commence operations. In fact, it cannot be said to have made any substantial progress till 1854, when it was re-organized with a distinguished Nova Scotian scientist as its Principal—Dr. J. W. Dawson—to whom his native Province previously owed much for his efforts to improve education at a time when it was in a very low state, owing to the apathy of the Legislature. Bishop's College at Lennoxville was established in 1844, for the education of members of the Church of England, through the exertions of Bishop Mountain, but it was not till 1853 that it was erected into a University. Besides these institutions, the Roman Catholics and other denominations have various colleges and academies at different important points—such as St. Hyacinthe, Montreal, Masson and

L'Assomption Colleges. The Government of the Dominion have also established, at Kingston, an institution where young men may receive a training to fit them for the military profession—an institution something on the model of West Point—the practical benefits of which, however, are not as yet appreciable in a country like this, which has no regular army, and cannot afford employment suitable for the peculiar studies necessarily followed in the Academy. The Ontario Government are also trying the experiment, on an expensive scale, of teaching young men agriculture, practically and scientifically—a repetition, under more favourable circumstances, of what was tried centuries ago by the religious communities of Quebec. Nor, in reviewing the means of mental equipment in Canada, must we forget the many establishments which are now provided for the education of young women outside of the Public and High Schools, the most notable being the Roman Catholic Convents of Notre Dame and Sacré Cœur, Ottawa Ladies' College, Wesleyan Ladies' College at Hamilton, Bishop Strachan School at Toronto, Helmuth Ladies' College at London, Albert College, and Woodstock Literary Institute, besides many minor institutions of more or less merit. Several of our universities have also shown a liberal progressive spirit in acknowledging the right of women to participate in the higher education, hitherto confined to men in this country—an illustration in itself of the intellectual development that is now going on among us.

When we proceed to review the statistics of educational progress, they present very gratifying results. The following table, carefully prepared, to the latest date, from the voluminous official returns annually presented to the different Legislatures of the Provinces of Canada, will be quite sufficient for the purposes of this paper :

Total number of public educational institutions in the Dominion....	13,860
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Number of pupils in attendance throughout the year.....	925,000
Amount now annually contributed by the State and People.....	\$6,700,000
Number of Colleges and Universities	21
Number of Undergraduates in Arts, Law, Medicine, Theology, about....	2,200
Number of Superior and High Schools, including Academies and Collegiate Institutes.....	443
Aggregate attendance in same.....	141,000
Number of Normal Schools.....	8
Number of students in same.....	1,400
Amount expended in Ontario alone during 30 years (from 1850 to 1880,)* for erection and repairs of School-houses, fuel and contingencies, about.....	\$15,000,000
Total amount expended in same province, for all educational purposes during same period, upwards of.....	\$50,000,000
Total amount (approximate), available for public school purposes, in all Canada, since Confederation, i. e. in 12 years.....	\$64,000,000

These statistics prove conclusively, that Canada occupies a foremost position among communities for its zeal in developing the education of the people, irrespective of class. The progress that has been made within forty years may be also illustrated by the fact that, in 1839, there were in all the public and private schools of British North America only some 92,000 young people, out of a total population of 1,440,000, or about one in fifteen, whilst now the proportion may be given at one in four, if we include the students in all educational institutions. But it must be admitted, that it is to Ontario we must look for illustrations of the most perfect educational system. There, from the very commencement, the admirable municipal system which was one of the best results of the Union of 1840, enabled the people to prove their public spirit by carrying out with great energy the different measures passed by the Legislature for the promotion of Public Schools. 'By

their constitution, the municipal and school corporations are reflections of the sentiments and feelings of the people within their respective circles of jurisdiction, their powers are adequate to meet all the economic exigencies of each municipality, whether of schools or roads, of the diffusion of knowledge, or the development of wealth.* As a result of such public spirit, we find in Ontario the finest specimens of school architecture, and the most perfect school apparatus and appliances of every kind, calculated to assist the teacher and pupil, and bring into play their best mental faculties. But there can be no doubt that the success of the system rests in a very great measure on the effort that has been made to improve the status of the teacher. The schoolmaster is no longer a man who resorts to education because everything else has failed. He is no longer one of that class of 'adventurers, many of them persons of the lowest grade,' who, we are told, infested the rural districts of Upper Canada in old times, 'wheresoever they found the field unoccupied; pursuing their speculation with pecuniary profit to themselves, but with certainly little advantage to the moral discipline of their youthful pupils.† The fact that such men could be instructors of youth, half a century ago, is of itself a forcible illustration of the public indifference on the question of popular education. All the legislation in Ontario, and in the other provinces as well, has been framed with the object of elevating the moral and intellectual standing of a class on whose efforts so much of the future happiness and prosperity of this country depends. On the whole, the object has been successfully achieved, and the schoolmasters of Ontario are,

* The educational statistics preceding 1850 are not easily ascertained, and in any case are small. I have not been able to obtain similar figures for other provinces, in fact, in some cases, they are not to be ascertained with any degree of accuracy.

* Hon. Adam Crooks, Minister of Education, Report on Educational Institutions of Ontario, for Philadelphia Exhibition, p. 45.

† Preston's *Three Years in Canada* (1837-39), p. 110, Vol. ii.

as a rule, a superior class of men. Yet it must be admitted that much can still be done to improve his position. Education, we all know, does not necessarily bring with it refinement; that can only come by constant communication with a cultured society, which is not always, in Canada, ready to admit the teacher on equal terms. It may also be urged that the teacher, under the system as now perfected, is far too much of an automaton—a mere machine, wound up to proceed so far and no farther. He is not allowed sufficient of that free volition which would enable him to develop the best qualities of his pupils, and to elevate their general tone. Polite manners among the pupils are just as valuable as orderly habits. Teachers cannot strive too much to check all rudeness among the youth, many of whom have few opportunities to cultivate those social amenities which make life so pleasant, and also do so much to soften the difficulties of one's journey through life.* Such discipline cannot be too rigidly followed in a country of a Saxon race, whose brusquerie of manner and speech is a natural heritage, just as a spirit of courtesy seems innate in the humblest habitants who have not yet forgotten, among the rude conditions of their

*Since the above was written, I find the following remarks by Mr. Adam, editor of the *Canada Educational Monthly*, to the same purport: 'The tone of the Schools might be largely raised, and the tender and plastic nature of the young minds under training be directed into sympathy with the noble and the elevating. Relieved of much of the red-tapism which hampers the work of the High-School teacher, the masters of the Public Schools have more opportunity to make individuality tell in the conduct of the school, and of encircling the sphere of their work with a bright zone of cultivation and refinement. But the Public School teacher will accomplish much if, reverently and sympathetically, he endeavours to preserve the freshness and ingenuousness of childhood and, by the influence of his own example, while leading the pupil up the golden ladder of mental acquisition, he encourages the cultivation of those graces of life which are the best adornments of youth.'—Feb. 1879.

American life, that prominent characteristic of a Gallic people.†

It is quite probable that the Public School system of this country is still defective in certain respects, which can only be satisfactorily improved with the progress of experience. The remarks of a writer in a recent number of a popular American magazine, *Scribner's Monthly*, may have some application to ourselves, when he says that there is now-a-days 'too decided an aim to train everybody to pass an examination in everything;' that the present system 'encourages two virtues—to forgive and forget, in time to forgive the examiner, and to forget the subject of the examination.' The present writer does not wish—in fact, it is rather beyond the limit he has marked out for this review—to go into any lengthy discussion of matters which are worthy, however, of consideration by all those interested in perfecting the details of the educational system in Ontario; but he may refer, *en passant*, to the somewhat remarkable multiplication of text-books, many of which are carelessly got up, simply to gratify the vanity and fill the purse of some educationist, anxious to get into print. Grammar also appears to be a lost art in the public schools, where the students are perplexed by books, not simple, but most complex in their teachings, calculated to bewilder persons of mature analytical minds, and to make one appreciate more highly than ever the intelligible lessons of Lennie's homely little volume, which was the favourite in those times when education was not quite so much reduced to a science. But these are, after all, only among the details which can be best treated by

† More than forty years ago, Mr. Buller, in his report to Lord Durham on the State of Education in Lower Canada, pays this tribute to the peasantry: 'Withal this is a people eminently qualified to reap advantages from education; they are shrewd and intelligent, never morose, most amiable in their domestic relations, and most graceful in their manners.'

teachers themselves, in those little parliaments which have grown up of recent years, and where educationists have admirable opportunities of comparing their experiences, and suggesting such improvements as may assist in the intellectual development of the youth, and at the same time elevate their own social standing in this country. On the whole, Canada has has much reason for congratulation in possessing a system which brings education in every province within the reach of all, and enables a lad to cultivate his intellectual faculties to a point, sufficient to place him in the years of his mature manhood in the highest position that his country offers to its sons. As to the objection, not unfrequently urged, that the tendency of the public school education of this country is to withdraw the youth from the industrial avocations of life, it may be forcibly met by the fact, that it is to the New England States we look for the best evidences of industrial, as well as intellectual, development. The looms of Massachusetts and Connecticut are not less busy—the inventive genius of those States is not less fertile, because their public schools are teeming with their youth. But it is not necessary to go to the neighbouring States to give additional force to these remarks; for in no part of the Dominion, is there so much industrial energy as in the Province of Ontario, where the school system is the best. An English gentleman, who has devoted more attention than the majority of his countrymen to the study of colonial subjects, has well observed on this point: 'A key to one of the principal causes of their successful progress in the development of industrial art, is probably to be found in their excellent and superior educational system.'*

A review of the University system of this country, on the perfection of

which depends the higher culture of the people, shows us that the tendency continues to be in the direction of strengthening the denominational institutions. The Universities of Toronto and McGill are the principal non-sectarian institutions of a higher class, which appear to be on a popular and substantial basis. It is natural enough that each denomination should rally around a college, which rests on a religious basis. Parents seem in not a few cases to appreciate very highly the moral security that the denominational system appears to afford to their sons—a moral security which they believe to be wanting in the case of non-sectarian institutions. Even those colleges which do not shut their doors to young men of any particular creed continue to be more or less supported by the denominations under whose auspices they were first established. No doubt, these colleges, sufficiently numerous for a sparsely country like Canada, are doing a valuable work in developing the intellectual faculties of the youth of the several provinces. It is a question, however, if the perpetuation of a system which multiplies colleges with University powers in each province, will tend to produce the soundest scholarship in the end. What we want even now are not so many 'Admirable Crichtons' with a smattering of all sorts of knowledge, but men recognized for their proficiency in special branches of knowledge. Where there is much competition, there must be sooner or later an inclination to lower the standard, and degrade the value of the diplomas issued at the close of a college course. Theoretically, it seems preferable that in a great province like Ontario, the diplomas should emanate from one Central University authority rather than from a number of colleges, each pursuing its own curriculum. No doubt it is also quite possible to improve our higher system of education so as to make it more in conformity

* Address of Mr. Frederick Young on the Paris Exhibition, before the Royal Colonial Institute, 1878-9.

with the practical necessities of the country. An earnest discussion has been going on for some time in the United States as to the inferiority of the American University System compared with that of Germany.* John-Hopkins University in Baltimore, Michigan University, and Cornell University, are illustrations of the desire to enlarge the sphere of the education of the people. If we had the German system in this country, men could pursue classics or mathematics, or science, or literature, or law, or medicine, in a national University with a sole view to their future avocations in life. It is true, in the case of law and medicine Laval, Toronto, McGill and other Universities in the provinces have organized professional courses; and there is no doubt a desire on the part of the educational authorities in these institutions to ensure proficiency so far as the comparatively limited means at their command permit them. It is

* An article, in the July number of *Harper's* for 1880, by so distinguished an authority as Professor Draper, is well worthy of perusal by those who wish to pursue this subject at greater length. Among other things he says (pp. 253-4): 'There is therefore in America a want of a school offering opportunities to large and constantly increasing classes of men for pursuing professional studies—a want which is deeply felt, and which sends every year many students and millions of dollars out of the country. Where in the United States can a young man prepare himself thoroughly to become a teacher of the ancient classics. A simple college course is not enough. The Germans require that their teachers of Latin and Greek should pursue the classics as a specialty for three years at a University after having completed the gymnasium which, as a classical school, would be universally admitted to rank with our colleges.

... If an American (or a Canadian) wishes to pursue a special course in history, politics and political economy, mathematics, philosophy, or in any one of many other studies lying outside of the three professions, law, medicine, and theology, he must go to Europe. Again, whoever desires even in theology, law and medicine to select from one branch as a specialty, must go to Europe to do so.' Hon. Mr. Blake, in his last address as Chancellor of Toronto University, also dwelt very forcibly on the necessity of *post graduate* courses of study in special subjects. — *Canada Educational Monthly*, Oct. 1880.

certainly a noteworthy fact—lately pointed out by Mr. Blake—that during the last five years only one fourth of the entrants into Osgoode Hall were graduates of any University, and three-fourths were men who had taken no degree, and yet there is no profession which demands a higher mental training than the Bar. In medical education there is certainly less laxity than in the United States; all the efforts of medical men being laudably directed to lengthen the course and develop the professional knowledge of the students. Still, not a few of our young men show their appreciation of the need of even a wider knowledge and experience than is afforded in the necessarily limited field of Canadian study, by spending some time in the great schools and hospitals of Europe. Of course, in a new country, where there is a general desire to get to the practical work of life with as little delay as possible, the tendency to be carefully guarded against is the giving too large facilities to enter professions where life and property are at stake every day. It is satisfactory, however, to know that the tendency in Canada is rather in the other direction, and that an institution like McGill College, which is a Medical College of high reputation, is doing its best with the materials at command, to perfect the medical knowledge of those who seek its generous aid. No doubt the time is fast approaching when the State will be obliged to give greater assistance to Toronto University so as to enable it to enter on a broader and more liberal system of culture, commensurate with the development of science and literature. Unless the State makes a liberal effort in this direction, we are afraid it will be some time before University College will be in a position to imitate the praiseworthy example set us by Columbia College, which, from its situation in the great commercial metropolis, and the large means at its command, seems likely to be the great American

University of the future. It must be remembered that the intellectual requirements of the Dominion must continue to increase with great rapidity, since there is greater wealth accumulating, and a praiseworthy ambition for higher culture. The legislature and the public service are making very heavy requisitions on the intellect of this very much governed country, with its numerous Parliaments and Cabinets and large body of officials, very many of whom are entrusted with the most responsible duties, demanding no ordinary mental qualifications.*

The public schools, collegiate institutes, and universities, apart from the learned professions, must also every year make larger demands on the intellectual funds of the Dominion,

* It is a fact worthy of mention in this connection, that in the English House of Commons dissolved in 1850, 236 or more than a third out of 658 members were Oxford or Cambridge men, while about 180 were 'public school men,'—the 'public schools' being Eton and such high class institutions. In a previous English Cabinet, the majority were Honor men; Mr. Gladstone is a double first of Christ Church, Oxford.

and as the remuneration of the masters and professors in the educational institutions of this country should in the nature of things improve in the future, our young men must be necessarily stimulated to consider such positions as more worthy of a life's devotion. Under such circumstances, it should be the great object of all true friends of the sound intellectual development of Canada, to place our system of higher education on a basis equal to the exigencies of a practical, prescient age, and no longer cling to worn out ideas of the past. In order to do this, let the people of Ontario determine to establish a national University which will be worthy of their great province and of the whole Dominion. Toronto University seems to have in some measure around it that aroma of learning, that dignity of age, and that prestige of historic association which are necessary to the successful establishment of a national seat of learning, and which will give the fullest scope to Canadian talent.

(To be continued.)

UNREST.

BY COLONEL, WOODSTOCK.

OH that the mind were pliant to desire,—
 That deep desire for sweet forgetfulness;
 Nor thus keep wakeful vigils o'er the press
 Of cumbrous thoughts which surge and never tire.
 Ah! weary life, thy dull Promethean fire
 In silence waxes dim and motionless,
 A lurid flame that dwindles less and less,
 To leave but ashes and a funeral pyre.
 And is this living? No, this is *not* life:
 Life moves, and breathes, and feels at least the force
 Of joy or sorrow;—but this slumb'rous gloom
 Is more than death, and speaks immortal strife
 In him who seeks for Truth from whate'er source,
 And would anticipate, yet dread the tomb!

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THE BLACK ROBE

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRIEST OR THE WOMAN.

LORD Loring hurried away to his dressing-room. 'I won't be more than ten minutes,' he said—and left Romaine and Stella together.

She was attired with her customary love of simplicity. White lace was the only ornament on her dress of delicate silvery grey. Her magnificent hair was left to plead its own merits, without adornment of any sort. Even the brooch which fastened her lace pelerine was of plain gold only. Conscious that she was showing her beauty to the greatest advantage, in the eyes of a man of taste, she betrayed a little of the embarrassment which Romaine had already noticed, at the moment when she gave him her hand. They were alone, and it was the first time she had seen him in evening dress.

It may be that women have no positive appreciation of what is beautiful in form and colour—or it may be that that they have no opinions of their own when the laws of fashion have spoken. This at least is certain, that not one of them in a thousand sees anything objectionable in the gloomy and hideous evening costume of a gentleman in the nineteenth century. A handsome man is, to their eyes, more seductive than ever in the contemptible black coat and the stiff white cravat which he wears in common with the servant who waits on him at table. After a stolen glance at Ro-

maine, Stella lost all confidence in herself—she begun turning over the photographs on the table.

The momentary silence which followed their first greeting became intolerable to her. Rather than let it continue, she impulsively confessed the uppermost idea in her mind when she entered the room.

'I thought I heard my name when I came in,' she said. 'Were you and Lord Loring speaking of me?'

Romaine owned without hesitation that they had been speaking of her.

She smiled, and turned over another photograph. But when did sun-pictures ever act as a restraint on a woman's curiosity. The words passed her lips in spite of her. 'I suppose I musn't ask what you were saying?'

It was impossible to answer this plainly without entering into explanations from which Romaine shrank. He hesitated.

She turned over another photograph. 'I understand,' she said, 'You were talking of my faults.' She paused, and stole another look at him. 'I will try to correct my faults, if you will tell me what they are.'

Romaine felt that he had no alternative but to tell the truth—under certain reserves. 'Indeed you are wrong,' he said. 'We were talking of the influence of a tone, or a look, on a sensitive person.'

'The influence on Me?' she asked.

'No. The influence which you might exercise on another person.'

She knew perfectly well that he

was speaking of himself. But she was determined to feel the pleasure of making him own it.

'If I have any such influence as you describe,' she began, 'I hope it is for good?'

'Certainly for good.'

'You speak positively, Mr. Romaine. Almost as positively—only that can hardly be—as if you were speaking from experience.'

He might still have evaded a direct reply, if she had been content with merely saying this. But she looked at him while she spoke. He answered the look.

'Shall I own that you are right?' he said. 'I was thinking of my own experience yesterday.'

She returned to the photographs. 'It sounds impossible,' she rejoined softly. There was a pause. 'Was it anything I said?' she asked.

'No. It was only when you looked at me. But for that look, I don't think I should have been here to-day.'

She shut up the photographs on a sudden, and drew her chair a little away from him.

'I hope,' she said, 'you have not so poor an opinion of me as to think I like to be flattered?'

Romaine answered with an earnestness that instantly satisfied her.

'I should think it an act of insolence to flatter you,' he said. 'If you knew the true reason why I hesitated to accept Lady Loring's invitation—if I could own to you the new hope for myself that has brought me here—you would feel as I feel, that I have been only speaking the truth. I daren't say yet that I owe you a debt of gratitude, for such a little thing as a look. I must wait till time puts certain strange fancies of mine to the proof.'

'Fancies about me, Mr. Romaine?'

Before he could answer, the dinner bell rang. Lord and Lady Loring entered the library together.

The dinner having pursued its ap-

pointed course (always excepting the case of the omelette), the head servant who had waited at table was graciously invited to rest, after his labours, in the housekeeper's room. Having additionally conciliated him by means of a glass of rare liqueur, Miss Notman, still feeling her grievance as acutely as ever, ventured to inquire in the first place, if the gentlefolks upstairs had enjoyed their dinner. So far, the report was, on the whole, favourable. But the conversation was described as occasionally flagging. The burden of the talk had been mainly borne by my lord and my lady; Mr. Romaine and Miss Eyrecourt contributing but little to the social enjoyment of the evening. Receiving this information without much appearance of interest, the housekeeper put another question, to which, judging by her manner, she attached a certain importance. She wished to know if the oyster-omelette (accompanying the cheese) had been received as a welcome dish, and treated with a just recognition of its merits. The answer to this was decidedly in the negative. Mr. Romaine and Miss Eyrecourt had declined to taste it. My Lord had tried it, and had left it on his plate. My Lady alone had really eaten her share of the misplaced dish. Having stated this apparently trivial circumstance, the head servant was surprised by the effect which it produced on the housekeeper. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, with an appearance of unutterable enjoyment. That night there was one supremely happy woman in London. And her name was Miss Notman.

Ascending from the housekeeper's room to the drawing room, it is to be further reported that music was tried, as a means of getting through the time, in the absence of general conversation.

Lady Loring sat down at the piano, and played as admirably as usual. At the other end of the room Romaine and Stella sat together, listening to

the music. Lord Loring walking backwards and forwards, with a restlessness which was far from being characteristic of him in his after-dinner hours, was stopped when he reached the neighbourhood of the piano by a private signal from his wife.

'What are you walking about for?' Lady Loring asked in a whisper, without interrupting her musical performance.

'I'm not quite easy, my dear.'

'Turn over the music. Indigestion?'

'Good heavens, Adelaide, what a question.'

'Well, what is it then?'

Lord Loring looked towards Stella and her companion. 'They don't seem to get on together as well as I had hoped,' he said.

'I should think not—when you are walking about and disturbing them! Sit down there behind me.'

'What am I to do?'

'Am I not playing? Listen to me.'

'My dear, I don't understand modern German music.'

'Then read the evening paper.'

The evening paper had its attractions. Lord Loring took his wife's advice.

Left entirely by themselves, at the other end of the room, Romaine and Stella justified Lady Loring's belief in the result of reducing her husband to a state of repose. Stella ventured to speak first, in a discreet undertone.

'Do you pass most of your evenings alone, Mr. Romaine?'

'Not quite alone. I have the company of my books.'

'Are your books the companions that you like best?'

'I have been true to those companions, Miss Eyrecourt, for many years. If the doctors are to be believed, my books have not treated me very well in return. They have broken down my health, and have made me, I am afraid, a very unsocial man.' He seemed about to say more, and suddenly checked the impulse. 'Why am I talking of myself?' he resumed

with a smile. 'I never do it at other times. Is this another result of your influence over me?'

He put the question with an assumed gaiety. Stella made no effort, on her side, to answer him in the same tone.

'I almost wish I really had some influence over you,' she said gravely and sadly.

'Why?'

'I should try to induce you to shut up your books, and choose some living companion who might restore you to your happier self.'

'It is already done,' said Romaine; 'I have a new companion in Mr. Penrose.'

'Penrose?' she repeated. 'He is the friend—is he not—of the priest here, whom they call Father Benwell?'

'Yes.'

'I don't like Father Benwell.'

'Is that a reason for disliking Mr. Penrose?'

'Yes,' she said boldly, 'because he is Father Benwell's friend.'

'Indeed you are mistaken, Miss Eyrecourt. Mr. Penrose only entered yesterday on his duties as my secretary; and I have already had reason to think highly of him. Many men, after *that* experience of me,' he added, speaking more to himself than to her, 'might have asked me to find another secretary.'

Stella heard those last words, and looked at him in astonishment. 'Were you angry with Mr. Penrose?' she asked innocently. 'Is it possible that *you* could speak harshly to any person in your employment?'

Romaine smiled. 'It was not what I said,' he answered. 'I am subject to attacks—to sudden attacks of illness. I am sorry I alarmed Mr. Penrose by letting him see me, under those circumstances.'

She looked at him; hesitated; and looked away again. 'Would you be angry with me if I confessed something?' she said timidly.

'It is impossible I can be angry with you!'

'Mr. Romaine, I think I have seen what your secretary saw. I know how you suffer, and how patiently you bear it.'

'You!' he exclaimed.

'I saw you with your friend, when you came on board the steamboat at Boulogne. Oh, no, you never noticed me! You never knew how I pitied you. And afterwards, when you moved away by yourself, and stood by the place in which the engines work—you are sure you won't think the worse of me, if I tell it?'

'No! no!'

'Your face frightened me—I can't describe it—I went to your friend, and took it on myself to say that you wanted him. It was an impulse—I meant well.'

'I am sure you meant well.' As he spoke, his face darkened a little, betraying a momentary feeling of distrust. Had she put indiscreet questions to his travelling companion; and had the Major, under the persuasive influence of her beauty, been weak enough to answer them. 'Did you speak to my friend?' he asked.

'Only when I told him that he had better go to you. And I think I said afterwards I was afraid you were very ill. We were in the confusion of arriving at Folkestone—and, even if I had thought it right to say more, there was no opportunity.'

Romaine felt ashamed of the suspicion by which he had wronged her. 'You have a generous nature,' he said earnestly. 'Among the few people whom I know, how many would feel the interest in me that you felt?'

'Don't say that Mr. Romaine! You could have had no kinder friend than the gentleman who took care of you on your journey. Is he with you now, in London?'

'No.'

'I am sorry to hear it. You ought to have some devoted friend always near you.'

She spoke very earnestly. Romaine shrank, with a strange shyness, from letting her see how her sympathy affected him. He answered lightly. 'You go almost as far as my good friend there reading the newspaper,' he said. 'Lord Loring doesn't scruple to tell me that I ought to marry. I know he speaks with a sincere interest in my welfare. He little thinks how he distresses me.'

'Why should he distress you?'

'He reminds me—live as long as I may—that I must live alone. Can I ask a woman to share such a dreary life as mine? It would be selfish, it would be cruel; I should deservedly pay the penalty of allowing my wife to sacrifice herself. The time would come when she would repent having married me.'

Stella rose. Her eyes rested on him, with a look of gentle remonstrance. 'I think you hardly do women justice,' she said softly. 'Perhaps some day a woman may induce you to change your opinion.' She crossed the room to the piano. 'You must be tired of playing, Adelaide,' she said, putting her hand caressingly on Lady Loring's shoulder.

'Will you sing, Stella?'

She sighed and turned away. 'Not to-night,' she answered.

Romaine took his leave rather hurriedly. He seemed to be out of spirits and eager to get away. Lord Loring accompanied his guest to the door. 'You look sad and care-worn,' he said. 'Do you regret having left your books to pass an evening with us?'

Romaine looked up absently, and answered, 'I don't know yet.'

Returning to report this extraordinary reply to his wife and Stella, Lord Loring found the drawing-room empty. Eager for a little private conversation, the two ladies had gone upstairs.

'Well?' said Lady Loring, as they sat together over the fire, 'What did he say?'

Stella only repeated what he had said before she rose and left him.

'What is there in Mr. Romaine's life,' she asked, 'which made him say that he would be selfish and cruel if he expected a woman to marry him? It must be something more than mere illness. If he had committed a crime, he could not have spoken more strongly. Do you know what it is?'

Lady Loring looked uneasy. 'I promised my husband to keep it a secret from everybody,' she said.

'It is nothing degrading, Adelaide—I am sure of that.'

'And you are right, my dear. I can understand that he has surprised and disappointed you; but if you knew his motives——' she stopped, and looked earnestly at Stella. 'They say,' she went on, 'the love that lasts longest is the love of slowest growth. This feeling of yours for Romaine is of sudden growth. Are you very sure that your whole heart is given to a man—the best, the noblest of men—but still a man of whom you know little?'

'I know that I love him,' said Stella, simply.

'Even though he doesn't seem, as yet, to love *you*?' Lady Loring asked.

'All the more *because* he doesn't. I should be ashamed to make the confession to anyone but you. It is useless to say any more. Good night.'

Lady Loring allowed her to get as far as the door, and then suddenly called her back. Stella returned unwillingly and wearily. 'My head aches and my heart aches,' she said. 'Let me go away to my bed.'

'I don't like you to go away, wronging Romaine perhaps in your thoughts,' said Lady Loring. 'And, more than that, for the sake of your own happiness, you ought to judge for yourself if this devoted love of yours may ever hope to win its reward. It is time, and more than time, that you should decide whether it is good for you to see Romaine again. Are you strong enough to do that?'

'Yes, if I am convinced that it ought to be done.'

'Nothing would make *me* so happy,' Lady Loring resumed, 'as to know that you were one day, my dear, to be his wife. But I am not a prudent person—I can never look, as you can, to consequences. You won't betray me, Stella? If I am doing wrong in telling a secret which has been trusted to me, it is my fondness for you that misleads me. Sit down again. You shall know what the misery of Romaine's life really is.'

'With those words, she told the terrible story of the duel, and of all that had followed it.

'It is for you to say,' she concluded, 'whether Romaine is right. Can any woman hope to release him from the torment that he suffers, with nothing to help her but love? Determine for yourself.'

Stella answered instantly :

'I determine to be his wife!'

With the same pure enthusiasm, Penrose had declared that he too devoted himself to the deliverance of Romaine. The loving woman was not more resolved to give her whole life to him, than the fanatical man was resolved to convert him. On the same common battle-ground the two were now to meet, in unconscious antagonism. Would the priest or the woman win the day?

CHAPTER IX.

THE PUBLIC AND THE PICTURES.

ON the memorable Monday, when the picture-gallery was opened to the public for the first time, Lord Loring and Father Benwell met in the library.

'Judging by the number of carriages already at the door,' said Father Benwell, 'your lordship's kindness is largely appreciated by the lovers of Art.'

'All the tickets were disposed of in three hours,' Lord Loring answered. 'Everybody (the librarian told me) is

eager to see the pictures. Have you looked in yet?’

‘Not yet. I thought I would get on first with my work here.’

‘I have just come from the gallery,’ Lord Loring continued. ‘And here I am driven out of it again by the remarks of some of the visitors. You know my beautiful copies of Raphael’s Cupid and Psyche designs? The general impression, especially among the ladies, is that they are disgusting and indecent. That was enough for me. If you happen to meet Lady Loring and Stella, kindly tell them that I have gone to the club.’

‘Do the ladies propose paying a visit to the gallery?’

‘Of course, to see the people! I have recommended them to wait, until they are ready to go out for their drive. In their in-door costume, they might become the objects of general observation, as the ladies of the house. I shall be anxious to hear, Father, if you can discover the civilizing influences of Art among my guests in the gallery. Good morning.

Father Benwell rang the bell when Lord Loring had left him.

‘Do the ladies drive out to-day at their usual hour?’ he inquired, when the servant appeared. The man answered in the affirmative. The carriage was ordered at three o’clock.

At half-past two, Father Benwell slipped quietly into the gallery. He posted himself midway between the library door and the grand entrance: on the watch, not for the civilising influences of Art, but for the appearance of Lady Loring and Stella. He was still of opinion that Stella’s ‘frivolous’ mother might be turned into a source of valuable information, on the subject of her daughter’s earlier life. The first step towards attaining this object was to discover Mrs. Eyrecourt’s present address. Stella would certainly know it—and Father Benwell felt a just confidence in his capacity to make the young lady serviceable, in this re-

spect, to the pecuniary interests of the Church.

After an interval of a quarter of an hour, Lady Loring and Stella entered the gallery by the library-door. Father Benwell at once advanced to pay his respects.

For some little time he discreetly refrained from making any attempt to lead the conversation to the topic that he had in view. He was too well acquainted with the insatiable interest of women in looking at other women to force himself into notice. The ladies made their remarks on the pretensions to beauty and to taste in dress, among the throng of visitors—and Father Benwell waited by them, and listened, with the resignation of a modest young man. Patience, like virtue, is sometimes its own reward. Two gentlemen, evidently interested in the pictures, approached the priest. He drew back, with his ready politeness, to let them see the picture before which he happened to be standing. The movement disturbed Stella. She turned sharply—noticed one of the gentlemen, the taller of the two—became deadly pale—and instantly quit- ted the gallery. Lady Loring, looking where Stella had looked, frowned angrily, and followed Miss Eyrecourt into the library. Wise Father Benwell let them go, and concentrated his attention on the person who had been the object of this startling recognition.

Unquestionably a gentleman—with light hair and complexion—with a bright benevolent face, and keen intelligent blue eyes—apparently still in the prime of life. Such was Father Benwell’s first impression of the stranger. He had evidently seen Miss Eyrecourt, at the moment when she first noticed him: and he too showed signs of serious agitation. His face flushed deeply, and his eyes expressed, not merely surprise, but distress. He turned to his friend. ‘This place is hot,’ he said; ‘let us get out of it!’

‘My dear Winterfield!’ the friend

remonstrated, 'we haven't seen half the pictures yet.'

'Excuse me if I leave you,' the other replied. 'I am used to the free air of the country. Let us meet again this evening. Come and dine with me. The same address as usual—Derwent's Hotel.'

With those words he hurried out, making his way without ceremony, through the crowd in the picture-gallery.

Father Benwell returned to the library. It was quite needless to trouble himself further about Mrs. Eyrecourt or her address. 'Thanks to Lord Loring's picture-gallery,' he thought, 'I have found the man!'

He took up his pen, and made a little memorandum, 'Winterfield, Derwent's Hotel.'

CHAPTER X.

FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

TO MR. BITRAKE. Private and Confidential. Sir,—I understand that your connection with the law does not exclude your occasional superintendence of confidential inquiries, which are not of a nature to injure your professional position. The enclosed letter of introduction will satisfy you that I am incapable of employing your experience in a manner unbecoming to you, or to myself.

'The inquiry that I propose to you, relates to a gentleman named Winterfield. He is now staying in London, at Derwent's Hotel, and is expected to remain there for a week from the present date. His place of residence is on the North Devonshire coast, and is well known in that locality by the name of Beaupark House.

'The range of my proposed inquiry dates back over the last four or five years—certainly not more. My object is to ascertain, as positively as may be, whether, within this limit of time,

events in Mr. Winterfield's life have connected him with a young lady, named Miss Stella Eyrecourt. If this proves to be the case, it is essential that I should be made acquainted with the whole of the circumstances.

'I have now informed you of all that I want to know. Whatever the information may be, it is most important that it shall be information which I can implicitly trust. Please address to me, when you write, under cover to the friend whose letter I enclose.

'I beg your acceptance—as time is of importance—of a cheque for preliminary expenses, and remain, sir, your faithful servant,

AMBROSE BENWELL.

II.

To the Secretary. Society of Jesus. Rome.

'I enclose a receipt for the remittance which your last letter confides to my care. Some of the money has been already used in prosecuting inquiries, the result of which will, as I hope and believe, enable me to effectually protect Romaine from the advances of the woman who is bent on marrying him.

'You tell me that our Reverend Fathers, lately sitting in council on the Vange Abbey affair, are anxious to hear if any positive steps have yet been taken towards the conversion of Romaine. I am happily able to gratify their wishes, as you shall now see.

'Yesterday, I called at Romaine's hotel to pay one of those occasional visits which help to keep up our acquaintance. He was out, and Penrose (for whom I asked next) was with him. Most fortunately, as the event proved, I had not seen Penrose, or heard from him, for some little time; and I thought it desirable to judge for myself of the progress that he was making in the confidence of his employer. I said I would wait. The hotel servant knows me by sight. I was shown into the waiting-room.

'This room is so small as to be a mere cupboard. It is lit by a glass fanlight over the door which opens from the passage, and is supplied with air (in the absence of a fireplace) by a ventilator in a second door, which communicates with Romaine's study. Looking about me, so far, I crossed to the other end of the study, and discovered a dining-room and two bedrooms beyond—the set of apartments being secluded, by means of a door at the end of the passage, from the other parts of the hotel. I trouble you with these details, in order that you may understand the events that followed.

'I returned to the waiting room, not forgetting of course to close the door of communication.

'Nearly an hour must have passed before I heard footsteps in the passage. The study door was opened, and the voices of the persons entering the room reached me through the ventilator. I recognized Romaine, Penrose—and Lord Loring.

'The first words exchanged among them informed me that Romaine and his secretary had overtaken Lord Loring in the street, as he was approaching the hotel door. The three had entered the house together—at a time, probably, when the servant who had admitted me was out of the way. However it may have happened, there I was, forgotten in the waiting-room!

'Could I intrude myself (on a private conversation perhaps)—as an unannounced and unwelcome visitor? And could I help it, if the talk found its way to me through the ventilator, along with the air that I breathed? If our Reverend Fathers think I was to blame, I bow to any reproof which their strict sense of propriety may inflict on me. In the meantime I beg to repeat the interesting passages in the conversation, as nearly word for word as I can remember them.

'His lordship, as the principal personage in social rank, shall be reported first. He said, "More than a week has passed, Romaine, and we have

neither seen you nor heard from you. Why have you neglected us?"

'Here, judging by certain sounds that followed, Penrose got up discreetly, and left the room. Lord Loring went on.

'He said to Romaine, "Now we are alone, I may speak to you more freely. You and Stella seemed to get on together admirably, that evening when you dined with us. Have you forgotten what you told me of her influence over you? or have you altered your opinion—and is that the reason why you keep away from us?"

'Romaine answered, "My opinion remains unchanged. All that I said to you of Miss Eyrecourt, I believe as firmly as ever."

'His lordship remonstrated, naturally enough. "Then why remain away from the good influence? Why—if it really *can* be controlled—risk another return of that dreadful nervous delusion?"

"I have had another return."

"Which, as you yourself believe, might have been prevented! Romaine, you astonish me."

'There was a time of silence, before Romaine answered this. He was a little mysterious when he did reply. "You know the old saying, my good friend—of two evils, choose the least. I bear my sufferings as one of two evils, and the least of the two."

'Lord Loring appeared to feel the necessity of touching a delicate subject with a light hand. He said in his pleasant way, "Stella isn't the other evil. I suppose?"

"Most assuredly not!"

"Then what is it?"

'Romaine answered, almost passionately, "My own weakness and selfishness! Faults which I must resist, or become a mean and heartless man. For me, the worst of the two evils is there. I respect and admire Miss Eyrecourt—I believe her to be a woman in a thousand—don't ask me to see her again! Where is Penrose? Let us talk of something else."

‘Whether this wild way of speaking offended Lord Loring, or only discouraged him, I cannot say. I heard him take his leave in these words:—“You have disappointed me, Romaine. We will talk of something else the next time we meet.” The study door was opened and closed. Romaine was left by himself.

‘Solitude was apparently not to his taste just then. I heard him call to Penrose. I heard Penrose ask, ‘Do you want me?’

‘Romaine answered, “God knows I want a friend—and I have no friend near me but you! Major Hynd is away, and Lord Loring is offended with me.”

‘Penrose asked why.

‘Romaine, thereupon, entered on the necessary explanation. As a priest, writing to priests, I pass over details utterly uninteresting to *us*. The substance of what he said amounted to this:—Miss Eyrecourt had produced an impression on him, which was new to him in his experience of women. If he saw more of her, it might end—I ask your pardon for repeating the ridiculous expression—in his “falling in love with her.” In this condition of mind or body, whichever it may be, he would probably be incapable of the self-control which he had hitherto practised. If she consented to devote her life to him, he might accept the cruel sacrifice. Rather than do this, he would keep away from her, for her dear sake—no matter what he might suffer, or whom he might offend.

‘Imagine any human being, out of a lunatic asylum, talking in this way. Shall I own to you, my reverend colleague, how this curious self-exposure struck me? As I listened to Romaine, I felt grateful to the famous Council, which definitely forbade the priests of the Catholic Church to marry. We might otherwise have been morally enervated by the weakness which degrades Romaine—and

priests might have become instruments in the hands of women.

‘But you will be anxious to hear what Penrose did under the circumstances. For the moment, I can tell you this, he startled me.

‘Instead of seizing the opportunity, and directing Romaine’s mind to the consolations of religion, Penrose actually encouraged him to reconsider his decision. All the weakness of my poor little Arthur’s character showed itself in his next words.

‘He said to Romaine, “It may be wrong in me to speak to you as freely as I wish to speak. But you have so generously admitted me to your confidence—you have been so considerate and so kind towards me—that I feel an interest in your happiness, which perhaps makes me over bold. Are you very sure that some such entire change in your life, as your marriage, might not end in delivering you from your burden? If such a thing could be, is it wrong to suppose that your wife’s good influence over you might be the means of making your marriage a happy one? I must not presume to offer an opinion on such a subject. It is only my gratitude, my true attachment to you, that ventures to put the question. Are you conscious of having given this matter—so serious a matter for you—sufficient thought?”

‘Make your mind easy, reverend sir! Romaine’s answer set everything right.’

‘He said, “I have thought of it till I could think no longer. I still believe that sweet woman might control the torment of the voice. But could she deliver me from the remorse perpetually gnawing at my heart? I feel as murderers feel. In taking another man’s life—a man who has not even injured me!—I have committed the one unattonable and unpardonable sin. Can any human creature’s influence make me forget that? No more of it—no more. Come! Let us take refuge in our books.”

'Those words touched Penrose in the right place. Now, as I understand his scruples, he felt that he might honourably speak out. His zeal more than balanced his weakness, as you will presently see.

'He was loud, he was positive, when I heard him next.' "No!" he burst out, "your refuge is not in books, and not in the barren religious forms which call themselves Protestant. Dear master, the peace of mind which you believe you have lost for ever, you will find again in the divine wisdom and compassion of the holy Catholic Church. There is the remedy for all that you suffer! There is the new life that will yet make you a happy man!"

'I repeat what he said, so far, merely to satisfy you that we can trust his enthusiasm, when it is once roused. Nothing will discourage, nothing will defeat him now. He spoke with all the eloquence of conviction—using the necessary arguments with a force and feeling which I have rarely heard equalled. Romaine's silence vouched for the effect on him. He is not the man to listen patiently to reasoning which he thinks he can overthrow.

'Having heard enough to satisfy me that Penrose had really begun the good work, I quietly slipped out of the waiting room, and left the hotel.'

'To-day being Sunday, I shall not lose a post if I keep my letter open until to-morrow. I have already sent a note to Penrose, asking him to call on me, at his earliest convenience. There may be more news for you before post time.'

'Monday, 10, a.m.'

'There is more news. Penrose has just left me.

'His first proceeding, of course, was to tell me what I had already discovered for myself. He is modest, as usual, about the prospect of success which awaits him. But he has induced Romaine to suspend his historical studies for a few days, and to devote

his attention to the books which we are accustomed to recommend for perusal, in such cases as his. This is unquestionably a great gain at starting.'

'But my news is not at an end yet. Romaine is actually playing our game—he has resolved definitely to withdraw himself from the influence of Miss Eyrecourt! In another hour, he and Penrose will have left London. Their destination is kept a profound secret. All letters addressed to Romaine are to be sent to his bankers.'

'The motive for this sudden resolution is directly traceable to Lady Loring.'

'Her ladyship called at the hotel yesterday evening and had a private interview with Romaine. Her object, no doubt, was to shake his resolution, and to make him submit himself again to Miss Eyrecourt's fascinations. What means of persuasion she used to effect this purpose is of course unknown to us. Penrose saw Romaine after her ladyship's departure, and describes him as violently agitated. I can quite understand it. His resolution to take refuge in secret flight (it is really nothing less) speaks for itself as to the impression produced on him, and the danger from which, for the time at least, we have escaped.'

'Yes!' I say 'for the time at least.' Don't let our reverend fathers suppose that the money expended on my private inquiries has been money thrown away. Where these miserable love affairs are concerned, women are daunted by no adverse circumstances and warned by no defeat. Romaine has left London in dread of his own weakness—we must not forget that. The day may yet come when nothing will interpose between us and failure but my knowledge of events in Miss Eyrecourt's life.

'For the present, there is no more to be said!'

CHAPTER XI.

STELLA ASSERTS HERSELF.

TWO days after Father Benwell had posted his letter to Rome, Lady Loring entered her husband's study, and asked eagerly if he had heard any news of Romayne.

Lord Loring shook his head. 'As I told you yesterday,' he said, 'the proprietor of the hotel can give me no information. I went myself this morning to the bankers, and saw the head partner. He offered to forward letters, but he could do no more. Until further notice, he was positively enjoined not to disclose Romayne's address to anybody. How does Stella bear it?'

'In the worst possible way,' Lady Loring answered. 'In silence.'

'Not a word even to you?'

'Not a word.'

At that reply, the servant interrupted them, by announcing the arrival of a visitor, and presenting his card. Lord Loring started, and handed it to his wife. The card bore the name of 'Major Hynd,' and this line was added in pencil—'On business connected with Mr. Romayne.'

'Show him in directly!' cried Lady Loring.

Lord Loring remonstrated. 'My dear? perhaps I had better see this gentleman alone?'

'Certainly not—unless you wish to drive me into committing an act of the most revolting meanness! If you send me away, I shall listen at the door.'

Major Hynd was shown in, and was duly presented to Lady Loring. After making the customary apologies, he said, 'I returned to London last night, expressly to see Romayne on a matter of importance. Failing to discover his present address at the hotel, I had the hope that your lordship might be able to direct me to our friend.'

'I am sorry to say I know no more than you do,' Lord Loring replied. 'Romayne's present address is a secret confided to his bankers, and to no one else. I will give you their names, if you wish to write to him.'

Major Hynd hesitated. 'I am not quite sure that it would be discreet to write to him, under the circumstances.'

Lady Loring could no longer keep silence. 'Is it possible, Major Hynd, to tell us what the circumstances are?' she asked. 'I am almost as old a friend of Romayne as my husband—and I am very anxious about him.'

The Major looked embarrassed. 'I can hardly answer your ladyship,' he said 'without reviving painful recollections—'

Lady Loring's impatience interrupted the Major's apologies. 'Do you mean the duel?' she inquired.

Lord Loring interposed. 'I should tell you, Major Hynd, that Lady Loring is as well informed as I am of what happened at Boulogne, and of the deplorable result, as far as Romayne is concerned. If you still wish to speak to me privately, I will ask you to accompany me into the next room.'

Major Hynd's embarrassment vanished. 'After what you tell me,' he said, 'I hope to be favoured with Lady Loring's advice. You both know that Romayne fought the fatal duel with a son of the French General who had challenged him. When he returned to England, we heard that the General and his family had been driven away from Boulogne by pecuniary difficulties. Romayne, against my advice, wrote to the surgeon, who had been present at the duel, desiring that the General's place of retreat might be discovered, and expressing his wish to assist the family anonymously, as their Unknown Friend. The motive, of course, was in his own words, "to make some little atonement to the poor people whom he had wronged." I thought it a rash proceeding at the time; and I am con-

firmed in my opinion by a letter from the surgeon, received yesterday. Will you kindly read it to Lady Loring?’

He handed the letter to Lord Loring. Translated from the French it ran as follows:—

‘Sir,—I am at last able to answer Mr. Romaine’s letter definitely; with the courteous assistance of the French Consul in London, to whom I applied, when other means of investigation had produced no result.

‘A week since, the General died. Circumstances connected with the burial expenses informed the Consul that he had taken refuge from his creditors, not in France as we supposed, but in London. The address is, number 10, Camp’s Hill, Islington. I should also add, that the General, for obvious reasons, lived in London under the assumed name of Marillac. It will be necessary, therefore, to inquire for his widow, by the name of Madame Marillac.

‘You will perhaps be surprised to find that I address these lines to you, instead of to Mr. Romaine. The reason is soon told.

‘I was acquainted with the late General—as you know—at a time when I was not aware of the company that he kept, or of the deplorable errors into which his love of gambling had betrayed him. Of his widow and his children, I know absolutely nothing. Whether they have resisted the contaminating influence of the head of the household—or whether poverty and bad example combined have hopelessly degraded them—I cannot say. There is at least a doubt whether they are worthy of Mr. Romaine’s benevolent intentions towards them. As an honest man, I cannot feel this doubt, and reconcile it to my conscience to be the means, however indirectly, of introducing them to Mr. Romaine. To your discretion, I leave it to act for the best, after this warning.’

Lord Loring returned the letter to Major Hynd. ‘I agree with you,’ he

said. ‘It is more than doubtful whether you would do right to communicate this information to Romaine.’

Lady Loring was not quite of her husband’s opinion. ‘While there is a doubt about these people,’ she said, ‘it seems only just to find out what sort of character they bear in the neighbourhood. In your place, Major Hynd, I should apply to the person in whose house they live, or to the tradespeople whom they have employed.’

‘I am obliged to leave London again to-day,’ the Major replied; ‘but on my return, I will certainly follow your ladyship’s advice.’

‘And you will let us know the result?’

‘With the greatest pleasure.’

Major Hynd took his leave. ‘I think you will be responsible for wasting the Major’s time,’ said Lord Loring, when the visitor had retired.

‘I think not,’ said Lady Loring.

She rose to leave the room. ‘Are you going out?’ her husband asked.

‘No. I am going upstairs to Stella.’

Lady Loring found Miss Eyrecourt in her own room. The little portrait of Romaine which she had drawn from recollection lay on the table before her. She was examining it with the closest attention.

‘Well, Stella, and what does the portrait tell you!’

‘What I knew before, Adelaide. There is nothing false and nothing cruel in that face.’

‘And does the discovery satisfy you? For my part, I despise Romaine for hiding himself from us. Can you excuse him?’

Stella looked up the portrait in her writing case. ‘I can wait,’ she said quietly.

This assertion of patience seemed to irritate Lady Loring. ‘What is the matter with you this morning,’ she asked. ‘You are more reserved than ever?’

‘No; I am only out of spirits, Adelaide. I can’t help thinking of that meeting with Winterfield.—I feel

as if some misfortune was hanging over my head.'

'Don't speak of that hateful man!' her ladyship exclaimed. 'I have something to tell you about Romaine. Are you completely absorbed in your pre-sentiments of evil? or do you think you can listen to me?'

Stella's face answered for her. Lady Loring described the interview with Major Hynd in the minutest detail—including, by way of illustration, the Major's manners and personal appearance. 'He and Lord Loring,' she added, 'both think that Romaine will never hear the last of it, if he allows these foreigners to look for money. Until something more is known about them, the letter is not to be forwarded.'

'I wish I had the letter!' cried Stella.

'Would you send it to the bankers?'

'Instantly! Does it matter whether these poor French people are worthy of Romaine's generosity? If it restores his tranquillity to help them, who cares whether they deserve the help? They are not even to know who it is that assists them—Romaine is to be their unknown friend. It is he, not they, whom we have to think of—his peace of mind is everything; their merit is nothing. I say it's cruel to him to keep him in ignorance of what has happened. Why didn't you take the letter away from Major Hynd?'

'Gently, Stella! The Major is going to make inquiries about the widow and children, when he returns to London.'

'When he returns!' Stella repeated indignantly. 'Who knows what the poor wretches may be suffering in the interval, and what Romaine may feel if he ever hears of it? Tell me the address again—it was somewhere in Islington, you said.'

'Why do you want to know it?' Lady Loring asked. 'You are not going to write to Romaine yourself?'

'I am going to think before I do

anything. If you can't trust my discretion, Adelaide, you have only to say so.'

It was spoken sharply. Lady Loring's reply betrayed a certain loss of temper on her side. 'Manage your own affairs, Stella—I have done meddling with them.' Her unlucky visit to Romaine at the hotel had been a subject of dispute between the two friends—and this referred to it. 'You shall have the address,' my lady added in her grandest manner. She wrote it on a piece of paper, and left the room.

Easily irritated, Lady Loring had the merit of being easily appeased. That meanest of all vices, the vice of sulkiness, had no existence in her nature. In five minutes she regretted her little outburst of irritability. For five minutes more she waited, on the chance that Stella might be the first to seek a reconciliation. The interval passed and nothing happened. 'Have I really offended her?' Lady Loring asked herself. The next moment, she was on her way back to Stella. The room was empty. She rang the bell for the maid.

'Where is Miss Evrecourt?'

'Gone out, my lady.'

'Did she leave no message?'

'No, my lady. She went away in a great hurry.'

Lady Loring at once drew the conclusion that Stella had rashly taken the affair of the General's family into her own hands. Was it possible to say how this most imprudent proceeding might end? After hesitating and reflecting, and hesitating again, Lady Loring's anxiety got beyond her control. She not only decided on following Stella, but, in the excess of her nervous apprehension, she took one of the men-servants with her, in case of emergency!

CHAPTER XII.

THE GENERAL'S FAMILY.

NOT always remarkable for arriving at just conclusions, Lady Loring had drawn the right inference this time. Stella had stopped the first cab that passed her, and had directed the driver to Camp's Hill, Islington.

The aspect of the miserable little street, closed at one end, and swarming with dirty children quarrelling over their play, daunted her for the moment. Even the cabman, drawing up at the entrance to the street, expressed his opinion that it was a queer sort of place for a young lady to venture in alone. Stella thought of Romayne. Her firm persuasion that she was helping him to perform an act of mercy, which was (to his mind) an act of atonement as well, roused her courage. She boldly approached the open door of No. 10, and knocked on it with her parasol.

The tangled grey hair and grimy face of a hideous old woman showed themselves slowly, at the end of the passage, rising from the strong-smelling obscurity of the kitchen regions. 'What do you want?' said the half-seen witch of the London slums. 'Does Madame Marillac live here?' Stella asked. 'Do you mean the foreigner?' 'Yes.' 'Second floor.' With those instructions the upper half of the witch sank and vanished. Stella gathered her skirts together, and ascended a filthy flight of stairs for the first time in her life.

Coarse voices, shameless language, gross laughter, behind the closed doors of the first floor, hurried her on her way to the rooms on the higher flight. Here there was a change for the better—here, at least, there was silence. She knocked at the door on the landing of the second floor. A gentle voice answered, in French, 'Entrez'—then quickly substituted the Eng-

lish equivalent, 'Come in.' Stella opened the door.

The wretchedly furnished room was scrupulously clean. Above the truckle-bed, a cheap little image of the Virgin was fastened to the wall, with some faded, artificial flowers arranged above it in the form of a wreath. Two women, in dresses of coarse black stuff, sat at a small round table, working at the same piece of embroidery. The elder of the two rose when the visitor entered the room. Her worn and weary face still showed the remains of beauty, in its finely-proportioned parts—her dim eyes rested on Stella with an expression of piteous entreaty. 'Have you come for the work, madam?' she asked, in English, spoken with a strong foreign accent. 'Pray forgive me; I have not finished it yet.'

The second of the two workwomen suddenly looked up.

She, too, was wan and frail; but her eyes were bright; her movements still preserved the elasticity of youth. Her likeness to the elder woman proclaimed their relationship, even before she spoke. 'Ah! it's my fault!' she burst out passionately in French. 'I was hungry and tired, and I slept hours longer than I ought. My mother was too kind to wake me, and set me to work. I am a selfish wretch—and my mother is an angel!' She dashed away the tears gathering in her eyes, and proudly, fiercely, resumed her work.

Stella hastened to reassure them, the moment she could make herself heard. 'Indeed I have nothing to do with the work,' she said, speaking in French, so that they might the more readily understand her. 'I came here, Madame Marillac—if you will not be offended with me, for plainly owning it—to offer you some little help.'

'Charity!' asked the daughter, looking up again sternly from her needle.

'Sympathy,' Stella answered gently.

The girl resumed her work. 'I beg your pardon,' she said; 'I shall

learn to submit to my lot in time.

The quiet long-suffering mother placed a chair for Stella. 'You have a kind beautiful face, Miss,' she said; 'and I am sure you will make allowance for my poor girl. I remember the time I was as quick to feel as she is. May I ask how you came to hear of us?'

'I hope you will excuse me;' Stella replied. 'I am not at liberty to answer that question.'

The mother said nothing. The daughter asked sharply, 'Why not?'

Stella addressed the answer to the mother. 'I come from a person who desires to be of service to you as an unknown friend,' she said.

The wan face of the widow suddenly brightened. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'has my brother heard of the General's death? and has he forgiven me my marriage at last?'

'No, no!' Stella interposed; 'I must not mislead you. The person whom I represent is no relation of yours.'

Even in spite of this positive assertion, the poor woman held desperately to the hope that had been roused in her. 'The name by which you know me may mislead you,' she suggested anxiously. 'My late husband assumed the name in his exile here. Perhaps, if I told you——'

The daughter stopped her there. 'My dear mother, leave this to me.' The widow sighed resignedly, and resumed her work. 'Madame Marillac will do very well as a name,' the girl continued, turning to Stella, 'until we know something more of each other. I suppose you are well acquainted with the person whom you represent?'

'Certainly, or I should not be here.'

'You know the person's family connections, in that case? and you can say for certain whether they are French connections or not?'

'I can say for certain,' Stella answered, 'that they are English connections. I represent a friend who

feels kindly towards Madame Marillac; nothing more.'

'You see, mother, you were mistaken. Bear it as bravely, dear, as you have borne other trials.' Saying this very tenderly, she addressed herself once more to Stella, without attempting to conceal the accompanying change in her manner to coldness and distrust. 'One of us must speak plainly,' she said. 'Our few friends are nearly as poor as we are, and they are all French. I tell you positively that we have no English friends. How has this anonymous benefactor been informed of our poverty? You are a stranger to us—you cannot have given the information?'

Stella's eyes were now opened to the awkward position in which she had placed herself. She met the difficulty boldly, still upheld by the conviction that she was serving a purpose cherished by Romayne. 'You had good reasons, no doubt, mademoiselle, when you advised your mother to conceal her true name,' she rejoined. 'Be just enough to believe that your "anonymous benefactor" has good reasons for concealment too.'

It was well said; and it encouraged Madame Marillac to take Stella's part. 'My dear Blanche, you speak rather harshly to this good young lady,' she said to her daughter. 'You have only to look at her, and to see that she means well.'

Blanche took up her needle again, with dogged submission. 'If we are to accept charity, mother, I should like to know the hand that gives it,' she answered. 'I will say no more.'

'When you are as old as I am, my dear,' rejoined Madame Marillac, 'you will not think quite so positively as you think now. I have learnt some hard lessons,' she proceeded, turning to Stella, 'and I hope I am the better for them. My life has not been a happy one——'

'Your life has been a martyrdom!' said the girl, breaking out again, in spite of herself. 'Oh, my father! my

father !' She pushed aside the work, and hid her face in her hands.

The gentle mother spoke severely for the first time. 'Respect your father's memory !' she said. Blanche trembled, and kept silence. 'I have no false pride,' Madame Marillac continued. 'I own that we are miserably poor ; and I thank you, my dear young lady, for your kind intentions towards us, without embarrassing you by any inquiries. We manage to live. While my eyes last, our work helps to support us. My good eldest daughter has some employment as a teacher of music, and contributes her little share to assist our poor household. I don't distrust you—I only say, let us try a little longer if we cannot help ourselves.'

She had barely pronounced the last words, when a startling interruption led to consequences which the persons present had not foreseen. A shrill wailing voice suddenly pierced through the flimsy partition which divided the front room and the back room. 'Bread !' cried the voice ; 'I'm hungry. Bread ! bread !'

The daughter started to her feet. 'Think of his betraying us at this moment !' she exclaimed indignantly. The mother rose in silence, and opened a cupboard. Its position was opposite to the place in which Stella was sitting. She saw two or three knives and forks, some cups and saucers and plates, and a folded table cloth. Nothing else appeared on the shelves ; not even the stray crust of bread for which the poor woman had been looking. 'Go, my dear, and quiet your brother,' she said—and closed the cupboard door again as patiently as ever.

Blanche left them. Stella opened her pocket-book as the door closed. 'For God's sake, take something !' she cried. 'I offer it with the sincerest respect—I offer it as a loan !'

Madame Marillac gently signed to Stella to close the pocket book again. 'That kind heart of yours must not be distressed about trifles,' she said. 'The baker will trust us, until we get the

money for our work—and my daughter knows it. If you can tell me nothing else, my dear, will you tell me your Christian name ? It is painful to me to speak to you, quite as a stranger.'

Stella at once complied with the request. Madame Marillac smiled as she repeated the name.

'There is almost another tie between us,' she said. 'We have your name in France—it speaks with a familiar sound to me in this strange place. Dear Miss Stella, when my poor boy startled you by that cry for food, he recalled to me the saddest of all my anxieties. When I think of *him*, I should be tempted if my better sense did not restrain me—No ! no ! put back the pocket book. I am incapable of the shameless audacity of borrowing a sum of money which I could never repay. Let me tell you what my trouble is, and you will understand that I am in earnest. I had two sons, Miss Stella. The elder—the most lovable, the most affectionate of my children—was killed in a duel.'

The sudden disclosure drew a cry of sympathy from Stella, which she was not mistress enough of herself to repress. Now for the first time, she understood the remorse that tortured Romaine, as she had not understood it when Lady Loring had told her the terrible story of the duel. Attributing the effect produced on her to the sensitive nature of a young woman, Madame Marillac innocently added to Stella's distress by making excuses.

'I am sorry to have frightened you, my dear,' she said. 'In your happy country such a dreadful death as my son's is unknown. I am obliged to mention it, or you might not understand what I have still to say. Perhaps I had better not go on !'

Stella roused himself. 'Yes ! yes !' she answered eagerly. 'Pray go on !'

'My son in the next room,' the widow resumed, 'is only fourteen years old. It has pleased God sorely to afflict a harmless creature. He has

not been in his right mind since—since the miserable day when he followed the duellists, and saw his brother's death.—Oh! you are turning pale! How thoughtless, how cruel of me! I ought to have remembered that such horrors as these have never overshadowed your happy life!’

Struggling to recover her self-control, Stella tried to re-assure Madame Marillac by a gesture. She had heard the voice which haunted Romaine—the conviction of it shook her with superstitious terror from head to foot. Not the words that had pleaded hunger and called for bread—but those other words, ‘Assassin! assassin! where are you?’—rang in her ears. She entreated Madame Marillac to break the unendurable interval of silence. The widow's calm voice had a soothing influence which she was eager to feel. ‘Go on!’ she repeated. ‘Pray go on!’

‘I ought not to lay all the blame of my boy's affliction on the duel,’ said Madame Marillac. ‘In childhood, his mind never grew with his bodily growth. His brother's death may have only hurried the result which was sooner or later but too sure to come. You need feel no fear of him. He is never violent—and he is the most beautiful of all my children. Would you like to see him?’

‘No! I would rather hear you speak of him. Is he not conscious of his own misfortune?’

‘For weeks together, Stella—I am sure I may call you Stella!—he is quite calm; you would see no difference, outwardly, between him and other boys. Unhappily, it is just at those times, that a spirit of impatience seems to possess him. He watches his opportunity, and, however careful we may be, he is cunning enough to escape our vigilance.’

‘Do you mean that he leaves you and his sisters?’

‘Yes, that is what I mean. For nearly two months past he has been away from us. Yesterday only, his

return relieved us from a state of suspense which I cannot attempt to describe. We don't know where he has been, or in the company of what persons he has passed the time of his absence. No persuasion will induce him to speak to us on the subject. This morning, we listened while he was talking to himself.’

Stella felt the thrill of sudden fear. Was it part of the boy's madness to repeat the words which still echoed in Romaine's ears? ‘Does he ever speak of the duel?’ she asked.

‘Never! He seems to have lost all memory of it. We only heard, this morning, one or two unconnected words—something about a woman, and then more that appeared to allude to some person's death. Last night, I was with him when he went to bed; and I found that he had something to conceal from me. He let me fold all his clothes, as usual, except his waistcoat—and that he snatched away from me, and put it under his pillow. We have no hope of being able to examine the waistcoat, without his knowledge. His sleep is like the sleep of a dog; if you only approach him, he wakes instantly. Forgive me for troubling you with these trifling details, only interesting to ourselves. You will at least understand the constant anxiety that we suffer.’

‘In your unhappy position,’ said Stella, ‘I should try to resign myself to parting with him—I mean to place him under medical care.’

The mother's face saddened. ‘I have enquired about it,’ she answered. ‘He must pass a night in the workhouse, before he can be received as a pauper lunatic, in a public asylum. Oh, my dear, I am afraid there is some pride still left in me! He is my only son now; his father was a General in the French army; I was brought up among people of good blood and breeding—I can't take my own boy to the workhouse!’

Stella took her hand. ‘I feel for you with all my heart,’ she said.

‘Place him privately, dear Madame Marillac, under skilful and kind control—and let me, do let me open the pocket-book again!’

The widow steadily refused even to look at the pocket-book. ‘Perhaps,’ Stella persisted, ‘you don’t know of a private asylum that would satisfy you?’

‘My dear, I do know of such a place. The good doctor who attended my husband in his last illness told me of it. A friend of his receives a certain number of poor people into his house, and charges no more than the cost of maintaining them. An unattainable sum to *me*. There is the temptation that I spoke of. The help of a few pounds I might accept, if I fell ill, because I might afterwards pay it back. But a larger sum—never!’

She rose, as if to end the interview. Stella tried every means of persuasion that she could think of, and tried in vain. The friendly dispute between them might have been prolonged, if they had not been silenced by another interruption from the next room.

This time, it was not only endurable, it was even welcome. The poor boy was playing the air of a French vaudeville, on a pipe or flageolet. ‘Now he is happy!’ said the mother. ‘He is a born musician; do come and see him!’ An idea struck Stella. She overcame the inveterate reluctance in her to see the boy so fatally associated with the misery of Romaine’s life. As Madame Marillac led the way to the door of communication between the rooms, she quickly took from her pocket-book the bank notes with which she had provided herself, and folded them so that they could be easily concealed in her hand.

She followed the widow into the little room.

The boy was sitting on his bed. He laid down his flageolet and bowed to Stella. His long silky hair flowed to his shoulders. But one betrayal of a deranged mind presented itself in his delicate face—his large soft eyes had

the glassy vacant look which it is impossible to mistake. ‘Do you like music, mademoiselle?’ he asked gently. Stella asked him to play his little vaudeville air again. He proudly complied with the request. His sister seemed to resent the presence of a stranger. ‘The work is at a standstill,’ she said—and passed into the front room. Her mother followed her as far as the door to give her some necessary directions. Stella seized her opportunity. She put the bank-notes into the pocket of the boy’s jacket—and whispered to him, ‘Give them to your mother when I have gone away.’ Under those circumstances, she felt sure that Madame Marillac would yield to the temptation. She could resist much—but she could not resist her son.

The boy nodded, to show that he understood her. The moment after, he laid down his flageolet with an expression of surprise.

‘You are trembling!’ he said. ‘Are you frightened?’

She *was* frightened. The mere sense of touching him made her shudder. Did she feel a vague presentiment of some evil to come from that momentary association with him? Madame Marillac, turning away again from her daughter, noticed Stella’s agitation. ‘Surely, my poor boy doesn’t alarm you?’ she said. Before Stella could answer, some one outside knocked at the door. Lady Loring’s servant appeared, charged with a carefully-worded message. ‘If you please, Miss, a friend is waiting for you below.’ Any excuse for departure was welcome to Stella at that moment. She promised to call at the house again in a few days. Madame Marillac kissed her on the forehead as she took leave. Her nerves were still shaken by that momentary contact with the boy. Descending the stairs, she trembled so that she was obliged to hold by the servant’s arm. She was not naturally timid. What did it mean?

(*To be continued.*)

MAGDALEN TOWER.*

BY GRANT ALLEN.

MY brain is weary and my eyes are aching,
 With poring over long on Plato's text,
 I'll make this stillest hour my own, forsaking
 The buried lore with which my brain is vexed.
 The air without is cool and fresh and moister,
 I'll fling the narrow window open wide,
 That looks athwart the silent court and cloister,
 To view the world outside.

Each dome and spire from north to south arises,
 An island from a rolling sea of mist,
 That fills with shadowy waves the vale of Isis,
 All but the imperial city's queenly crest :
 Above, the chilly moonbeams of October
 Wrap round her sleeping form a gilded shroud :
 Below the fleecy sheets of vapour robe her
 In folds of silver cloud.

The blood-red creeper on the pale grey turret
 Shows purple in the dim recess of night,
 Save when the short-lived autumn breezes stir it,
 Flashing a gleam of crimson in my sight ;
 And drooping ivy sprays that twist and dangle
 Around the gloomy gargoyle's mouldering mass,
 Shed ghostly shadows on the dark quadrangle
 Across the moonlit grass.

Hard by, the clear-cut pinnacles of Merton
 Rise black against the wan abyss on high :
 The far Cathedral steeple looms uncertain
 Through intervening depths of hazy sky :
 High in the tapering belfry of St. Mary's
 The solemn clock knells out the stroke of three,
 And fills with floating sound and weird vagaries
 The misty middle sea.

* This poem—that of a young, immature mind putting out its feelers on all sides in quest of the true and the tangible, and trying to solve for itself the mystery of the universe—has been in my possession for several years, having been written when its author was a student at Oxford.
 —J. A. A., Kingston.

These dreamy reveries of Plato mingle
 With shapeless cloud and voices of vague bells,
 To bid each vein through all my body tingle,
 And stir my brain through all its throbbing cells.
 The city's form melts like the changeful vapour ;
 And these, her solid walls of massive stone,
 Unreal as the fleecy robes that drape her,
 Fade, and I stand alone.

I know not if she be or if she be not :
 I only know I *am*, and nought beside :
 I gaze abroad with timid eyes and see not
 Beyond the mists by which my sight is tied.
 The things I see and hear and feel around me
 Merge in the single consciousness of thought :
 Yet like an iron chain their limits bound me
 With bands myself have wrought.

Is sentient life—set passive in the middle
 Of fleeting sights and sounds, of joy and pain,
 Yearning yet motionless, an awful riddle
 Whose hidden aim we seek to read in vain ;—
 Is life, so strangely shaped, a wanton creature
 Of calm design, that heeds not human cares ;
 Or bastard offspring of unconscious nature
 Begotten unawares ?

When chaos slowly set to sun or planet,
 And moulten masses hardened into earth :
 When primal force wrought out on sea and granite
 The wondrous miracle of living birth ;
 Did mightier mind, in clouds of glory hidden,
 Breathe power through all its limbs to feel and know :
 Or sentience spring, spontaneous and unbidden,
 With feeble steps and slow ?

Are sense and thought but parasites of being ?
 Did nature mould our limbs to act and move ;
 By some strange chance endow our eyes with seeing,
 Our nerves with feeling, and our hearts with Love ?
 Since all alone we stand, alone discerning
 Sorrow from joy, self from the things without,
 While blind fate tramples on our spirit's yearning,
 And fills our souls with doubt.

This very tree, whose life is as our sister,
 We know not if the ichor in her veins
 Trill with fierce joy when April dews have kissed her,
 Or shrink in anguish from November rains.
 We search the mighty world above and under,
 Yet nowhere find the soul we fain would find—
 Speech in the hollow rumbling of the thunder,
 Words in the whispering wind.

We yearn for brotherhood with lake and mountain,
 Our conscious soul seeks conscious sympathy,
 Nymphs in the coppice, Naiads in the fountain,
 Gods in the craggy heights and roaring sea,
 Yet find but soulless sequences of matter,
 Fact linked to fact by adamantine rods,
 Eternal bonds of former sense and latter,
 Dead laws for living gods.

They care not any whit for pain or pleasure,
 That seems to mar the sum and end of all :
 Dumb force and barren number are their measure,
 What can be shall be, though the great world fall.
 They take no heed of man or man's deserving,
 Reck not what happy lives they make or mar,
 Work out their fatal will, unswerved, unswerving,
 And know not that they are.

Can lifeless law beget on senseless matter
 The fuller life of self reflecting thought ?
 Or does the pregnant soul itself but scatter
 These myriad fancies through a world of naught ?
 Are all these outer shapes a vain illusion
 (As in deep tones our clearest prophet sings),
 And mind alone, set free from vague confusion,
 The inmost core of things ?

The city lies below me, wrapped in slumber ;
 Silent and mute in all her streets she lies ;
 'Mid rapid thoughts that crowd me without number
 Flashes the shadow of an old surmise :
 Her hopes and fears and griefs are all suspended,
 The myriad souls throughout her precincts take
 Sleep, in whose bosom life and death are blended,
 And I alone awake.

And I alone the solitary centre
 Of all the seeming universe around,
 With mocking senses through whose portals enter
 Unmeaning phantasies of sight and sound !
 Are all the countless minds wherewith I people
 The empty forms that float before my eyes—
 Vain as the clouds that gird the distant steeple
 With snowy canopies ?

Yet though the world be but myself unfolded,
 Soul bent again on soul in mystic play,
 No less each sense and thought and act is moulded
 By dead necessities I may not sway.
 Some mightier power against my will shall move me,
 Some potent nothing force and overawe,
 Though I be all that is, I feel above me
 The godhead of blind law.

I seem a passive consciousness of passion,
 Poised in the boundless vault of empty space.
 A mirror for strange shapes of alien fashion,
 That come and go before my lonely face :
 My soul that reigns the mistress of creation,
 That grasps within herself the sum of things,
 Wears round her feet the gyves of limitation,
 And fetters bind her wings.

The sense I fain would feel I cannot summon,
 The sense I fain would shirk I cannot shun ;
 I know the measured sequence that they come in,
 I may not change the grooves wherein they run.
 I know not if they be but phantom faces,
 Whose being is but seeming, seen awry ;
 They pass, I know not how, and leave no traces ;
 They come, I know not why.

My inmost hope, my deepest aspiration,
 Each quiver of my brain, each breath I draw,
 Fear curdling up the blood, love's wild pulsation,
 Work surely out the inevitable law :
 The will herself that pants for freedom, flouting
 Its soulless despotism, yet works it out :
 Aye, even though I doubt, my very doubting
 Fulfils the law I doubt.

So, dimly cloaked in infinite disguises,
 The hopes I seem to grasp again dissolve,
 And through their vacant images arises
 The central problem that I may not solve ;
 Till like this faded creeper's blighted blossom,
 My life, too, fade before some wintry breath,
 And sink at last upon the peaceful bosom
 Of all-embracing death.

But now that far and wide the pale horizon,—
 Faint grey to eastward, darker on the west,—
 Lights up the misty sphere its border lies on,
 My weary brain has need of gentle rest :
 The growing haze of sunrise gives me warning
 To check these wayward thoughts that dive too deep.
 Perchance a little light will come with morning ;
 Perchance I shall but sleep.

THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS AND THE LAST REICHSTAG.

BY JAMES W. BELL.

BEFORE proceeding to discuss any Socialist question, we must first settle how the term is to be understood in the following pages. Those who have read books on the subject will have noticed how various the meanings of it are, according as it is used by writers on Political Economy, by moralists, or by politicians. The Socialism spoken of here, however, is chiefly the practical Socialism so much dreaded by the German statesmen, which has got beyond the stage of mere theorizing, and has become crystallized into a political creed, professed by over 500,000 enthusiastic voters of a young and vigorous party still in its teens. 'Theoretically, at least, it (Socialism) is nothing more than an ideal, very possibly impracticable, but sufficiently attractive to have recommended itself to philosophers and reformers of all ages, from Plato down to Rousseau and St. Simon. Practically, it is often but the passionate and inarticulate cry of the discontented for a new order of things, in which the wealth of the world shall be, to their thinking, more evenly, and therefore more equitably, distributed.* Even a superficial sketch of the economic, social and religious systems proposed by the widely different Socialist thinkers of Germany alone, and expanded and modified by their respective followers, would be impossible here. Voluminous works of various degrees of merit, have been written on these questions since Rodbertus, Marx and Lassalle opened them afresh; and it is by no means certain

that the last word has been heard upon them yet, though the milder inquisition of the nineteenth century has decided that they shall be regarded as closed.

The present seems an appropriate time for looking more closely into the movement. The anti-socialist law, which has now been in force for a year and a-half, has so commended itself to the Reichstag that, in the session just closed, it has been prolonged till 1884. This gave a chance, and the only one during these six years, to the Socialists to give public expression to their views. They did so; and the following is an attempt to give in epitome the spirit and substance of their complaints, as gathered from these speeches, from pamphlets and books written about or by Socialists, and from conversation with men holding these opinions.

It has been remarked that almost all great law-givers, from the earliest times, have striven to lay down principles tending to hinder the formation of a too powerful plutocracy with its counterpart of a numerous and slavish pauper class. Thus in Moses and Lycurgus, in the struggles of the Gracchi, in the theories of many of the Greek philosophers, and perhaps more especially in the scholastics and churchmen of the middle ages, Socialism, in many of its protean forms, was as clearly taught as in the present day. R. Meyer says: 'Socialism was practically inculcated twice in antiquity by the establishment of new religions, and to the present day it preserves a religious background. In the sixth century B. C., Buddha taught

* *Times*, April 30, 1880.

the nothingness of the hereditary privileges of caste, the evil of private property, and the preferableness of a social, communistic life. But Socialism, in our sense of the term, dates only from Christ. Christ was the first internationalist Socialist, and till to-day, also, the greatest.* And again: 'but strike off the husks which fanatical men have laid around social theories, and you come upon a thoroughly Christian kernel.' Without referring to the community of goods among the early Christians, one need only think of the large tincture of Socialism in the cloister among the various religious orders, and the numerous Socialist sects of the Reformation period, to see the truth of this.

As to its historical development, however, it is sufficient for our purpose to remember that, in its present shape at least, it was little known or dreaded in Germany twenty years ago. But during the last fifteen years, the lower classes have been brought into a sudden prominence. Baden and the Rheinland had long been the home of popular institutions; contact with France since the Revolution had been favourable to the new ideas of freedom. Prussia and Austria were rivals for South Germany. Sadowa decided the dispute. Manhood suffrage was naturally attached to manhood military service. The sons of the men who had formerly been sold as mercenary troops to foreign governments, and whose life was little better than serfdom, began to feel that they too had rights. Political power they now possessed, and men arose to teach them how to use it. All that was wanted, to do away with the lingering remnants of feudalism, was, that effective remedy against all petty tyranny and class privilege, agitation. And this came. Lassalle, Marx and others had prepared the ground. The platform and the press

were brought into a use previously unknown in Germany, and, thanks to a good common school education, everybody could read. The military operations of '66 and especially of '70, aided the movement. The pick of German youth had not been at school in France for nothing. The men who had repeatedly been told by the highest authorities that they had saved Germany, were now emboldened to assert their say in its government. What was manhood suffrage for, if not to be used, and how could it be used effectively unless by free discussion on political matters? A flood of new literature of a decided democratic tendency, appeared after the Franco-Prussian war. The over-production and unnatural commercial activity, stimulated by the French milliards, aiding in bringing about, or at least intensifying, the depression that succeeded in '74. Meanwhile the unexpected prosperity of France, after her crushing defeat, made her an object of attention, not to say anxiety, at Berlin. The milliards were gone, yet the army had to be kept up. Meanwhile, taxes, at no time fairly arranged, had been growing and pressing harder on an impoverished people. All this played into the hands of the party eager for agitation and reform. It had been increasing in numbers and in influence. Bismarck, who is taunted with having coquetted with Lassalle and his party, now began to fear them, or at least to feign so. The excitement attending the attempts of Hödel and Nobeling, gave a pretext that could be turned to advantage, and the Prince seized the double opportunity of humbling this movement, and increasing the power of Absolutism. A Reichstag not sufficiently docile, was dissolved; and under the theatrical appeals of the Chancellor, a new and more obedient one was returned, and this now historical *Ausnahmegesetz* was passed October 19, 1878, and three days later put into force.

* *Der Emancipationskampf des Vierten Standes in Deutschland.* Kap. I.

With this begins a new phase in the history of German Socialism. Hitherto, whatever absurd or 'dangerous' doctrines it may have promulgated among the masses, it, at all events, worked openly and above-board. The means it used, public meetings, *Vereine*, newspapers, pamphlets and the like, were free to everybody. The Socialists appealed boldly to public opinion; they invited free discussion. If they had grievances, or suffered injustice, they had, with certain very large restrictions, the right of ventilating and discussing them. As might be expected the new doctrines spread rapidly, especially in what Bismarck, perhaps, has good reasons for regarding as hotbeds of mischief, the towns, cities, and large manufacturing districts. So the Chancellor resolved to stamp out the agitation that thus disturbed the 'peace and safety'* of the *Vaterland*. From this time forth they were no longer legally recognised as a party. Change of name even could not save from the clutches of a law that forbade all papers, societies, or unions, that had 'in view the subversion of the existing order of State and society.' With this ample margin for the zeal of a proverbially officious police, the 'pig-sticking,' as Bismarck himself is said to have called it, went on vigorously. Upwards of forty societies immediately dissolved themselves, and during the first month 270 executions were put into effect, suppressing 135 '*Vereine*,' 35 regular newspapers, and 100 non-periodical prints. Among these *Vereine* or unions, were 21 workmen's, 55 election, 36 singing, 4 theatre, 10 educational, 2 newspaper, 6 mutual-helps,

* Herr Kayser, the Socialist, referring to this, said, at the second reading of the Bill, April 19th, 'the party of old rights and privileges had always justified its persecutions and oppressions in the name of peace and safety.' It reminded him of a line in Götz von Berlichingen: " 'Ruhe und Frieden wünscht jeder Raubvogel um seine Beute in Ruhe und Frieden zu verzehren.' "

and I co-operative or *Consumverein*.* Franz Mehring, no friend of the Socialists—if he had been, indeed, it may be safely assumed his book on '*Deutsche Social Democratic*' would never have seen a third edition—remarks that 'in its dissolution Socialism showed itself greater, stronger and more wide-spread than it had ever appeared during its existence.' Up to October 21st, 1879, exactly a year from the time the law came into force, there were suppressed, according to *Vossische Zeitung*, 244 *Vereine*, 307 non-periodical prints, and 184 newspapers and periodicals. The number of persons banished from Berlin and vicinity up to the end of March, 1880, as in the judgment of the police dangerous, amounted to 105, according to the Minister of the Interior. And still that everlasting mandate *Verboten*, almost the first word that strikes a foreigner in Germany, has kept on, and, not content with suppressing free speech in politics whenever it crops out in the German tongue, it has forbidden works in English and French—artistic merit is out of the question here—like 'The Comedy of Europe,' for example. But after all I suppose we may, under the circumstances, be thankful that foreign papers and reviews do not come to us with the 'dangerous' parts carefully rubbed over with printer's ink, as is the case to the east of us.

So much for the law in general, as far as figures can show its effects. But a few examples in detail are needed to complete an imperfect picture. They must be few, short, and as typical as possible, and I may say at once that they are not a few favourable ones, hunted out on purpose, but picked up at random during the last two years. This, of course, will not be taken to imply that all the

*Were suppressed, 1st month.	<i>Vereine</i> .	Newspapers.	Non-periodical prints.
1st	135	35	100
2nd	39	9	57
3rd	12	10	67
4th	5	10	14

articles written in the heat of passion against what was believed to be a piece of injustice, are models of moderation. But I do feel convinced that this law was received with a meekness and respect that one might look for in vain, under similar circumstances, in any land where the English language is spoken. Moreover, it may be candidly confessed at once that this, as indeed, almost all attempts at reformation that history tells us of, is followed by a herd of vagabonds that would injure and disgrace any party by their allegiance. When some Bismarckian points to individual socialists of this type as a justification of the way they are being treated, I always feel inclined to retort, 'what cause has not been injured by its professors in the extreme left who have a zeal not according to knowledge!' Socialism undoubtedly includes among its members, not only men of sincere conviction and honest, though perhaps often mistaken, purpose, but also those who would join any party or creed that is likely to further their own selfish ends. But what honest man of any account, now-a-days, holds Christianity, for example, answerable for all the iniquities that have been perpetrated in its name, and by its unworthy followers? And further, while avoiding the real or apparent fatalism of a certain school of historians, I humbly think that this movement has a historical justification, that is too frequently overlooked. As the Socialist Hasenclaver remarked before the Reichstag, 'the whole social democracy is, after all, only a product of previous conditions; improve the conditions and Socialism would immediately cease.' Nor must we look for the same spirit of justice and fine sense of honour from wretched, miserable creatures, whose lives have been one long struggle with poverty and the tax-collector, who have all along been literally 'holding the wolf by the ears;' as we are taught to expect from their wealthy neighbours who enjoy the good things

of life, and pride themselves on their straightforward justice and chivalrous fair-play. 'Instead of wondering at the discontent of the suffering,' says a writer in the *Unitarian Review* for Oct. '78, 'and being surprised or indignant that they should seek to escape from discomfort and destitution by means which would threaten the foundations of society, we have rather wondered at the patience which has submitted to these things so long.' But even granted that the Socialists are as black as they are painted, does that justify the way they are now being treated?

Franz Duncker, an ex member of the Reichstag, was fined 200 marks for writing in the *Volks Zeitung* :—'It is revolting to us that Prussia, that Prince Bismarck, the regenerator of German unity, should stand up for such a bill, a bill that will destroy anything but Socialism. Certainly, the decision lies with the Reichstag. Still, the mere proposal is offensive to the German nation.' The *Berliner Zeitung* wrote 'a fine of 1500 marks, inflicted on us by the Berlin Municipal Council on the second of this month, has taught us that it is not wise to find anything laughable in bills which emanate from the Imperial Chancellor, from the Prussian Government.' * * * 'These examples are taken from the *Times* correspondence, and are written as may be seen, while the bill was still under discussion. Surely no one can say that the Government was at the mercy of an unscrupulous press, as long as it could punish in this fashion, and for such offences. But worse days for this press and for free speech were at hand. In the Chemnitz election for the Saxon Landtag, the Socialist candidate was put through a regular course of police treatment. A public meeting he was to have addressed was forbidden, and his postbills suppressed, which read thus: 'Electors! give your votes to-day, Tuesday, Sep. 9th, to Karl Julius Vahlteich, Reichstag Deputy for the

fifteenth Saxon electoral division Chemnitz, Sept. 9, 1879. (Signed) The Committee for National Elections.' The *Chemnitzer Nachrichten*, the only organ at his disposal, was suppressed; and all the sheets of the *Chemnitzer Tageblatt*, which contained the above 'dangerous' address to the electors were confiscated. Further, all the handbills and voting papers bearing his name were seized by the police, and the firm that published them had its right of printing cancelled. Upwards of 40 private houses were searched for forbidden prints, and in the words of the protest afterwards laid before the Landtag, 'terror was spread among the people' by the police. Twenty men in a tavern were arrested, and, on the suspicion that a forbidden meeting was being held, were strung together by means of a rope 'like a bundle of cigars,' and marched to the police office. To take a later and less comic example: a public meeting of the people was to be held in Munich, the 5th of last April, at which Herr Sonnemann, Progressist, was to speak on the new Military Bill. This was forbidden by the police on the ground that such a meeting (*Allgemeine Volksversammlung*) was contrary to the socialist law. A strictly party meeting, which was then called, though not forbidden, was dissolved a few minutes after it was opened by a police officer, with the remark that he observed socialists present. Commenting on this in the Reichstag, Bebel said that, if the presence of persons belonging to his party was enough to cause assemblies to be dissolved, care would be taken that no meeting if possible should be held without them, so that they—addressing the Liberals—would find that it was 'a mistake to put hundreds of thousands of citizens beyond the pale of the law.' This threat has since been carried into effect in Leipzig and elsewhere, the Socialists organising somehow to obtain tickets.

With reference to the election for

the second division of Hamburg, held April 27th, 1880, the *Hamburger Reform* spoke of the 'police measures that did the party (Socialists) more good than a legion of agitators: Schiller's saying held true here:—'*Zwang erbittert die Schwärmer nur, bekehrt sie nimmer.*' The prohibition on collecting money, the arrest of the election committee, the confiscation of the hand-bills—all contributed to inflame the fire smouldering under the ashes.' Bebel and Liebknecht, while trying before the Reichstag to show the injustice of the present 'State of Siege' in Berlin, mentioned persons who had been proceeded against with great severity. These persons have now been arrested for slandering the police, and Bebel and Liebknecht have been summoned as witnesses against them. They have taken refuge under Art. 30 of the Constitution, and possibly this is the last we may hear of the matter. But these examples—and they might be indefinitely multiplied—will show how irritating the law is, and how its influence has been extended even far beyond its legitimate bounds, by the fear of it, caused by the large discretionary power lodged in the hands of the police.

It has been truly said that a German 'is pretty sure not to resent interference which an Englishman would find intolerable. He is accustomed to be taken care of from the cradle to the grave by a paternal police, * * and he does not mind so much a little prying into the club which he frequents, or official warnings to the journal which he reads.'* Notwithstanding this general indifference in political matters, the intensity, at least, of the opposition to this law may be seen in the debates of the last Reichstag. The increase of bitterness during the year and a half is marked. On the second reading Bebel said: 'If you make it impossible for the people to make known their complaints in a legal

*Times, Oct. 31, 1878.

way, indifference is not the result, but intense bitterness. We come necessarily to the belief that nothing but force will help us.' Towards the end of this speech, he pointed to the fact that 'hitherto tumults have never arisen when our meetings were dissolved.' Who can say whether this will now continue 'wer nicht hören will, muss fühlen.' Another Socialist, Kayser, declared that by this law 'every citizen who is not an acknowledged friend of the Government, has necessarily a feeling of uncertainty and danger. This kills out all opposition (the bitterest of course excepted). Look at the last election that took place in Berlin, and one is astonished that in the capital of the empire absolutely no agitation took place.' It will be remembered that in this election in which Prof. Virchow was returned, not even one-third of the duly qualified electors voted. The closing words of his speech were: 'Do you take us then for such ninnies, that we should cease to fight for our opinions? The birth-throes of the times are intensified instead of being lightened by these measures. Instead of the peaceful development of the national life, you wish to bring about the violent opposition of the weak and the oppressed.'

The 4th of May, the day of the third reading of the Bill, was the liveliest of a lively session. Liebknecht hoped nothing from the feeling of justice in the house, yet he would openly state the 'crying injustice' under which his party suffered. He denied that Hödel and Nobeling were Socialists, though Bismarck had encouraged this view, and used it well as political capital. 'The authors of revolutions are not those who outwardly cause them, so not the lower classes, but those who make revolutions necessary, i.e., governments.' Notwithstanding some violent thrusts, wide of the mark, he often made keen hits. Is it any wonder that the Government should dislike discussions in which a common workman could tell them the following:

'But it is said that the terrorism that the Socialists are guilty of, must be put down! Now what terrorism have we practised on Eulenberg and Bismarck? These gentlemen must indeed have very sensitive nerves. Of course we have always spoken loudly and plainly, but you have the same example in England, only think of the exciting speeches that even ministerial candidates have made. And has the English Empire been thereby ruined? Nay, the contrary is the case, it is strengthened by this. You should learn a little from this; but you are too timorous even over mere speeches.' He ended his philippic with the words: 'The consequences of your doings will not fail; but we wash our hands in innocence. Our party will not give up the struggle; it will continue to fight, come what will, to victory.' The most violent speech of any was that of Haselmann who began by declaring himself a revolutionary socialist, and sat down amid uproar with these words: 'The time for parliamentary prattle is past, the time for action has begun.'

So much for the Socialists' view as to the advisability of prolonging the law. A number of more moderate men also, of course, opposed the measure. Dr. Günther, Progressist, might be taken as a representative of this class. He proposed (a) looking into the complaints of the social democrats, seeing whether they were justified or not, and remedying those that were; (b) meeting agitation by agitation and interesting the great mass of the people in the question, (c) meanwhile putting down all excesses. These laws would never crush out Socialism. *Gegen ideen lässt sich nicht mit Kanonen kämpfen.*

The Government took little or no part in the discussion, Count Eulenberg, Minister of the Interior, merely said, in closing the debate, that the law 'was not directed against ideas, but against the utterance of these ideas,' and ended by asking the House to trust the Government

in this matter. So it was resolved by a majority of 97 that this law should remain in force till the 30th of September, 1884.

When Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch appeared, and people were asking what was to be done, *Punch* suggested, 'answer him.' The German Government seem to have overlooked this way of dealing with the Socialists. To have looked into their complaints, and redressed flagrant evils—and such there undoubtedly were—would have weakened the whole movement and left it to a slow but inevitable death, or at most a harmless and sickly existence. Men, of course, would still have kept on discussing and even agitating, and for all we can see will continue to do so till doomsday, despite Bismarck and all the policemen in Europe; but any talk of overthrowing the constitution by violence would have been ridiculous. Men now-a-days do not seize the musket to fight for every whim, in countries where the ballot-box is open. *Pour la populace, ce n'est pas par envie d'attaquer qu'elle se soulève, mais par impatience de souffrir.*

Even if the whole thing had been left to itself and no official notice taken of it, years would have passed before the party could have gained power enough to have carried their measures in Berlin. And all the while it would have been subjected to a most salutary fire of criticism, both from without and from within, tending on the one hand to clear away the dross and increase and emphasise the divisions already existing among its heterogeneous members; and on the other, to give this young nation, just entering on a career of constitutional government, and wanting, above all things, public interest in the affairs of the empire, the best political schooling possible. Here was a small, divided, though exceedingly active, party doubting and questioning with the enthusiasm of youth, directing men's minds to this, that and the other principles of government

and asking everywhere the reason why. The older parties were obliged to stand on the defensive and to give reasons for their political faith. Of danger no one could talk but those who had political ends to serve; the downright apathy and deadness of political life,* every one who had the cause of constitutional government at heart, lamented. The Socialists, for the most part, enthusiastic and sincere in their convictions, could point to a long agitation, eminently free from violence and tumult, a characteristic of all Teutonic nations. They had to contend against a large, and, I might almost say, bigoted government party, powerful bureaucratic machinery and zealous officialism, great vested interests, and a tremendous mass of immobile and stolid indifference that in nine cases out of ten would have been turned against them when turned at all; thus putting down a movement believed to be dangerous, by the best of all methods, the force of public opinion. But the Government, on their own confession, feared the decision of the German nation on the question, and so like all powerful military states without a constitutional past, made short work of this new foe, by suppressing at one blow all attempts at establishing free speech and a free press, and turning to good account this opportunity of furthering the interests of Absolutism. With beautiful inconsistency it declared all socialist electioneering to be illegal, and yet, with a becoming chivalry, allowed socialists, who had been successful in this ordeal, to take their places in the highest court of the empire.

* Something like 30 to 50 per cent. of the voters refrain from voting altogether.

In Münster, of 100,905 voters only 55,292 voted in 1878.

In Waldeck, of 9,654 voters only 4,988 voted in 1878.

In Frankfurt on O., of 217,080 voters only 105,009 voted in 1878.

	Duly qualified Voters.	Actual Voters.
In Potsdam,	229,525	104,475
" Magdeburg	195,277	82,703
" Berlin	174,497	80,479

For procuring Socialism a greater measure of sympathy and respect among a people with any chivalrous sense of fair-play in them, and for keeping it from intestine dissensions—its weakness in prosperity—nothing could be better than these days of adversity and persecution. Liebknecht was not so far wrong when he said 'the worse the law the better for him and his party. Militarism, legal insecurity, the experimenting here and there, the violent disorganisation of state and society, as it is managed by those in authority—all this hastens the process of dissolution, so that we could not wish it better.' The *Times* also well said: 'To repress it is to confer on it at once the adventitious force which belongs to martyrdom in all its forms: suppressed Socialism is the virus which engenders revolutionary ferment; whereas in the healthy atmosphere of free debate and legitimate political action the Socialism of one age becomes the Liberalism of the next, and ranges itself in time among the ordinary forces of society.' And this is as clearly put in the German Reichstag as in England or anywhere else, only the majority are of a different opinion. We have seen how men of almost all parties acknowledged the injustice of a law, that tended 'to undermine the moral conscience of the nation,' as Dr. Windthorst was convinced 'had essentially inwardly strengthened social democracy,' and as was repeatedly said 'had left the ground of common equity.' Its injustice is keenly felt by the classes for which it is intended, who see that, assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, they have *not* equal privileges with the rest. We will pass over the unevenness of the taxes, &c., and the difference of the burdens on the poor man, whose son is obliged to spend three of his most valuable years in active service, and on the rich man whose son's duty is pleasantly filled by one year passed in the most congenial company, or put in while still pursu-

ing his education at the university. The upper classes can discuss as they like, in the press or elsewhere, all kinds of reactionary measures, plainly 'tending to subvert the existing order of State and society,' and no one raises a finger to molest them; if a few workmen on the other hand get up a meeting to talk over the increase of the army, or the new taxes, it is rudely dissolved by the police, and if they print a paper, it is immediately confiscated.

In this injustice and in the consciousness of it lies the danger of the law, and at the same time the hope for the future safety of the country. I heard a small tradesman, who by the way would not call himself a Socialist, address a group of mechanics and trades-people in this fashion: 'Every German citizen should have the right of uttering his opinions freely and fearlessly, as long as he did not transgress any of the fundamental laws of the State, and the majority has no right to shut his mouth or that of any party in the minority, by exceptional legislation, as these laws are acknowledged to be.'

The *Frankfurter Journal* in criticizing this, and a new law against usury passed this session, wrote:—'The one forbids certain unions, meetings, papers, &c., the other threatens certain acts with punishment; but the first does not define what it forbids, and the second defines what it threatens with punishment in such an obscure way that the most essential part of it is left to the individual opinion of the judge himself,' in other words, 'the official who is to apply the law must, in point of definition, supply at the same time the law giver, and so to speak be in a given case himself the lawgiver.'

The result of all this is to lessen the respect for law among a large proportion of a law-abiding people, and to increase the popular sympathy for a party so unfairly treated. It may possibly kill off luke-warm adherents, but it certainly intensifies and consolidates

the opposition that remains. As M. de Laveleye has said: 'This compression *à l'outrance* is a detestable policy, and offers no warrant for durability. It is out of all harmony with the spirit of the time.'

To some it may seem strange that Bismarck, who is not the simpleton some of his enemies seem to think, should persistently and wilfully pursue this 'detestable policy.' One reason, and I think the principal one, why he does so is simply this: His ideal state is a powerful military one that can strike strong, rapid, and unexpected blows when the occasion invites. It is almost a truism to say that, in order to do this, the power of the executive must be centralized and absolute. A strong military government likes to act first and then explain, if indeed it explain at all. Now, whatever the Socialism of the theorists may be, practical Socialism has been working dead against this. With its strongholds in Saxony and South Germany it has been decidedly separatist in tendency, and has opposed the accumulation of irresponsible power in the hands of the executive. It is for increasing the actual power of the people in the Reichstag—which at present is small, notwithstanding manhood suffrage, and of the Reichstag in the government of the nation. If this be kept in mind, the game the wily Chancellor has been playing becomes much more intelligible. Of course it was his interest to emphasize the 'dangerous tendencies' of the Socialists, who either failed to see that their extreme, impracticable views—by no means unanimously held—were their ruin, or disdained everything that would look like compromise. He seized a favourable opportunity to pass an exceedingly loose law* that could be turned to account

against all too liberal movements, and in any case act as a powerful deterrent.

England is passing, or rather has already passed, through changes still closed to free inquiry and discussion here. France seems more and more inclined to take the same position, and let the natural course of political and social development go on; while Germany, taking her cue doubtless from the East, has resorted to *Ausnahmsetze* to crush out distasteful opinions, or, as Count Eulenberg naively puts it, 'the utterance of them.'

J. S. Mill, years ago, wrote: 'The notion, for example, that a government should choose opinions for the people, and should not suffer any doctrines in politics, morals, law, or religion, but such as it approves, to be printed or publicly professed, may be said to be altogether abandoned as a general thesis.'* A few lines further on, however, he threw out a surmise that, as the reader may see, suits the present condition of Germany exactly. Although 'freedom, both of opinion and of discussion, is admitted as an axiom in all free countries, this apparent liberality and tolerance has acquired so little of the authority of a principle, that it is always ready to give way to the dread or horror inspired by some particular sort of opinions * * and it is probable that both the public and the government, at the first panic which arises on the subject of Chartism or Communism, will fly to similar means (imprisonment &c.) for checking the propagation of democratic or anti-property doctrines.'

People who understand the question at issue watch with peculiar interest the course events have taken in Germany. Bismarck is strong, but surely

the hands of the police officials here is, as may be seen, very great. Indeed, when the new edition of the May Laws is thought of, one cannot fail to think that this sort of law-making is pursued on principle. It, of course, strengthens the power of the executive.

* 'Principles of Political Economy,' bk. v ch. 10, s. 6.

* The first paragraph of the Socialist law reads: '*Vereine, i. e. Societies or unions which, through Social, Democratic, Socialistic or Communistic agitation (Bestrebungen) aim at the subversion of the existing order of State and society, are forbidden.*' The power in

the spirit of the time is stronger still. He or his successors must yet acknowledge as Bebel said '*dass Kulturbewegungen sich zeitweilig unterdrücken, nie beseitigen lassen.*' The cause of freedom

will undoubtedly conquer in the long run, but the struggle will certainly leave no light mark on German history.

MEMOR ET FIDELIS.

BY G. J. D. PETERS, WINDSOR, N. S.

I.

THE weary years creep sadly by,
The old hopes slowly mouldering die,
As stars fade in a cloudy sky.

No more, by mutual thought and word,
We feel our heart's deep currents stirred;
The old songs never now are heard.

As some great one, the loved of all,
Is sorrowing borne from hearth and hall,
And the cold clods upon him fall,—

So come to pass our deepest fears,
And time, despite our pleading tears,
Flings o'er the past the mould of years.

II.

Still shines undimmed faith's cloudless eye,
The old tie bindeth steadfastly:
Love's holy flame can never die!

Their presence life with joy could fill,
Their touch a tender, mystic thrill
Could sweeten every direful ill.

They bade us joy at morning greet,
They cheered us through the noonday heat,
And made the eventide more sweet.

By deeper deaths of place and change,
 They died, and passed beyond our range :
 We meet them now, and find them strange.

Yet, dearer far than gems or gold
 The heart's unchanged affections hold
 The memories, and gifts of old :—

Some trinket, laid in careful place,
 Or, wreathed with rare and tender grace,
 Some old, familiar pictured face.

III.

As on calm seas the moonbeams sleep,
 'Neath where the few, faint ripples creep,
 Roll on the currents strong and deep ;—

So, hidden by the outward show,
 So calm, and cold—you ne'er might know—
 The heart's warm pulses throb below.

IV.

'Mong kindred hearts, the nearest, best,
 Why do we still with causeless zest
 Deem one more dear than all the rest ?

Why do we value in our own
 Some glance, some sign, some subtle tone,
 A shade of something we have known ?

Why does some sudden strain of song
 That floats our careless hours among
 Bring sad-voiced ghosts in mournful throng ?

V.

' Mindful and faithful ! ' true and leal !
 Through shame and honour, woe and weal,
 Nor yet can death our treasure steal.

The rifted veil, the conquered tide,
 The ' why ' and ' wherefore ' shall decide,
 And then, ' we shall be satisfied.'

LOBSTER-SPEARING.

AN EPISODE OF SUMMER LIFE IN HALIFAX.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

‘DO lobsters bite hard?’ asked the Beauty, whose strong point was *naïveté*.

‘Bite, Miss!’ answered our talkative boatman, whose comrade, by the way, was the most silent of men.

‘I’ve seen ’em crack muscles as easy as a pipe-stem, through a navy boot.’

‘But they can’t climb up here,’ remarked Miss J——, the Beauty’s cousin, tapping the stern foot-board with her little foot.

‘Bless your ’art, Ma’am,’ said the oarsman, a cockney who had received his discharge from the Royal Navy at Halifax and settled there; ‘bless your ’art, them as wants to climb can climb.’

A musical though startled ‘Oh!’ was Miss J’s rejoinder to this encouraging remark.

Miss J—— had a habit of chiming into her cousin’s conversations. In conversation her soft tone, rhythmic articulation, and sympathetic manner gave her an advantage over the Beauty. But one blush of the latter, even at her own discomfiture, was usually enough to restore her lost ascendancy.

We were pushing off from the Engineers’ Wharf, and hardly had we cleared it when a cannon boomed from the Citadel above.

‘Very kind and civil indeed!’ exclaimed the ready Fizz, taking off his hat and bowing in the direction of the Citadel; ‘I wonder who told those fellows we were going out.’

The whole party smiled; the silent and the conversational boatman, the Beauty and her cousin, the Blonde and the chaperon, the banker, the soldier, the scribbler, and the unclassifiable Fizz himself. Fizz’s nonsense was always sudden and unexpected.

‘It must be the half-past nine o’clock gun,’ observed the Blonde.

‘Only that it happens not to be quite nine,’ retorted the banker, who managed to combine correctness with geniality.

The single gun proved to be the customary salute to a Royal Mail Steamer which had just entered the harbour, and which, making three or four miles to our one, nearly overtook us before we had reached its destination. There we lay to, until the steamer began to back slowly in towards Cunard’s wharf, when we rowed round her. Some of us expected acquaintances by her, and, besides, Lady M——, wife of the general commanding the forces, was a passenger, and aides-de-camp and other officers swelled the usual crowd of idlers on land. This circumstance, of course, made our halt more popular with the ladies. We ran so close under the steamship’s bows as to enable Miss J. to utter another ‘Oh!’ equally musical, but in a different key from the former one.

‘Give way, my men!’ commanded our host nautically, after we had exchanged some chaff with acquaintances on shore, for we were beneath

the notice of everybody on the big steamer. Another half mile of the long harbour brought us alongside 'The Northampton,' the new, white flag-ship of Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, of Arctic renown. Just before we reached her we heard the last strains of the ship's band, which plays nightly for the benefit of the officers and the perhaps greater benefit of numerous pleasure-boats. But we were too self-satisfied a party to appreciate music just then. Besides, Fizz was passing round a box of 'Fruit Comfits,' which proved a strong counter-attraction with the ladies. The music was only sweet, but candied fruits in a Parisian box are an overpowering mixture of the æsthetic and the sensuous.

At the Yacht Club wharf, a little further on, we took in our sporting gear, to wit: a sack of small pitch-pine fagots and a circular iron grate with long handles, so as to project beyond the boat's bow. In this grate a bright fire must be constantly kept up, to illumine the bottom of the sea. The silent boatmen was assigned the task of feeding the flame. We also shipped four lobster spears, which are thin poles ending, not in sharp points, but in blunt wooden forks which grasp the lobster's back like a pair of fingers. The fork should be extensible enough to take in the largest lobster, and contractile enough to hold the captive tight. It expands and contracts by means of a spring. At the same time it is well to lose no time in landing a crustacean when you have speared one, and to turn him at once head upwards, in which position his claws prevent his slipping downwards through the fork. The Beauty lost one splendid fellow—which she seemed afraid of bringing into the boat—by giving him lots of time and the best of positions for wriggling off.

The ladies were all novices in the sport, and the shipping of these implements excited their curiosity.

'What is that for?' asked the Beauty, when she saw the grate and its long handles.

'To cage our lobsters,' said the soldier.

'To fish out ladies when they tumble overboard,' cried Fizz.

'And what is the kindling wood for?' asked Miss J.

We answered simultaneously:

'To burn signals of distress.'

'To boil the lobsters.'

'Our chaperon insisted on a light.'

'To make a funeral pyre, if we come to grief.'

But the ladies soon found out the real use of the articles, for a few more strokes brought us to the beginning of one of the Halifax lobster grounds. These are necessarily along shore and in shallow water, to enable one to see and spear. Low tide is the best time, and a bottom dotted with rocks the best place for the sport. While spearing is going on, the boat is slowly propelled by one of the spears, as oars would frighten the lobsters and, by creating a ripple, impair the view.

The rapid Fizz picked up three lobsters before the rest of us knew the game had commenced. Then the scribber, being Irish, moved that the ladies should be spearmen. Carried unanimously, for the girls preferred the risk of standing on the rowing seats to having their feet on the same level with lobsters, although the latter might be six or seven feet away. The banker unguardedly offered to pole the boat. The other men chose the better part of directing the movements of the young ladies. They felt that the proper sphere of man is to support the tender sex.

And be it observed for the guidance of bachelors about to join lobster-spear parties that girls engaged in this pastime do require support. Standing on the seats and leaning over, sometimes peering almost under the keel when a lobster is retreating that way, they are very liable to lose their

balance. Besides, the spasmodic movements of other spearmen will shake the largest row-boat, and then there are wicked men, like Fizz, who join the sect of Shakers for their own selfish purposes. We all realized the need of caution when the banker poled us, the ladies still standing, through a narrow belt of deep water which divided the spearing grounds. Even Fizz exhorted all hands to be steady there!

The Beauty's style of spearing was decidedly original, and she displayed her innocence and timidity in a most engaging way. A day or two before, at another boating party, she had been told to 'put the oar in deep and bring it out with a jerk,' and she did as she was told with infantile trust. Now she was directed in good faith by her *cavalier servente* to lower her spear slowly within a foot of the quarry and then strike rapidly. This injunction she reversed, advancing her spear swiftly and boldly until the threatened lobster showed signs of fight or flight, when she would start and pause. If the lobster extended a claw she would wait till he withdrew that appalling member. Then she would thrust once more, and once more the ungallant crustacean would hold out his claw. Meantime he would keep retreating as he fought. Just as he was vanishing behind a tuft of eel-grass, or a rock, or under the keel of the boat, his fair pursuer would wax excited in her rash endeavours to reach the fugitive. Whether by malice or accident, one of these runaways retired with the thumb of his claw derisively applied to his nose, after the manner of an impudent boy in an inaccessible position. The Beauty's various spasms of fright and ardour were a source of equal delight to her cavalier and terror to the Chaperon.

It is not for a coarser mortal to analyse the feelings of a belle, or to say precisely why our own Beauty should have been thus timid of shell-fish at the bottom of three or four feet of water.

Perhaps she exaggerated their jumping powers; perhaps she fancied they were allied to that shocking creature, the electric eel. Used to willing victims, she was perhaps disgusted at ugly things which actually objected to being sacrificed by her. Certainly they were selfish and unsocial and would not be caught, except one fellow; and he took a mean advantage of her gentleness and slipt off the hook after waiting barely a couple of minutes. At last she surrendered her spear to the garrulous boatman and seated herself beside the Chaperon with a sigh. She reminded me of an infant I once knew, who, hearing his mother praising 'roast chicken,' with childlike faith in his parent's infallibility, proceeded to seize a fowl and place it on the fire. Soon he went weeping to his mother.

'What's the matter my child?' she asked.

'The nasty chicken *won't* roast,' he sobbed.

The nasty lobster wouldn't wait to be caught! Poor Beauty!

Miss J. and the Blonde (perhaps Fizz would call *her* the Beauty) did better execution, at least upon the lobsters. The former landed three, the latter two. Altogether we got seventeen—not so bad a catch for about two hour's spearing, especially as no man held a spear more than five minutes, except the banker, and he was doing Charon. Indeed, had we only taken our seats and set our silent boatman to ply the pole, the unearthly glare of the blazing wood on his austere face, on the shore, the water and its green and yellow bottom, would have reminded any looker-on of the Stygian ferry-boat.

A slight shower of rain at half-past eleven suggested the advisability of internal moisture, and we all became homeopaths for the nonce. The boatmen resumed their oars and turned the boat homewards, while we handed the fair spearer aft. Against his urgent protests, the lazy scribbler was

appointed steward, and as such had to concoct a champagne cup under very adverse circumstances; but the popularity of the brew and the judicious flattery of the party rewarded him for his pains, and even lured him to mix a second edition. The girls' appetites were a source of shame to them and of admiration to their host.

The Beauty had finished one sandwich and three slices of fruit cake, and had cunningly asked for a fourth slice 'for her cousin,' when the Chaperon uttered a cry of alarm, and a large lobster was dimly visible, lifting himself up by his muscle to the raised foot-board. He was just beside the feet of the soldier, who sat on the sternmost bench, upon which he sprang with an agility which might make him foremost in a charge or a retreat. The unprincipled lobster went grimly on until the ladies, driven to bay, brought their sun-shades into action and repelled the intruder with sundry timid prods.

'Charge parasols!' cried Fizz, striking up the trumpet song from the 'Puritani.'

But the panic was still greater after supper, when the Blonde, while passing a provision basket aft, saw the papers in it moving and dropt the basket, from which a lobster emerged right among the feet of the ladies. In a moment every female foot was on the seat, except the Blonde's, for she sprang undesignedly into the arms of the ugliest man there.

Fizz here scored a great success with the ladies. Advancing dauntlessly against the interloper, which

had ensconced itself in a dark corner underneath the seat, he stooped down, grasped and hurled it far into the sea.

'How brave!' chorused the ladies.

Now it is quite possible someone had assisted that lobster into the basket with *malice prepense*. Some of us indeed perceived, as the valorous Fizz lifted the shell-fish, that he himself was winking, and that the lobster had no claws!

We got back to the Engineer's Wharf before 12.30, without having been once pumped out of small talk or driven to music. In fact, except Fizz's martial aria, not a man of us sang a song either going or coming—'because we were so disagreeable,' said the ladies; 'because they were so agreeable,' said we.

During the only lull in the conversation the talkative boatman told us a very tall tale about a devil-fish and, the silent boatman improved the occasion to lay in more than his due share of the remnants of the feast. The whole company enjoyed the sport, unless it was the lobsters and the banker, who had certainly occupied the least popular rôles therein.

Only one lobster was brought home, and this one merely to mollify the guardians of a young lady who had rashly promised to be back before twelve. It was carried in the straw cover of a champagne bottle, with its head and claws projecting. The unhappy man who volunteered to carry this trophy could not find a single girl willing to take his arm. If life consisted of lobster-spearings, selfishness would pay.

TOWER WOODS, HALIFAX, N.S.*

BY J. A. BELL.

THE old Pine Woods are dark and sere,
 And sighing winds around them sweep :
 Over the tree-tops—out in the clear,
 Just as it has for many a year,
 Stands the Old Tower, crowning the steep.

Stands as of yore—the grey old Tower ;
 Massive and firm ; as doth belong
 To empires, and to world-wide power ;
 Strong to defend, should danger lower,
 Recalling times renowned in song.

Guarding the coast, around, beneath,
 Crouched each in green embankment trim,
 Lie messengers of woe and death ;
 Silent, yet fierce—holding their breath,
 The dogs of war, wide-mouthed and grim.

Long may they wait, these guards of ours,
 On distant perils, watchful, bent ;
 In mock engagements waste their powers,
 The ponderous toys of peaceful hours,
 Their roars in harmless thunder spent.

Be tuned my lay to gentler themes,
 Nor thought intrude of war's alarms ;
 Sacred these groves to holiest gleams
 Of friendship pure ; to lover's dreams,
 And commune sweet with Nature's charms.

Down the long past a glory shines,
 And like a lingering sunset dwells,
 Among the paths, O cone-tipped pines,
 Where crept through moss the tangled vines,
 We gathered in your odorous dells.

And still at touch of buoyant Spring,
 The welcome Mayflowers bud and blow ;
 With merry shouts the hollows ring,
 And trooping maidens, wreath-crowned, sing,
 Their cheeks the while with health aglow.

* The name 'Tower Woods' belongs to the southern end of the peninsula on which Halifax is built. The place has been a favourite resort of the inhabitants from time immemorial. The allusion to the 'Trilune,' in the sixteenth stanza, will be understood by readers in the Maritime Provinces. She was a British frigate wrecked on Thum Capshoals, at the mouth of Halifax harbour, in November, 1757—with a loss of 250 men, besides women and children.

Musing I sit, this Autumn day,
To outward gye, outspread, the shore,
The cliffs, the islands, and the Bay ;
To inward sight, a sad array ;
Faces and forms that come no more.

And yet with sadness,—not with pain,
Is tinged the record of the years ;
In Life's mysterious round, the gain
Transcends the loss ; its joys remain,
And live in memory more than tears.

Hither in Summer's fervid prime,
A noisy throng, we hied from school ;
At ball or leap-frog passed the time,
Drew molluscs from the weedy slime,
Or gambolled in the surf-waves cool.

Then, boyhood left, and grown more grave,
With friends of riper years we roved ;
To earnest ends our converse gave,
Talked much of men—the wise, the brave ;
But chiefly, of the books we loved.

Or, hap'ly, on some knoll reclined,
We watched the sea-birds' glancing play ;
While annals, direful, rose to mind,
How, in the storm-god's fury blind,
Our home-bound ships were cast away.

Perchance, rehearsed the ' Tribune's ' fate,
When dashed on Thrum-Cap's treacherous shoals,
In manhood's pride of strength elate,
Went down, th' Archangel's trump to wait,
Twelve score of gallant human souls.

Yet pausing oft, from harrowing tales
We turned, to fix our loving gaze,
On cloud-land's peaks and rifted vales ;
The flashing main, white-flecked with sails ;
The headlands wrapped in dreamy haze.

But times are changed, and while I sit,
Come thoughts of present needs and cares ;
Across the Bay the shadows flit,
In Sherbrook Light the lamps are lit,
For shrouding night the world prepares.

From ruthless axe, from fire, decay,
Our old Pine Woods good angels keep !
Adown these glades while soft winds play,
Be green the paths where friends shall stray,
The Old Grey Tower, still crown the steep.

THE CANADIAN LAUREATE.

BY PRINCIPAL J. HOWARD HUNTER, M.A., BRANTFORD.

TO try any foothold on the French Parnassus, now-a-days, argues a bold heart; but to extort the Montyon prize from the Forty Immortals of the Academy is fame already well in hand. Of the two grand prizes founded in the last century by the Count de Montyon, one is awarded for the highest personal qualities, the other for the highest literary merit. In M. Fréchette's new drama *Papineau*, when Sir James Hastings would say that kindness and benevolence have reached their noblest presentation, he exclaims 'Certes! mon cher ami, en France cela méritait le prix Montyon!' Verily words of good omen! Scarcely had the actor pronounced for the first time this line at Montreal, when news flashed through the literary salons of Europe, that the Academy's grand prize was for the first time awarded to a foreigner, to a French Canadian, to a certain Louis Honoré Fréchette. Seventeen years ago, M. Fréchette, then but twenty-three years old, adventured a little volume of lyrics, *Mes Loisirs*. It was launched at Quebec, and he is a native of Lévis, just across the St. Lawrence; but neither its merit nor his nativity conciliated local critics, for M. Fréchette is an outspoken liberal in religion as well as politics—*le rossignol de la démocratie*, as he is now called by his compatriots. In France, the *rossignol* is the nightingale; in French Canada, it is the delightful song-sparrow of the Saguenay;—so that in a double sense the name offers a graceful compliment to our Canadian lyrist. In Canadian history,

Papineau is his hero; in French politics, Gambetta is his idolatry. Well: M. Basile Routhier undertook the task of candid friend to the young poet; and, after general maceration, dealt this *coup de grâce*: 'c'est joli, c'est brillant, c'est mélodieux; mais le lecteur, tout en se laissant berger par cette harmonie, s'étonne du plaisir qu'il prend à ne rien voir!'

This audacious criticism appeared in *Causeries du Dimanche*, a series of critical and philosophical papers contributed to the *Courier du Canada*. M. Fréchette's rejoinder to M. Basile Routhier was *Lettres à Basile*, published in *l'Événement* in which the critic received on his head a pellucid oily stream; but it proved to be oil of vitriol, highly concentrated, and altogether of frightful energy. Without this retribution, M. Fréchette may well have been satisfied, for he had won high encouragement from the great masters Lamartine and Victor Hugo. The *Tribune Lyrique* of Paris welcomed the rising of this young poet, for it recalled how French Literature had taken J. J. Rousseau from Geneva; that it owed the two de Maistre to Savoy, André Chenier to Constantinople, and Parny to the far-off Isle of Bourbon. M. Fréchette for some time studied jurisprudence, and he won his barrister's gown in 1864. A legal flirtation has often been followed by literary wedlock. Shakespeare was an attorney's clerk: in later days Chatterton, Walter Scott, the younger Pitt, Macaulay, Guizot, Disraeli, and a host of others, have hovered for a time between

law and literature. The fact that M. Fréchette published *Mes Loisirs* in the midst of his legal studies, speaks for itself. He has, however, himself taken us into his confidence and into his student's den, in a delightful epistle written from Chicago in 1868, and addressed to an old fellow-student. The descriptions of their quarters and financial straits strongly recall the correspondence of Champfleury with Murger, that king of Bohemians who affirms that Bohemia is 'the ante-room to the Academy or to the Morgue.' Literary weaklings :—

Ah ! je l'aime encore ce temps de bohème,
Où chacun de nous par jour chouchait
Un roman boiteux, un chétif poème
Où presque toujours le bon sens louchait.

Poetry and romance overmastered
law and philosophy :—

Oui, je l'aime encore ce temps de folie
Où le vieux Cujas, vaincu par Musset,
S'en allait cacher sa mélancolie
Dans l'ombre où d'ennui Pothier moisissait.

Sur un vieux rayon tout blanc de poussière,
Rabelais donnait le bras à Caton ;
Pascal et Newton coudoyaient Molière
Gérard de Nerval masquait Duranton.

Sad firelight musings over these
old student days :—

Cependant, le soir, au feu qui pétillait,
Quand passe ma main sur mon front lassé,
Parfois une larme à mon œil scintille ;
Ah ! c'est que, vois-tu, j'aime le passé.

—*Reminiscor.*

In 1861, M. Fréchette was editing the *Journal de Québec*, while throwing off such lyrics as *La Dernière Iroquoise* ; *A un Peintre*. Four years later, as another newspaper venture, he launched the *Journal de Lévis*, and for some time remained at its helm. This city is the *vis-à-vis* and the rival of Quebec, though short years ago, its grassy slopes were the quiet retreat of pic-nickers from Quebec :—

J'aime à te contempler, o ma ville natale,
Quand les premiers rayons de l'aube m'at-
tendent
Baignent ton front resplendissant ;
Quand tes sapins touffus, quand tes pins
gigantesques
Font scintiller au loin leurs vertes arabesques,
Comme en un cadre éblouissant ;

Quand tes milliers d'oiseaux en troupes se
rassemblent,
Et vont bâtir leurs nids sous les rameaux
qui tremblent
Aux flancs de tes âpres rochers ;
Quand sur ton front hardi, que le couchant
colore,
Le crépuscule change en brillant météore
La flèche de tes blancs rochers.

Lévis is named after the gallant Frenchman that defeated Murray at Ste Foye and well nigh undid Wolfe's success at Quebec. Hereafter Lévis may be better known as the birth-place of Fréchette than as the name-sake of the hero of Ste Foye.

M. Fréchette's journalism was more than occasionally marked by corrosive diction, and bitter antagonisms were inevitable. Politico-religious animosities are peculiarly acrid, and M. Fréchette probably consulted his peace of mind in seeking distant retirement.

Aux réalités il fallût se rendre,
Quand un beau matin l'âge nous parla ;
Il restait encor deux chemins à prendre :
Je choisis l'exil, toi l'apostolat.

This he wrote from Chicago, the scene of his *exile* ! To M. Garneau, the son of our Canadian Historian, he wrote :

A bien des chocs cruels ma lyre s'est brisée
A lutter sans espoir ma main s'est épuisée ;
J'ai fui le sol mouvant qui manquait sous mon
pié.

While in Chicago, M. Fréchette edited *l'Amérique*, and was an occasional contributor to the *Tribune*. For two years, while writing poetic epistles to his Canadian friends, he indited prosaic correspondence in the Land Bureau of the Illinois Central Railway. Chicago yielded to his muse an opera, a comedy, and a poem entitled *Les Fiancées de l'Ontarien*,—all three manuscripts doomed to add fuel to the great blaze in Chicago during the author's absence in Canada. *La Voix d'un Exilé* (Chicago, 1868) showed that, in the study of Victor Hugo, the *Châtiments* had not been overlooked. In a similar vein, M. Fréchette proclaimed himself the Nemesis of his detractors. For anything in English resembling these lines, we must betake us to Dean Swift, the

high priest of satire, whose knife was constantly reddened with political victims :—

Moi j'ai rempli ma tâche et ma main s'est
lassée.

Presque seul contre tous, la manche ré-
troussée.

J'ai cravaché ces gueux de notre honte épris ;
Et bousculant du pied cette mente hurlante.
J'ai, farouche vengeur, à leur face insolente,
Craché les flots de mon mépris !

Infructueux efforts ! Châtiments inutiles !

Sur leurs fronts aplatis comme ceux des repti-
tiles,

Mon bras a bariné le nom de leur forfait :

Je les ai secoué comme l'onde une épave ;
Et j'ai tout ruisselant des éclats de leur boue
Cloué ces monstres au gibet !

La Voix d'un Exilé.

Like another political exile, Coriolanus, who also was famed for his acrid speech, though not for his love of democracy, M. Fréchette sometimes falters before the softening influence of his old home. While furiously leading on his numbers to the assault, he comes within view of his dearnative streams and woods which, like a mother, gently plead with him ; and so, in the midst of a merciless lampoon, we meet with such exquisite lines as these :—

O ruisseau gazonnant, O brises parfumées,
Accords éoliens vibrant dans les ramées,
Soupirs mélodieux, sons suaves et doux,
Trembles qui montez des frais nids de fau-
vettes,

Voluptueux accords qui bercez les poètes,
Chants et murmures, taisez-vous !

After four years' stay in Chicago, the poet returned to Canada. He once more launched his craft on the stormy waters of politics ; and, as usual, he steamed into the very eye of the tempest ! In 1871 he unsuccessfully contested Lévis for the Quebec House of Assembly, and a year later for the House of Commons. At the general election of 1874, he was elected by a good majority to represent his native city at Ottawa—and his position in the liberal party was recognised in the second session, by being chosen mover of the Address to the Crown. The connection of politics with lyric poetry is not, at first sight, intimate or impressive ; but

from the days of the old Lesbian minstrel, Alcaeus, down to these days of Victor Hugo, lyric poets have been at some time restless politicians. So, through all his political campaigns, M. Fréchette has carried a lute in his knapsack. But even at thirty-two we find the first flush of our rosy dreams fading away beyond recall :—

Soleil de mes blondes années,

Combien n'as-tu pas, dans ton cours,

Laisse de pauvres fleurs fanées

Sur la tombe de mes amours !

Beux jours où l'âme en son ivresse

Cherche des plaisirs inconnus !

Rêves charmants de ma jeunesse,

Hélas ! qu'êtes-vous devenus !

1871.

Récit Envoies.

More sombre hues arise : visions of isolation and failure haunt our reveries :—

Il avance pourtant : mais la route s'allonge :

Il sent à chaque pas son courage tarir :

L'n sombre désespoir l'envahit quand il songe

Qu'il va falloir bientôt se coucher pour mourir.

1875.

Soul.

During his brief parliamentary career, M. Fréchette did some good public service. He gave the initiative in proposing the Winter Navigation of the St. Lawrence, an important question that must speedily be revived. In this and other public questions he showed minute acquaintance with the prosiest of prose literature,—Parliamentary blue books. At Montreal, shortly before his retirement from public life, there burst from the sheath of a little volume *Pêle-Mêle*, a rich cluster of "fantaisies et souvenirs,"—leaves, buds, and blossoms in graceful confusion. The merit of this publication strongly impressed the *littérateurs* of France, and proved the un wisdom of the Academy rule that excluded the outside world from the Montyon competition. The barrier was thrown down, and the arena was flung open to all comers. The Canadian poet re-arranged the lyrics that he had before scattered cornucopia-wise, now grouping them with artistic study of *nuances* and contrasts, adding also some of the freshest and most perfect

flowers of his fancy. He called this aspirant for the Academy's prize *Les Fleurs Boréales*. Nestling close among these *Northern Flowers*, and almost hidden by them are his *Sonnet-Birds* (*Les Oiseaux de Nigou*) as he prettily calls his light-winged sonnets which joyously visit, when the landscape is most cheerless, our fields and woods, lake-shores and river-banks. The French Academy, with loud acclaim, has crowned the Canadian poet. He may not now bewail himself as he did nine years ago :

Quand, le soir, contemplant la nature endormie,
Mon cœur des astres d'or voulait se rapprocher,
J'ai trouvé la distance, implacable ennemie,
Qui me défendit d'y toucher.

The subjects of Fréchette's latest as well as earliest muse, are Canadian. He delights to recount the triumphs of the chivalrous pioneers who were the sons of *La Nouvelle France* by birth or by adoption. The old folk-lore of the St. Lawrence is an attractive vein to either historian or poet. Parkman, in his delightful narratives, has brought back the historic past. M. Fréchette, and his poetic brethren of Lower Canada, Lemay and Cremazie, revel in the romantic past, which, in the presence of inspiring scenery, induces in them a wild ecstasy. The next place in the devotion of the Canadian historian or poet is given to the Mississippi. From the lower St. Lawrence it is a far cry to the lower Mississippi; but their head waters are not so far asunder. The Mississippi shares with the St. Lawrence the honour of being the theatre of French exploits and the theme of French romance. With the opening century, Chateaubriand, tapping for the first time the vein of Mississippi legend, set all the world weeping over the Christian maiden, *Atala*, and *Chactas* her Indian lover. In a similar vein followed the same author's *René*, a misanthrope of the philosophic sort, and then what, in

miners' phrase, would be called the 'tailings' of the ore,—*Les Natchez*.

When the simple French peasantry of Acadia (Nova Scotia) were, by the ruthless edict of George II., driven from their homes, some sought a refuge among friendly tribes on the Lower Mississippi. Of this Longfellow takes artistic advantage in his *Évangéline*, when he makes *Gabriel* in his exile wander to the Great River, and after him, following rumour, his devoted *Évangéline* turns her hopeless search. Longfellow's simple but most touching story of these hapless Acadians has deeply impressed the French Canadians, who since 1865 have been able to read the poem through a translation. M. Lemay has executed for his compatriots a graceful rendering, converting English hexameters into French alexandrines. Another French Canadian, M. Napoleon Bourassa, manifestly under the spell of Longfellow's genius, has drawn upon the same historic facts for his romance *Jacques et Marie*, though in his version the lovers are fortunately reunited. Longfellow has thus come to occupy a warm corner in the French Canadian heart. M. Fréchette addresses to '*le doux chantre d'Évangéline*' a stirring ode on the occasion of the Cambridge poet's sailing for Europe.

The old Meche Sepe of the Indians or the Meschacébé of the voyageurs thus pulls strongly at our poet's heart-strings. Then the Mississippi was first explored by Jolliet, and M. Fréchette proudly remembers that Jolliet was a native of Quebec. When therefore the poet would hold up to Canadians the very impersonation of high hope and bold endeavour, with peculiar fitness he places Jolliet in the fore-front of *Les Fleurs Boréales*.

Evening reveries by the Mississippi :—

O grand Meschacébé ! voyageur taciturne,
Bien des fois, au rayon d'étoile nocturne,
Sur tes bords endormis je suis venu m'asseoir
Et là, seul et rêveur, perdu sous les grands
ormes.

J'ai souvent du regard suivi d'étranges formes
Glissant dans les brumes du soir.

* * * * *

The poet falls under the spells of
the enchanters Longfellow and Cha-
teaubriand :—

Et puis, berçant mon âme aux rêves des
poètes,

J'entrevois aussi de blanches silhouettes,
Doux fantômes flottant dans le vague des
nuits,

Atala, Gabriel, Chactas, Evangeline,
Et l'ombre de René, debout sur la colline,
Pleurant ses immortelles ennuis.

After an eloquent apostrophe to
Joliet and other adventurous pioneers,
who after a sleep of two centuries
rise before his inner sight, the poet
tenderly remembers the hardy mother
that brought forth him and them :

Et toi, de ces héros généreuse patrie
Sol Canadien, que j'aime avec idolatrie,—
Dans l'accomplissement de tous ces grands
travaux,

Quand je pèse la part que le ciel t'a donnée,
Les yeux sur l'avenir, terre prédestinée,
J'ai foi dans tes destins nouveaux !

The source of M. Fréchette's inspira-
tion lies in the romantic legend and
scenery of his own Province. His
style retains a flavour of the days of
Gouverneur Frontenac and the Grand
Monarch ; but it is mellowed and
quickened by the literary spirit of our
own day. For this transfusion of
spirit without resemblance in poetic
form, or even diction, compare M.
Fréchette's *Au Bord du Lac* with La-
martine's celebrated *Le Lac*, and with
Victor Hugo's *Au Bord de la Mer*. Thus
we here find happily engrafted on a
vigorous native genius the airy grace
of the lyric and romantic school, the
writers above mentioned and their
kindred,—

'Murger et Musset, surtout Beranger.'

No long-sustained flight has yet
been attempted in his published works,
but M. Fréchette has barely turned
his fortieth year. Literature abounds
in conspicuous examples where poets
have reserved their full strength for la-
ter years. Scarcely one of Shakespere's
great plays was published before his
fortieth year. Goethe was forty-nine
when he published *Faust* ; when

Paradise Lost appeared, Milton was
fifty-nine. We may reasonably hope
that our North American literature
will be enriched for many years to
come with the ripe fruit of M. Fré-
chette's genius. The victory in the
recent competition is like the victory
of Coræbus in the famous foot-race at
Olympia,—it is a date to count from.
In our North American literature it
is an event to have, under any circum-
stances, won the award of the highest
Court of Letters, and the circumstances
of this award are specially gratifying
and full of encouragement. A grate-
ful posterity, while counting their
Olympiads from Coræbus, also loved
to tell how he had bravely slain the
demon Pæne that, through Apollo's
wrath, had sorely wasted the land of
the Argives. Apollo has surely sent
a bane to our literature in the fatuous
disparagement of native genius, and
the extravagant adulation of every-
thing exotic. Let us hope that M.
Fréchette will earn the gratitude of
posterity by dislodging and expelling
this veritable demon. The phrase
'crowned by the French Academy'
has introduced Souvestre and other
French authors to the students in our
schools and universities. It would
now be a graceful act in the Univer-
sities of this Province to place *Les
Fleurs Boréales* on their curriculum,
both as a well-deserved recognition of
Canadian talent, and as a worthy
representation of the high literary
work of our sister Province.

As I write these lines, the poet has
returned home from France with the
olive crown, and his compatriots are
preparing to receive him with the
welcome of an Olympic victor. By a
happy substitution of Quebec for Ply-
mouth, the lines which M. Fréchette
addressed in 1869 to Longfellow, are,
in 1880, being applied to himself :—

Hozanna ! ces rumeurs, ces chants mystérieux,
C'est un monde hêlant son barde glorieux :—

Car le flot dont tu t'environnes,

O vieux roc de *Quebec*, berce encor ton enfant,
Poète bien-aimé, qui revient triomphant,

Le front tout chargé de couronnes !

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(Suggested by two poems of Matthew Arnold.)

BY FIDELIS.

NIGH nineteen hundred years ago,
The Christmas stars looked down
Upon a mother and her child
In David's ancient town ;

And with deep eyes of reverent love
Upon her babe she smiled,
While humble men, in simple faith,
Adored the wondrous child.

' Goodwill to men ! ' the angel's song,
Beneath that Syrian sky,
Woke music out of human hearts
That nevermore shall die.

' Goodwill to men ! '—the life that then
' Mid Syrian valleys grew
Bore balm for human sin and pain,
And made *all old things new*.

Old half-formed thoughts,—old yearning cries,
Old hopes, in sadness dumb,
Old myths,—unconscious prophecies
Of a bright day to come !—

Dreams of a God to earth come down
All evil to destroy,
A great Redeemer who should crown
The waiting world with joy ;—

All found in Him the truth they hid
Beneath a misty veil ;—
The gods of Hellas, at His feet,
Laid down their garlands pale :

Valhalla's glories faded fast
Before the conquering Child ;
Nor helm nor shield could long resist
That beauty undefiled !

To Him the pomp of court and hall
 Professed allegiance yield ;
 Before Him mailed cohorts fall
 As suppliants on the field ;

And gentle thoughts spring up like flowers
 Where'er He sets His feet ;
 In peasant huts and feudal towers
 Grow household graces sweet !

What though He treads the Syrian soil
 No more in human guise,
 To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
 And bid the dead arise ?

And some from Him have turned away,
 And say—'The Christ is dead ;'
 A myriad voices answer ' nay !
 He is *The Living Bread*.'

The sense of His dear love, to-day,
 Makes many an eye grow dim ;
 He walks abroad, where'er a heart
 Hath made a place for Him.

Still comes He to the poor man's door
 His scanty crust to bless ;
 The workhouse pauper knows Him near
 To cheer her loneliness !

The dying child still lays its hand
 In His, and smiles to go ;
 The strong man, trusting Him, in death,
 No chilling fear can know.

Alike to cottage and to throne
 He comes, where true hearts wait ;
 He blesteth joy, and stills the moan
 Of lives left desolate.

His love can cheer on arid plains
 Parched by the Simoom's breath ;
 The isles of the ocean know His power
 To bless the martyr's death.

His Cross still holds its ægis spread
 O'er earth's oppressed, to-day,
 Slaves raise to Him their suppliant hands,
 He casts their chains away !

Wherever suffering millions turn
 To Cradle or to Cross,
 His love makes glad the hearts that mourn,
 And turns to gain their loss.

Faith is *not* dead ;—her victories
Are fresh and living still,—
Mountains of error roll away
His promise to fulfil !

And though His Church hath kept but ill
The trust He left to her,
He comes, with life her veins to fill,—
New pulses wake and stir.

Nor only shines through storied panes
The radiance that we see,—
The common air has caught the light
That woke in Galilee !

The music of the angel's song
Earth's toiling masses know ;
Without it countless lives had borne
Unutterable woe !

And still when stars of Christmas glow
The Babe lifts loving hands,
Bringing fresh hopes of peace and joy
To all the waiting lands.

Still doth the rich man hear His call
The poor man's lot to bless,
At His behest, the happy cheer
The widow's sore distress ;

And every Christmas Day that comes
To break the weary year,
Bids longing millions listen still
The joyous song to hear,—

That presages the glorious day,
Creation waits in pain,
When He, who in the manger lay,
Shall come a King to reign !

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS.

BY JAMES CHEESMAN, MONTREAL.

AS all Canadians will agree that Agriculture is the first and most extensive industry on this continent, no apology need be made for introducing it here under so special a title. Van Thaer, in his '*Principles of Agriculture*' says: 'These experiments, it is true, are not easy; still they are in the power of every thinking husbandman. He who accomplishes but one, of however limited application, and takes care to report it faithfully, advances the science, and, consequently, the practice of agriculture, and acquires thereby a right to the gratitude of his fellows and of those who come after. The first care of all societies, formed for the improvement of our science, should be to prepare the forms of such experiments, and to distribute the execution of these among their members.'

The extensive application of steam power to every variety of purpose; the wonderful improvements in all kinds of machinery which followed; the vast changes in the manufacture of iron and steel, and the discoveries of experimental scientists, rendered it imperative that agriculture should not lack either scientific knowledge, nor that spirited enterprise which has done such great things in other walks of commercial life. Accordingly, after the appearance of Liebig's work, '*Chemistry in its Relation to Agriculture and Physiology*,' the best men in Europe took action for the purpose of organizing a course of experiments, and from that time commences the ever-memorable scheme of the distinguished John Bennet Lawes, at Roth-

amsted, Herts, England. These experiments have shown that it is possible to grow wheat and barley successfully year after year on the same land for many years in succession, the exhaustion caused by the crops being compensated by manufactured fertilizers. The rupture of the time-honoured rule against taking two grain crops in succession, which has resulted from these experiments, has proved a great advantage in practice, and from their exact results has come the system of continuous grain-growing for profit, began by Mr. Prout, of Sawbridgeworth, Cambridgeshire, England; and Mr. Middleditch, of Blunsdon. Even now this practice is extending on soils not naturally adapted for growing roots. Another very important truth established by Mr. Lawes' investigations is, that they have given a method for calculating the value of the unexhausted residue of manures after one or more crops have been taken from the ground to which they have been applied. In connection with this discovery may be mentioned the great length of time during which some of the manures used continue to show marked effects, a plot under barley had nitrate of soda applied to one-half of it at the rate of 275 pounds per acre every year since 1853, to the other half nitrate of soda was applied at the rate of 550 pounds per acre in 1853, '4, '5, '6 and '7, and of only 275 pounds every year since. Nitrate of soda is the most soluble manure used, and during the twelve years 1864-75, the average annual produce of the

former half was 35 $\frac{3}{4}$ bushels per acre, and of the latter 39 $\frac{1}{4}$ bushels, and in 1875 eighteen years after the last application of the larger quantity, it was 28 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 35 $\frac{1}{4}$ bushels respectively. Such results from so soluble a manure are surprising. Other remarkable work has been done on the Rothamsted farm to determine the relative feeding power of different kinds of food for cattle, both in their simpler forms and also in the complex ones, and to determine the ultimate cost of each substance by ascertaining the relative value of their manurial residues.

Only those who know Mr. Lawes, his far-seeing mind, his love of scientific pursuits, and his patience and painstaking care in conducting the great work he set himself to accomplish in a climate so variable, inclement and utterly unreliable as that of England, can at all appreciate the immense consequences to agriculture of such services, and yet all this has been borne at his own expense. It is not too much to say that Mr. Lawes must have spent during his career millions of dollars. Such was the importance of one of these experiments, that in the Agricultural Holdings Act of the British Government, his method of calculating the value of unexhausted manures was made the basis of settlement for all claims arising out of the new law.

Strange to say, although so much had been done by private enterprise in England and Scotland to improve agricultural practice in all its branches, neither the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, nor the Royal Agricultural Society of England could be induced to commence systematic experimental work. A generation ago, about ten years after Mr. Lawes commenced his work, the first experimental station for scientific agriculture was established at Mockarn, in Saxony, since which there have grown and developed all over Germany sixty stations. Shortly after the publica-

tion of Liebig's book, Petzhold and Stockhardt began by lecturing before farmers on the physical, physiological and chemical processes involved in their agricultural practice. They and others petitioned the Saxony Legislature for the appointment of four chemists to lecture on Agricultural Chemistry, analyse soils and manures, and travel in one of the four provinces of the kingdom, to give advice to farmers. The petition was not regarded, but two years later, Stockhardt was appointed Professor of Agricultural Chemistry at Tharand, where he instituted valuable investigations in Forestry and Physiology. As chemists, Dr. Emil Wolff was engaged at Mockern, a farm of sixty acres near Leipsic, which belonged to the principal agricultural association of Saxony. Dr. Wolff has since spent about half his life at Hohenheim, in Wurtemberg, in making thousands of analyses of feeding stuffs and other articles; and his tables on the chemical and nutritive components of everything used for food are known and in use in all parts of the world. To his praise be it said, Crusius, a large farmer, paid most of the expenses out of his own pocket for nearly two years, but in 1852 the State helped. I am indebted to H. L. De Kleuze, Ph.D., M.A., Director of the Royal Bavarian Experimental Dairy Station, at Weihtenstephan, Bavaria, for the following particulars, which I have carefully abstracted from his ample report:—There are sixty stations in Germany maintained by the votes of the respective States in the Empire; of these Prussia has twenty-eight; Bavaria, eleven; Saxony, five; Wurtemberg, one; Baden, two; Hessen, one; Oldenburg, one; Brannechweig, one; Mecklenburg, two; Weimer, two; Meiningen, one; Anhalt, one; Elsass and Lotheringen, one; Bremen, two. The purposes for which these stations are used embrace every subject of interest to the farmer, and

some which do not come directly within his domain. Thus, botany, physiology, chemistry, technology, climate, soils, examination of seeds, analysis of artificial manures, distilling and brewing, feeding of animals, pathology of plants, dairying, beet sugar manufacture, chemistry of fermentation, meteorology, agricultural physics, scientific and practical researches on milk, butter and cheese, experiments in fertilizing; twenty-three stations carry on simultaneously experiments on different kinds of potatoes. All this, and much more, is accomplished with a marvellously small expenditure of money.

The sum total of the votes granted to these stations is about 550,000 marks, but in many of these the salaries are paid from other sources, and are, therefore, not included in the income mentioned; other stations have no settled income, but use as much as they want, so that the German people cannot spend less than \$150,000 per year on the Agricultural Stations. Although the number of these establishments would seem, to the outsider, ample, and their work purely scientific, such in reality is not the case. They supply only local wants, which are more directly commercial than scientific. By the accurate analyses which they have made, they were able to control the markets for artificial manures, feeding stuffs, and seeds. A reference to the table will indicate the large increase which has taken place, of late years, in the number of Stations for controlling seeds. Perhaps there is no subject of such great importance to the farmer as that of the purity and strength of seed. Next to this is the purity and strength of cattle-feeding stuffs, for while it is possible for a farmer to exercise some tests for ascertaining the quality of his manures, he is almost incapable of doing so with cattle foods. No less than thirty-three stations are engaged on analyses of manures, twenty-nine on seeds, and twenty-seven with feed-

ing stuffs. The larger seedsmen have now accepted the control of the Stations, and the farmers have been greatly benefited thereby.

I will now notice the scientific phase of the Station work, as stated by Professor Nobbe, of Tharaud, Saxony.

I.—*Sources of Nourishment for the Plants.*

A, atmosphere; B, water; geological strata and the influence of the weather on them.

II.—*Arable Land.*

A, formation of soils; B, physical and chemical character of soils; C, analyses of soils; D, melioration.

III.—*Physiology of Plants.*

A, nourishment of the plants: *a*, mineral substances; *b*, compounds of the mineral substances as nourishments for the plants; *c*, the roots in their action on the soil, growing plants in solutions; *d*, the organs of the plants which are above ground in their relation to the atmosphere; *e*, movement of nourishing elements in the plants; *f*, genesis, metamorphoses, and characteristics of the organic products of the plants—*a*, germination (agricultural seeds, control of seeds); B, development of the organs; C, production of vegetable matter; *a*, reproduction. D, Diseases and malformations of the agricultural plants; destructive influences of parasites; destructive influences of fungi; destructive influences of animals. E, chemical composition of the plants: general questions: lichens; coniferæ; graminæ; palmæ; naiadacæ; cupulitæ; moræ; chenopodacæ; compositæ; labiatæ; solanacæ; umbelliferæ; papaveracæ; cruciferæ; ampelidæ; coryphyllacæ, &c.

IV.—*Manuring.*

Analyses of fertilizers: 1, stable manure, urine, compost; 2, manure from closets and sewers; 3, disinfectants; 4, guano and other nitrogenous manures; 5, offals from the industries; 6, phosphates; 7, gypsum, chalk, marl, mud from ponds and

rivers: *d*, manure salts—*a*, potassic salts; *b*, other salts; *c*, other fertilisers in the market; control of fertilisers.

V.—*Field Experiments.*

A, on the effect of different fertilisers; B, utilising manure.

VI.—*Parts and secretions of the animal body.*

1, Albuminates; 2, blood; 3, flesh, &c.; 4, fats; 5, wool; 6, bones; 7, horns, &c.; 8, milk; 9, saliva; 10, urine and excrements.

VII.—*Animal Food and Digestion.*

A, components of the feeding stuff—*a*, cereals; *b*, vegetables; *c*, hay, grass, and fermented food; *d*, roots and tubers; *e*, offal from industries; *f*, residues from the fabrication of extract of meat; *g*, diverse food; control of the feeding stuffs. B, digestion and digestibility of food—general questions; hay, straw, &c.; green fodder *v.* dry; fermented hay, steamed fodder; offals of the industries. C, preparation and conservation of feeding stuffs. D, the different degrees of utilisation of the food—animal food; inorganic food.

VIII.—*Animal production in its relation to food and external circumstances.*

A, increase and expenditure of constituents—*a*, in general; *b*, respiration; *c*, experiments of nitrogen; *d*, formation of fat. B, nourishment diet, producing manuring. C, rearing and keeping of animals—*a*, cattle; *b*, sheep—difference of breed, conversion of food; *c*, pigs; *d*, horses; *e*, goats; *f*, rabbits; *g*, silkworms. D, diseases of domesticated animals.

IX.—*Conception and Breeding.*

X.—*Technology.*

Forestry; wine; distillery; beet-sugar; milk, cheese, butter; diverse.

XI.—*Analyses.*

Such is the comprehensive scope of the work done by the German Stations. Just now there is little of new work of a scientific character opening up to the German agriculturists, but the stations recently established for

the scientific investigations on milk, cream, butter, and cheese furnish a fund of interesting work for both scientists and farmers. Brewing, distilling and technology also supply useful work to the directors of the institutions and to the farmers who avail themselves of what the stations are ready to teach.

Having gone thus far into the details of the work of the German Experimental Stations, let us see to what extent the example is worthy of Canadian imitation. What is the present condition of agriculture in Canada? To all who look on as impartial observers of farming in Canada, the impression must be common that the country cannot go on forever, as at present, beggaring the soil by too exclusive cropping. However prolific nature may have been in her endowments, and however robust and hearty men may be who till land richly endowed, the present is an age when every economy effected by scientific processes must be utilised if an occupation is to be remunerative. Wheat crops have not been so good that we should not desire to improve them; cattle have not been too profitable to the feeder so that he should not desire improvements which may economise his food; our commercial success with cereals and cattle-raising has been encouraging and is growing, but with dairy produce we cannot be so self-satisfied, as a glance at our butter production will show. In cheese we hold a high position: but even in this article our production has been too much on one kind. What we need is less the improvement of the brands already made than the manufacture of a great variety of cheeses. In France there is no end to the varieties of cheese produced, and the butter is of such uniform character and of high general excellence as to secure a greater total income from its export than is obtained by any other country.

As Canada is destined to become the greatest wheat-growing country in the

world, and one of the most important sources of meat supply, it is fitting that something should be said of Meteorology. Rainfall, humidity, and temperature, in their associated character, and their influence on agriculture are, perhaps, least understood of any of the natural conditions which the farmer has to deal with. Scarcely had the disastrous year of 1879 closed ere Mr. Lawes came forth with a carefully-prepared statement, showing how great were the effects of the English climate on the wheat crop of that country. It has been shown in a hundred ways how climate may change, and how these changes may affect agriculture.

Hitherto no systematic experiments have been made on Canadian soils, with a view to the public instruction of the farmer. A second Station might, with advantage, be established for a series of experimental tests on soils of different localities, to ascertain their physical and chemical action on the plants raised thereon. Such a Station could direct drainage and reclamation works where they are found to be remunerative. At present, very little is known of the component parts of a soil which do actually constitute the food of plants grown upon it. Even of the soluble portions of a soil, but a small proportion is accessible to the plant. Dr. Anderson says: 'The most obvious inference to be drawn from known facts, no doubt, is that those substances which dissolve most readily should be in the most favourable position, but it is by no means clear that such is the case. If so, it would necessarily follow that those substances which dissolve readily in water should be most useful. But experience by no means confirms this opinion, for it is not found that plants grow readily in solutions of their essential constituents, though it is possible to make them do so with proper care and precaution. Moreover, soils bring the most essential elements of plants into

insoluble, or nearly insoluble, forms of combination, in which being attached to the clay and organic matter present in them by a feeble bond, they are kept there ready to supply the wants of the plants. It is far from improbable that the only constituents of the soil capable of passing into the vegetable organisms are those which exist in the particular state of combination in question, and which have either been introduced from without, or having been liberated by the action of external agents, such as air and moisture, on the minerals forming the basis of all soils, have been retained in that looser state of combination ready to supply the wants of vegetation.'

Third in the order of natural operations, I may place rotations of crops. Until recently Canadian, like American, farming ran too much on one thing. It was thought quite enough if, when a farm was available for cropping, the husbandman sowed wheat, corn, and a patch of potatoes here and there. Thanks to the dairy and cattle trades, this is changing, but too slowly, and in a manner which is not encouraging to the modern agriculturists. The want of suitable fodder crops is the great drawback to a system of soiling. Go where one may, he is continually met with the cry for green feed during the hot season. Although improvement of the fodder crops would be one of the greatest advantages arising out of a change, the economic results to agriculture of a systematic series of experiments on various soils would be of incalculable value. Great as have been the results of experimental works in Europe, it is by no means certain that a well planned course of crops here would not yield even more wonderful results.

Next comes the mechanical treatment for soil pulverisation, for which it could scarcely be advisable to have a separate Station. Stations could unite to exchange their experience

in this matter. The physical operations of character and the mechanical differences met with in soils would render a single Station comparatively valueless for the trial of implements. The size of farms, and the crops grown, all enter into the calculation of the cultivator so minutely as to render work on soils of small value.

A Station for the study of the physiology and pathology of plants might very fitly be included. Such an institution could devote a good portion of its time and means to the examination of samples of commercial seeds, and so check the impurities. Although I have no knowledge of the seed business as carried on in Canada, I have not the least doubt that the trade is irregular, that adulteration is practised, and the want of uniformity in the crops harvested is one of the strongest evidences of the fact. Here the season is short, farm work needs to be done with despatch, if not in haste, and there is little time for testing every parcel of seed that comes to the farm to be sown. The average Canadian farmer has yet to learn that *clean* seed of good stock is a source of profit. He has to be taught that the rubbish, weeds, and seeds of low vitality are dear, even though low-priced, when compared with the better article sold at a higher price. Besides settling questions of direct scientific interest, such a Station would indicate which varieties of seed were best adapted for the most economic yields of crops.

Fertilizing is fast becoming a question of paramount importance to Canada. The growth of more remunerative prices may oblige farmers to use manure somewhat earlier than would be the case under less favourable circumstances. At present there is no received theory of economic fertilization among us. It is probable that the commercial advantages which a manure experimental station would offer farmers, would be the most direct and soonest felt. Canada has

everything to win and nothing to risk from the establishment of a station for this purpose. Although liberal and frequent dressings of artificial manures have long been the practice in Europe, and particularly in England, their farmers do not consider they have reached the limit of their knowledge of the subject. The now famous experiments of the Aberdeenshire Association have at least made staunch advocates of the 'Soluble phosphate' theory pause. The results of those experiments (not to speak of others on the Continent) have been so encouraging that they are now to be repeated in England with modifications intended to show the result under least favourable circumstances, and those under most advantageous conditions. If a country which stands so high in agricultural practice, and has gained so much by her millions of outlay on manures, is now questioning her method of fertilizing, surely we ought to see it is worthy our notice. Very much of the land of old settled districts has run down for want of the element of plant nutrition. In the native *apalite* Canada has abundance of manurial material, but hitherto no method of reduction, either mechanical or chemical, has been successful in making it an economical product for farm use. Happily the necessities of an ingenious citizen of Uncle Sam's domains has given us a mode of mechanical reduction which bids fair to surpass in point of cost all other competitors. Newell's Universal Grinder Mills is now an institution of Montreal, and grinds our native *apalite* for shipment and home consumption to a degree of fineness unknown to any other process. It is impossible to speak too highly of such an invention because, if the experiments of the Aberdeenshire Association are to become the basis of future operations in fertilization, the man who has paved the way for us is the one who merits our highest praise. Certainly no time

should be lost in testing the relative values of the various substances made for manures.

Scarcely less than those already noticed Dairying is a subject which needs scientific attention. One of the most remarkable indications of agricultural progress in Europe during the last ten years has been the tendency towards dairy reform. It is well known and admitted that the work of the Dairy Stations, particularly those of Kiel and Weihtenstephan have stimulated the practice of the improved methods which have given Europe the finest brands of butter made. The limit of progress is far off yet, while the demand for higher qualities of butter is steadily improving. The improvements in practice among us are but importations of European methods. We can never obtain the advantage of being first in the market as long as we are content to follow.

Two more Stations may be added to the list already suggested, one for the study of the physiology and pathology

of animals, and the other for technical processes. Our position as an exporter of cattle is sufficient argument for the first, and the embryo state of many of our manufacturing processes renders laboured reasoning unnecessary for the second.

Fifty thousand dollars per annum would be but a moderate sum to spend on these Stations ; more would not be necessary, and less would do the work only imperfectly. To a country spending money so freely as Canada does, the proposal is modest. The Grangers have the men, the power, and the money, whenever they are convinced of its necessity. These Stations could be allied to the school farms of Guelph, Richmond, St. Anne and L'Assomption, when the three latter have been made worthy of useful work. Let a beginning be made, and the fruit of the work (if it is genuine) will induce all the extensions for which money can be found, and consolidate agricultural progress in Canada.

SONNET.

BY C. E. M., MONTREAL.

THE voyager adown a troubled stream
 Doth love to linger on an islet fair
 And muse a quiet hour, free from care
 Of past or future, happy in his dream.
 To him the glory of the sunset gleam
 That gilds the dank depths of the rushy lair,
 And Nature's dædal fingers working rare
 Embroidery of flowers, Heaven seem.
 So we have in our weariness oft sighed
 For a kind haven of soul-soothing rest,
 In wonderment how long toil might abide
 As towards some pleasance in our haste we pressed—
 And it is near us ; may this Christmas-tide
 With happiness and lasting peace be blessed.

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SEVENTH AND FINAL MEETING, REPORTED BY SMARTY.

THE discerning reader will long ago have guessed that the title of *Smarty*, bestowed upon the present reporter by her associates, should be interpreted strictly in a satirical sense. The Judge is not invested with authority to determine criminal cases; the poet and Duchess wear their lofty names in full confidence that they will mislead nobody; while upon my sensitive, proud spirit, has fallen the withering supposition that I claim to be what my assumed and assuming name derisively implies. This secret sorrow of my heart I poured into the sympathetic ear of Grum, who comforted me with the sweet assurance that the world would never lay the crime of cleverness to my charge, so that illusion need affright me no more. Grum has—if I may be permitted a scrap of inoffensive slang—‘a good head,’ but as to her goodness of heart, I must be allowed to entertain a respectful doubt.

But what I intended to say was that it is no very enviable thing to win the undeserved reputation of railing or ‘making a scoff’ at whatever comes up in conversation. It has been held lightly in esteem from the time of the famous saying about the crackling of thorns under a pot, down to the date of an editorial in my favourite daily, which insists that ‘the witty man, the funny man, and the punning man, may be righteously denounced.’ Well, I believe I have been most unrighteously denounced by the Coterie ever since its beginning. They distinguished me, as the French say, and I will not assert that I did not occasionally enjoy the dis-

tingtion. Some of them complain that I take them up, and others that I try to take them down. Even Grum—even my own familiar friend in whom I trusted—seeks to ‘sit upon’—that is to say, snub me; which is a peculiarly aggravating offence in Grum, as she is, to use the impassioned phrase of the regulation lover, the only girl I ever loved. She knows well enough that I can’t get along without her, any better than a silver lining could survive the loss of a particularly black cloud, to show it off to good advantage.

But to our meeting, which took place at the residence of the Judge. As we approached the house, the bleak, desolate-looking bit of lawn surrounding it reminded our poet of a simple maiden who is no longer in her flower, but who has forlornly grown old and withered; and Doc expressed pleasure in the fact that she herself was rather an ordinary-looking blossom, so that when the November of her life had made her unlovely, the contrast would not be strong enough to move the observer to pity. Then the Duchess cast a dampness over her premature exultation by reminding her of the woman who was distinguished by her striking ugliness in her youth, but who became so much better looking in her old age, that she was considered then just a commonplace, homely person with nothing remarkable about her at all. By this time, we had reached the door, and Lily Cologne, pulling a small and highly polished knob, forced a bell in the other extremity of the house, after a moment of inhospitable reluctance, to

peal forth warning of our approach. This was followed by a scattering sound, as of feet hastening down a staircase, and the next moment the door was flung open by the Judge herself.

'Welcome! thrice welcome! most noble comrades,' she exclaimed. 'Come right into the red retiring room. There is nobody there but the Poet.'

The red retiring room is in the quietest part of the house, and separated from the parlour by red curtains. Hence its alliterative appellation. I once asked the Judge whether it was so called because when she was tired she frequently re(a)d dull books in that room, and thus re-tired herself; but this innocent question was fraught with so many evil consequences to the Duchess's elegance and serenity of mind, that I considerably allowed the subject to drop. Now, if any of the other girls had been reporting this fact, they would have made no mention of the consideration I showed. The impartial reader may draw his or her own inferences.

Coming in from the tingling air without, we felt disposed to rally the Poet, who was looking rather lethargic.

'What makes your eyes so heavy?' inquired the Duchess.

'Oh, because I got up late.'

'Well, what made you get up late?' asked Doc.

'I went to bed this morning.'

'And why didn't you go to bed till this morning?' pursued Lily.

'Studying,' replied the Poet.

'What makes you study!' I demanded.

The Poet laughed, and rocked herself lazily. 'It's a sort of brute instinct, I suppose,' said she.

'I see you have saucy answers ready for all those impertinent questions,' put in the Judge, 'but I should like to ask what it is you study?'

'At present, Adam Smith. "The Wealth of Nations," is not an inspiring work; it does not stimulate the

imagination, but it suits my mood just now. There is a bliss, beyond all that the school-marm has told, in the privilege enjoyed by those whose school days are over of studying just what they please, and when they please, and as long or as little as they please. It makes a book taste just as bad as a medicine to have to take it in regular-sized doses.'

'I can't agree with you there,' declared Doc, walking up and down the room, with her hands behind her. 'I like school methods, and I believe my powers of digestion, mentally speaking, are pretty good. I like to feel that I am getting over so much ground every day, and six times as much ground every week. Of course there are subjects that I hate, but I could never get through examination without them. You see my desire is to get over and get through—yours is just the reverse.'

'My greatest ambition and happiness is to live among my books and learn of them all the days of my life,' said the Poet.

'Well,' rejoined Doc, 'I want to close my school days just as I would a school book, with a great bang on graduation day, and then *do* something—I don't know exactly what, but—'

'*Do* what?' asked Grum, who had arrived just in time to catch the last words.

'The duty which lies nearest me, of course,' answered Doc austere, 'and that, I need not inform you, is to demand an immediate explanation of this unprecedented tardiness on the part of the most punctual member of the Coterie.'

'Oh,' said Grum, 'it was the dress-maker. I had to stay and have my dress tried on. It was a very trying process in every sense.'

'Ah, Grum,' murmured the Poet, 'if you could only

'Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.'

'Talk about the figure you cut in

the eyes of the world,' pursued the Grumbler, who preferred to call attention to her sufferings rather than her lack of strength, 'it's nothing compared to the figure you *are* in the eyes of your dressmaker. This one makes nothing of mentioning your weak points to your face. She told me my shoulders were almost as square as my father's.'

'Don't let that trouble you,' I interposed. 'You will never be the man that your father is.'

'I have often thought,' said Lily, who has borrowed the Judge's little weakness of 'saying undisputed things with such a solemn air,' 'that the kind of speech which we are apt to consider piquant frankness in ourselves, seems like bald presumption in others.'

'Now, look here, Miss Cologne,' exclaimed Grum, irately; 'why can't you content yourself with being a butterfly? Don't try to change yourself into a wasp. It's very unbecoming to your style.'

'Oh!' sighed the Judge, 'if the Giftie wad only gie us, not *some* power, but an unlimited amount of it, to see ourselves as others see us.'

'Is that the inmost wish of your heart?' asked the Duchess, with a smile. 'For my part, I was thinking that, after all, there might be a certain pleasure in systematically and conspicuously and persistently taking a shady view of things, like unto our friend here.'

'You, too!' said Grum, with reproachful eyes. 'Well, if the politest person in the Coterie can give voice to such a sentiment as that, I have nothing to say. Perhaps I had better go,' and she marched stiffly to the door, but here the united arms of all of us rose up against her, and she was forcibly detained, kissed, and made the recipient of profuse apologies, and ingloriously led back to a secure position, where 'Webster's Unabridged,' Liddell and Scott's 'Lexicon,' and the 'History of All Nations,' were piled

upon her lap, to keep herself and her angry passions from rising again.

After this thrilling episode, our talk took rather a melancholy tone, due to the fact that some of our number are going down south for the winter, and it is doubtful when or whether we shall all meet again. Listening to lugubrious words on the pangs of parting is not to my taste, so I withdrew to a quiet corner and a more congenial occupation. But unfortunately I was discovered.

'Guilty mortal, what have you there?' demanded the Judge, invading my retreat. 'What can you find to laugh at on this solemn occasion? Upon my faith, it's an almanac!'

'And an *old* almanac, too,' added Doc, in tones which completed my discomfiture. 'Fancy a girl solacing her heart with old jokes on the eve of a bitter separation.'

'Well, it may be bitter for the rest of you,' I rejoined, 'but you can't expect me to feel it in that way. Besides the jokes are some of them quite young, and the rest only middle-aged.'

'There is one thing I cannot understand,' said the Duchess, with the air of a person who means there is *only* one thing, 'and that is how you can derive so much enjoyment from the humorous paragraphs in papers and almanacs.'

'There is one person I cannot understand,' said I, 'and that is she who reminds me of an old coloured woman I once read about. This old woman was good and true, noble hearted and rheumatic, and rather matter-of-fact. She was once groaning over her numerous aches in the presence of a flippant young lady, who thereupon inquired, "Aunt, why are you like a window sash?" "Dunno, chile, dunno; can't noways tell you dat." "Why," said the girl, with a warm and radiant smile, "of course it is because you are both full of pains." The old woman started and then stood rooted to the spot, with pitying eyes fixed upon her friend.

"Oh, poor chile," said she, "somebody's been foolin' you. Dey's not de same kind of pains, honey, dey's a different kind of pains."

The effect of this true tale from humble life was not depressing. Then, as it was our last meeting, the Judge invited us all to remain to tea, and as it is out of the question to be melancholy at the table, we immediately cheered up and made a merry meal of it. There were a few sighs, and poetical quotations, and protestations of unchanging affection at parting, but it was soon over, and the Poet and I found ourselves separated from the rest, and walking in the direction

of our homes. I sternly quelled my longing inclination to chatter until the moon came out, when I could not resist the exclamation,—

'Oh, look there, Poesy! Isn't that a cute moon?'

'Smarty,' said my friend, 'I don't see how you can make such an unfeeling remark as that.'

That made another reproof. But we parted on the best of terms. It is the wish of all our number that the gentle reader who has borne with us so patiently will exercise mercy toward, rather than sit in judgment upon, the varied frivolities of the TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

SONNET.

TO H. B.

GOOD night, although to linger I were fain,
 Here where thou seest not, 'neath a drifting cloud,
 Like bridal veil or sadly trailing shroud,
 As my mood changes with the varying strain
 Of music, laden rich with joy and pain,
 Borne from thy casement, where I see thee bowed,
 O'er the dead keys that answer thee aloud,
 As if, beneath, some fettered soul had lain
 In silent expectation of the kiss
 Of thy soul through the touch of finger-tips.
 To awake, as did that fair long-slumbering girl
 At the warm touch of soulful lips, to bliss.
 Methinks thy soul doth slip, not from thy lips,
 But from thy magic fingers, like a pearl.

MONTREAL.

BARRY DANE.

CANON FARRAR'S 'LIFE OF CHRIST.'—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE following conversation is reported to the best of my power. It was done under some disadvantages. It could not, of course, be taken down at the time, so that I had to trust to recollection. And it was not continuous, but resumed from time to time as occasion served, by reason of which there was a great deal of repetition; this I had to leave out, and to piece together the disjointed parts as well as I could. From all this it has resulted, I fear, that it has, in a great degree, been transposed into my own language and my own form, which is very far from a gain. Doubtless, a good deal of the spirit of it has evaporated in the process, but possibly enough may remain to possess for the readers of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY* some of the interest which it had for myself. The interlocutors were, it will be seen, mere tyros in theological discussion, and their objections will be all the more easily answered. The criticism on Canon Farrar's book is very free; but I know of no subject on which criticism should be more unshackled. A. was kind enough to lend me the book and the Archbishop's address, so that, with the Bible, I have been able to set myself right as to all quotations. Italics will be found where they are not in the original, but I thought that the emphasis of the speakers demanded them. Having made this acknowledgment, I have let them remain.

A. I have been reading Canon Farrar's 'Life of Christ.' I had a great curiosity to see how the subject would be treated. I am very much disappointed.

B. Indeed! You surprise me. What do you object to?

A. To the style, to begin with.

B. I should have thought that that would be generally much admired.

A. It may be so, but, in my humble opinion, it is very bad nevertheless. It seems to me to be altogether below the dignity of the subject, very wordy, and much too florid and ornate. Such a theme could not be treated with too great simplicity. Take a few examples out of numberless instances: 'supercilious sentimentality and morbid egotism.' Canon Farrar condescends to acquit Jesus Christ of supercilious sentimentality and morbid egotism. 'One of the guests' (at an 'entertainment' at which Jesus was present) 'interposed a remark which was very little above the level of a rapid and misleading platitude. He poured upon the troubled waters a sort of general impersonal aphorism.' I have heard of pouring oil upon troubled waters, but never of general impersonal aphorisms.

B. Oh, come; any one might fall, once in a way, into such a mistake as that.

A. So he might; but you would hardly expect to find it here. But there is a far greater offence. Speaking of the crucifixion, he says: 'The gray dawn shuddered and the morning blushed upon that memorable day!' That seems to me to be as bad as bad can be. It has almost every fault. First and foremost, what impression must a man have of the horrors of that dreadful day, who can fall to playing such a game at words as this! One would suppose that all would be

hushed to the simplest possible utterance. Dawns and mornings are not generally understood to be prophetic of what will come to pass before sunset. We have never heard that the sun rose blood-red on the morning of the battle of Waterloo. Reality is mixed with unreality; mornings do blush, but dawns do not shudder. Any one of ourselves might well shudder at such stupendous cruelty, and so, perhaps, might the dawn be said, by a poetical license, to shudder, when it might light the occasion, but such license has no place here. Suppose that a newspaper-writer, in describing the execution of a wretched criminal, which has its own shade of solemnity, were to talk of the dawn shuddering and the morning blushing, would there not be a full appreciation of the grievous sin against good taste and feeling. How much more here? Young ladies blush, and blush often very becomingly; but what should we think of one *blushing* at the crucifixion of Christ! Then what an anti-climax; shuddering, leading up to blushing! 'Memorable day,' is very far from an adequately chosen expression.

B. Well, I am afraid I must admit that you have made out a case against the style. What other objections have you to bring forward?

A. Canon Farrar, in my opinion, falls into a cardinal error. He mixes up the human and divine natures. He says, for instance, that 'Christ's divine humanity' made it more difficult for him to die. *It would have made it impossible.*

B. How can you separate the two natures? It seems to me that it cannot be done.

A. Then make no attempt to write the life of Christ, for, so surely as you pass the point of his humanity, you get out of your depth. Human nature can not explain or describe divine nature. But I do not agree with you. The life of Christ might be written, as the lives of other men are written. We might be told all about

Christ as a man, as he lived and died like other men. Even his supernatural power does not mark him as different from other men, for other men have had supernatural power. The life of Christ was human life. You cannot speak of *divine life*. Life and death are human, not divine. Now, let us come to the miracles. We must either accept them precisely as they are related, without alteration or diminution, or we are free to subject them to any examination that we may think proper. One or the other: Canon Farrar hesitates between them. He declares himself once and again, a firm 'believer;' yet he examines, discusses, doubts. A miracle is a miracle, and it is a miracle simply inasmuch as it is beyond human comprehension or explanation. Subject it to that, and it ceases to be a miracle. One miracle is not more wonderful and inexplicable than another. Canon Farrar says it is. He would shape the miracles to his own ends. The following are examples: Let us take the miracle of the devils and the swine. The narratives of both St. Mark and St. Luke are as distinct as possible. The devils, by their own entreaty and by Christ's permission, came out of the man, and went into the swine, and, by consequence, these all rushed down into the lake and there perished. Canon Farrar would have it that the devils did not go into the swine. He accounts for their mad rush by conjectures of his own. It is special pleading. But there is another point. Why does he pass over St. Mark and refer to St. Luke only? St. Mark says there were 'about two thousand of them.' Here there was an immense destruction of animal life and of private property. The value of such a vast herd of swine must have been very great, say, in our present money, about \$10,000. Canon Farrar is silent on this point, but he is awake to it, because, in the heading of the chapter, he speaks of 'the loss of the swine,' and, in the case of the 'curs-

ing' of the fig tree, he labours to explain away the '*right of the supposed owner of the tree.*'

B. Canon Farrar has set us the example of discussing this miracle, and we will follow it. I confess it puzzles me in more ways than one. I need not say that, according to our present lights, we cannot accept the idea of demoniac possession by devils, personal or spiritual, who could be driven out of men into brutes. The days of witchcraft are not very remote, but they are past. Then, the devils *need* not have been driven into the swine, or permitted to enter into them; there *need* not have been any destruction or loss to any body; they might have been *simply cast out*, as in other cases. Nor can we lose sight of the dying agonies of so many unoffending but unfortunate creatures. Say what we may, these things are puzzling. Still there is the narrative, as you remark, as distinct as possible.

A. Yes. If Canon Farrar doubts whether the devils entered into the two thousand swine, why should he not also doubt whether the five thousand persons partook of the five loaves and the two fishes? At least, why is it not as lawful for any one else as Canon Farrar to doubt? We are not told the one miracle more positively than the other. But, to proceed. Canon Farrar has a good deal to say about the miracle of the fig tree, in striving to explain away the objections that have been, he says, frequently made to it. He professes to know more about the time of figs than St. Mark, who says 'the time of figs was not yet.' He may not see, he does not say, that the moral of this miracle, as he explains it, is directly contrary to that of the parable of the fig tree, in which case the tree was, after three year's trial, to have a further grace granted to it before it should be pronounced barren, and should be cut down. Canon Farrar produces what he believes to be proof that the fig tree, in the

miracle, was barren for *two years*, 'and therefore, since it was but deceptive and useless, a barren cumberer of the ground, he made it the eternal warning against a life of hypocrisy continued until it is too late.' It would have been to better purpose if Canon Farrar had endeavoured to reconcile this with the parable of the fig tree. It is short and may be repeated here—'A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then he said unto the dresser of the vineyard, behold, these three years I came seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none; cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it, and if it bear fruit *well*, and if not, *then* after that thou shalt cut it down.' Here there are two directly contrary teachings; in the one case sentence and instant execution, in the other, after *longer* unproductiveness, farther time allowed for amendment. With the exception of the longer barrenness, the circumstances are all strictly identical. Canon Farrar will not allow that the 'cursing' of the fig tree may be, as 'many argue, an untrue and mistaken story.' While, at the same time, he believes that the story of the swine *is* untrue and mistaken. On his own showing then, we may choose between the teachings to be derived from the one fig tree and from the other, and who can hesitate for a single moment as to which is most Christian, most Christ-like?

B. Aye, indeed who? There may be these inconsistencies or discrepancies, but who does not feel that the principles and precepts of Christianity, in their eternal and universal beauty, truth and holiness, are superior to and rise above these blots, if they be blots?

A. There I am all with you, heart and soul. We cannot all be theologians or Bible students, least of all

Bible scholars, but we can all make our humble attempt to be Christians. Let us now examine Canon Farrar's work from another point of view. He says, '*this book is almost wholly founded on an independent study of the four gospels side by side*,' and '*my main object has been to bring out and explain the scenes as they are described by the original witnesses*.' He is also fully sensible of the importance of a consensus of authority, as he says in one place '*of this we have no fewer than four accounts*.' He lays due stress on eye-witness; he speaks of '*St. John's emphatic appeal to the truth of his eye witness*.' Let us try a few examples by these tests. Canon Farrar says, on the authority of St. Paul, that Christ *twice* uttered the words, '*do this in remembrance of me*.' In the first place, there is no authority for that to be found in the Gospels. In the second, why does Canon Farrar pass over all the four gospels in favour of one of the epistles of St. Paul? The words are to be found, as uttered *once* in the Gospel of St. Luke, and there only. St. Luke was not present, he was not an ear-witness. Two of the evangelists were present; neither of them says that Christ spoke those words. Nor does St. Mark. Now, this negative evidence is very strong indeed, when we consider the extreme novelty and singularity of Christ's actions and words, which must have aroused the curiosity and enchaind the attention of all his disciples. It would appear scarcely possible that so solemn and important an injunction, directly laid upon them, could have been omitted by both the gospel writers who were eye and ear witnesses. It is almost equally difficult to account for its omission by St. Mark. In a matter of this moment every word, *uttered or not uttered by Christ*, is of the last importance. We have here no evidence of an ear-witness, no consensus of authorities. We have very strong negative evidence on the other side.

The authority of St. Paul is of course not direct, but derivative. Canon Farrar indeed tells us that St. Paul says that 'he had received it of the Lord.' In what way would that be explained? Canon Farrar excludes divine inspiration, as is clearly seen from the quotations given above. Now, of all this he says not one word; he relates the utterance as if he had found it 'on an independent study of the four gospels, side by side,' and as if on the authority of an ear-witness. He makes no distinction. As an example of his want of exact accuracy, he speaks of 'the brief description of St. Paul.' In point of strict fact, it is less brief than either of the others.

Again, the speech of Christ to one of the thieves, '*this day shalt thou be with me in paradise*,' which Canon Farrar prints all in capital letters, rests on the authority of St. Luke, and of St. Luke only. St. Mark simply mentions the two thieves, and says no more. St. Matthew adds to this that they reviled Christ, and that is all. St. Luke says that one of them reviled Christ, but was rebuked by the other. It is not certain that there was any original witness, but, as St. John was present during part, if not all, of the time that Christ hung on the Cross, it may perhaps be fairly inferred that he would have been an eye-witness. He relates the events of the crucifixion more fully and circumstantially than the other gospel writers, but he says nothing of any such speech having been made by Christ. This negative evidence is again extremely strong. How is it to be accounted for that a speech of such supreme importance, as to be printed by Canon Farrar all in capital letters, should be omitted by three out of the four evangelists, and one of those St. John? Canon Farrar says nothing on the subject. For aught that appears, it might rest 'on an independent study of the four gospels side by side,' and 'on the description of original witnesses.'

B. Are you not too rigid in such a close examination; I would almost call it a dissection of the Gospels?

A. On the contrary, I am following exactly in the path marked out by Canon Farrar. I am making 'an independent study of the four gospels, side by side;' I am telling you what is, and what is not, contained in each of them; and I am claiming the ascendancy which is due to the direct testimony of 'eye-witnesses.' In a work of such supreme importance as a Life of Christ, you would not surely have anything that would not stand the strictest investigation? Could you ask for anything better than Canon Farrar's own rules, although he himself departs from them?

B. No; I suppose not. And I must confess that there is a point which does not seem to have struck you—at least you have not mentioned it. Do you know how it is explained that we are taught that Christ was not himself in Paradise on that day; that he descended into hell, and did not rise again until the third day? I dare say it can be, and is, explained, but how I do not know.

A. I cannot tell you. I must leave that to Canon Farrar. Let us now turn to what he has to say about the Agony in the Garden. I will do my best to obey the admonition (which he certainly does not), 'tread lightly, this is holy ground.' St. Matthew and St. Mark relate Christ's mental agony and the prayer in which it found expression. St. Luke does the same, but with the addition (again it is St. Luke) of the angels and of the sweating drops of blood. St. John, who alone of the four was on the spot, and therefore the only 'original witness,' is silent as to any such agony having taken place. The scriptural narrative, as all know, is very simple. Christ went into the Garden of Gethsemane by night, and took with him three of his disciples. Being overcome by a crisis of mental agony, he retired apart to pray. The words of the prayer

differ little if at all. Mr. Thomas Hughes (the Tom Brown of the 'School Days'), than whom there live perhaps few more devout Christians, says in his work on the 'Manliness of Christ' that all Christians believe the words attributed to him on that occasion, but that they are taken on trust, as they were not heard. That can hardly be said positively: so far, however, as probability goes, we are led to infer that Christ desired to be in perfect privacy, so that there should be no witnesses of the crisis of mental agony through which he had to pass, and that he therefore retired out of sight and hearing. Moreover, each time that he returned to his disciples he found them sleeping. Now, how does Canon Farrar deal with this subject? There is, as always, the superabundance of words. The one word, Agony, is enough for Scripture. But he must have 'a grief beyond utterance, a struggle beyond endurance, a giddiness and stupefaction overmastering his soul, the sinking swoon of an anticipated death.' Also, 'a tumult of emotion.' There is not one word about any difference in the authorities, nor about who were present and were eye-witnesses. He does not tell us why we have not here St. John's 'emphatic appeal to the truthfulness of his eye-witness.' And his love for too much speaking leads him into sad confusion. First, he says 'the great drops of anguish look to them like heavy gout of blood.' Then '*under the dark shadow of the trees, amid the interrupted moonlight, it seems to them that there is an angel with him.*' Canon Farrar says, 'it was a tumult of emotion *which none must see.*' Presently he says, '*they saw him* sometimes on his knees—.' When Canon Farrar tells us that an angel could not be distinguished he can hardly mean us to understand that drops of blood could. All, according to him, must have been veiled in deep obscurity. Presently, however, he speaks positively; he says, 'which forced from

him the rare and intense phenomenon of a blood-stained sweat.' This is surely not the sort of guide that one would seek for anything like a correct or precise account of the life of Christ. Would it not have been much better for Canon Farrar to have satisfied himself with saying that St. Matthew and St. Mark do not mention it, and that St. John, who was present, says nothing about the agony at all, but that St. Luke, who was not present, says the agony of Christ was so great that he sweated drops of blood. We should then have had 'an independent study of the four Gospels, side by side,' and should have been told whether or not the 'scene was described by an original witness.' And here is another instance of the faultiness of Canon Farrar's style of writing. He feels the occasion to be solemn, and wishes to describe it with as much solemnity as he can. But he does not understand the sublimity of simplicity. He over-lays it with words. He must needs have a 'mystery' and a 'halo' into which no 'footstep' may penetrate. Now, of course, the idea of a mystery or a halo into which you can set your foot strikes you as very absurd. It jars upon you, diverts your attention. You are half disposed to smile, and the impression is lost. A different part of the subject now demands our attention. Canon Farrar says 'it stood written in the eternal councils that Christ was to die, not by Jewish stoning or strangulation, but by that Roman form of execution which inspired the Jews with a nameless horror, even by crucifixion; that he was to deign from his cross to die by that most fearfully significant and typical of deaths—public, slow, conscious, accursed, agonizing—worse even than burning—the worst type of all possible deaths, and the worst result of that curse which he was to remove for ever; a death which seems 'to include all that pain and death can have of horrible and ghastly—dizziness, cramp, thirst, starvation, sleep-

lessness, traumatic fever, tetanus, publicity of shame, long continuance of torment, horror of anticipation, mortification of untended wounds—all intensified just up to the point at which they can be endured at all, but all stopping just short of the point which would give to the sufferer the relief of unconsciousness. The unnatural position made every movement painful; the lacerated veins and crushed tendons throbbed with incessant anguish; the wounds inflamed by exposure, gradually gangrened; the arteries—especially of the head and stomach—became swollen and oppressed with surcharged blood; and while each variety of misery went on gradually increasing, there was added to them the intolerable pang of a burning and raging thirst; and all these physical complications caused an internal excitement and anxiety, which made the prospect of death itself, of death the awful unknown enemy, at whose approach man usually shudders most, bear the aspect of a delicious and exquisite release.' I beg your pardon, B., for asking you to listen to this most appalling picture—in word-painting—that any artist in language has perhaps ever produced. It may be that you think with others, that such harrowing recitals are not in good taste, and answer no good end. It has been said so of a striking realistic picture of Christ on the Cross, painted by Bonnat, a French artist. It is true one sickens at such sights and thoughts; but I am of opinion that the whole truth should always be told—you shall speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—and that, if ever there was a case in which we should hear *all* that can be told, it is that of the life and death of Jesus Christ. It is from the truth alone that we can draw true conclusions.

B. Do I understand you that Canon Farrar says that *it stood written in the eternal councils* that a divine being, a being of a 'divine humanity,' should hang on a cross for six hours, enduring

for all that time those unutterable agonies? It is, indeed, an appalling picture; you may well say that. But I agree with you that it should all be told. We know that Christ suffered crucifixion, and, if that was crucifixion, it is right that we should be told that that was what it was.

A. Canon Farrar does say, that 'it stood written in the eternal councils.' You may well doubt how he came to know that. What can he know about eternal councils, when, where, for what purpose, with whom they were held? What does he know about eternity? We all fall into a lamentable error; we judge of God by ourselves. We measure the Deity by our own pitiful footrules. We know nothing but what is human, limited, finite, narrow; and we judge by what is human, limited, finite, narrow. Councils are a purely human institution. The queen holds councils, they befit her human, limited monarchy. Are we to suppose that the Lord God of heaven and earth holds councils? What do we know about omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence? Shall we dare to speak of them even with bated breath? Shall we dare not only to *speak* of God's councils, but to *say what they were*? See to what it leads. Canon Farrar says, that 'it stood written in the eternal councils' that Christ should die by crucifixion, and that the crucifixion was 'the worst result of that curse, which he was to remove for ever.' But result is the same as effect, and the cause must go before the effect. Therefore the curse, of which the crucifixion was the result, must have gone before the crucifixion. That is to say, the curse must have 'stood written in the eternal councils,' in the remote ages of eternity, before the crucifixion 'stood written' there. In other words, mankind was created with the 'curse' hanging over their heads. If Canon Farrar by some superhuman intelligence knows all this, we may fairly ask him whether he knows that all that led up to the curse 'stood written in the eternal councils,' the

creation, Adam and Eve, the garden of Eden, the forbidden fruit, the serpent, the temptation, the fall, the condemnation and 'curse.' We may fairly ask him whether he knows that if what led up to the crucifixion, 'stood written in the eternal councils,' the betrayal by Judas, the judgment by Pilate, insisted upon by the Jews, because, as Canon Farrar tells us, they could not themselves inflict the punishment of crucifixion, but only some other mode of execution which would have been less horribly merciless; whether Judas, the Jews and Pilate were only performing the part which 'stood written' for them 'in the eternal councils?' Will Canon Farrar tell us what 'stood written' there, and what did not. Of Pilate he says, 'in every creed of Christendom, is the unhappy name of the Roman procurator handed down to eternal execration.' Can he say that that is not unjust, unless he *knows* that the part which Pilate played was *not* 'written in the eternal councils.' Of Judas he says, 'after the sop Satan entered into him. As all the winds, on some night of storm, riot and howl through the rent walls of some desecrated shrine, so, through the ruined life of Judas, envy and avarice, and hatred and ingratitude, were rushing all at once. In that bewildering chaos of a soul spotted with mortal guilt, the satanic had triumphed over the human; in that dark heart earth and hell were thenceforth at one; in that lost soul sin had conceived and brought forth death.' This is a tremendous malediction, quite in the best Farrarian style. But can Canon Farrar say that it is not unjust, unless he *knows* that the part which Judas played did not 'stand written in the eternal councils.' Those of us, who do not know and do not profess to know what 'stood written—' those may, without any compunction, think and speak of Judas as a detestable traitor, as the arch-traitor of history, as one whose name has become a proverb for treachery.

B. All this has been said thousands

of times. These are mysteries which we can never hope to penetrate.

A. Be it so. If it has been said a thousand times, it has not once been answered. But then let not Canon Farrar, or any one else, profess to have penetrated these mysteries. Let him not presume to tell us that the agonies which Christ endured on the cross, through six long, lingering hours of tortures of diabolical invention, were 'written in the eternal councils;' let him not make those tortures themselves the central point of Christianity; let him not say, in the midst of his harrowing description, that 'he was to reign from his cross;' let him not make the actual agonies the price at which man's redemption was bought. In the *Contemporary Review* for August, 1879, page 20, will be found the following from the pen of the Rev. G. S. Drew, remarking upon the idea of the Atonement held by the Rev. Horace Bushnell, D. D., an eminent—apparently a very eminent—Presbyterian divine, for forty years, or thereabout, minister of a Presbyterian congregation at Hartford, in Connecticut: 'It will be gathered from these extracts that the entire work is a protest supplied by great principles, and uttered in a lofty spirit, against those ghastly theories of the Atonement, which, in effect, convert Him, "who, of his tender love for mankind," gave his son for man's redemption, into a sanguinary Moloch, who demanded so much blood and pain as a penalty equivalent to so much transgression.' This is strong, like Canon Farrar's style of writing. I give it, not as my own, but as the words and ideas of the Rev. G. S. Drew and the Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, published in the *Contemporary Review*.

But let us now see what Canon Farrar has to say about Christianity from another point of view. And here we can repeat every word with a warm sympathy, with a joyful acquiescence. 'It expelled cruelty; it curbed passion; it branded suicide; it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide; it

drove the shameless impurities of heathendom into a congenial darkness. There was hardly a class whose wrongs it did not remedy. It rescued the gladiator; it freed the slave; it protected the captive; it nursed the sick; it sheltered the orphan; it elevated the woman; it shrouded, as with a halo of sacred innocence, the tender years of the child; in every region of life its ameliorating influence was felt. It changed pity from a vice into a virtue. It elevated poverty from a curse into a beatitude. It ennobled labour from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty. It sanctified marriage from little more than a burdensome convention into little less than a blessed sacrament. It revealed for the first time the angelic beauty of a purity of which men had despaired and of a weakness at which they had utterly scoffed. It created the very conception of charity, and broadened the limits of its obligations from the narrow circle of a neighbourhood to the widest region of the race. And while it thus evolved the idea of humanity as a common brotherhood,—even where its tidings were *not* believed—all over the world, wherever its tidings were believed, it cleansed the life and elevated the soul of each individual man. And in all lands, where it has moulded the characters of its true believers, it has created hearts so pure, and lives so peaceful, and homes so sweet, that it might seem as though those angels who had heralded its advent had also whispered to every depressed and despairing sufferer among the sons of men, "though ye have been among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove that is covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold." And again he calls it "the sole religion of the world which holds the perfect balance between philosophy and popularity, between religion and morals, between meek submissiveness and the pride of freedom, between the ideal and the real, between the inward and the outward, between modest stillness and heroic energy—nay, between

the tenderest conservatism and the boldest plaus of the world-wide reformation? Would that this were indeed a picture drawn from the life, from the Christianity of to-day! Would that it were more than a dream born of Canon Farrar's plethora of words! a beautiful vision indeed, and one to have seen which in imagination does him credit, but can he lay his hand on his heart and say he does not wake from it? Christianity *ought* to have done all this, might have done it, if human nature had been other than it is; it has not done it. Does not Canon Farrar pray every week of his life, that Christians may be delivered 'from all evil and mischief: from sin; from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation; from all blindness of heart; from pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness; from fornication and all other deadly sin; from battle and murder, and from sudden death; from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart and contempt of thy word and commandment?' Must such a petition as this, for *deliverance* from all these things, be still put up after nearly nineteen hundred years of Christianity? How does all this contrast with what Canon Farrar tells us that Christianity has done? It would be hardly too much to say that mankind has rejected Christianity. It is not too much to say that mankind must be wholly regenerated, must be moved by wholly different springs of action and conduct before Christianity, true Christianity, such as Canon Farrar has so sweetly painted it, depicted it in such delicious harmonies, will be a possibility. Is 'cruelty expelled?' Is 'passion curbed?' Are 'shameless impurities' no longer seen in open daylight? Is 'poverty elevated from a curse into a beatitude?' (!) Is 'labour ennobled from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty?' (!) Is 'woman elevated?' Is

the detestable traffic in prostitution swept away, that foul blot on humanity? Canon Farrar speaks of the '*divine revelations* which the *Christians have so often and so grievously disgraced*.' Is there an end to that? Whence this failure? With the people, or with the Church? Enough has surely been said about the people. Let us give a moment's consideration to the Church. May not, as I said before, the spirit have been lost in the letter, in an insistence upon dogmas which are incomprehensible to all, most unacceptable to many. Let us take the doctrine or dogma of the Atonement. It passes through many shades of opinion. It is called by many names, each of which is rejected in its turn—atonement, redemption, justification, propitiation, sacrifice, and, more recently, reconciliation, atonement. It was an ingenious discovery that the word lends itself to this dislocation, but who will say that it has ever, until lately, been used in this sense? All this shows an uneasy feeling about it, a craving to get rid of the dogma as hitherto understood. We have seen what the Rev. G. T. Drew says on the subject, but, after all, what is Redemption but a bringing back, '*redemptio*, purchasing or ransoming, buying off a thing.' Mr. Drew vigorously protests against 'so much blood and pain,' as the price paid, but what would he substitute for it? Canon Farrar cannot possibly, I think, be interpreted as meaning anything

* In an English newspaper of 2nd October last, I find the following:—'Mrs. Josephine Butler, the energetic champion of "Women's Rights," has just been on a visit to Brussels, where she had a long interview with the Burgomaster upon the subject of the immoral traffic in English girls, to which we have called attention. Of course the interview was strictly private, but we hope to find that Mrs. Butler's charitable mission has proved a success.' Now, it is well known that the Belgians return the compliment. A matter of international commerce! On which side may be the balance of trade? This is nineteenth century Christianity! And the saddest part of it all is that it is a traffic in which women largely participate.

else than that 'so much blood and pain' was the price paid. He says, as we have seen, that Christ's agonies on the cross were 'the worst result of that curse, which he was to remove for ever.' That an all-merciful God should demand, or even accept, such a payment, such a penalty, from his own son, appears to many, I know, utterly inexplicable. Again, there is the dogma of an eternity of torture in hell, about which we have heard not a little lately. Then take the case of the faggot and the flames. What was the course then pursued by the Church? It inflicted the extremity of punishment and torture, not for any treason against Christ, not for any breach of Christian precept or principle, not for any violation of the Commandments (which are surely Christian too), not for any disregard of the teaching, 'do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,' or, 'visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep yourself unspotted from the world'—not for any of these, but for the non-performance of a rite in the precise sense in which it was imposed upon them by their inquisitors. Has that spirit, to whatever extent ameliorated, wholly died out of the Church, out of any church? Let us pass, if you are not tired out already, to the examination of one or two more examples of Canon Farrar's 'independent study of the four Gospels side by side.' He says that Christ was offered, immediately before his execution, a draught of wine medicated with some powerful opiate, but that he would not take it. *'He would not deaden the force of one agonizing anticipation, or still the throbbing of one lacerated nerve.'* The full tale of the utmost agony was to be endured. Canon Farrar here breaks out into one of his ecstasies of words, into which we need not follow him. We do not require his guarantee of Christ's 'sublimest heroism.' We know that his whole life and death were heroic. But let us simply examine on what evidence it is

made to rest. We are told that it was the custom to offer such an opiate, and it is added that 'it was probably taken freely by the two malefactors.' Perhaps that inference can hardly be fairly drawn from their conduct afterward; but I think we need not concern ourselves about them with respect to that. St. Mark says, 'and they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh, but he received it not.' It is for chemists to say whether wine mingled with myrrh is equivalent to wine medicated with some powerful opiate. St. Matthew says, 'they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall, and when he had tasted thereof he would not drink.' St. Luke says, 'and the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him and offering him vinegar.' The evidence then amounts to this, St. Mark doubtful; St. Matthew and St. Luke against it; St. John silent. We cannot say whether St. John was present at that time, or not until later; if he was present, his silence on the point is of greater weight.

B. These things are not of the essentials of Christianity. As an historical fact in the Life of Christ, one would like to know what was the real nature of the drink which he was offered. But, if it must remain in uncertainty, it is only that that wish cannot be gratified. We have before us the tremendous fact of the crucifixion. In the presence of that this other question is not of supreme importance.

A. Certainly not. But it is supremely important from another point of view, and this is why I have led your attention to it. It is another proof how far Canon Farrar carries his doctrine of the salvation of mankind, consisting in the actual torments of the cross. It is this to which I desire most emphatically to draw your attention. He says—let me repeat it—'he would not deaden the force of one agonizing anticipation, or still the throbbing of one lacerated nerve.' So that, as I have said above, the full

tale of the utmost agony was to be endured. What those agonies were, Canon Farrar has done his very best to make us understand, or rather imagine, for that is the utmost to which we can reach. All description must fail. Nothing but actual endurance could give an adequate idea of all the torture which the hellish ingenuity of man could attain to, lengthened out for six long, lingering hours. The very beginning of it, the driving of large nails through the palms of the hands, and still more, through the highly sensitive insteps, tearing the nerves and crushing the close masonry of the bones as they go, must have produced the most excruciating agony. And this repeated four times! If it is ever wrong thus to strain your sympathies, —and I am not sure it is not —what must be said of those tortures in reality —and Canon Farrar leaves us in no doubt —from which not even ‘the throbbing of one lacerated nerve’ should be taken, having ‘stood written in the eternal councils.’ Has Canon Farrar given one thought to what he has in effect said? If, in pursuance of a custom, deriving its existence, as he tells us, from feminine compassion —and God bless it! —the opiate was really offered to Christ, there was, according to Canon Farrar, more mercy on earth than in heaven! Such are the lengths to which some men permit their speculations to carry them!

B. The torture was endured voluntarily.

A. No, not according to Canon Farrar. ‘*It stood written in the eternal councils, that Christ was to die not by Jewish stoning or strangulation*’ (even the first of which was probably infinitely less merciless), ‘*but by that Roman form of execution, which inspired the Jews with a nameless horror, even by crucifixion: that most fearfully significant and typical of deaths — worse even than burning — public, slow, conscious, accursed, agonizing, the worst type of all possible deaths.*’

It surely needs not half a word to say that all this is utterly opposed to the spirit of Christianity. As far as we can know God at all, we know and worship Him as all merciful. We have names for inhumanity and cruelty, but they are purely, solely human; they are a part of debased human nature. To couple them with the name of God were a deadly blasphemy. We know that Christ was all endurance, forbearance, gentleness, kindness, love, all consideration for every woe, every pain, every privation. Is it not then an amazing thing that we should be told by Canon Farrar that protracted torture, of which the very agony of anticipation produced a sweat of blood, was the consummation of Christianity? That the wretches who drove the nails into the cross of Christ were merely agents carrying out a decree which had been pronounced from all eternity! Were there not two thieves crucified, one on either side of Christ? Crucified for theft! Do we not now know that to inflict such a death for such a crime, to inflict such a death at all, was a detestable perversion of all that is Christian? With what eyes may we suppose God to have looked upon it! With what eyes should we suppose God to look upon such a thing now! What then of that central horror? And we are to be told that it ‘stood written in the eternal councils!’ To what impious lengths —albeit not intentional —will the theological speculations of some men carry them! In another view altogether, Canon Farrar has himself given a description of Christianity. We have seen what it was. He adds to that ‘morally and physically, no less than spiritually, the Faith of Christ was the Palingenesia of the world. It came like the dawn of a new spring to nations, “effete with the drunkenness of crime.” The struggle was long and hard, but from the hour when Christ died’ (? from the first hour of his ministry) ‘began the death-knell to every satanic tyranny, and every tolerated abomination. From

that hour holiness became the universal ideal of all who name the name of Christ as their Lord, and the attainment of that ideal the common heritage of souls in which his spirit dwells.' Yes, the *true* spirit of Christianity, the Christianity of the good Samaritan; of he that is without sin, let him cast the first stone at her; of the sabbath made for deeds of mercy, and not for barren ritualistic ceremonial, which Christ so emphatically condemned. If there is one thing, which, more than all others, is flatly opposed to the spirit of Christianity—the *divine* Christianity which Christ came to teach—it is that a decree 'stood written in the eternal councils,' that 'so much blood and pain should be demanded as a penalty equivalent to so much transgression;' that Christ's mortal agonies on the cross—agonies which were a worthy outcome of human diabolism of 'satanic tyranny,'—should be the 'worst result of that curse which He was to remove for ever.'

B. Well, you have had pretty nearly all the talk to yourself. Are you satisfied?

A. Quite, if I have made myself intelligible.

B. Oh yes. I think you have done that, or you have been very earnest to little purpose. Indeed you have been so earnest that you have let a slip of Canon Farrar's pass unnoticed. We do not generally speak of the 'dawn' of a spring.

A. Smiling. Oh, you observed that, did you? I must mind my own P's and Q's, I see, or you will be pulling me up next; no doubt I give you chances enough.

B. But, seriously, if the opinions of Canon Farrar are in some points so objectionable to you, what would you propose to give us in their place?

A. Ah, there you must excuse me. That is not my business. I have not undertaken to write a Life of Christ. My business is with Canon Farrar.

B. Well, perhaps we have no right to call upon you to do so. But, par-

don me, let me ask if there is not some audacity, on your part, in thus freely criticising this book. Consider that Canon Farrar is all that you have admitted you are not—a theological scholar, a recognised authority in divinity.

A. Quite true. But I have not presumed to meddle with theological scholarship. I have dealt with simple things which all can understand. If you except the miracles (which Canon Farrar can no more comprehend than you or I can), nothing could be more simple than the gospel narratives, as far as possible removed from his mode of treating the subject. In the originals we have a grand simplicity; his style seems to me to be a desecration.

B. The book has had a great popularity.

A. That is not to be wondered at. With the exception of the flowery style, which is not at everybody's command, and what I have particularly remarked upon, it is thoroughly commonplace; there is nothing that we have not all of us heard scores of times; and you must make full 'allowance for the mighty and all-conquering power of commonplace.'

B. (Laughing.) Come, that's rather good. But, now, can it be fairly said that Canon Farrar departs from his own rules as much as you seem to think? To compare various authorities one with another and to feel the full importance of original witnesses—those seem to me to be excellent rules.

A. They are excellent. They are, or ought to be, followed by every historian, by every writer of Lives. You must yourself judge how far I have shown that Canon Farrar has departed from them.

B. There, are you not a little too hard on small blemishes?

A. No doubt they are, comparatively very small, but they should not be there.

B. And then upon the style generally?

A. Am I? Take the case of Judas. We may surely be supposed to know what a traitor means and what is treachery. The name of Judas has become proverbial for detestable treason. It is enough. Verbiage only dilutes it and weakens it. What do we want with winds and storms, and rioting and howling; with rent walls and desecrated shrines; with a ruined life; with envy and avarice, and hatred and ingratitude; with a blundering chaos; with a spotted soul and mortal guilt; with the desire triumphing over man; with dark hearts and lost souls, and earth and hell; with sin conceiving and bringing forth death——

B. (Putting his hands to his ears.) Oh, for pity's sake, stop! Is there any more of it?

A. (Shaking his head.) No; that is for the present.

B. You are too much for me.

A. Oh no, not I; Canon Farrar.

Conversation resumed at a subsequent time.

A. Since our talk, this morning, I have read the Primate's recent Visitation-speech at his own Cathedral of Canterbury. Singularly enough, as regards ourselves, he touches on the doctrine of the Atonement. The report is in the London *Times*.

B. That will be highly interesting just now. I shall be very curious to hear what His Grace has to say.

A. You shall hear. First, however, it must be stated that the speech is mainly directed towards explaining what the '*Church of the future*' will be, which, of course, intimates that it will not be the same as the *Church of the past*. Certain concessions must be made to the light which science has cast upon religion. There are certain things in which the Church will relax, others by which it will hold. It will cling to the Atonement, 'Captious discussions may be raised,' the Archbishop says, 'as to the exact meaning and logical definition of the Atonement,

and the Church in all ages has contained within its bosom men who have not thought exactly alike on this matter.' That at least is satisfactory. But I do not quite see why such discussions should be called 'captious.' If I may venture to differ from so high an authority, I should say that the desire to obtain 'the exact meaning and logical definition' was exactly the reverse of 'captious.' Otherwise, any close reasoner might be called captious. May I further venture to remind His Grace that there are occasions on which the Church does not consider 'exact meaning and logical definition' to be out of place, 'for the sacramental bread and wine remain still in their own natural substances, and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians.) And the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ are in Heaven and not here, it being against the truth of Christ's natural Body to be at one time in more places than one.' Now that is surely as exact in meaning and logical in definition as any one need desire. The Archbishop, having called it 'Atonement,' changes the name to 'Sacrifice.' And, what seems to me most extraordinary, and will to you, I am confident, likens it—at whatever distance you please, *but still likens it*—to the '*strange rites of immolation*,' which have been found in all '*pagan and mere human systems*.'

B. Surely impossible!

A. The words are found in the same sentence and in adjoining lines, and *not by way of contrast, but of comparison*. The meaning appears to be this—the pagans in old times have been groping (so to speak) after the god or gods of their imagination, 'vainly striving to approach' him or them through their '*strange rites of immolation*' (this makes one think of Ashantee and Timbuctoo), and that the Christian moved by the same feeling, 'finds in the doctrine of this one great sacrifice a peace, and a sense of nearness to the

Everlasting Father,' which he seeks 'hopelessly elsewhere.'

B. You do astonish me indeed. Can you repeat the precise words used?

A. Certainly; here they are. 'But that the death of Christ upon the cross brought God and man together, that His blood washes away the stain of sin—in what mysterious way we know not—that the soul which feels itself by nature estranged from God, and which in all pagan and mere human systems is vainly striving to approach Him, and has been found striving to approach Him through some strange rites of immolation, finds in the doctrine of this one great sacrifice, a peace and a sense of nearness to the Everlasting Father, which it sought hopelessly elsewhere—this doctrine the Church will never part with, while the world contains sinners who have souls to be saved.'

B. I could not have believed it. According to the Archbishop, then, the source of belief in the doctrine of the Atonement, may be traced to a gratification or satisfaction of the feeling which induced pagans to indulge in 'strange rites of immolation.' How horrible some of those rites are need not be said. They are offered up to idols often as hideous in attributed characters as they are in visible semblance. They arise from a dread of wrath and of power, often malignant power. To me this is putting it, I must say, I cannot help saying, in a most repulsive form. Do we not look with horror upon all 'rites of immolation,'—horror intensified, when human beings are made the victims of purposely prolonged torment, such as Canon Farrar has described. Can there be any conceivable affinity between such hideous orgies as these and the 'sacrifice' of Christ on the cross? Surely of all the unfortunate attempts—and this one is quite new to me—that have ever been made to explain the doctrine of the Atonement, and to reconcile the agonies of the cross with Christianity, and the attributes of the

Deity—such as in our best ignorance we strive to imagine them—this is the most unfortunate of all. 'Rites of immolation' in one line, and 'the one great sacrifice' in the next (immolation and sacrifice, having, used in this sense, precisely the same meaning), and this for the purpose of connecting them together, and not of sundering them as far as the east is from the west.

A. I do not, indeed, wonder at your being so moved by it. A man like Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, is entitled, of course, to every respectful consideration, and (if to speak of him at all in this way is not presumptuous), when we think of the grievous domestic affliction which he has undergone, to even tender consideration. But that is not the question. In this question all are alike, the humblest and the most distinguished. It is a question which theological learning, great attainments, high character and elevated station, all meeting in the Archbishop of Canterbury, cannot answer for us. The Archbishop says, 'in some mysterious way, how we know not.' We must answer it for ourselves, and I, for one, can never answer it, by supposing that there can be a shadow of affinity, in any way whatsoever, between 'pagan strange rites of immolation' and the death of Christ on the Cross. What say you, B?

B. To me the idea is as repugnant as it is to you. It seems to me, too, that the Archbishop falls into some confusion of terms. By sacrifice, he must mean, I suppose, propitiatory sacrifice. But he has also called it by the name of atonement. Now propitiation and atonement certainly do not mean the same thing, nor do sacrifice and atonement mean the same thing.

A. No. The Archbishop also tells us that the 'doctrine of the Fall' will be in the 'Church of the future.' In the Church of the past it would, I should say, have been called a *fact* and not a *doctrine*. It was an *event* cir-

sumstantially told. The fall was immediate, complete and total. It was once for all, subject to no variation, to no diminution or increase, afterwards. A penalty was incurred, from which there was but one possible means of escape, the atonement made by the death of Christ on the Cross. Now, what the Archbishop says is certainly not that. What he says is, 'a true estimate of human nature will ever point to some strange failure from a high original, as set forth in the doctrine of the Fall. No account of the degenerating tendencies of good example will be sufficient to explain this. There is something radically wrong, and that in a being who bears upon him plain marks of having been destined to achieve a high ideal. The doctrine of Original Sin will approve itself to the most careful examination of human nature as it is. We shall find it impossible to account otherwise for its tendency to a rapid degeneracy under unfavourable circumstances, and for the, perhaps, still more alarming fact that even under the most favourable circumstances evil desires and propensities are for ever cropping up in the mind even of the most self-re-

strained. And this doctrine of man's inherent weakness will ever point to the necessity of a prescient and sustaining grace, which, through the Holy Spirit's working, is mercifully sent to help and guide those who would otherwise be wandering.' Can you understand, B, what all this means. I confess, I cannot.

B. Nor I, but it seems to me, if I may presume to use the Archbishop's own words, that he describes 'the doctrine of the Fall' 'in some mysterious way, how we know not.' At least, he does so without ever once mentioning the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, the fruit of the forbidden tree, the serpent, the temptation of Eve, the yielding, and the eating of the forbidden fruit, the aprons of fig leaves, the condemnation, the expulsion from Paradise, the guilt, the punishment incurred, and the escape from that punishment by the atonement made by Christ on the Cross. Are we to suppose, may we ask, that this is, according to the Archbishop, to be one of the differences between the Church of the past and the Church of the future?

L. D.

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

'TIS she that walks before us day by day
 Who wooed us in our early infancy,
 In shining robes rich-clad, as fair could be,
 Enchanting us with an harmonious lay.
 When later on we saw the alluring fay,
 Her voice resounded, if less merrily,
 With sweeter far and truer melody,
 While no less beautiful was her array.
 HOPE leadeth still; her path and ours are one;
 No nearer her we come, no farther go;
 Old age is fain to grasp her pure, white hand;
 For dimming eyes gaze wistfully—but lo!
 Just as our earthly pilgrimage is done,
 Her shadow falls upon the unknown land.

M^ONTREAL.

A FORGOTTEN HERO—JACQUES CARTIER.

BY ANNIE WALKER.

THE name of Jacques Cartier, first explorer of the St. Lawrence, remains to this day in Canada an honoured name and very little more—in France it is almost entirely forgotten—in England almost wholly unknown. Yet, born in a time of great possibilities and of great deeds, the man who bore that name was well worthy of remembrance, not only because he was in his own person a true hero, brave, honest, and God-fearing, but also because he gave to France a territory larger than all Europe, and laid for England the first foundation of a colony which is almost an empire.

Of a family long settled and well known in the busy town of St. Malo, Jacques Cartier was born at that place on December 31, 1494. Scarcely anything is known of his boyhood, but since the port was full of seafaring men his first recollections were, no doubt, associated with marvellous stories of the newly discovered Western India, and of the mysterious northern seas, ice-laden and fog-veiled, through which there must surely be somewhere the passage to Cathay. While he was still a child, fishermen from St. Malo had begun to go with those of Dieppe and other ports to fish for cod, sailing boldly out into the still almost unknown ocean in frail little barks built only for coasting voyages. As he grew up he joined some of these expeditions, and evidently prospered, for at twenty-five we find him a person of some consequence, master of a little *Manoir* of La moillon, and husband of the *Demoiselle Catherine des Granches*.

It was not, however, until 1534, when Cartier was forty years of age, that his first great enterprise was undertaken. At that time he boldly presented himself to Philippe de Chabot-Brion, Admiral of France, proposing to go and explore, in the King's name, and for his His Majesty's benefit, the shores of *Terre-Neuve*. This name seems to have been given, rather vaguely, to the coast of North America from Labrador to the south of Cape Breton, and Cartier thought that a coast so broken, and hitherto so little known, might perhaps conceal that passage to India, to discover which would be fame indeed. De Chabot was one of the King's oldest and most intimate friends; to obtain his patronage was almost to secure the permission needed. The time of the proposal, too, was fortunate. The Treaty of Cambrai had left Francis at leisure to think of the affairs of his kingdom, and by his defeat and imprisonment he was sufficiently exasperated against Spain to feel a lively jealousy of her achievements in the new world. He had already sent out one expedition under Verazano, but with no satisfactory results. He seems at once to have received the idea favourably, and agreed to furnish the Malouin captain with two ships and all that was necessary for his voyage.

On April 20, 1534, Cartier sailed from St. Malo. We cannot follow the course of his voyage here, though his own narrative, simple, direct, full of every kind of useful detail, and empty of all self-glorification, is exceedingly

tempting. He followed in the track of John Cabot, until on May 11 he reached Newfoundland (or *Terre Neufve*, as he writes it), and thence explored the coasts north and south of that island. So discouraging, however, was the result of this exploration that he writes in his journal: 'It ought not to be called a new *land*, but a mass of rocks and stones, terrible, and roughly piled together. . . . In fact, I am much inclined to think that this is the land God gave to Cain.' Still he could not consider his labour lost, since those inhospitable rocks might yet hide the wished-for Western passage.

It was near the end of June when the two small ships discovered pleasant regions and safe harbours. From that moment Cartier changed his opinion of the new country, and his pages are full of accounts of its beauty and fertility. He made the acquaintance of some friendly Indians, and persuaded them to entrust to him two boys (apparently of their chief's family) to be taken to France. He erected a great wooden cross with much solemnity on Cape Gaspé, and then, winter approaching, and the navigation again becoming difficult, he turned homewards, and reached St. Malo safe and well on September 5.

So well satisfied was King Francis with what had been done on this first voyage that he at once resolved to send out another expedition in the following year, and to place the command in the same capable hands. Cartier received the title of '*Capitaine Général et Pilote du Roy*,' and was provided with three ships, each with its captain and crew, and permitted to take with him a number of volunteers, many of them young men of good family. The two Indian boys were also on board the ships, which sailed from St. Malo on May 19, 1535.

The expedition made its way directly and without special adventures (except the encountering some bad weather) to the coast of Labrador. Here,

apparently at Mingan (Cartier called it St. Nicolas), they set up a great wooden cross, the position of which is carefully described for the benefit of future voyagers. Leaving this place, they met with a terrible storm, from from which they thankfully took refuge in a beautiful bay full of islands. To this place, and *not* to 'the great river of Canada,' Cartier gave the name of St. Laurent. It seems to have been at the mouth of the river St. John, Labrador; but it is impossible to say when or why the name, originally attached to this harbour of refuge, was applied to the whole magnificent stream and gulf which now bear it.

Carefully exploring the coasts as he went on, the captain, always anxiously mindful of that 'perfection'—the passage to Cathay—which more than all else would reward his toils, led his little fleet along the northern shores of the gulf, past the dangerous island of Anticosti, and the innumerable smaller ones lying higher up, until he reached 'the country of Saguenay' and the great river which still bears that name. Here he was not only pleased with the beauty of richly wooded and watered lands, and with the report of the Indians that copper was found in the neighbourhood, but also saw some creatures not more wonderful to his eyes than his description of them is to our ears. 'Here we saw,' he says, 'some fishes such as no man had seen or heard of. They were the size of porpoises, with heads like greyhounds, well made and white as snow, without spot. The Indians called them "adhothings," and said they were good to eat.'

Sailing on past Ile aux Cendres (which still retains the name he gave it), and other small islands, he anchored at last, one fair September evening, near the north shore at the lower end of the Ile d'Orléans. 'Here,' he says, 'began the land and Province of Canada,' and here he allowed his men to go ashore, and to accept freely

the presents of fruit, maize and fish brought to them by the Indians.

The boys, Taïnoagny and Domagaya, who had been in France, were received with the greatest joy by their countrymen, and there seems to have been a tremendous uproar of welcome about the ships all that evening and night. Next day 'the lord of Canada, who was called Donacona by name, and Agouhanna as his title,' came in state to visit the strangers. Standing up in his canoe, he addressed the captain in 'une predication et preschement,' with gestures 'd'une merveilleuse sorte,' expressive of confidence and friendship, and was easily persuaded to taste the bread and wine presented to him.

The difference between the conventional Indian of romance and the real and perfectly unsophisticated Indian of this true narrative is very wonderful. Not only Donacona and his people, but all the other tribes whom Cartier met with, seem to have been simple, almost childish *sauvages*, wild men, friendly, hospitable, confiding; and cunning only in the clumsiest and most transparent fashion. Like children, they show themselves sometimes wilful and unreasonable; but the worst complaint Cartier makes of them is that they were 'marvellous thieves,' while they certainly seem to have been quite as ready to give as to take.

After a little delay, the ships left their anchorage and, passing below the beautiful fall of Montmorenci with its veil of silver mist, coasted the green north shore, drawing near with wonder to the grand cliffs that rose majestically, towering above the broad waters, as if nature had made her citadel there and bade the strangers stand back from her impregnable ramparts. At the foot of the rock fortress they again dropped their anchors; sheltering themselves at the mouth of a stream which flowed quietly into the great river from the north. To this smaller stream they gave the

name of Ste: Croix, which it retained for less than a hundred years, till in 1617 the Recollet Fathers of Quebec rechristened it the St. Charles.

In the whole of Cartier's story there is no trace of any origin for the name by which the place he had now reached is known to us. He calls it simply Stadacona, and it is evident that he never attempted to give it any other appellation. The story of his sailors crying out 'Quel bec!' and their exclamation being repeated until it came to be used as the name of the cliffs which caused it, is never hinted at. Indeed, after many attempts to find a Canadian origin for the name of Quebec, one is obliged to confess that the question remains as much unanswered as ever. Charlevoix says that the word is Algonquin. 'Les Abenaquis, dont la langue est une dialecte Algonquine, le nomment Quelibec, qui veut dire *ce qui est fermé*, parceque de l'entrée de la petite rivière de la Chaudière, par où ces sauvages venaient à Quebec, le port de Quebec ne paroît qu'une grande barge.' But, on the other hand, when we remember that Quebec is an old form of the word Caudebec, it seems probable that the French did really give the name, though after the time of Cartier. The Earl of Suffolk of Henry VI.'s reign bore the title of *Dominus de Hamberg et de Que'bec*. He was a powerful seigneur in Normandy, and the same place may easily have given him his title and the gem of La Nouvelle France its name. In the time of Cartier, however, the Quebec of to-day was certainly called Stadacona, and was a populous and prosperous Indian town.

No sooner were his ships safely anchored, then the captain went on shore to return the visit he had received from the Indian chief. 'Near the river,' he says, 'there is a people of whom Donacona is chief, and their dwelling is called Stadacona, which is as beautiful a place as it is possible to see, and very fertile—full of fine trees

the same as in France, such as oaks, elms, ashes, walnuts, maples, vines, whitethorns which bear fruit as large as dimsons, and other trees; under which grows fine hemp as good as that of France, without any cultivation. Kindly received by the Indians, and guided up steep pathways to the rugged heights where the citadel now stands, Cartier, first of Europeans, looked down upon one of the most magnificent landscapes in the world. That grand panorama is Nature's own, and must have been in its outlines the same to his eyes as it is to ours. At his feet the cliff, sharply cut by some long past convulsion, formed a precipitous wall 200 feet high, at whose base clung the narrow strip of beach, then green, and fertile but now covered by Champlain street, and the wharves and warehouses of the Lower Town. Beyond this line of beach stretched the glorious waters of 'the great river,' cradling the green Ile d'Orléans, with its abundant foliage, where perhaps the golden touches of autumn had already given their first splendour to the vines. On his right, parted from him by the broad current, rose the broken Point Levi shore, a wild wooded solitude, 'very fair,' but seemingly undisturbed by man. On his left the shallower stream of the Ste. Croix flowed peacefully out from a channel already far too wide for its waters, and there his ships, with the royal arms of France displayed, lay safely—a little stronghold of European power and civilization in the midst of the primitive region. Beyond the ships a grassy and level shore extended, until, rising gradually, it grew into those steep cliffs fringed with clinging bushes, over which, six miles off, the Montmorenci flung itself, marking its descent by a cloud of glimmering whiteness. Further on and further back from the river the land still rose, richly wooded and beautiful, but all solitary, where in later days Wolfe's little army was to have its encampment, and where now

scattered villages lie, stretching mile after mile past the place where the white house and glittering spire of Les Anges Gardiens nestle among the green slopes of the hills.

It must have been a day never to be forgotten when Cartier—surely for a moment unconscious that his voyage needed any other perfecting—climbed the heights of Stadacona, and looked down upon this picture. He was to grow familiar with it, to see it daily through times of difficulty, danger, and almost despair; but for all the suffering that might come to be associated with it, it would keep its place in his memory as something to be recalled in the peaceful years to come with all a lover's admiration and a discoverer's pride.

A short time was spent in exploring the neighbourhood of Stadacona and the Ile d'Orléans (on which, from its abundant vines, the name of Ile de Bacchus was bestowed) and in taking measures for the safety of the ships; but the captain's mind was now resolutely bent on a voyage up the great river, to visit an important Indian settlement of which reports had reached him. The chief and people of Stadacona were for some reason opposed to this expedition, and not only contrived causes of delay, but finally managed so that the French were obliged to do without the guides and interpreters on whose help they had counted. Cartier, however, was not to be discouraged; and on September 19 started up the river with the *Emerillon* the smallest of his three small vessels, and two boats. They stopped at a place called Ochclay, which seems to have been at or near Richelieu, and were hospitably received by the Indians there. When they reached Lake St Peter, their journey began to be troublesome and dangerous, and they were obliged to leave the *Emerillon* in charge of a small party, and only take on the boats, manned by twenty sailors, four gentlemen volunteers, and the two

masters Marc Jolabert and Guillaume le Breton. They had heard from so many quarters a report of the importance of Hochelaga, whither they were bound, that it must have been with no little eagerness that they pushed their way on through the islands at the head of the lake, and, at last, on October 2, came in sight of their destination.

The news of their approach had gone before them, and there was an excited crowd waiting as their boats drew up to the beach. More than a thousand persons, Cartier says, were assembled, dancing and singing tumultuously, and throwing cakes made of maize into their boats, in such abundance 'that you would have thought they were rained down from heaven.' As soon as the strangers landed, they found a great feast prepared for them, the whole town apparently constituting themselves their entertainers; but that day there was no state reception, nor did they visit the town itself, contenting themselves with making friends of the crowd, and especially of the women, who seem to have been everywhere most prominent in public demonstrations.

Next morning the captain and his company started, with a certain state and formality, for the town or 'bourgade,' as he calls it, of Hochelaga. They found the approach to it formed by a good and well-trodden road, which passed through a country of great natural beauty, well wooded, and evidently fertile. Oaks, maple, and other valuable trees grew abundantly, and as they proceeded, fields of Indian corn began to spread out around them. In the midst of these fields, surrounded on all sides by the ripening harvest, rose the walls of Hochelaga. Above the town a beautiful hill sloped up, sheltering it towards the north, and in front flowed the great river, an expanse of nearly two miles of swift blue water, contrasting with the green shore. As they drew near the town a chief, at-

tended by a number of people, came out to meet them, and invited them to sit down and rest in the place where they then were. When they had done so, the chief began the invariable oration, 'preschement' of welcome, of which little, if any, could have been intelligible; for, supposing, as seems evident, that the French had learned something of the language spoken at Stadacona, they would now find themselves in the region of a different (probably a Huron) dialect.

When the 'preschement' ended, Cartier presented to the chief gifts suitable to his rank—two hatchets, a pair of knives, and a cross, which he was instructed to kiss and to hang round his neck. Then the party went on through the fields, passing among the tall stems of Indian corn, with their graceful leaves and long tassels of golden-tinted floss, until they reached the gate of the town and entered it, much amazed at what they saw; for they found themselves within a circle of large extent, formed by wooden ramparts and broken by only a single entrance. These ramparts were triple, and most strongly and ingeniously built—very thick at the bottom and diminishing towards the top, the beams extremely well joined, and each rampart two spears' length in height. The gateway, the only passage through them, could be closed with bars against an enemy, and all round the town inside the ramparts ran galleries, where piles of stones were stored ready to be thrown on the heads of a besieging army. Within all these fortifications were about fifty houses arranged round a central square or place. Each house was about fifty feet long, cleverly roofed with sheets of bark, and containing one large hall with a fireplace, and several smaller rooms for the use of different members of the family. An upper storey served as the granary and storehouse; the supplies which it held consisted

of Indian corn (which was beaten into flour with wooden mallets), pease, large cucumbers, and fruits, with abundance of dried fish. Cartier tells us nothing as to the furnishing of these substantial dwellings, though their comfortable aspect seems to have much impressed him, except as to the beds, which were made of bark with plenty of furs for coverings.

The French were led by the chief, their conductor, into the great central square of the town, being joined by a crowd of the inhabitants, women as well as men. All these came round them without the least sign of fear or shyness, caressing them, the former bringing babies, whom they begged them to touch, as if they thought their doing so would procure the children some good fortune. At last, after the women had gratified their curiosity, they were all dismissed by the men, who seated themselves on the ground. Presently, however, some of the women came back bringing mats, which they arranged in the centre of the square, and invited the captain and his party to take their places upon them. They had no sooner obeyed than the Agouhanna, the great chief made his appearance, carried by nine or ten men, and placed himself on a deerskin beside that assigned to Cartier. He was a man of about fifty, no better dressed than his subjects, except that he wore as a crown a fillet of hedgehog's skin, dyed red; he was, however, a most pitiable object, being so palsied that all his limbs shook.

The scene that follows is so singular and so touching, that one stops to ask oneself what it was in the aspect of the strangers which thus inspired in a people, not altogether barbarous, a faith equally sudden and unclaimed? They had seen no proofs of their power. Even the firearms which had awed the people of Stadacona had not been used here to obtain for the French a prestige born of fear. They knew still less, one would think, of the dis-

position of the new-comers—whether they would show themselves gentle or cruel. Yet they evidently believed at once in their will as well in their capacity, to help. Was it one of those intuitions which we see sometimes in children, by which they comprehend character as it affects themselves with an almost unerring certainty?

The chief of Hochelaga only waited until the usual ceremonies of greeting and welcome were ended, and then immediately showed his disabled limbs to the captain, begging him to touch them. He did so, rubbing them gently with his hands, and the chief, apparently satisfied, took off the red fillet and presented it to him. As if this gift had been a signal expected and waited for, a strange stir instantly began, and there was carried into the square from all sides a crowd of sick, helpless, blind and deformed persons, who were laid down round Cartier, their friends praying him only to touch them—'tellement qu'il sembloit que Dieu feust là descendu pour les guerir.'

Never, surely, since the days when the lame, the halt, and the blind were brought to our Lord, was there a similar throng assembled, and it was well for the man who stood there with so many imploring eyes turned to him that he could feel, above his human weakness, the certainty of a Divine power and compassion. Deeply moved, he took, as it were, these ignorant prayers of the people and offered them to God. Standing in the midst, he recited the beginning of St. John's Gospel, and making the sign of the cross upon the sick, prayed that God would make himself known to them, and give them grace to receive Christianity and the holy rite of baptism. Then he took a Book of Hours, and read distinctly from it, word for word, the Passion of our Lord. While he thus read words which, though in an unknown tongue, they must have guessed to be in some way Divine, the people stood around him silent, looking up to heaven, and imitating rever-

ently the devout gestures of the French.

Did any miracle of healing follow? We know nothing more. Cartier's narrative goes back to common things, and tells us briefly of the rest of his hurried visit to Hochelaga. Yet it is hard to believe that such an hour left no trace. Even those who refuse belief, absolutely and without exception, to all modern miracles, may allow that among a people highly imaginative and full of faith, cures of nervous diseases were, under such circumstances, very possible; to those less sceptical it may be permitted to hope that even more than such cures took place. One thing can hardly be doubted. The recollection of that appeal and response—the cry of human misery answered by the message of Divine love—must have left an undying impression on the minds of those who saw and heard; and probably the recital of this scene was one of the first inducements to pious men and women in France to undertake the long and difficult task of evangelizing the people of Canada.

Cartier and his party explored the environs of Hochelaga, and climbed 'the mountain' to which later travellers gave the name of Mont Royal; but the season was advancing and they could make no long stay. Taking a warm and friendly farewell of their Indian hosts, they went on board their boats, and soon rejoining the *Emerillon*, returned to Stadacona by the middle of the month.

Much had to be done before winter set in, and strange must have been the feelings of the little colony when, shut up in the enclosure with which they had surrounded their ships, they saw the great river change into a plain of ice, and the green and fertile country shroud itself in its deep mantle of snow. They knew that for six months they must remain prisoners; but they did not know all the suffering those winter months were to bring. The captain's journal through the winter

is a story of simple heroism, full of interest, but for which we have no space here. A terrible illness broke out among the party, which proved fatal to twenty of them, and was so universal, that at one time there were but three men well out of the three crews. At the same time the friendship of Donacona and his people had so far cooled that Cartier felt it most imperative to conceal the helpless condition of his men, and was driven to all sorts of expedients for this purpose, while his heart was torn by the misery about him, and often, as De Joinville says of St. Louis, 'he had nothing but courage to maintain life.'

At last the time of suffering was over. A decoction of a plant called *anneda*—perhaps the wild barberry—proved so efficacious that the sick began quickly to recover. One of the ships must indeed be abandoned, but the others were brought out of their enclosure and made ready for sea. Early in May all was prepared, but Cartier seems to have feared that Donacona and his people meant to hinder his departure. They had shown great distrust of the French for some time, and this is the only excuse for what certainly was a line of conduct entirely at variance with the Captain-General's character. Donacona was suddenly seized and, with several of his attendants, forcibly invited to pay a visit to the King of France. He was allowed to see and speak with his people, and to appoint a regent, but nevertheless there is no doubt that he was carried off against his will. On May 6, 1536, the two ships left their anchorage, and moved down the river, and on June 6 they came safely into the harbour of St. Malo, the joy of their prosperous home-coming clouded by the memory of twenty comrades who would never return.

Four years later Cartier once more sailed for 'La Nouvelle France.' The interval had been filled by public events of such importance as to distract King Francis' thoughts entirely,

from his 'newly-claimed territory,' and had been marked also by the downfall of Admiral de Chabot, Cartier's friend and patron. At last, however, a fresh commission was issued (and this time expressly for purposes of colonization), in which unfortunately Cartier was hampered by the partnership of the Sieur de Roberval. De Roberval made so many delays that Cartier was at last ordered off alone and ill-provided. He reached the old anchorage at the Ste. Croix August 23, 1540, and though he had not brought Donacopa or any of his attendants back, he was again well received by the Indians. He afterwards began preparations for a settlement at Charlebourg Royal (Cap Rouge) and built a fort, where he must have spent the winter and part of the following summer. All this time De Roberval was expected in vain, and when autumn approached, the patience of the adventurers seems to have been worn out. They left the great river for the last time, met De Roberval at St. John, but would not turn back, and before the end of October had been received with great rejoicings and honours in their own town. Only the first part of this voyage is related by the captain himself; his

journal breaks off abruptly at a moment when, just at the closing in of winter, he was putting his little fort in order to withstand an anticipated attack. If he finished it (which is almost certain), the last portion was entirely lost within a few years of his death, and Hakluyt, who tried anxiously, but in vain, to recover it, was able to pick up only the most fragmentary information as to later events.

For ten years 'the Captain seems to have enjoyed quiet and modest ease in his seaside Manoir of Lemoulou. The King gave him letters of nobility; but apparently little or nothing else; and after De Roberval's return to France there was even a question raised as to the expenditure of the sum granted to them jointly from the royal treasury. It was proved, however, that Cartier had spent more than he had received, and the Court gave sentence in his favour in June, 1544. This is the last public record of his life. In 1554, he died at the age of sixty, leaving no children and no wealth—nothing at all, indeed, except his well-deserved reputation as a skilful sailor, an excellent commander, and an honest man.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

ROUND THE TABLE.

IS CIVILIZATION DECLINING?

IT is not too much to say that there are few thoughtful persons to whom at odd times a doubt does not present itself as to whether modern civilization is developing 'in a right direction,' whether the movement of society is still an upward one; whether the forces of construction and organization are still gaining upon those that tend to disorganization and dissolution. As a recent writer has remarked, our sun might have pass-

ed its meridian and there might yet be abundant light and heat, and nothing to tell the story of his decline but the direction of the shadows. We live in the heart of what, in many respects, is a splendid civilization; and the youngest of us need hardly expect any very marked decadence in our day; but yet, dismiss as we may all personal apprehensions, we are constrained to ask from time to time the questions above suggested. It must be that we feel, or think we feel, some slackening in the

tide of moral progress. The facts, it seems to me, that come most distinctly into consciousness, in connection with such misgivings, are mainly these: (1) a decline in individuality; (2) a decline in enthusiasm; (3) a decline in sincerity. These things are all closely connected, but they strike us separately just according to the particular facts that arrest attention. The decline in individuality is seen most strikingly in the rising generation. Boys and girls are vastly more pampered now-a-days than their fathers and mothers ever were. They have illustrated books and papers full of everything that can contribute to their instruction or amusement; they travel more than their parents did; they have school pic-nics and Sunday-school pic-nics; and things generally are arranged to give them the maximum of enjoyment and the minimum of worry. The methods of instruction of the present day are supposed to be vastly superior to those of a generation ago. We are discarding those idle studies, Latin and Greek, and teaching instead the elements of science, which is understood to be an enormous improvement. And yet the boys and girls of to-day do not seem to have as much in them of original, spontaneous 'human nature' as the boys and girls of twenty-five or thirty years ago. They do not show as much either of invention or of energy in their sports, and altogether exhibit less self-reliance and native force. Individuality is missing. Then if we take the graduates of our universities, a picked class, we shall find—considering their opportunities—a great lack of intellectual distinction. A narrow ambition to succeed in some one profession, to make a fortune and build a fine house, seems to be as much as their minds can find room for. Not one in fifty takes vigorous hold of the great social or intellectual problems of the day, with the determination to aid in their solution. The prevailing—one might almost say the all-prevailing—disposition among these exceptionably-favoured young men is to take the world as they find it, to ask no awkward questions, but simply to extract for themselves as much solid advantage and comfort as possible from the existing conditions of life. We do not meet amongst them strongly-marked characters: and rarely do we discover so much as a distinct consciousness of what might be accomplished in the world

by the exercise of a vigorous will with high aims and clear insight.

As to enthusiasm, who now-a-days is enthusiastic about anything? A man needs only to look enthusiastic to be taken for a semi-lunatic. To be willing to spend and be spent in a cause, apart from all hope of personal gain, is folly only worthy of a Nihilist. To conceive the possibility of any great social changes, such as might perchance strike at the roots of crime and poverty, is a dangerous symptom for any man to show: *lune tu, Romane cuncto*. Men have ceased to believe in the possibility of great reforms: their whole interest in public affairs is confined to the pitch and toss of political parties; and as to the parties no one expects anything from them but gigantic efforts to keep office or to seize it. There are great expectations, on every side, of what 'science' will do in the future. We are waiting on Mr. Edison's experiments, and looking for further news of the photophone. That those who are now comfortable will hereafter be more comfortable still; that those who now live in luxury will hereafter live in still greater luxury—these things we have faith to believe; but that a true reign of social justice will dawn upon the world within any reasonable time only a few dangerous dreamers ever allow themselves to fancy. We do not see how 'science' is going to do that; and in moral forces our faith is nearly extinct.

The want of sincerity to which I have referred is seen less in any increase of positive falsehood than in the prevailing contentment with false modes of thought and the absence of any general demand for intellectual harmony and consistency. People can tell you what they *profess* to believe: but what they do believe is a secret even to themselves. Matthew Arnold's words in 'Empedocles on Etna' are very applicable here:

'The Gods laugh in their sleeve,
To watch man doubt and fear,
Who knows not what to believe
Since he sees nothing clear,
And dares stamp nothing false where
He finds nothing sure.'

Time was when a certain instinct of intellectual sincerity compelled men to seek for harmony in their intellectual conceptions; and in those days there was no hesitation in stamping as false that in which they did not believe. To-

day, on the contrary, nothing is supposed to be very true and nothing very false. Men are content to move about in a haze of half-thoughts and half-convictions. As in Athens of old, there is a consuming desire to hear or tell of some new thing; but there is nothing in this of a passion for truth, no craving to know in any worthy sense, no hunger for the elements of mental growth, simply a nervous craving for distraction. Every day must have its sensation. If our papers do not show a great array of heavy column-headings, expressed in powerful phraseology cunningly alliterated, we feel as if life were at a standstill. The papers know this; and, however little significance the news of the day may possess, whatever type can do to make it look important is done. And thus thousands and millions rush through life, feeding on the trifles of the moment, but never asking any news of their own inert selves; and never knowing what it is to trust even for a moment to any profoundly-apprehended truth, to any comprehensive and unifying principle.

It is when these things come home to us with force that we are led to ask ourselves whether a hollow is not forming in the very heart of our civilization; whether the superficial lives of so vast a portion of the community can co-exist for any length of time with such an observance of social morality as is requisite to give cohesion to the fabric of society; whether a fatal blindness to all important facts may not be the accompaniment of our devouring eagerness for facts that are not important. Even now a boat-race can draw our thoughts wholly away from great national concerns; and what will it be in a few years, if 'sport' goes on—as there is every appearance that it will do—absorbing more and more of our attention, and throwing graver matters more and more into the shade? A revolution, a social earthquake, might be at hand, and the 'intellectual classes' might be as blind to all the signs of it as though, like the inhabitants of Nineveh, they knew not their right hands from their left.

W. D. LE S.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Endymion. By the Right Honorable the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: DAWSON BROTHERS, 1880.

Endymion, the latest rage of the season, appeared in Toronto just as our December number was ready to be issued to the public, and we have accordingly been debarred from noticing it until the subject has become slightly hackneyed. After all the harpies of the press have settled upon it and befouled it, some with 'their cruel hate,' and others with 'their still more cruel love,' we do not propose to serve up to our readers a cold hash constructed from the mangled remains that are left to us. We

will presume that every one has a competent general knowledge of at least the outline of the plot and the most prominent characters that figure in it, and upon that basis we will make the few remarks that are yet left to us to make on this latest contribution to the library of fiction.

The first and perhaps the most important question which we shall consider is one of literary ethics;—how far is the Earl of Beaconsfield justified in mixing fact and fiction, as he has done in these pages? The old anathema 'Cursed be he who removeth his neighbour's landmark,' applies to the fields of history as well as to the marches of hostile proprie-

tors. Do not doubtful facts and erroneous statements already creep in among the records of our national progress with sufficient ease, and must we needs deliberately add to the confusion and difficulty by foisting them in by wholesale? Is it indeed an 'admirable fooling,' or even a permissible one, to mix up events, dates, ministries and individuals into one 'gruel, thick and slab,' and serve out the bewitching brewage to whosoever will partake? A comic history of England has always seemed to us a sufficiently dull piece of stupidity; but 'Endymion' rises above the domain of comicality. Its tone is too serious to cover a joke, the resemblance to actual events often too close to allow its author to class it among purely imaginary histories. To our mind it it appears a tragi-comic history, comic in its distortion of facts, tragic in the desecration which is implied in that distortion. Our feelings towards the book are similar to those we should undoubtedly entertain towards a clever travesty of Hamlet, in which Polonius, while retaining his natural character, should be called by some other name; where the madness and death of Ophelia should be made to precede Hamlet's voyage from Denmark, and Laertes be made the rival of the Prince in his affections to that sad fair maid. One recoils from the sacrilege implied in such a piece of business, and are the facts of history, in their sober earnestness, to be held less inviolate and sacred than the fancies of even the greatest genius? It may be said that 'Endymion' is an ephemeral production, and should not be judged by so severe a standard. In a literary sense it is, no doubt, as all of its author's novels have been, a creature of the day, a bright bubble blown into the air and glittering with a thousand colours which it owes to its own temerity. But from a historical point of view 'Endymion' is made of more lasting material. However justly we may disapprove of the general lines of policy and statecraft upon which the Earl of Beaconsfield's public life has been laid down, we cannot deny to him the prominent place he has achieved in the records of England. For good or for evil, his mark is there. The protagonist of Peel, of Palmerston and of Gladstone, —he will ever hold a most conspicuous position in the annals of the nineteenth century. And when such a man under-

takes whether in pasquinade, parody, poem, or novel of society to delineate the character and discover the foibles of those among whom he lived, and with whom he struggled for power, we may be sure that the historical student of the future will not allow the racy pen-sketches to lie forgotten upon his shelves. When the present generation has passed away, what opportunity for error, for misconception and misappreciation, will be found in the pages of the Earl of Beaconsfield's historical novels! The master of scathing satire and of poignant sarcasm, we almost fancy that we can detect the sardonic smile with which he now hands down to posterity the portraits of his adversaries, painted with sufficient life-like truth to ensure recognition, and adorned with just as much virtue as will cover the bitter sting of depreciation which forms the real motive of the delineation. How is the historian of the future to sift the truth from the fiction of this discordant mass? Will he discard it all, and thus lose the great aid which the noble author might have afforded him; or will he, in attempting to separate the grain from the chaff, introduce into his work, as facts, the busy creations of an irresponsible pen? Time will alone show this, and in the meantime we enter our protest against a system which appears to us to be radically vicious.

Among all the gay paradoxes to which we are treated in these pages, we are much struck by the undecided nature of the keynote sounded by their author. It was natural enough that Mr. Disraeli, when a young man, should affect the mysterious, don an air of reserve, indicate opinions without subscribing to, or refuting them, and generally speak in the tone of one who 'could, an' he would' enlighten the world on many points, but has resolved for the present to keep his light for his own use. But one would expect that the Earl of Beaconsfield, grown grey in harness, would have outlived this affectation of reserve, and that his views of things would have stiffened into some coherency of purpose. But it is not so. He still gives us a lively sketch of a set of opinions, — say of the fatalistic views of Prince Florestan as to his destiny. Does he scout these views, — Does he agree with them? The oracle is dumb. The fable is very complete, — but lacks its moral, the parable is all there except the appli-

cation, and so skilfully is the narrative told that we can defy anyone to divine whether Earl Beaconsfield is laughing at the Prince's fancies, or smiling in secret at our credulity in believing that he is doing so. It appears to us that, in his eventful life, the Earl has had to change opinions so often, and so suddenly, that even now he will not commit himself for or against any particular set of opinions, as never knowing at what moment he may not be compelled to use them as weapons of defence or of attack.

We have little to add to the numerous critiques that have already appeared on the style in which this novel is couched. The old love of a mouth-filling phrase erects the gentle slope of St. James' Street on the very first page into a 'celebrated eminence.' The phrase sometimes runs away with the phrase-monger, as witness the peculiar expression 'his indigenous repose.' The imperfect power of selection that always led the writer out of the range of pure English when he strove to be particularly impressive, still trepans him into the use of such a sentence as,—her mother 'disseminated on all the excellences of the chamber.' Occasionally we find a phrase that defies analysis such as this,—'the platform, on which those who took a part in the proceedings, or who, by their comparatively influential presence, it was supposed, might assist the cause, was almost crowded.' A relic of the old feeling which sent the young Disraeli out into public life with curled ringlets, flowered vests and all the foppery of scarf and pin, appears to survive in the passage which tells us how Mr. Vigo nobly accoutred the hero of the tale in almost magically fashionable attire. 'Dress does not make a man; but it often makes a successful one.' There is a sentence that should appear in the notes to the next edition of the *Sartor Resartus*!

We have said nothing about the characters of the story, and do not propose to go over them at this late day. It appears to us that Endymion is slightly of the prig, priggish,—and that his sister Myra is a decidedly unpleasant person. Some of the minor characters of the book are touched off with more skill and success than the leading personages, but all except Endymion and Myra are full of life and vigour, and we cannot help wondering with what face the noble satirist will meet in society the men and wo-

men with whose weaknesses and pettinesses he has been dealing so freely.

For the information of our readers, we subjoin the following

Key to the characters in the volume :

ENDYMION FERRARS—Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield.

MYRA FERRARS (his sister)—Eugenie, Empress of the French.

PRINCE FLORESTAN—Traits of Louis Napoleon, framed in an outline of the career of Alphonso, of Spain.

QUEEN AGRIPPINA—In the main, Queen Hortense, mother of Louis Napoleon, the name covering an allusion to Queen Isabella II.

ZENOBI—A composite of Lady Jersey and Lady Holland.

BARON SERGIUS—Baron Brunnov, who effected the famous Quadruple Alliance of 1840, more probably, however, Baron Stockmar the intimate friend and counsellor, in the early years of their married life of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.

NIGEL PENRUDDOCK—Cardinal Manning, with traits of Cardinal Wiseman.

JOB THORNBERRY—Richard Cobden.

SIDNEY WILTON—Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea.

LORD ROEHAMPTON—Lord Palmerston.

LADY ROEHAMPTON—Lady Palmerston.

LORD MONTFORD—The Earl of Dudley, Lord Eglinton and Lord Melbourne in one.

MR. NEUCHATEL—Baron L. Rothschild.

ADRIANA—Lady Roseberry, with suggestions of Lady Burdett-Coutts and Miss Alice Rothschild.

MR. BERTIE TREMAINE—Monckton Mills, Lord Houghton.

MR. ST. BARBE—W. M. Thackeray.

MR. GUSHY—Charles Dickens.

VIGO, THE TAILOR—Poole, the tailor, with suggestions of Hudson, the Railway King.

COUNT FERROLL—Prince Bismarck.

DR. COMELY—Bishop Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam").

The Dominion Annual Register and Review for 1879, edited by HENRY J. MORGAN, Ottawa, assisted by a staff of writers. 1 Vol. 8vo, 470 pp. Ottawa: Maclean, Roger, & Co, 1880.

No work could well be more indicative of the material, political, and intellectual progress of Canada, than this invaluable

compilation, for which the public are indebted to the industry and public spirit of Mr. H. J. Morgan, Keeper of the Records, Ottawa. The present volume is the second year's issue of the work, and few, who will take the trouble to subject it, or its predecessor, to examination, will hesitate to say that Mr. Morgan has, in his 'Annual Register,' commenced a series of reference books of the highest value to the public men of Canada, and to all students of her commercial, literary, and political history. Such an undertaking as this is not only of supreme importance, looking to the necessities of the future historian and statistician, but is of the greatest service for current reference in the different departments under which the matter is classified. We regret that space will only permit our briefly indicating what these divisions are, without staying to comment at length, as we should have liked to have done, on some of the records of the year which are here garnered for present and future use.

First in order, is the chronicle of the Political History of the year which has evidently been prepared with intelligence and impartiality. It embraces all important legislation, territorial, railway, fiscal, and other matter appertaining to the Dominion and the several Provinces. This department is very complete, yet at the same time concise and well-digested. Secondly, we have a journal of Remarkable Occurrences, which is unusually full and interesting. Thirdly, comes a Review of Literature, Science and Art, which though not very extensive is carefully prepared, and manifests much sympathy with the intellectual life and the promotion of culture in our young country. The résumé under Science, and the introductory matter under Literature and Art, are particularly well done. The 4th, 5th and 6th divisions are devoted respectively to Education, Commerce, and the Militia, and are each useful epitomes of the year's progress in these important subjects. A list of Promotions and Appointments in the Public Service, an abstract of Remarkable Trials, and a bulky Obituary for the year, complete the contents of this exceedingly useful volume. We append the names of the gentlemen who have assisted the editor in preparing the matter for the book: these are Messrs. J. Geo. Hodgins, LL.D., A. McKinnon Burgess, Robert Bell, M.D., C.E., &c., J. Geo. Bourinot, B.A.,

F. A. Dixon, and Jno. Maclean. All who have had to do with the work may be complimented for their share in the labour, the combined product of which is the valuable work before us.

The Coming of the Princess and other Poems, by KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, with an introduction by the Editor of *Canadian Monthly*. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1880.

Our magazine under the self-sacrificing and genial care of one of the truest friends of Canadian literature, has endeavoured, in reviewing the yearly harvest of native literary work, to abstain from the sin of puffing mediocre literature merely because it is Canadian. The highest praise we can give to a volume of true, sweet and noble lyrics is not to add a word of mere applause, but to endeavour to give our readers some idea of what has charmed us most in a work which we rank with the verse of Charles Dawson Shanly, of John Read, of Grant Allen, of A. M. Machar, and of Charles Roberts, as constituting Canada's claims to possess writers for whom we do not fear to assert that they deserve a place in the literature of the world beside the poet of *La Nouvelle France*, who owes the merit of his verse to himself, but the honour of being crowned by the great historic Academy of France, to the accident of birth. 'The Coming of the Princess' is a pretty title, but is inadequate to the book. The poem to which it refers is indeed no ephemeral production of the 'Professor Fanning' school of loyalty. It is the recognition by a daughter of the Republic, of the interest that personally and historically attaches to Victoria's daughter—whom no republican need scruple to honour himself by honouring. How different are the following lines from the flunkeyism of the Fanning and Jenkins type which has probably disgusted the Princess Louise with what little she was allowed to see of Canada:

And she who wears the crown of womanhood,
August, not less than that of Empress, reigns
The crowned Victoria of the world's domains!
North, South, East, West, O Princess fair, behold
In this New World, the daughter of the Old,
Where ribs of iron bar the Atlantic's breast,
Where sunset mountains slope into the west,
Unfathomed wildernesses, valleys sweet,
And tawny stubble lands of corn and wheat.

So much for 'The Coming of the Princess.' Other fairies more potent and charming, were present at the birth of these lyrics, and might we think, with better result, have been invited to the christening. The true message which it brings to our hearts is spoken in the next lyric—the author is like a song-bird who in the twilight rehearses the fuller strains of the singers of dawn, the coming great poet of Canada.

A little bird woke singing in the night,
Dreaming of coming day.
And piped, for very fullness of delight,
His little roundelay.

Dreaming he heard the wood lark's carol long,
Down calling to his mate,
Like silver rain out of a golden cloud,
At morning's radiant gate.

And all for joy of his embowering woods,
And dewy leaves he sung,
The summer sunshine, and the summer floods
By forest flowers o'erhung.

Thou shalt not hear those wild and sylvan
notes
When morn's full chorus pours
Rejoicing from a thousand feathered throats,
And the lark sings and soars.

Oh, Poet of our glorious land so fair,
Whose foot is at the door:
Even so my song shall melt into the air,
And die and be no more.

But thou shalt live, part of the nation's life;
The world shall hear thy voice
Singing above the noise of war and strife,
And therefore I rejoice!

Mr. Adam's Introduction is in itself the best criticism on the volume. It is the work of one who for years, and amid many discouragements, has laboured to uphold that struggling native literature, which one, at least, of the two successful Party journals has done whatever lay in its power to discountenance by its studied neglect, or insult by its contemptuous patronage. Mr. Adam is sponsor for this book of poetry. Throughout Canada, among the journals of both political sides, there are many who, unlike the TWEEDLE DUM and TWEEDLE DEE of Toronto politics, are not above encouraging native literature. To their criticism, more generous and not without influence for good, I commend this book. It is, I presume to urge on them, their duty to Canadian Literature, to give an opinion on the merits of a book for which so much is claimed by a writer

so well entitled to attention as the author of this Introduction to Mrs. Maclean's Poems.

The lyrics that follow are in many rhythms—some of the oldest (and the work of our newest and greatest Victorian lyrist has shown that the sweetness of those older measures is yet unexhausted), and some in the latest key, struck by such masters of song as SWINBURNE and ROSETTI. They tell the story of a life, pure, loving, and reverent. They tell of the daughter of a happy home, singing the golden wedding of her parents, and recalling old memories with a tenderness which cannot fail to win the reader's sympathy; they are the noble and native utterance of the daughter of the victorious Republic, whose heart throbs in sympathy with the struggle for the Southern slave. They tell of a life, observant, receptive, keenly alive to all sorrow and all sunshine, at one with Liberal Ideas and the battle against Reaction, yet deeply religious, and undemoralized by sect. With all influences of Nature which experience has brought close to her, she is *en rapport*, with the grandeur of Californian sierras, and the quiet village-life of Canada, with all that is most graceful in the customs and institutions of her adopted country, with the death of children, the eternity of Love, and the Hope of the World to Come.

C. P. M.

The History of the English People. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A. Volume IV. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Mr. Green disdains many persons and many things, but chiefly 'the grubbier among archives,' and the 'drum and trumpet history.' Yet, even in Mr. Green's brilliant narrative equally with what he calls 'common history,' there ought to be some historical proportion. As we approach our own day, the History of England becomes more and more the *History of the English People*, and therefore, according to the hypothesis, more and more deserving of our author's careful attention. The foreground of any picture is where we naturally look for elaboration and detail. In Mr. Green's picturesque narrative, Waterloo forms the bright foreground where Eng-

land and Europe, after many years of the deepest gloom, disable a ruthless tyrant; but, in this fourth volume, Waterloo occupies no more of the historian's canvas than Falkirk did in the first. Yet Falkirk concluded nothing; while Waterloo was followed by the thirty years' peace, and its residual effects will be felt for centuries to come. Even in the slight sketch of Waterloo, there are surprising inaccuracies. Accurate plans of the battle-field are now to be had in school-books. Mr. Green places the Chateau Hougomont on the right, and La Haye Sainte on the left of the British line. We sincerely trust that Mr. Green will not proclaim an era of new topography as well as of 'new history.' At the risk of being called a 'grubber among archives,' we must really appeal from the historian to the Field Marshal. In his ever memorable despatch to Earl Bathurst, Wellington furnishes the topographical details with his usual clearness and precision. Hougomont and La Haye Sainte were both in the centre,—the former standing in front of the right centre, the latter, in front of the left centre,—and the British line extended for miles away to the right and left. This age demands accuracy from even its novelists. Every recent visitor to Waterloo will remember the little hostelry where Victor Hugo spent many weeks intently studying the great field. We reverently enter the little upper room where the poet novelist caught his inspiration from his environment; and, as he gloomily brooded on the landscape, gave form to those wonderful chapters in *Les Misérables*, where he calls back the dead, and once more arrays them in strife at Waterloo.

Elsewhere, Mr. Green's topography is grossly at fault. Fort Niagara is (p. 173) placed on the St. Lawrence! By comparing pages 188, 189, 196 any Canadian will see that the historian misconceives the strategem that enabled Wolfe to win a landing at Quebec. The author frequently indulges in generalizations which are so erroneous that the reader finds the correction but a few pages forward. On page 65 the Treaty of Ryswick is characterized as the final and decisive defeat of Louis XIV.'s conspiracy. Eleven pages forward we have the death-bed scene where Louis promises our refugee king the recognition of his son's rights against William, thus tearing the treaty to shreds, and reopening the war. Again (p. 186), we read with surprise that

the 'Unity of Germany was created' by Frederick the Great at Rossback in 1757. This is, seven pages forward, so weakened by a counter-statement as to leave no resultant force whatever. Any one in our day is surely aware that the unity of Germany was not created in 1757 or during the Seven Years' War, but was really effected by the seven weeks' war of 1866. Then the battle of Rossback was not in any sense conclusive; it was neutralized by a succession of reverses, and, as Mr. Green himself afterwards informs us, Frederick's fortunes were reduced to the most desperate straits, and he was saved from destruction only by the opportune death of the Czarina Elizabeth. Finally, the Seven Years War lasted from 1756 to 1763, and not as Mr. Green seems to say on pages 193, 194, from 1760 to 1767. In our reading of the volume, we have observed many other symptoms of undue haste, but it seems ungracious to find fault where we have been generally so well entertained.

The *Short History* won for Mr. Green a numerous *clientèle* of admirers: it is rather disappointing to find him devoting time to a slight expansion of that work instead of reserving his strength for a close study of more recent history which has really become the History of the English People.

Political and Legal Remedies for War.

By SHELDON AMOS, M.A. New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1880.

Of course this is doomed to be a disappointing book, and we feel despondent before opening it. Like that celebrated chapter in Von Troil's History of Iceland, that De Quincey never wearied of quoting, which was headed 'On the Snakes of Iceland,' and contained the one short sentence 'There are no snakes in Iceland,'—Mr. Amos's work might be boiled down to the pithy remark 'There are no remedies for war.' There are some feeble methods of treatment that occasionally exert a deterrent effect and drive off a threatening attack; there are also some palliatives which are of use in relieving against inflammatory symptoms. But of downright remedies we know of none before taking up Mr. Amos's book, and we need hardly say we are in the same

condition now we have conscientiously, and with difficulty, waded through it. The political and legal medicine chest is empty, and Doctor Bismarck, that modern representative of the school of Dr. Sangrado, need not fear any quackish interference with his bold doctrines in favour of lowering a warlike patient's system by letting blood and "throwing in" iron.

It would be very bold to say that the influences working in favour of peace are acquiring the predominance to any marked extent over the causes that predispose towards war. Mr. Amos gives us what hope can be derived from growth of culture, from the familiarity bred by free commercial intercourse, and from the favourable results of the few experiments in International Arbitration that have yet been attempted. It is however to be regretted that Arbitration does not seem to have extended its field very much, and has been pretty well confined hitherto to its original clients, England and the United States. Nor were the subjects of dispute submitted to it by those powers of the most embittered description, but were limited to questions of amount and geographical boundary to the exclusion of the more illusory points of national honour or revenge. Unless a country is willing, at the outset, to face the chance of its being declared to be in the wrong, it is worse than useless to think of submitting the matters in difference to arbitration, and in most quarrels, which really threaten war, the parties will not tolerate the idea of an adverse decision for a moment.

Against the improved knowledge the nations have of one another may be set the ever-increasing risk from large standing armies. The better the tool the greater the inclination to use it, and the

more risk that the workman will even (if necessary), make an occasion for displaying his skill with it. There can be little doubt that Prussia made her own occasion with Austria in the campaign of Sadowa, and the fact that she succeeded by *finesse* in forcing Napoleon III to take the initiative in the war of 1870 does not materially alter the position of the parties, or affect the truth of the above law. In the present state of European tension we may well fear lest any one of the four great Continental powers which first feels or fancies that it has an adversary at a disadvantage, may not plunge into a contest.

One proposal our author makes which we do not remember having seen before. It is that general settlements should be negotiated 'in time of peace and not at the close of a war.' (p. 129). This seems to us remarkably unpractical. To broach such questions in time of peace would probably prove the best possible way of bringing on a state of war, and as there would be no incentive to earnestness the negotiations would be too apt to linger on like an ever-open sore, threatening unfavourable complications at any moment.

We have to notice a misprint at p. 94, which throws the causes of the Franco-Prussian war into confusion by substituting 'France' for 'Germany'; and also several instances of clumsy and ungrammatical construction. Such a sentence as this—'. . . the sort of quibbles 'and evasions which . . . may be and 'has been the faithful source of injustice'; or this—'an apology, often very 'much laboured and tortuous,' should not be allowed to creep into a work dealing with a serious and important subject, or (for the matter of that) into any book whatever its subject may be.

LITERARY NOTES.

We observe that our delightful local gossipier, the Rev Dr. Scadding, of 'Toronto of Old' fame, has been honoured in the pages of *The Antiquary*, an English periodical devoted to antiquarian research, edited by Mr. Walford, formerly connected with *Notes and Queries*. A re-

cent number reproduces the learned doctor's paper, read before the York Pioneers, concerning the site of Fort Rouillé, the military post which figures in the early history of Toronto. The compliment is both pleasing and well deserved.

It is with pleasure that we notice that

Mr. Arthur J. Graham, of Toronto, a contributor to our pages, and a gentleman of varied talents and cultivated tastes, has been proffered and accepted the editorship of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, published at Montreal. Mr. Graham's literary experience, and ability as an artist, mark him out as specially fitted for the task he has undertaken. We shall look for much improvement, and a consequent prosperous future, for our illustrated native contemporary, under the regime of the gentleman who now assumes its management.

Messrs. Harper Bros., of New York, have recently issued some excellent books for the young, for holiday presentation, which are to be commended both for their attractive appearance and the delightfully instructive character of their reading matter. Mr. T. W. Knox's 'Boy Travellers in the Far East,' is among the best of these. It draws upon a number of books of travel for its literary material, and from a few of them for its admirable illustrations. Dealing with China and Japan, Vincent's 'Land of the White Elephant,' Col. Yule's 'Marco Polo,' and Edwin Arnold's 'Light of Asia,' are placed under contribution with pleasing results. The unique cloth cover of the book is ornamented by a very elaborate design emblematic of the countries dealt with. Messrs. James Campbell & Son, are the agents in Canada for the sale of the work.

From Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal, we are in receipt of their Canadian copyright edition of Mr. Tennyson's new volume of 'Ballads and other Poems,' a review of which we hope to give in our next issue. From the same firm we have a choice and covetable edition of Mr. Tennyson's noble poem 'In Memoriam,' the issue of which, in so elegant a pocket form for Canadian sale, speaks much for the cultured taste of our people and for that of the enterprising firm of Montreal publishers producing it.

In the numerous professional Magazines which have of late years appeared from the native press—periodicals representing medicine, sanitary science, education, as well as denominational and general literature,—it has been a matter of

surprise that Law has, so far, been content with a single organ in the Province, however good that publication has been. With the New Year, the announcement, however, is made that a new claimant for the favour and support of the legal profession is to make its appearance from the enterprising publishing firm of Messrs. Carswell & Co., of Toronto, and to be edited, with the assistance of a staff of writers, by Mr. E. D. Armour. The publication, which is to be a monthly one, is to bear the title of the *Canadian Law Times*, and to have for its aim the supplying to the profession of articles on legal topics, selections of decisions from the Courts, critical reviews of legal literature, and a summary of the month's events in connection with law and legal affairs. In the hands of its projectors, we doubt not, that the serial will be ably conducted, and prove a service to the profession.

The opening of the New Year brings to hand several publications apropos of the season, which are as acceptable as they are welcome.—(1) The *Canadian Almanac*, for 1881, from the publishing firm of Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto, which is, as usual replete with just such information as every business man of Canada wants to have at call; (2) The *Canadian Office Journal and Diary*, for 1881, from the manufacturing house of Messrs. Brown Bros., Toronto, one of a series of useful and capitally-prepared annuals, which the skill and enterprise of this firm of stationers stately place on the market; and (3) *Grip's Almanac*, for 1881, published by Messrs. Bengough Bros., the well-known proprietors of our weekly comic contemporary. The latter will be greedily sought by all lovers of wit in the Dominion. It is clever, lively, and bright. Full of oddities, it yet, in its way, serves as a political and social record of the past year, while it is not without merit as a literary and artistic production. The parodies on Herbert Spencer, Tom Brown, Miss Braddon, and others, are capital imitations of the style of these writers, and there is much else of like attraction in the publication.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

WOMAN.

BY MOSES OATES.

Oh woman, woman, you're the source
Of nearly every earthly trouble,
And when you're not you're sure, of course,
To come and make our misery double.

* * * * *
Thus might I rail at womankind,
Were I, as crusty bachelors, who
The dross of human nature find
Because the gold they will not view.

But mine has been the happier lot
To leave the dusty, weed-grown highway,
And seek some rare sequestered spot
By a less trodden, lovely by-way,

Where fairest flowers, with sweet perfume,
Blow for the few who feel their beauty,
In such pure, radiant glory bloom,
That loving them becomes a duty.

Hence are my thoughts of womankind
Borne ever on a charmed air :
This truth is cherished in my mind—
As a true woman nought's so fair.

Since, as in earlier days, I dream
Of grace and beauty more than human,
And now, as then, they ever seem
To shape themselves into a woman.

And now, as then, I love to think
That woman's is the purer nature,
And serves man's grosser soul to link
To angel forms of noblest stature.

And when for higher things I long,
I place the virtues that I covet
In the ideal of my song,
And learn to imitate and love it.

THE MAJOR'S ESSAY.

This was a youthful effort of the
Major—for the prize in composition :

'THE GIRAFFE.'

'No wonder the toper in the play
sighed for a giraffe's neck, or that Mr.
Smith, when he saw the animal in the
park, should have exclaimed, "Imagine
two yards of sore throat!"

'The pains and pleasures of the came-

opard are, indeed, intense beyond the
ordinary lot. When he reaches a spring
after a long pilgrimage in the desert, he
enjoys himself hugely. The water gur-
gles refreshingly down six feet of neck
hose, making a miniature cataract. He
has been seen to smile a minute or two
after swallowing a peculiarly nice plan-
tain, like a Scotchman laughing at a joke
five minutes after its utterance. The
pleasant morsel seems to grow sweeter as
it goes down, and when it comes to the
last few feet of windpipe, the animal's
keen enjoyment overcomes his sense of
decorum at meals, and he breaks into a
chuckle.

'On the other hand, when a disap-
pointed giraffe gulps down his bitterness
at the triumph of a favoured rival, the
convulsive spasm ripples painfully down
till it reaches the uttermost end of the
throat.

'The death-rattle in the throat of a
departing camelopard is like a whole or-
chestra out of tune.

'The song of the giraffe is seldom
heard, and never forgotten. It prob-
ably suggested to the poet the exquisite
idea of "linked sweetness long drawn
out."

'To see an unrepining giraffe swallow-
ing bitter almonds which he has mis-
taken for sweet ones, and attempting to
cover his distress, is a spectacle of pa-
tience and long-suffering, piteous as it is
sublime.

'In running matches a giraffe can al-
ways beat a horse of exactly equal speed.
At the winning-post he has merely to
stretch out his head a few yards and
win by a neck. A lion can get better
time out of a giraffe than the most skill-
ful jockey.

'The lazy and voluptuous monarch of
the Nevva-washees, who does not con-
ceal his dislike for uncooked Baptist
missionaries, fords the swollen Niger in
a palankeen suspended from the horns
of two domestic camelopards, and thus
preserves his sacred person from contact
with the stream. It has not yet been

settled by naturalists whether a giraffe, getting out of his depth, would swim with his neck as an eel, or with his legs like another quadruped. No giraffe has been seen out of his depth since the flood.

'It is not expensive to keep a tame camelopard. If you fence in a narrow walk for him around the boundaries of your property, he will graze upon the neighbour's trees and flowers. On a nutting expedition a well-trained giraffe is more useful than a crook. They have not yet been utilized as fire escapes in this country.'

'A camelopard never bows to acquaintances. He thinks it would be lowering himself too much. A reader of character, judging from the expression of his neck, would say that he was also of a far-reaching disposition.

'But he is really an amiable beast, and lets infants call him "Neck-neck" without resenting the familiarity. It is well this is so, for a stiff-necked and unbending giraffe would be a sad infliction to any menagerie. He would necessitate new doors in every building and tent where he was exhibited. The innocent character of this animal has needlessly puzzled zoologists. His good morals are plainly owing to the fact that the rest of his body is more under control of the head than is the case with any other quadruped. Indeed, he is the only four-footed beast whose head has proper facilities for biting every rebellious member, and whose legislative department is backed by suitable executive power.'

* * * *

This essay the school examiners thought too fanciful, and so, on moral grounds, they gave the prize to another boy who had 'cribbled' his truthful composition from Buffon.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

When the Queen paid her first visit to Scotland, many years ago, the following conversation took place between two countrymen. Sandy: 'Well Jock, hae ye seen the Queen?' Jock: 'Ou, ay, I hae seen the Queen! But I wadna gang the length o' the street to see her again. She's just made like ony ither woman, an' they tell me her arms were a lion an' a unicorn.'

Mr. Elliot Stock, the London publisher, announces that he has sold 400,000 of his 'Penny Testament,' which is a marvel of cheapness. The sale is expected to reach a million before the close of the year.

A Scotch firm have in press what is said to be the fullest Biography of the poet Tennyson, with a commentary on his works, a history of their reception, and a complete Tennysonian Bibliography, by a Mr. N. C. Wace.

TROUBLESOME CLIENTS.—A celebrated lawyer once said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

FAST TIME.—Several men lately swam the Mississippi river above New Orleans on a wager. A reporter of the race says, 'None of them seemed to be putting forth much effort till it was discovered that an alligator had struck out from shore as a competitor; and then—well, every man did his best to keep the alligator from carrying off the stakes.'

A BACHELOR'S EXCUSE.—A clergyman past middle age, after having united a loving couple in the holy bond of matrimony, was asked by a person present at the marriage feast how he a bachelor, could consistently engage in such ceremonies. The good man's answer was significant—'In a man's life there are but two periods when he is likely to marry—one when he is young and has no sense, the other when he is old and lost his sense. He was glad to inform them that he was past the one, and had not yet reached the other.'

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Is love contagious? I don't know,
But this I am prepared to say,
That I have felt, for many a day,
A great desire to make it so.

Does she vouchsafe a thought to me?
Sometimes I think she does; and then
I'm forced to grope in doubt again,
Which seems my normal state to be.

Why don't I ask, and asking, know?—
I grant perhaps it might be wise;
But then I look into her eyes,
And hear her voice which thrills me so.

I think that on the whole I won't:
I'd rather doubt than know she don't.

—Sardner.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

An Memoriam.

THOMAS MOSS,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO.

Died Jan. 5, 1881, æt. 44.

F*ACILE princeps* from thine infancy,
Winning new honours with increasing days,
Yet wearing lightly all thy well-earned bays;
The crowning grace of natures pure and high—
Thy *gentleness*—disarmed all jealousy!
About thee in our memory there plays
A light not mingled with the lurid rays
Of lust of gain, or power, or victory!
Thy one ambition—that thy work were done
As best to keep the trust thy country gave.
In years when life but half its course hath run,
Thine is complete; for *thee* no higher wave
Could lift to higher place, more nobly won;
But *we* can only mourn thine early grave!

Ill can thy country spare a son like thee!
We fain had kept thee many a happy year.
Thy grace of speech, thy judgment quick and clear,
Thy love of truth,—thy firm integrity,
Unquestioned gave the foremost rank to thee
With foremost honour,—never gained by fear
Or hope of favour. Never hostile sneer
Or rumour dared to invade thy purity!

And so we close thy record,—wondering much
 Why some we least can spare the earliest go !
 Ah ! is there not a place and work for such,
 In that far nobler life whereof we know
 So little, save that *now* its light can touch
 Our earthly life with its celestial glow !

The nation mourns the upright judge, but long
 Will some lament the friend whose heart they knew,
 So tender, gentle,—faithful,—loyal,—true,
 And yet at need so resolute and strong,
 With no faint-hearted tolerance of wrong !
 Little they thought when bidding thee adieu
 Looking to greet thee back with strength made new
 By the soft, balmy airs that breathe among
 The orange groves of that far southern shore,—
 Little they knew that here thy work was done,
 That home returnings here for thee were o'er ;
 Yet what although so soon thy race is run,
 If length of days is thine for evermore,
 We may not murmur that thy goal is won !

—FIDELIS.

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, B.A.

The Clerk of the House of Commons, Canada.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNALISM.

IN the development of Canadian intellect the newspaper press has had a very large influence during the past half-century and more. What the pulpit has done for the moral education of the people, the press has accomplished for their general culture when schools were few and very infe-

rior, and books were rarely seen throughout the country. When the political rights of the people were the subject of earnest controversy in the Legislatures of the Provinces the press enabled all classes to discuss public questions with more or less knowledge, and gave a decided intellectual stimulus, which had a valuable effect in a young isolated country like Canada. In the days of the French régime there was not a single printing

press in Canada, though the *News Letter* was published in Boston as early as 1704.* It is generally claimed that the first newspaper in Canada, was the *Quebec Gazette*, which was published in 1764, by Brown & Gilmour, formerly Philadelphia printers, with a subscription list of only one hundred and fifty names. The first issue appeared on the 21st June, printed on four folio pages of 18 by 12 inches, each containing two columns of small type. The first article was the prospectus in larger type, in which the promoters promised to pay particular attention 'to the refined amusements of literature and the pleasant veins of well-pointed wit; interspersed with chosen pieces of curious essays, extracted from the most celebrated authors, blending philosophy with politics, history, &c.' The conductors also pledged themselves to give no place in the paper to 'party prejudices and private scandal'—a pledge better kept than such promises are generally. There was a very slender allowance of news from Riga, St. Petersburg, London, New York and Philadelphia; but there was one ominous item, that Parliament was about imposing taxes on the Colonies, though they were without representation in that Parliament. The latest English news was to the 11th April; the latest American to the 7th May. Only two advertisements appeared—one of a general store, of dry goods, groceries, hardware, all the *olla podrida* necessary in those days; the other from the Honourable Commissioner of Customs, warning the public against making compositions for duties under the Imperial Act. This sheet, for some years, had no influence on public opinion;

for it continued to be a mere bald summary of news, without comments on political events. Indeed, when it was first issued the time was unfavourable for political discussion, as Quebec had only just become an English possession, and the whole country was lying torpid under the military administration of General Murray. It seems, however, from a notice in the old public documents of Nova Scotia, † that there was a small sheet published in British America, called the *Halifax Gazette*, some ten years before the appearance of the Quebec paper. Be that as it may, from 1769 we commence to find regular mention of the *Nova Scotia Gazette and Weekly Chronicle*, published on Sackville Street by A. Fleury, who also printed the first Almanac in Canada, in 1774. The next newspaper published in the Maritime Provinces was the *Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser*, which appeared in 1785 in St. John, just founded by the American Loyalists. The first paper appeared in Upper Canada on the establishment of Parliamentary Government, and was published by Louis Roy, at Newark, on the 18th April, 1763, under the title of *The Upper Canada Gazette, or the American Oracle*. The sheet was in folio, 15 by 9½ inches, of coarse, but durable paper—not a characteristic, certainly, of our great newspapers now-a-days, of which the material is very flimsy; the impression was fairly executed; the price was three dollars a year. In 1794, the form was changed to a quarto, and one Tiffany had become the proprietor. When the *Gazette* was removed to York, in 1800, with all the Government offices, the

* The first printing press in America was set up at Cambridge, in the ninth year of the Charter Government (1639); the first document printed was the 'Freeman's Oath,' then an almanack, and next the Psalms.—2 Palgrave, 45. In 1740, there were no less than eleven journals—only of foolscap size, however—published in the English Colonies.

† In a letter of Secretary Cotterell, written in 1754, to Captain Floyer, at Piziquid (Windsor), he refers to M. Dandin, a priest in one of the Acadian settlements: 'If he chooses to play the *bel esprit* in the *Halifax Gazette*, he may communicate his matter to the printer as soon as he pleases, as he will not print it without showing it to me.'—See Murdoch's 'History of Nova Scotia,' vol. 2, p. 234.

Messrs. Tiffany started the *Constellation*, which, Dr. Scadding tells us, illustrated the jealousy which the people of the Niagara district felt at seeing York suddenly assume so much importance; for one of the writers ironically proposes a 'Stump Act' for the ambitious, though muddy, unkempt little town, 'so that the people in the space of a few months, may relapse into intoxication with impunity, and stagger home at any hour of the night without encountering the dreadful apprehension of broken necks.'

The *Constellation* only lived a year or two, and then gave way to the *Herald* and other papers at subsequent dates; and it is an interesting fact, mentioned by the learned antiquarian of Toronto, that the imposing stone used by Mr. Tiffany, was in use up to 1870, when the old *Niagara Mail*, long edited by Mr. W. Kirby, at last ceased publication. The *Gazette* and *Oracle* continued to be published at York by different printers, and, like other journals in America, often appeared in variegated colours—blue being the favourite—in consequence of the scarcity of white paper. The title, *American Oracle*, was dropped from the heading when Dr. Horne became the publisher, in 1817; it continued to publish official notices, besides meagre summaries of general news, and some miscellaneous reading matter.

The second paper in Upper Canada was the *Upper Canada Guardian* or *Freeman's Journal*, which was edited and printed by Joseph Willcox, who fell under the ban of the Lieutenant-Governor, for his Liberal opinions. It was printed in 1807, and exercised much influence for a time as an organ of the struggling Liberal party. Like others, in those days of political bitterness, its editor was imprisoned, ostensibly for a breach of parliamentary privilege, though in reality as a punishment for presuming to differ from the governing party; but, able man as he undoubtedly was, he marred his career

by an infamous desertion to the Americans during the war of 1812, before the expiration of which he was killed. The first newspaper in Kingston, the third in the province, was the *Gazette*, founded in 1810, by Stephen Miles, who afterward became a minister of the Methodist denomination, and who also printed the *Grenville Gazette*, the first journal in the old town of Prescott.* The first daily paper published in British North America, appears to have been the *Daily Advertiser*, which appeared in Montreal, in May, 1833—the *Herald* and *Gazette* being tri-weekly papers at the time. The *Daily Advertiser* was issued in the interests of the Liberals, under the management of the Hon. H. S. Chapman, subsequently a judge in New Zealand. One of the chief inducements held out to subscribers was the regular publication of full prices current and other commercial information. The *British Whig*, of Kingston, was the first newspaper that attempted the experiment of a daily issue in Upper Canada.

It is a noteworthy fact, which can be best mentioned here, that the first newspaper in Three Rivers was the *Gazette*, published by one Stobbs, in 1832, more than two centuries after the settlement of that town, which has always been in the midst of the most thickly settled district of Lower Canada. At that time, newspapers were rapidly gaining ground in Upper Canada—districts not so old by months or weeks even as Three Rivers had years, and with a more scattered population not exceeding one-fifth of that of the Three Rivers district, could boast of, at least, one newspaper.†

In 1827, Mr. Jotham Blanchard, the ancestor of a well-known family of Liberals in the Lower Provinces, established the first newspaper outside of Halifax, the *Colonial Patriot*,

*Morgan's 'Bibliotheca Canadensis,' Art. Miles.

† Quebec *Mercury*, 1832.

at Pictou, a flourishing town on the Straits of Northumberland, chiefly settled by the Scotch.

In 1839, Mr. G. Fenety — now 'Queen's Printer' at Fredericton — established the *Commercial News*, at St. John, New Brunswick, the first tri-weekly and penny paper in the Maritime Provinces, which he conducted for a quarter of a century, until he disposed of it to Mr. Edward Willis, under whose editorial supervision it has always exercised considerable influence in the public affairs of the province. The first daily paper published in the Province of Nova Scotia, was the *Halifax Morning Post*, appearing in 1845, edited by John H. Crosskill, but it had a brief existence, and tri-weeklies continued to be published for many years — the old *Colonist* representing the Conservatives, and the *Chronicle* the Liberals of the province. The senior of the press, in the Lower Provinces, however, is the *Acadian Recorder*, the first number of which appeared in 1813.

The only mention I have been able to find of a newspaper in the brief histories of Prince Edward Island, is of the appearance, in 1823, of the *Register*, printed and edited by J. D. Haszard, who 'distinguished himself at the outset of his career by a libel on one of the Courts before which he was summoned with legal promptitude — just as printers are now-a-days in Manitoba — and dismissed with a solemn reprimand, on condition of revealing the authors of the libel. The remarks of the Chancellor (who appears to have been also the Governor of the Island), in dismissing the culprit, are quite unique in their way. 'I compassionate your youth and inexperience; did I not do so, I would lay you by the heels long enough for you to remember it. You have delivered your evidence fairly, plainly and clearly, and as became a man; but I caution you, when you publish anything again, keep clear Sir, of a Chancellor. Beware, Sir,

of a Chancellor.'† Many other papers were published in later years; the most prominent being the *Islander*, which appeared in 1842, and continued in existence for forty-two years. This paper along with the *Examiner*, edited by the Hon. Edward Whelan, a man of brilliant parts, now dead, had much influence over political affairs in the little colony.

The history of the newspaper press of British Columbia does not go beyond twenty-two years. The first attempt at journalistic enterprise was the *Victoria Gazette*, a daily published in 1858, by two Americans, who, however, stopped the issue in the following year. The next paper was the *Courrier de la Nouvelle Calédonie* printed by one Thornton, an Anglo-Frenchman, who had travelled all over the world. The somewhat notorious Marriott, of the *St. Francisco News-Letter*, also, in 1859, published the *Vancouver Island Gazette*, but only for a while. It is a noteworthy fact, that the *Cariboo Sentinel* — now no longer in existence — was printed on a press sent out to Mgr. Demers, by the Roman Catholics of Paris. Even the little settlement of Emory has had its newspaper, the *Inland Sentinel*. The best known newspaper in the Pacific Province has been always, since 1858, the *British Colonist*, owned and edited originally by Hon. Amor de Cosmos, for some time Premier, and now a well known member of the House of Commons, who made his paper a power in the little colony by his enterprise and forcible expression of opinion. The *Standard* is also another paper of political influence, and is published daily like the *Colonist*. Two papers are printed in New Westminster, and one in Nanaimo; the total number in the province being five.

In the previous paragraphs, I have confined myself to the mention of a few facts in the early history of journalism in each of the Provinces of

† Campbell's Hist. of P. E. I.

Canada. Proceeding now to a more extended review, we find that a few papers exercised from the outset a very decided influence in political affairs, and it is to these I propose now to refer especially, before coming down to later times of extended political rights and consequent expansion of newspaper enterprise. The oldest newspaper now in Canada is the *Montreal Gazette*, which was first published as far back as 1787, by one Mesplet, in the French language. It ceased publication for a time, but reappeared about 1794, with Lewis Roy as printer. On the death of the latter, the establishment was assumed by E. Edwards, at No. 135 St. Paul Street, then the fashionable thoroughfare of the town. It was only a little affair, about the size of a large foolscap sheet, printed in small type in the two languages, and containing eight broad columns. In 1805, the Quebec *Mercury* was founded by Thomas Cary, a Nova Scotian lawyer, as an organ of the British inhabitants, who, at that time, formed a small but comparatively wealthy and influential section of the community. Mr. Cary was a man of scholarly attainments and a writer of considerable force. The *Mercury* had hardly been a year in existence, when its editor experienced the difficulty of writing freely in those troublous times, as he had to apologize for a too bold censure of the action of the dominant party in the Legislature. But this *contretemps* did not prevent him continuing in that vein of sarcasm of which he was a master, and evoking, consequently, the ire of the leading Liberals of those days—Stuart, Vanfelson, Papineau, Viger, and others; and one of the results of his excessive freedom of speech was an attempt to punish him for a breach of privilege; but he remained concealed in his own house, where, like the conspirators of old times, he had a secret recess made for such purposes, and where he continued hurling his philippics against his adversaries with all

that power of invective which would be used by a conscientious though uncompromising old Tory of those days, when party excitement ran so high. The *Quebec Gazette* was at that time, as in its first years, hardly more than a mere *résumé* of news.* Hon. John Neilson assumed its editorship in 1796, and continued more or less to influence its columns whilst he remained in the Lower Canada Legislature. In 1808, Mr. Neilson enlarged the size of his paper, and published it twice a week, in order to meet the growing demand for political intelligence. The *Gazette* was trammelled for years by the fact that it was semi-official, and the vehicle of public notifications, but when, subsequently,† this difficulty no longer existed, the paper, either under his own or his son's management, was independent, and, on the whole, moderate in tone, whenever it expressed opinions on leading public questions. Mr. Neilson, from 1818, when he became a member of the Legislature, exercised a marked influence in the political discussions of his time, and any review of his career as journalist and politician would be necessarily a review of the political history of half a century. A constant friend of the French Canadians, a firm defender of British connection, never a violent, uncompromising partisan, but a man of cool judgment, he was generally able to perform good service to his party and country. As a public writer he was concise and argumentative, and influential, through the belief that men had in his sincerity and honesty of purpose.

* From 1783 to 1792, the paper scarcely published a political 'leader,' and so fearful were printers of offending men in power, that the *Montreal Gazette*, so late as 1790, would not even indicate the locality in which a famous political banquet was held, on the occasion of the formation of a Constitutional Club, the principal object of which was to spread political knowledge throughout the country. See Garneau II. 197 and 206.

† In 1823, an Official Gazette was published by Dr. Fisher, Queen's Printer. *Canadian Magazine*, p. 470.

In 1806, there appeared in Quebec a new organ of public opinion, which has continued to the present day to exercise much influence on the politics of Lower Canada. This was the *Canadien*, which was established in the fall of that year, chiefly through the exertions of Pierre Bédard, who was for a long while the leader of the French party in the Legislature, and at the same time chief editor of the new journal, which at once assumed a strong position as the exponent of the principles with which its French Canadian conductors were so long identified. It waged a bitter war against its adversaries, and no doubt had an important share in shaping the opinions and educating the public mind of the majority in the province. If it too frequently appealed to national prejudices, and assumed an uncompromising attitude when counsels of conciliation and moderation would have been wiser, we must make allowance for the hot temper of those times, and the hostile antagonism of races and parties, which the leaders on both sides were too often ready to foment. The editor of the *Canadien* was also punished by imprisonment for months, and the issue of the paper was stopped for a while on the order of Chief Justice Sewell, in the exciting times of that most arbitrary of military governors, Sir James Craig. The action of the authorities in this matter is now admitted to have been tyrannical and unconstitutional, and it is certainly an illustration of human frailty that this same M. Bédard, who suffered not a little from the injustice of his political enemies, should have shown such weakness—or, shall we say, Christian forbearance—in accepting, not long afterwards, a judgeship from the same Government which he had always so violently opposed, and from which he had suffered so much.

Whilst the *Canadien*, *Gazette*, and *Mercury* were, in Lower Canada, ably advocating their respective views on the questions of the day, the Press of

Upper Canada was also exhibiting evidences of new vigour. The *Observer* was established at York, in 1820, and the *Canadian Freeman* in 1825, the latter, an Opposition paper, well printed, and edited by Francis Collins, who had also suffered at the hands of the ruling powers. An anecdote is related of the commencement of the journalistic career of this newspaper man of old times, which is somewhat characteristic of the feelings which animated the ruling powers of the day with respect to the mass of people who were not within the sacred pale. When Dr. Horne gave up the publication of the *Gazette*, in whose office Collins had been for some time a compositor, the latter applied for the position, and was informed that 'the office would be given to none but a gentleman.'

This little incident recalls the quiet satire which Goldsmith levels in 'The Good-natured Man,' against just such absurd sensitiveness as Collins had to submit to:—

FIRST FELLOW—The Squire has got spunk in him.

SECOND FELLOW—I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

THIRD FELLOW—O, damn anything that's low; I cannot bear it.

FOURTH FELLOW—The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time, if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

FIFTH FELLOW—I likes the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelst of tunes—'Water Parted,' or 'The Minuet in Ariadne.'

No doubt this little episode made the disappointed applicant inveterate against the Government, for he commenced, soon afterwards, the publication of an Opposition paper, in which he exhibited the rude ability of an unpolished and half-educated man.*

Mr. W. Lyon Mackenzie appeared as a journalist for the first time in 1824, at Queenstown, where he published the *Colonial Advocate*, on the

* C. Lindsey's 'Life of W. Lyon Mackenzie,' Vol. I., p. 112, note.

model of Cobbett's *Register*, containing 32 pages, a form afterwards changed to the broad sheet. From the first it illustrated the original and eccentric talent of its independent founder. Italics and capitals, index hands and other typographic symbols were scattered about with remarkable profusion, to give additional force and notoriety to the editorial remarks which were found on every page, according as the whim and inspiration of the editor dictated. The establishment of the paper was undoubtedly a bold attempt at a time when the province was but sparsely settled, and the circulation necessarily limited by the rarity of post-offices even in the more thickly-populated districts, and by the exorbitant rates of postage which amounted to eight hundred dollars a-year on a thousand copies. More than that, any independent expression of opinion was sure to evoke the ire of the orthodox in politics and religion, which in those days were somewhat closely connected. The *Advocate* was soon removed to York, and became from that time a political power, which ever and anon excited the wrath of the leaders of the opposite party, who induced some of their followers at last to throw the press and type of the obnoxious journal into the Bay, while they themselves, following the famous Wilkes' precedent, expelled Mackenzie from the legislature, and in defiance of constitutional law, declared him time and again ineligible to sit in the Assembly. The despotic acts of the reigning party, however, had the effect of awakening the masses to the necessity of supporting Mr. Mackenzie, and made him eventually a prominent figure in the politics of those disturbed times. The *Advocate* changed its name, a short time previous to 1837, to the *Constitution*, and then disappeared in the troublous days that ended with the flight of its indiscreet though honest editor. Contemporaneous with the *Advocate* were the *Loyalist*, the

Courier, and the *Patriot*—the latter having first appeared at York in 1833. These three journals were Conservative, or rather Tory organs, and were controlled by Mr. Fothergill, Mr. Gurnett, and Mr. Dalton. Mr. Gurnett was for years, after the Union, the Police Magistrate of Toronto, while his old antagonist was a member of the Legislature, and the editor of the *Message*, a curiosity in political literature. Mr. Thomas Dalton was a very zealous advocate of British connection and was one of the first Colonial writers to urge a Confederation of the Provinces; and if his zeal frequently carried him into the intemperate discussion of public questions the ardour of the times must be for him, as for his able, unselfish opponent, Mr. Mackenzie, the best apology.

Mrs. Jameson, who was by no means inclined to view Canadian affairs with a favourable eye, informs us that in 1836 there were some forty papers published in Upper Canada; of these, three were religious, namely, the *Christian Guardian*, the *Wesleyan Advocate*, and the *Church*. A paper in the German language was published at Berlin, in the Gore Settlement, for the use of the German settlers. Lower Canadian and American newspapers were also circulated in great numbers. She deprecates the abusive, narrow tone of the local papers, but at the same admits—a valuable admission from one far from prepossessed in favour of Canadians—that, on the whole, the press did good in the absence and scarcity of books. In some of the provincial papers she 'had seen articles written with considerable talent;' among other things, 'a series of letters signed Evans, on the subject of an education fitted for an agricultural people, and written with infinite good sense and kindly feeling.' At this time the number of newspapers circulated through the post-office in Upper Canada, and paying postage, was: Pro-

vincial papers, 178,065; United States and other foreign papers, 149,502. Adding 100,000 papers stamped, or free, there were some 427,567 papers circulated yearly among a population of 370,000, 'of whom perhaps one in fifty could read.' The narrow-mindedness of the country journals generally would probably strike an English *litterateur* like Mrs. Jameson with much force; little else was to be expected in a country, situated as Canada was then, with a small population, no generally diffused education, and imperfect facilities of communication with the great world beyond. In this comparatively isolated position, journalists might too often mistake

'The rustic murmur of their burgh
For the great wave that echoes round
the world.'

Yet despite its defects, the journalism of Upper Canada was confessedly doing an important work in those backward days of Canadian development. The intelligence of the country would have been at a much lower ebb, without the dissemination of the press throughout the rural districts.

Whilst the journalists named above were contending in Upper Canada with fierce zeal for their respective parties, new names had appeared in the press of the other provinces. The *Canadien* was edited for years by Mr. Etienne Parent, except during its temporary suspension from 1825 to 1831. His bold expression of opinion on the questions that forced a small party of his countrymen into an ill-advised rebellion sent him at last to prison; but, like others of his contemporaries, he eventually in more peaceful times received a recompense for his services by appointments in the public service, and died at last of a ripe old age a few months after his retirement from the Assistant-Secretaryship of State for the Dominion. In his hands the *Canadien* continued to wield great power among his compatriots, who have never failed to respect him as one of the ablest

journalists their country has produced. His writings have not a little historical value, having been, in all cases where his feelings were not too deeply involved, characterized by breadth of view and critical acumen.

Whilst Cary, Neilson, Mackenzie, Parent, Dalton and Gurnett were the prominent journalists of the larger provinces, where politics were always at a fever heat, a young journalist first appeared in the Maritime Colonies, who was thenceforth to be a very prominent figure in the political contests of his native Province. In 1827 Joseph Howe, whose family came of that sturdy, intelligent New England stock which has produced many men and women of great intellectual vigour, and who had been from an early age, like Franklin, brought up within the precincts of a printing office, bought out the *Weekly Chronicle*, of Halifax, and, changing its name to the *Acadian*, commenced his career as a public writer. Referring to the file of the *Acadian*, we see little to indicate unusual talent. It contains some lively sketches of natural scenery, some indifferent poetry, and a few commonplace editorial contributions. A few months later he severed his connection with the *Acadian* and purchased the *Nova Scotian* from Mr. G. R. Young, the brother of the present Chief-Justice, a man of large knowledge and fine intellect. It was a courageous undertaking for so young a man, as he was only 24 years of age when he assumed the control of so prominent a paper; but the rulers of the dominant official party soon found in him a vigorous opponent and a zealous advocate of Liberal opinions. It is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Howe, like Mr. Mackenzie in Upper Canada, made himself famous at the outset of his career by pleading on his own behalf in a case of libel. Mr. Mackenzie had been prosecuted for an alleged libel circulated during a political contest with Mr. Small, and defended his own cause so successfully that the jury

gave him a verdict ; and they are even said, according to Mr. Lindsey's ' Life of Mr. Mackenzie,' to have debated among themselves whether it was not competent for them to award damages to the defendant for the annoyance of a frivolous prosecution. Mr. Howe's debut as an advocate was in connection with a matter of much graver importance. He had the courage, at a time when there existed many abuses apparently without hope of redress, to attack the Halifax Bench of Magistrates, little autocrats in their way, a sort of Venetian Council, and the consequence was a criminal indictment for libel. He determined to get up his own case, and, after several days' close study of authorities, he went to the jury in the Old Court Room, now turned into the Legislative Library, and succeeded in obtaining a glorious acquittal and no small amount of popular applause for his moral courage on this memorable occasion. The subsequent history of his career justified the confidence which his friends thenceforth reposed in him. His indefatigable industry, added to his great love of the masters of English literature, soon gave vigour and grace to his style, whilst his natural independence of spirit that could little brook control in any shape, and his innate hatred of political despotism, soon led him to attack boldly the political abuses of the day. The history of Joseph Howe from that day was a history of the triumph of Liberal principles and of responsible government in Nova Scotia. As a versatile writer, he has had no superior in Canada, for he brought to the political controversies of his time the aid of powerful invective and cutting satire ; whilst, on those occasions when party strife was lushed, he could exhibit all the evidences of his cultivated intellect and sprightly humour.

The new era of Canadian journalism commenced with the settlement of the political difficulties which so long disturbed the provinces, and with the concession of responsible government,

which gave a wider range to the intellect of public writers. The leading papers, in 1840, were the *Montreal Gazette*, the *Montreal Herald*, the *Canadien*, the *Quebec Gazette*, the *Quebec Mercury*, in Lower Canada ; the *British Colonist*, *British Whig*, and *Examiner*, in Upper Canada ; the *Nova Scotian* and *Acadian Recorder*, in Nova Scotia ; the *News*, in New Brunswick. The *Colonist* was founded at Toronto, in 1838, by Hugh Scobie, under the name of the *Scotsman*—changed to the former title in the third number—and from the outset took a high position as an independent organ of the Conservative party. The copy of the first number, before me, is quite an improvement on the *Gazette* and *Mercury* of Quebec, as published in the early part of the century. It contains some twenty-four columns, on a sheet about as large as the *Ottawa Free Press*. It contains several short editorials, a resumé of news, and terse legislative reports. Among the advertisements is one of the *New York Albion*, which, for so many years, afforded an intellectual treat to the people of all the provinces ; for it was in its columns they were able to read the best productions of Marryatt and other English authors, not easily procurable in those early times ; besides being annually presented with engravings of merit—a decided improvement on the modern chromo—from the paintings of eminent artists ; engravings which are still to be seen in thousands of Canadian homes, and which, in their way, helped to cultivate taste among the masses, by whom good pictures of that class could not be easily procured.

The *Examiner* was started at Toronto, on the appointment of Lord Durham, to the Government of Canada, as an organ of the Liberal party, by Mr. Francis Hincks, a young Irishman, who, from his first arrival in Canada, attracted attention as a financier and a journalist. The *Examiner*, however, had not a long existence, for Sir Francis Hincks—we

give him his later title, won after years of useful public service as journalist and statesman—proceeded, in 1843, to Montreal, where he established the *Pilot*, which had much influence as an organ of the party led by Baldwin and Lafontaine. In 1844, a young Scotchman, Mr. George Brown, began to be a power in the politics of the Canadian Provinces. He was first connected with *The Banner*, founded in the interest of the Free Church party; but the Liberals found it necessary to have a special organ, and the result was the establishment, in 1844, of the *Toronto Globe*, at first a weekly, then a tri-weekly, and eventually the most widely circulated and influential daily paper in British North America. During the thirty-five years Mr. Brown remained connected with that journal it invariably bore the impress of his powerful intellect. The *Globe* and George Brown were always synonymous in the public mind, and the influence he exercised over his party—no doubt a tyrannical influence at times—proved the power that a man of indomitable will and tenacity of purpose can exercise in the control of a political organ. From 1844 to the present time the newspaper press made progress equal to the growth of the provinces in population, wealth and intelligence. The rapid improvement in the internal communications of the country, the increase of post-offices and the cheapness of postage, together with the remarkable development of public education, especially in Upper Canada, naturally gave a great impulse to newspaper enterprise in all the large cities and towns. *Le Journal de Quebec* was established in 1842 by the Hon Joseph Cauchon, from that time a force in political life. Another journal, the *Minerve*, of Montreal, which had been founded in 1827 by M. Morin, but had ceased publication during the troubles of 1837–8, re-appeared again in 1842, and assumed that influential position as an exponent of the Bleus which it has con-

tinued to occupy to the present. *Le Pays*, *la Patrie*, and *L'Avenir* were other Canadian papers, supporting the Rouges—the latter having been established in 1848, and edited by *l'enfant terrible*, M. J. B. Eric Dorion, a brother of Sir Antoine Dorion. In Upper Canada, Mr. R. Reid Smiley established, during 1846, the *Hamilton Spectator*, as a tri-weekly, which was changed to a daily issue in 1852. In 1848, Mr. W. Macdougall appeared for the first time as a journalist, in connection with the *Canada Farmer*; but when that journal was merged into the *Canada Agriculturist*, he founded the *North American*, which exerted no small influence as a trenchant, vigorous exponent of Reform principles, until it was amalgamated, in 1857, with the *Globe*. In 1852 the *Leader* was established, at Toronto, by Mr. James Beatty—the old *Patriot* becoming its weekly issue—and during the years it remained under the editorial management of Mr. Charles Lindsey—a careful, graceful writer of large knowledge—it exercised much influence as an exponent of the views of the Liberal Conservative party; but soon after his retirement it lost its position, and died at last from pure inanition and incapacity to keep up with the progressive demands of modern journalism. In 1857, Mr. McGee made his appearance in Canada as the editor of the *Montreal New Era*, in which he illustrated for some years the brilliancy of his style and his varied attainments. The history of journalism, indeed, from 1840 to 1867, brings before us a number of able writers, whose names are remembered with pride by all who were connected with them and had opportunities, not merely of reading their literary contributions, but of personally associating with men of such varied accomplishments and knowledge of the Canadian world. Morrison, Sheppard, Penny, Chamberlin, Brown, Lindsey, Macdougall, Hogan, McGee, Whelan, P. S. Hamilton, T. White, Derome, Cauchon,

Joseph Doutre, were the most distinguished writers of an epoch which was famous for its political and industrial progress. But of all that brilliant phalanx, Mr. White alone contributes, with more or less regularity, to the press, whilst all the others are either dead or engaged in other occupations.*

Since 1867, the *Mail*, established in 1873 as the chief organ of the Liberal Conservatives, has come to the front rank in journalism, and is a powerful rival of the *Globe*, while the *Colonist*, *Leader*, and other papers which once played an important part in the political drama, are forgotten, like most political instruments that have done their service and are no longer available. Several of the old journals so long associated with the history of political and intellectual activity in this country, however, still exist as influential organs. The *Quebec Gazette* was, some years ago, merged into another Quebec

paper—having become long before a memorial of the past in its appearance and dulness, a sort of Rip Van Winkle in the newspaper world. The *Canadien* has always had its troubles; but, nevertheless, it continues to have influence in the Quebec district, and the same may be said of the *Journal de Quebec*, though the writer who first gave it power in politics is now keeping petty state in the infant Province of the West. The *Quebec Mercury* still exists, though on a very small scale of late. The *Montreal Gazette* (now the oldest paper in Canada), the *Montreal Herald*, the *Minerve*, the *Hamilton Spectator*, and the *Brockville Recorder* (established in 1820), are still exercising political influence as of old. The *St. John News* and the *Halifax Acadian Recorder* are still vigorously carried on. The *Halifax Chronicle* remains the leading Liberal organ in Nova Scotia, though the journalist whose name was so long associated with it in the early days of its influence died a few years ago in the old Government House, within whose sacred walls he was not permitted to enter in the days of his fierce controversy with Lord Falkland. In its later days, the Hon. William Annand, lately in the employment of the Dominion Government in London, was nominally the Editor-in-Chief, but the Hon. Jonathan McCully, Hiram Blanchard, and William Garvie were among those who contributed largely to its editorial columns—able political writers not long since dead. The public journals of this country are now so numerous that it would take several pages to enumerate them; hardly a village of importance throughout Canada but has one or more weeklies. In 1840 there were, as accurately as I have been able to ascertain, only 65 papers in all Canada, including the Maritime Provinces. In 1857, there were 243 in all; in 1862 some 320, and in 1870 the number had increased to 432, of which Ontario alone owned 255. The number has not much increased since then—the probable num-

* Mr. McGee was assassinated in 1868. The circumstances of the death of John Sheridan Hogan, in 1859, were not known till years afterwards, when one of the infamous Don Gang revealed the story of his wretched end. Then we have the great journalist and leader of the Liberal party in Upper Canada also dying from the effects of a pistol-wound at the hands of a drunken reprobate. Hon. Edward Whelan, of Charlottetown, died years ago. Mr. Morrison died whilst editor of the *Toronto Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Sheppard was, when last heard of, in New York, in connection with the press. Mr. Lindsey is Registrar of Toronto. Hon. Joseph Cauchon is Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. Mr. Chamberlin is Queen's Printer at Ottawa, and his partner on the *Gazette*, Mr. Lowe, is also in the Civil service. Mr. Deriche died only a few weeks ago. Mr. Penny is a Senator. Mr. McDougall is a member of the Commons, and lives in Ottawa. Mr. Doutre is at the head of his profession in Quebec. Mr. Belford, of the *Mail*, died a few weeks ago at Ottawa. Besides those older journalists mentioned in the text, younger men, like Mr. Descelles and Mr. Dansereau, of the *Minerve*, and Mr. Paterson, of the *Mail*, have also received positions recently in the public service. Mr. Edward McDonald, who founded, with Mr. Garvie, the *Halifax Citizen*, in opposition to the *Reporter*, of which the present writer was editor, died Collector of the Port. Mr. Bowell, of the *Belleville Intelligencer*, is now Minister of Customs. The list might be extended indefinitely.

ber being now 465, of which 56, at least, appear daily.* The Post Office statistics show in 1879, that 4,085,454 lbs. of newspapers, at one cent per lb. passed through the post offices of the Dominion, and 5,610,000 copies were posted otherwise. Nearly three millions and a half of papers were delivered under the free delivery system in the cities of Halifax, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, St. John, and Toronto. Another estimate gives some 30,000,000 of papers passing through the Post Office in the course of a year, of which probably two thirds, or 20,000,000, are Canadian. These figures do not, however, represent anything like the actual circulation of the Canadian papers, as the larger proportion are immediately delivered to subscribers by carriers in the cities and towns. The census of 1870 in the United States showed the total annual circulation of the 5,871 newspapers in that country to be, 1,508,548,250, or an average of forty for each person in the Republic, or one for every inhabitant in the world. Taking the same basis for our calculation, we may estimate there are upwards of 160,000,000 copies of newspapers annually distributed to our probable population of four millions of people. The influence which the newspaper press must exercise upon the intelligence of the masses is consequently obvious.

The names of the journals that take the front rank, from the enterprise and ability with which they are conducted, will occur to every one *au courant* with public affairs: the *Globe*

and *Mail*, in Toronto; the *Gazette* and *Herald*, in Montreal; the *Chronicle* (in its 34th year) and *Mercury*, in Quebec; the *Spectator* and *Times*, in Hamilton; the *Free Press* and *Advertiser*, in London; the *British Whig* (in its 46th year) and *Daily News*, in Kingston; *Citizen* and *Free Press*, in Ottawa; *News*, *Globe*, *Telegraph*, and *Sun*, in St. John, N.B.; *Herald* and *Chronicle*, in Halifax; the *Examiner* and *Patriot*, in Prince Edward Island, are the chief exponents of the principles of the Conservative and Liberal party. Besides these political organs, the *Montreal Star* and *Witness*, and the *Toronto Telegram* have a large circulation, and are more or less independent in their opinions. Among the French papers, besides those referred to above, we have the *Courrier de Montreal* (1877), *Nouveau Monde* (1867), *L'Evenement* (1867), *Courrier d'Ottawa*, now *le Canoda* (1879), *Franco Canadien* (1857), which enjoy more or less influence in the Province of Quebec. Perhaps no fact illustrates more strikingly the material and mental activity of the Dominion than the number of newspapers now published in the new Province of the North-West. The first paper in that region appeared in 1859, when Messrs. Buckingham & Coldwell conveyed to Fort Garry their press and materials in an ox cart, and established the little *Nor' Wester* immediately under the walls of the fort. Now there are three dailies published in the City of Winnipeg alone—all of them well printed and fairly edited—and at least sixteen papers in all appear periodically through the North-West. The country press—that is to say, the press published outside the great centres of industrial and political activity—has remarkably improved in vigour within a few years; and the metropolitan papers are constantly receiving from its ranks new and valuable accessions, whilst there remain connected with it, steadily labouring with enthusiasm in many cases, though the pecuniary

* The data for 1840 are taken from Martin's 'Colonial Empire,' and Mrs. Jameson's account. The figures for 1857 are taken from Lovell's 'Canada Directory;' the figures for 1880 from the lists in Commons and Senate Reading Rooms. The last census returns for the four old Provinces give only 308 printing establishments, employing 3,400 hands, paying \$1,200,000 in wages, and producing articles to the worth of \$3,420,202. Although not stated, these figures probably include job as well as newspaper offices—both being generally combined—and newspapers where no job work is done are obviously left out.

rewards are small, an indefatigable band of terse, well-informed writers, who exercise no mean influence within the respective spheres of their operations. The *Sarnia Observer*, *Sherbrooke Gazette*, *Stratford Beacon*, *Perth Courier* (1834), *Guelph Mercury* (1845), *Yarmouth Herald*, *Peterborough Review*, *Paris Star*, *St. Thomas Journal*, *News of St. Johns* (Q), *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe*, *Carleton Sentinel*, *Maritime Farmer*, are among the many journals which display no little vigour in their editorials and skill in the selection of news and literary matter. During the thirteen years that have elapsed since Confederation new names have been inscribed on the long roll of Canadian journalists. Mr. Gordon Brown still remains in the editorial chair of the *Globe*, one of the few examples we find in the history of Canadian journalism of men who have not been carried away by the excitement of politics or the attraction of a soft place in the public service. The names of White, McCulloch, Farrar, Rattray, G. Stewart, jr., M. J. Griffin, Carroll Ryan, Stewart (*Montreal Herald*), Stewart (*Halifax Herald*), Sumichrast, Fielding, Elder, Geo. Johnson, Blackburn (*London Free Press*), Cameron (*London Advertiser*), Davin, Dymond, Pirie, Mackintosh, Macready, Livingstone, Ellis, Houde, Vallée, Desjardins, Tarte, Faucher de St. Maurice, Fabre, Tassé, L'O. David, are among the prominent writers on the most widely circulated English and French Canadian papers.

In the necessarily limited review I have been forced to give of the progress of journalism in Canada, I have made no mention of the religious press which has been established, in the large cities principally, as the exponent of the views of particular sects. The Methodist body has been particularly successful in this line of business, in comparison with other denominations. The *Christian Guardian*, established at Toronto in 1829, under the editorial supervision of Rev.

Egerton Ryerson, continues to exhibit its pristine vigour under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Dewart. The organ of the same body in the Maritime Provinces is the *Wesleyan*, edited by Rev. T. Watson Smith, and is fully equal in appearance and ability to its Western contemporary. The Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopal Methodists and Congregationalists, have also exponents of their particular views. The Church of England has made many attempts to establish denominational organs on a successful basis, but very few of them have ever come up to the expectations of their promoters in point of circulation—the old *Church* having been, on the whole, the most ably-conducted. At present there are three papers in the west, representing different sections of the Church. The Roman Catholics have also their organs, not so much religious as political—the *St. John Freeman*, edited by the Hon. Mr. Anglin, is the most remarkable for the ability and vigour with which it has been conducted as a supporter of the views of the Liberal party in the Dominion, as well as of the interests of the Roman Catholic body. In all there are some thirty papers published in the Dominion, professing to have the interests of certain sects particularly at heart.*

The *Canadian Illustrated News* and *L'Opinion Publique*, which owe their establishment to the enterprise of Mr. Desbarats, a gentleman of culture, formerly at the head of the old Government Printing Office, are among the examples of the new vigour and ability that have characterized Canadian journalistic enterprise of recent years. The illustrations in the *News* are, on the whole, well executed, and were it possible to print them on the superior tinted

* It is noteworthy that the Canadian religious press has never attained the popularity of the American Denominational Journals, which are said to have an aggregate circulation of nearly half of the secular press.

paper of the *Graphic*, and it would be possible if the people were willing to pay the expense, they would compare more favourably than they do with the impressions of the older papers published in New York and London. In its prints of native scenery, and portraits of deceased Canadians of merit, the *News* is a valuable and interesting addition to journalism in this country, and will be found most useful to the future generations who will people the Dominion. Nor does Canada now lack an imitator of *Punch*, in the humorous line. It is noteworthy that whilst America has produced humorists like 'Sam Slick,' Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and others, no American rival to *Punch* has yet appeared in Boston or New York. The attempts that have heretofore been made have been generally coarse caricatures—for example, the political cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*, which are never characterized by those keen artistic touches that make *Punch* so famous. Previous efforts in this field of political and social satire in Canada have always failed for want of support, as well as from the absence of legitimate humour. The oldest satirical sheet was *Le Fantastique*, published at Quebec by N. Aubin, who was a very bitter partisan, and was sent to gaol in 1838 for the expression of his opinions. The *Grumbler* was a more creditable effort made in Toronto some quarter of a century ago, to illustrate and hit off the political and social foibles of the day in Canada. But it has been left for Mr. Bengough in these times to rise in *Grip* far above all previous attempts in the same direction, and 'to show up' very successfully, and generally with much humour, certain salient features of our contemporary history.

The influence of the press, during the century, must be measured by the political intelligence and activity of the people. Only in the United States are the masses as well informed on the

public questions of the day as are the majority of Canadians, and this fact must be attributed, in a large measure, to the efforts of journalists to educate the people and stimulate their mental faculties. When education was at a low ebb indeed, when the leading and wealthier class was by no means too anxious to increase the knowledge of the people, the press was the best vehicle of public instruction. No doubt it often abused its trust, and forgot the responsibilities devolving on it; no doubt its conductors were too frequently animated by purely selfish motives, yet taking the good with the evil, the former was predominant as a rule. It is only necessary to consider the number of journalists who have played an important part in Parliament, to estimate the influence journalism must have exerted on the political fortunes of Canada. The names of Neilson, Bédard, W. L. Mackenzie, Hincks, Howe, Brown, and Macdougall, will recall remarkable epochs in our history. But it is not only as a political engine that the press has had a decided beneficial effect upon the public intelligence; it has generally been alive to the social and moral questions of the hour, and exposed religious charlatanry, and arrested the progress of dangerous social innovations, with the same fearlessness and vigour which it has shown in the case of political abuses. Political controversy, no doubt, has too often degenerated into licentiousness, and public men have been too often maligned, simply because they were political opponents—an evil which weakens the influence of journalism to an incalculable degree, because the people begin at last to attach little or no importance to charges levelled recklessly against public men. But it is not too much to say that the press of all parties is commencing to recognise its responsibilities to a degree that would not have been possible a few years ago. It is true the ineffable meanness of old times of partisan controversy will crop out

constantly in certain quarters, and political writers are not always the safest guides in times of party excitement. But there is a healthier tone in public discussion, and the people are better able to eliminate the truth and come to a correct conclusion. Personalities are being gradually discouraged, and appeals more frequently made to the reason rather than to the passion and prejudice of party—a fact in itself some evidence of the progress of the readers in culture. The great change in the business basis on which the leading newspapers are now-a-days conducted, of itself must tend to modify political acrimony, and make them safer public guides. A great newspaper now-a-days must be conducted on the same principles on which any other business is carried on. The expenses of a daily journal are now so great that it requires the outlay of large capital to keep it up to the requirements of the time; in fact, it can best be done by joint stock companies, rather than by individual effort. Slavish dependence on a Government or party, as in the old times of journalism, can never make a newspaper successful as a financial speculation, nor give it that circulation on which its influence in a large measure depends. The journal of the present day is a compilation of telegraphic despatches from all parts of the world, and of reports of all matters of local and provincial importance, with one or more columns of concise editorial comment on public topics of general interest; and the success with which this is done is the measure of its circulation and influence. Both the *Globe* and *Mail* illustrate this fact very forcibly; both journals being good newspapers, in every sense of the term, read by Conservatives and Liberals, irrespective of political opinions, although naturally depending for their chief support on a particular party. In no better way can we illustrate the great change that has taken place within less than half a century in the newspaper

enterprise of this country than by comparing a copy of a journal of 1839 with one of 1880. Taking, in the first place, the issue of the *Toronto British Colonist*, for the 23rd October, 1839, we have before us a sheet, as previously stated, of twenty-four columns, twelve of which are advertisements and eight of extracts, chiefly from New York papers. Not a single editorial appeared in this number, though prominence was given to a communication describing certain riotous proceedings, in which prominent 'blues' took part, on the occasion of a public meeting attempted to be held at a Mr. Davis's house on Yonge Street, for the purpose of considering important changes about to take place in the political Constitution of the Canadas. Mr. Poulett Thompson had arrived in the St. Lawrence on the 16th, but the *Colonist* was only able to announce the fact on the 23rd of the month. New York papers took four days to reach Toronto—a decided improvement, however, on old times—and these afforded Canadian editors the most convenient means of culling foreign news. Only five lawyers advertised their places of business; Mr. and Mrs. Crombie announced the opening of their well-known schools. McGill College, at last, advertised that it was open to students—an important event in the educational history of Canada, which, however, received no editorial comment in the paper. We come upon a brief advertisement from Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, the well-known booksellers; but the only book they announced was that work so familiar to old-time students, 'Walkinghame's Arithmetic.' Another literary announcement was the publication of a work, by the Rev. R. Murray, of Oakville, on the 'Tendency and Errors of Temperance Societies'—then in the infancy of their progress in Upper Canada. One of the most encouraging notices was that of the Montreal Type Foundry, which was beginning to compete with Ameri-

can establishments, also advertised in the same issue—an evidence of the rapid progress of printing in Canada. Only one steamer was advertised, the *Gore*, which ran between Toronto and Hamilton; she was described as ‘new, splendid, fast-sailing, and elegantly fitted up,’ and no doubt she was, compared with the old batteaux and schooners which, not long before, had kept up communication with other parts of the Province. On the whole, this issue illustrated the fact that Toronto was making steady progress, and Upper Canada was no longer a mere wilderness. Many of my readers will recall those days, for I am writing of times within the memory of many Upper Canadians.

Now take an ordinary issue of the *Mail*, printed on the same day, in the same city, only forty-one years later. We see a handsome paper of eight closely-printed pages—each larger than a page of the *Colonist*—and fifty-six columns, sixteen of which are devoted to advertisements illustrative of the commercial growth, not only of Toronto, but of Ontario at large—advertisements of Banking, Insurance and Loan Companies, representing many millions of capital; of Railway and Steamship Lines, connecting Toronto daily with all parts of America and Europe; of various classes of manufactures, which have grown up in a quarter of a century or so. No less than five notices of theatrical and other amusements appear; these entertainments take place in spacious, elegant halls and opera houses, instead of the little, confined rooms which satisfied the citizens of Toronto only a few years ago. Some forty barristers and attorneys, physicians and surgeons—no, not all gentlemen, but one a lady—advertise their respective offices, and yet these are only representative of the large number of persons practising these professions in the same city. Leaving the advertisements and reviewing the reading matter, we find eleven columns de-

voted to telegraphic intelligence from all parts of the world where any event of interest has occurred a day or two before. Several columns are given up to religious news, including a lengthy report of the proceedings of the Baptist Union, meeting, for the first time, under an Act of Parliament of 1880—an Association intended for the promotion of missions, *literature*, and church work, into which famous John Bunyan would have heartily thrown himself, no longer in fear of being cast into prison. Four columns are taken up with sports and pastimes, such as lacrosse, the rifle, rowing, cricket, curling, foot-ball, hunting—illustrative of the growing taste among all classes of young men for such healthy recreation. Perhaps no feature of the paper gives more conclusive evidence of the growth of the city and province than the seven columns specially set apart to finance, commerce and marine intelligence, and giving the latest and fullest intelligence of prices in all places with which Canada has commercial transactions. Nearly one column of the smallest type is necessary to announce the arrivals and departures of the steam-tugs, propellers, schooners and other craft which make up the large inland fleet of the Western Province. We find reports of proceedings in the Courts in Toronto and elsewhere, besides many items of local interest. Five columns are made up of editorials and editorial briefs, the latter an interesting feature of modern journalism. The ‘leader’ is a column in length, and is a sarcastic commentary on the ‘fallacious hopes’ of the Opposition; the next article is an answer to one in the London *Economist*, devoted to the vexed question of protective duties in the Colonies; another refers to modern ‘literary criticism,’ one of the strangest literary products of this busy age of intellectual development. In all we have thirty-six columns of reading matter, remarkable for literary execution and careful

editing, as well as for the moderate tone of its political criticism. It will be seen that there is only one advertisement of books in the columns of this issue, but the reason is that it is the custom only to advertise new works on Saturday, when the paper generally contains twelve pages, or eighty-four columns. On the whole, the issue of a very prominent Canadian paper illustrates not only the material development of Ontario in its commercial and advertising columns, but also the mental progress of the people, who demand so large an amount of reading matter at the cost of so much money and mental labour.

As the country increases in wealth and population, the Press must become undoubtedly still more a profession to which men of the highest ability and learning will attach themselves permanently, instead of being too

often attracted, as heretofore, by the greater pecuniary rewards offered by other pursuits in life. Horace Greeley, Dana, Curtis, Whitelaw Reid and Bryant are among the many illustrious examples that the neighbouring States afford of men to whom journalism has been a profession, valued not simply for the temporary influence and popularity it gives, but as a great and powerful organ of public education on all the live questions of the day. The journals whose conductors are known to be above the allurements of political favour, even while they consistently sustain the general policy of a party, are those which most obviously become the true exponents of a sound public opinion, and the successful competitor for public favour in this, as in all other countries enjoying a popular system of government.

(To be continued.)

L I F E.

BY ESPERANCE.

LIGHTLY from the childish brow
Blows the curling golden hair,
Tossed upon the sportive wind
Here and there and everywhere.

Lightly dance the hazel eyes,
Telling forth the childish glee—
O how blessed to be young!
O how glorious to be free!

Dreaming not of care or grief,
Knowing not what life can give,
Feeling only in her glee
What a joy it is to live!

* * * *

Lightly from the girlish brow
Blows the curling golden hair,
Tossed upon the sportive wind
Here and there and everywhere.

Brightly beam the hazel eyes,
Outlets of a happy heart!
Brightly glows the lovely face,
Eyes alight and lips apart!

Dreaming not of coming pain,
Knowing but what love can give,
Feeling only in her joy
What a joy it is to live!

* * * *

Smoothly on the patient brow
Lies the waving golden hair,
Smoothly on the faded brow
Grief hath made less smooth and fair.

Something in the hazel eyes
Telling of a weary heart,
Something on the pallid cheek
And the lips with pain apart!

Knowing now the depths of pain,
Knowing now what life can give!
Feeling in her bitter woe
What a blank it is to live!

* * * *

Thinly on the marble brow
Lies the waving snow-white hair;
Earth hath lost itself in Heaven,
Here is merged in over there!

Pulseless o'er the sightless eyes
Lie the marble lids at rest,—
After many years of pain,
Now in death supremely blest!

Dead to earthly joy or pain,
Knowing now what Heaven can give,
Knowing now, as ne'er before,
What it is indeed to live!

* * * *

Childhood, girlhood—both are glad
Womanhood must learn of pain;
Age has this: to prove indeed
All earth's joys and pleasures vain.

Earth hath promises of joy,
Heaven alone hath power to give!
But in Heaven the heart can know,
What it is indeed to live!

MACHIAVELLI AND MACHIAVELLISM.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO MACHIAVELLI
IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, IN FLORENCE.

BY C. R. CORSON, ITHACA, N.Y.

TIME is truly a great vindicator, and men and things, despite the deceptiveness of their appearance, get their dues in the long run, and succeed in establishing their worth. Our age, moreover, is particularly ready to make amends for the unjust prejudices of our predecessors, and favours any effort at throwing new light upon old subjects, especially where those subjects are so intimately connected with its present movements, as is the memory of the great Florentine secretary, whose century-long influence over the Italian people may be said to have contributed in no small degree towards the final independence of that nation. After ages of struggle, ever against wind and tide, striving after freedom; after ages of suffering, borne with such patience as a people quivering with indignation under injustice and oppression may bear, Italy, at last, made good the prophecy of its Petrarch:

Vertù contra furore
Prenderà l'arme: e fia l' combatter corto;
Chè l'antico valore,
Negl'italici cor non è ancor morto.*

Liberated from foreign and papal oppression, Italy at last may show the world what its chivalrous king meant by *l'Italia farà da sé*. Charles-Albert in these few words expressed the principles of action which Machiavelli had

endeavoured so long in vain to inculcate on the minds of his countrymen: 'Do your own work, and depend no longer on foreign advice or aid.'

It would almost seem as if, in anticipation of its present achievements, and whilst feeling its way towards them, Italy, in erecting this monument to the great statesman, was already and instinctively beginning to render homage to the sagacious patriotism that indicated the means thereto.

This monument was erected by Leopold, Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and stands beside the tombs of Dante, Galileo and Michael Angelo. It represents the muse of history, holding in one hand the symbols of her work, and resting the other on a medallion-bust of Machiavelli. Below, on the body of the cenotaph, may be read the following inscription: *Tanto nomini nullum par elogium*; a tribute of praise which of itself would seem sufficient rehabilitation.

Nor is this the only instance of affectionate regard paid to the long neglected memory. In 1869, a commemorative inscription in gold letters was placed above the house where Machiavelli had lived and died, via de Guicciardini: *Casa ove visse Nic. Mac. e vi morì 22 giugno 1527, di anni 58, mesi 8, e giorni 19.*

— A *Nic. Machiavelli dell'unità nazionale, precorritore audace e indurito e d'armi proprie e non adottate, primo institutore e maestro Italia una ed ar-*

* Virtue against fury shall take arms: and the struggle shall be short; for ancient valour in the Italian heart is not yet dead.

*mata, pose il 3 maggio 1869, quarto di lui centenario.**

Amidst the mass of opinions that have crowded around this name—praise and blame from the highest quarters—the only way to form an impartial judgment is to turn to the man himself, or, what is left of him—his works. *Le style c'est l'homme*, said M. de Bonald, and in the Florentine secretary's earnest, simple, straightforward style we find the earnest, simple, straightforward patriot. Confident in the truth of the divine saying that 'a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit, or a good tree bad fruit,' we must find even in the 'Principe' a reason exonerating its author and motivating the purport of the work.

Another certain indication of the real worth of a man, is surely his life. It may, therefore, not be irrelevant here to trace a brief outline of that eventful life, the more so as it is a subject not often looked into by the generality of readers. Machiavelli and Machiavellism have, by traditional abuse, become so synonymous with all that is iniquitous and marked by treachery, that they have well nigh lost all interest for the inquiring mind, except as they may be brought in to illustrate villainy of any kind.

Niccolo Machiavelli was born in Florence, the 3rd of May, 1469, of Bernardo di Niccolo Machiavelli and Bartolommea di Stefano Nelli, widow of Niccolo Benizi. The family is one of great antiquity on both male and female sides. The Machiavelli form a long line of marquises back to Marquis Ugo, who flourished in the year 850, and who was the head of the noble lords who exercised supreme dominion over the whole of that part

of Italy around Florence known as Val di Greve and Val di Pesa.

The Nelli were equally distinguished, descending from the ancient Counts di Borgonovo di Fucecchio, who had always held high public offices in Florence. Both families were Guelphs, and shared, of course, the good and ill fortunes of that party—now exiled, now recalled.

Little is known of the early education of Niccolo, except that he was under the guidance of a highly-gifted mother, a lady who had acquired some fame in literary attainments, notably in poetry, and that he had a rare teacher in Marcello Virgilio, a distinguished Greek and Latin scholar and chancellor of the republic. At the age of twenty-nine he began his public career. He was elected, over a number of competitors, to the second chancellorship *dei Signori*, and, a month later, to the higher office of *Segretario dei Dieci*, by which title he is generally known—namely, the Florentine Secretary.

The Government of Florence was at that time composed of the *Signori* or *Priori*, and the *Collegi*. The first, usually fifty-three in number, formed, with their head, the *Gonfaloniere di Giustizia* (a dignity corresponding to that of Doge), the supreme magistracy of the city. The *Collegi* were composed of seven heads of the militia, *Gonfalonieri delle Compagnie*, and of twelve citizens, called *Buonomini*; and all state affairs came under the joint jurisdiction of these two powers.

During the fifteen years that Machiavelli exercised the functions of his office (which were extremely onerous and complicated, including the domestic and foreign correspondence of the republic, the registering of all its affairs, its counsels and deliberations, the legalizing of all public acts transacted with Italian and foreign princes), he was, besides, employed in various difficult embassies: to the King of France, the Emperor of Germany, the Court of Rome, the Duke of Milan,

* House where Nic. Machiavelli lived and where he died 22 June 1527, 58 years, 8 months, and 19 days old.—To Nic. Machiavelli, of the national union, the bold and prophetic forerunner, who first taught Italy to dispense with mercenary troops, and use her own; the country united and armed, this dedicates on his anniversary, 3 May, 1869.

the smaller Italian republics—Siena, Piombina, Furlì, and Perugia. His extraordinary aptness for the managing of public affairs caused him, moreover, to be intrusted with a number of military commissions—enrolment of troops, erection of forts, notably during the war of Florence with Pisa; in short, wherever and whenever important state business came into question. When, through the manœuvring of Julius II., the Medicis returned to Florence and usurped supreme power, Machiavelli's influence and usefulness sank with the republic he had served and defended. His patriotism proved the cause of his ruin. Under pretext that he was implicated in the Boscoli and Capponi conspiracy against the Cardinal of Medicis, he was imprisoned and sentenced to the torture—*rigorosum examen*. The extreme penalty still awaited him, when this Cardinal against whom he was accused to have plotted ascended the pontifical chair, under the name of Leo X. The new Pope, in order not to stain his elevation to papal power by a sentence of death, commuted the punishment into exile. 'An exile,' says Baldelli, 'which he bore like Aristides, taking with him after such long and faithful services, a heart free from reproach and a noble poverty.'

A few years later, being pardoned, he returned to Florence, and after fruitless endeavours to obtain a situation under the new Government, he withdrew from the arena of politics, and devoted himself to literature.

The social *milieu* in which he found himself was particularly favourable to this new career. A welcome guest, *quasi* an oracle at the *Orti Oricellarii* (a sort of literary club, composed of the best minds of Florence—passionate Platonists, and full of the future of their country), he had before him human nature in all its wealth of differences and capabilities, and needed but to copy it truly to write well. His successes in this direction compensated him, in some respects, for

what Fortune had denied him in the more active fields of political life. They were even such as to finally dispel the aversion which the Medicis entertained towards him, and to win for him the favour of Clement VII. He reëntered public life, and laboured zealously, in the narrow circle within which tyranny allowed at that time the Republican party to move and work. Clement VII. employed him on various occasions of minor importance; and that Machiavelli was a truly public-minded man, and of singular humility of spirit, is sufficiently shown by his ready acceptance of these minor offices of trust. Guicciardini, writing to him on the occasion of his deputation to the *Frati Minori* at Carpi—a commission bearing on some trifling church matters—and comparing him to Lysander, who, after so many triumphs, was finally employed in distributing meat to the very soldiers he had so often led to victory, he replied cheerily, saying that he had found in the constitution of that little republic of sandals* much that was instructive, and which could be turned to practical use.

The last public service he rendered the State was the supervision of the new fortifications which the Government had voted for the defence of Florence. He was taken ill on his way back to the city, and died from what is generally believed to have been the effects of an overdose of medicine.

The letter of his son, announcing the event to a relative, shows that he died in utter poverty. He had certainly not grown rich in the service of his country. The details of some of the privations he had to endure are really painful—the very necessities of life he often wanted—and the patience with which he bore these privations, shows in no small degree the finely tempered quality of his mind. In regard to his religious sentiments, there has been much diversity of opinion. It

* 'Repubblica degli zoccoli.

is evident that he was an enemy to the papacy, and to the corrupt priesthood of his time. On the other hand, he was a disciple of Savonarola.

From his correspondence, we can gather enough about his domestic relations to conclude that these were very creditable to him. He was evidently an indulgent husband and a kind father. Whilst all his energies seemed wholly devoted to the welfare of his country, he gives sufficient evidence, in a number of cases, of tender solicitude about his children's education and their future sphere of usefulness.

His works, which cover a wide range of the most varied subjects, reveal a universality of genius of which there is scarcely another example. Although chiefly devoted to political interests, they comprise enough of the polite literature of his day to give him an enviable place among the highest dramatists and poets. Macaulay, speaking of his comedies, notably of that entitled 'Mandragola,' does not hesitate to say that 'it is the work of a man who, if he had devoted himself to the drama, would probably have attained the highest eminence, and produced a permanent and salutary effect on the national taste.' His writings on military science, seven books on the 'Art of War,' are to this day, notwithstanding the wholly different tactics of modern warfare, such a fountain of practical wisdom, that our present tacticians still resort to them with confessed advantage.

Here, then, is a life exhibiting, in all its particulars, purity of motive, self-sacrifice, diligence, fidelity, and perseverance—a life which, where it sinned, sinned from excess of patriotism, and which has fallen a victim to the general condemnation of a large portion of mankind. Public opinion is certainly against Machiavelli, but public opinion, at its best, partakes largely of the *moutons de Panurge* propensity. Let one cross the stream and all will cross it. Bleating is contagious. There

was, moreover, a dangerous object in sight, well calculated to inspire the timorously good with fear. The 'Principe,' at first sight and reading, looked indeed very much like the Evil One in person.

When Machiavelli returned from exile he was utterly destitute. All the gates of public office were shut against him. He was a patriot—a heinous offence in Medicean eyes. His past services, all so many proofs of self-sacrifice and devotion to his country, only aroused tyrannic suspicion, and barred his way to success. It was then he conceived a work which, in conciliating the enemy, might again open to him a road to usefulness. What he craves above all is to serve his country. In a letter to a friend he explains the purpose and scope of this work: 'Io ho composto un opuscolo De Principatibus, dove io mi profondo quanto io posso nelle cogitazioni di questo subietto, disputando che cosa é principato, di quali spezie sono, come e' s'acquistano, come e' si mantengono, perché e' si perdono.*' He, the experienced statesman, wishes to explain to his ruler what Princeship means; what it entails upon itself; how much duplicity, treachery, cruelty, perfidy is necessary to acquire and maintain dominion, and, finally, what mistakes a sovereign must avoid making if his ambition is to be a complete prince. The little book proved a very fire-brand in the so-called moral and intellectual world. Cardinal Polus, the great opponent of Henry VIII., was the first to hold up the work to the animadversion of Christendom by declaring that it was written with the fingers of Satan—'*Satanæ digitis.*' Catarino Politi, Archbishop of Conza, banished it from all Christian literature: '*de libris a christiano detestandis et e christianismo*

* I have written a pamphlet, *De Principatibus*, wherein I investigate as much as I can this subject, discussing what princeship is, of what different kinds, how it is acquired, how maintained, and why lost.

penitus eliminandis.' In 1559, the Jesuits of Ingolstadt burned Machiavelli in effigy, and a whole ecclesiastical league, headed by Paul IV., is formed against the *Principe*, which is forthwith brought under the *index prohibitory*, the Council of Trent, in 1564, solemnly confirming the sentence. Boccacini next condemns its author to the pains eternal: '*Il Machiavelli con la sua arrabiata e disperata politica merito di essere dannato alle pene eterne.*'† The most interesting of these attacks, and one which perhaps excited the greatest attention, owing no doubt to the source from which it came, was the Anti-Machiavel of the King of Prussia, Frederic the Great. It would almost seem as if this unscrupulous conqueror had refuted the '*Principe*' only to follow its instructions with the greater impunity. The correspondence which passed between him and Voltaire on the subject is quite characteristic. It appears, moreover, that the King, in the course of the composition, got so entangled in his own criticisms, that he had to call upon Voltaire to extricate him.

The disputes and invectives to which the work, meanwhile, gave rise, were sometimes not without their ludicrous side. A certain Jesuit, for example, Father Luchesini, adding his mite of protest to the general condemnation, entitled his brochure: '*Specimen of absurdities discovered in the works of Machiavelli.*' The publishers, to abridge so long a title, guilelessly published it under that of '*Absurdities of Father Luchesini.*'

On the other hand, no lesser personages than Sextus V., Charles V., Henry III., undertook to protect the work, and became its advocates. The sultans Amurath IV., and Mustapha III., caused it to be translated into Turkish, and it has been gravely observed

that since that time the Turkish princes were 'more than ever addicted to strangling their brothers.' Coringius translated it into Latin, and in his preface, makes a vigorous defence of the author; Scioppius likewise. Amelot de la Houssaye, French ambassador at Venice, translated it into French, with the same approbation. Rousseau also takes up the subject, and in his '*Contrat Social*,' declares Machiavelli '*un honnête homme et un bon citoyen. En feignant de donner des leçons aux rois il en a donné de grandes aux peuples. Le Prince de Machiavel est le livre des republicains.*'

The '*Principe*' surely never deserved all the praise and blame its commentators heaped upon it. It virtually meant nothing more than: I have given everything to the State and am left destitute. Here is a bundle of lessons for princes—the result of a lifelong experience and study of men: give me bread for it! Bread or work! for what to him is more unendurable even than hunger, is the lying inactive of powers that have been of such eminent service to his country. What he dreads above all, is to have his brain, as he expresses it in a letter to a friend, 'moulder away in inaction.'

The pathetic appeal, which runs through the whole of the dedication of the little volume, would seem to justify such an explanation.

That Machiavelli was very poor is evident; and that his poverty cannot be attributed to habits of prodigality is equally evident. The State of Florence gave little chance to its servants to play the spendthrift. We know what it allowed its ambassadors by way of salary: ten lire per day, or about two dollars.

The theories laid down in the *Principe*, taken in their literal sense, are inadmissible to an honest mind, and must necessarily shock the moralist; but it is in this, as in many other cases, that the spirit of the work determines its value.

A clear sense of right and wrong is

† Machiavelli, with his furious and desperate politics, deserves to be condemned to eternal punishment.

a blessing; surely; but who, in his circumscribed sphere of action, can decide with certainty what is absolutely right or absolutely wrong, for another? The decision must rest with every one's own conscience. Human events, moreover, assume such subtle and equivocal phases, that to pretend to determine their exact meaning is sheer fool-hardiness. 'He alone,' says Macaulay, 'reads history aright, who, observing how powerfully circumstances influence the feelings and opinions of men, how often vices pass into virtues, and paradoxes into axioms, learns to distinguish what is accidental and transitory in human nature from what is essential and immutable.'

It is not Machiavelli who poisoned with his theories the age of Henry VIII., of the Medicis and Guises, but rather the age that, with its peculiar accidents, poisoned the mind of Machiavelli—if indeed a great soul can be poisoned. Machiavellism existed long before Machiavelli; it is as old as the world; the Bible is full of it. The cunning stratagems of the Israelites to overreach the surrounding heathen nations, and which their heaven-appointed leaders and prophets invented for them; the parable of the unjust steward, what else are they but Machiavellism? The discriminating mind will readily discern between the machinations of a Reinecke Fuchs, bent solely on mischief, and measures of prudence imposed on a soul by the force of inexorable circumstances.

Nor can Machiavelli's theory, if theory it may be called, be judged from isolated quotations. Harlequin, trying to sell his house, and carrying a brick around by way of sample, never found a purchaser. This theory is imbedded in a most intricate network of human events: the whole history of Italy is wrapped up in it. It represents a time of exceptional warfare; a time when skill was everything and moral suasion nothing; when hate, treachery, dissimulation, and perfidy, had to be met with adequate weapons;

when every muscle of the visage became an arm of defence. The author of the *Principe* distinctly tells his reader that he writes '*cosa utile à chi l'intende*.*' The unprejudiced reader will easily see the sources from which flow the principles it advocates. Machiavelli from his youth up had fed on the ancients; the old Romans were his *beau idéal*; they were the ideal of the whole Guelph party. The Ghibellines craved the restoration of the Roman Empire, and the Guelphs the restoration of the Roman Republic; and it was the striving after these ideals, these ill-timed and impracticable forms of government that plunged the Italian republics into such nameless misery. The three methods Machiavelli lays down in his *Principe* as the only means by which a conqueror may retain conquered lands, are those of the ancient Romans. The error he fell into was that of his time and of his country—the error namely of dragging ancient philosophy into Christianity and trying to harmonize the two. Early Renaissance was a mixture of Paganism and Christianity—its best minds were Platonists. But Platonism is not Christianity, notwithstanding the few points of resemblance the two may have to each other; and to apply the principles of the one to the other can only work confusion. The philosophy of the ancients was a favourite ground to plant advanced ideas in, and a number of thinkers followed in Machiavelli's track—Vico, Montesquieu, Gibbon. Vico's 'New Science' is but the old science of the ancient Romans; Montesquieu's treatise on 'The Greatness of the Romans' is but a clever amplification of the 'Discourses of the Florentine Secretary,' and Gibbon, in his 'History,' does nothing more than combine the principles of both—the Italian and the Frenchman.

To fairly judge Machiavelli, one

* Useful things to him who understands them.

should, besides the facts above stated, bear in mind two things—his passionate, fanatical love for his country, and the estimate he put upon mankind in general.

The constitution of his mind was intensely practical and positive. 'Let a man contend to the uttermost for his life's set prize, be it what it will,' was his theory. What he most deprecates is 'the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.' He looked upon man, not as he might or should be, but as he actually is—it is his imperfections he keeps in view, not his possible perfections. His policy deals with facts, and with facts alone, not with preconceived theories or utopias. He is thoroughly possessed with the reality of things, and admits of no other mode of knowing them than by observation and experience. Close observation marks all his movements; experience is the basis of all his instructions. Life in his eyes is a vast gaming table, where Fortune blindly distributes the cards, but favours the best player. 'Do the best with the hand she gives thee,' is his injunction. 'Don't show it to your neighbour; be wary; no mistakes; no blundering; no bungling.' To him there is no circumstance so adverse but that it can be made to yield some advantage; no opportunity so small but should be seized upon. His falcon-eye perceives in the most trifling event the hidden link that connects it with great causes and results, and, like a skilful engineer, he turns it into the channel where it will act to the best purpose. The perfidies set forth in the '*Principe*' as the necessary wire-pulling in certain political transactions; the cruel, harrowing mode of warfare described in it, analyzed, commented on, are in fact nothing else than the monstrous machinery by which Princeship can alone maintain itself. The author, a staunch republican himself, looks at it with all the interest and ardour with which a naturalist looks at a rattle-snake, or a physician at a complicated surgical in-

strument. He examines the hidden springs of the horrible thing, studies their action, notes their relations, with the eagerness of the anatomist, and discusses the crimes it works with the coolness of the machinist: the perfection of the crime proving the excellence of the machinery employed to perpetrate it. *Cæsar Borgia*, in the eyes of Machiavelli, was nothing more than the genius of tyranny.

The honest and impartial investigator of the works of the Florentine Secretary will readily see their drift and meaning. Frederick the Great could not see them, because of his *Tartuffe*-morality; nor could the Turkish Sultans, who extolled them and made them their principles of action, see them, because they were literally tyrants and nothing more, and could not see anything beyond literal tyranny. These works, moreover, whilst they are replete with truths applicable to all times and all nations, were written in the especial interests of a particular time and a particular people; a time and a people which we cannot weigh and measure with our present weights and measures. The unaccountable contrasts that abound in the history of that period set our subtlest modes of judging at defiance. Was it heartlessness or cold reasonableness that determined the actions of some of the principal actors in the great drama of the Middle Ages? Can patriotism be an excuse for sacrificing a whole family to party-feeling; or can religious enthusiasm excuse some of the incendiary sermons of Savonarola, sermons inciting the people to the most unlawful of means—to treason, assassination, revolt? Shall we say that the moral sense of these problematical heroes became blunted by the horrors of the extraordinary events amid which they were born and bred? Or was there in their time any morality at all? Yet what can we call the staunch honesty, the heroic self-sacrifice, the sublime endurance of some of the worst characters of that epoch?

Previous to committing one of the most atrocious murders, one of the conspirators of the Pazzi conspiracy goes and pays all his debts; another, ferocious, even to fiendishness, in his political vengeance, leaves after him the gentlest of records: tenderness of heart for all manner of suffering; thoughtful charitableness towards the poor; generosity in almsgiving; the most laudable spontaneity in the exercise of Christian virtues.

It is well, in the study of such times and characters, as well as in that of our own contemporaries, not to lose sight of the fact that human nature pivots on contraries. It is the key to many anomalies otherwise incomprehensible.

But, to return to the subject on hand. That which stands out most clearly, and of which there can be no doubt, in the life of the Florentine secretary, is the unselfishness of his endeavours. He lived for his country and that alone. His heart was not 'set on things which no man ought to suffer to be necessary to his happiness, on things which can often be obtained only by the sacrifice of integrity and honour;'^{*} it is not the *seals* he was after, but the liberty of Italy.

His enemies who impute to him as a crime his wonderful faculty of bending to the exigencies of his times, of going over to tyranny as readily as to liberty, forget that to make the best of unavoidable calamities, as well as of singular good fortunes, is one of his life's principles; one of his prime maxims. It is in all sincerity of heart that here commends to turn *non dove si perde, ma dove si vince*.† His all-absorbing love of country overrides with him everything, even his political convictions. He craves above all usefulness, and offers his services to tyranny that he might still be allowed to serve his native town. Would it have been

nobler or more profitable to his country if he had proudly wrapped himself in idle discontent? No! he will serve Florence at any cost. He lets the sinking republic go, and tries to get hold of the rudder of the new power, that he might still, if possible, further the interests of his native town. At the second expulsion of the Medicis, he abandons them with the same readiness, and hails, with joy, the new chance for the restoration of the republic, and notably that new form of republic which Savonarola introduced, and which declared Christ for its head.*

A most curious and noteworthy feature in the life of the Florentine secretary, is his adherence to Savonarola. He was one of the few condemned to pay a fine, when the preaching of the stern Dominican, giving umbrage to the *Priori*, they sentenced his disciples to fines and exile. Machiavelli's opinion of the reformer changed, however, with the time and circumstances. His keen, practical sense soon saw the weak side of Savonarola's religious efforts. To hold a mirror to the corrupt Florentines, and preach repentance, was undoubtedly a salutary movement; but to enforce this preaching, as was subsequently the case, with wild prophecies, angry vituperations, and absurd threats, was a mistake, and savoured too much of the very evil he was combating, to insure a lasting confidence.† It was this feature of the

* During Savonarola's religious revivals, a curious scene took place in the assembly hall of the Great Council. The *Gonfaloniere* of the Republic, an adherent of the reformer, read to the assembled members a sermon of the stern Dominican which so affected all present that they fell on their knees crying for mercy, and on the spur of the moment, it was solemnly decreed that the Republic should henceforth recognise no other head but Christ. The inscription which, on this occasion, was put on the principal gate of the palace, still bears witness to this fact; it reads as follows:

Christo Regi suo Dominantium Liberatori
Dio Summo Opt. May:
Marieque Virginæ Reginæ dicavit
An. S. MDXXVII. S. P. Q. F.

† See Sermons on the Psalms, the xxvith., where Savonarola openly preaches pillage, confiscation, assassination.

* Macaulay, 'Lord Bacon,' *Edinburgh Review*, 1837.

† Not to where there is failure, but to where there is victory.

reformer's career, which Machiavelli afterwards criticised, and which caused him to say that 'prophets that have no army at their back always end badly.'

If Machiavelli had done nothing more for his country than to liberate it from the ruinous custom of employing mercenary troops in time of war, a custom to which might be ascribed most of its misfortunes, he would have been entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen, and the admiration of posterity. It was solely to his strenuous and persistent efforts that the nuisance was done away with, and replaced by a national militia. One must read in detail the distracting events of these turbulent and desperate times, to realize the greatness of the service he thereby rendered the State.

But the Italy of to-day, free and united, is recognising the fact, and is paying now the long debt of gratitude due to the memory of that eminent patriot. The *Italianissimi** see in the Florentine secretary the first advocate of their principles, and every day new honours are rendered to the '*Sovran pensatore*' who so laboriously studied out the destinies of their country, and paved the way to its freedom.

The cenotaph erected to his memory, and placed beside Dante's, is doubly significant, and the two monuments, standing side by side, may be said to have been erected to the genius of Synthesis, and to the genius of Analysis.

Whether Machiavelli understood the freedom of Italy in the same sense as did Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, or Garibaldi, may be questioned. He wanted first of all to free the country from foreign oppression.

Foreign rulers and foreign troops, together with papacy and a corrupt priesthood, were, in his eyes, the moral tyrants Italy had, and it was chiefly towards the expulsion of foreign power

that he wished to bend the mind of Lorenzo. That this was his principal aim, the conclusion of the '*Principe*' plainly indicates. The 'mournful earnestness' of this conclusion shows, moreover, how profoundly Machiavelli felt for the people, and how diligently he endeavoured to further its interests.

What he obviously wished to establish, as may be surmised from his writing, was a strongly organized hegemony—a government which would act as safeguard to all the other separate governments of Italy—a confederation of states rather than a united monarchy; and it would seem to any one who amid the entanglements and intricacies of Italian affairs, can keep in view the leading thread that they are slowly but surely winding that way. Enough, however, has so far been said to show the injustice done to a character entitled, if not to our special regard or admiration, at least to a more intelligent appreciation of the many valuable services he rendered to his country, and his devotion to a cause which, in the eyes of a large portion of the thinking world, represents political and social progress.

Innocent Gentillet, a French Protestant, was the first to make use of the word *machiavéliste*. Bayle subsequently coined from it Machiavellism and made it synonymous with 'tyrannic rule.' Although the use of the term is a purely nominal one, and independent of the merits or demerits of the man himself, yet would it seem that in the interest of progressive ideas, so antiquated a definition were laid aside the more so as it stands in such evident contradiction to the emphatic testimonies of respect modern Italy pays to the memory of a man 'whose genius' as Macaulay so bravely declares, 'illuminated all the dark places of policy,' and who will be 'contemplated with reverence by all who can distinguish the virtues of a great mind through the corruptions of a degenerate age.'

* A favourite term adopted to-day to express the more fervent in the cause of liberty.

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

LADY LORING'S carriage was waiting at the entrance of the street, with all the children in the neighbourhood assembled to admire it. She impulsively forestalled the servant in opening the carriage door. 'Come in!' she cried 'Oh, Stella, you don't know how you have frightened me! Good Heavens, you look frightened yourself! From what wretches have I rescued you? Take my smelling bottle and tell me all about it.'

The fresh air, and the reassuring presence of her old friend, revived Stella. She was able to describe her interview with the General's family, and to answer the inevitable inquiries which the narrative called forth. Lady Loring's last question was the most important of the series:—'What are you going to do about Romaine?'

'I am going to write to him, the moment we get home.'

The answer seemed to alarm Lady Loring. 'You won't betray me?' she said.

'What do you mean?'

'You won't let Romaine discover that I have told you about the duel?'

'Certainly not. You shall see my letter before I send it to be forwarded.'

Tranquillized so far, Lady Loring bethought herself of Major Hynd. 'Can we tell him what you have done?' her ladyship asked.

'Of course we can tell him,' Stella replied. 'I shall conceal nothing from Lord Loring; and I shall beg your

good husband to write to the Major. He need only say that I have made the necessary inquiries, after being informed of the circumstances by you—and that I have communicated the favourable result to Mr. Romaine.'

'It's easy enough to write the letter, my dear. But it's not so easy to say what Major Hynd may think of you.'

'Does it matter to me what Major Hynd thinks?'

Lady Loring looked at Stella with a malicious smile. 'Are you equally indifferent,' she said, 'to what Romaine's opinion of your conduct may be?'

Stella's colour rose. 'Try to be serious, Adelaide, when you speak to me of Romaine,' she answered gravely. 'His good opinion of me is the breath of my life.'

An hour later the all-important letter to Romaine was written. Stella scrupulously informed him of all that had happened—with two necessary omissions. In the first place, nothing was said of the widow's reference to her son's death, and of the effect produced by it on his younger brother. The boy was simply described as being of weak intellect, and as requiring to be kept under competent control. In the second place, Romaine was left to infer that ordinary motives of benevolence were the only motives, on his part, known to Miss Eyrecourt.

The letter ended in these lines:

'If I have taken an undue liberty in venturing, unasked, to appear as your representative, I can only plead

that I meant well. It seemed to me to be hard on these poor people, and not just to you in your absence, to interpose any needless delays in carrying out those kind intentions of yours, which had no doubt been properly considered beforehand. In forming your opinion of my conduct, pray remember that I have been careful not to compromise you in any way. You are only known to Madame Marillac as a compassionate person who offers to help her, and who wishes to give that help anonymously. If, notwithstanding this, you disapprove of what I have done, I must not conceal that it will grieve and humiliate me—I have been so eager to be of use to you, when others appear to hesitate. I must find my consolation in remembering that I have become acquainted with one of the sweetest and noblest of women, and that I have helped to preserve her afflicted son from dangers in the future, which I cannot presume to estimate. You will complete what I have only begun. Be forbearing and kind to me, if I have innocently offended in this matter—and I shall gratefully remember the day when I took it on myself to be Mr. Romaine's almoner.'

Lady Loring read these concluding sentences twice over.

'I think the end of your letter will have its effect on him,' she said,

'If it brings me a kind letter in reply,' Stella answered, 'it will have all the effect I hope for.'

'If it does anything,' Lady Loring rejoined, 'it will do more than that.'

'What more can it do.'

'My dear, it can bring him back to you.'

Those hopeful words seemed rather to startle Stella than to encourage her.

'Bring him back to me?' she repeated. 'Oh, Adelaide, I wish I could think as you do!'

'Send the letter to the post,' said Lady Loring, 'and we shall see.'

CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

Arthur Penrose to Father Benwell.

'REVEREND and dear Father,—When I last had the honour of seeing you, I received your instructions to report, by letter, the result of my conversations on religion with Mr. Romaine.

'As events have turned out, it is needless to occupy your time by dwelling at any length on this subject, in writing. Mr. Romaine has been strongly impressed by the excellent books which I have introduced to his notice. He raises certain objections, which I have done my best to meet; and he promises to consider my arguments with his closest attention, in the time to come. I am happier in the hope of restoring his mental tranquillity—in other and worthier words, of effecting his conversion—than I can tell you in any words of mine. I respect and admire, I may almost say I love, Mr. Romaine.

'The details which are wanting in this brief report of progress, I shall have the privilege of personally relating to you. Mr. Romaine no longer desires to conceal himself from his friends. He received a letter this morning, which has changed all his plans, and has decided him on immediately returning to London. I am not acquainted with the contents of the letter, or with the name of the writer—but I am pleased, for Mr. Romaine's sake, to see that the reading of it has made him happy.

'By to-morrow evening, I hope to present my respects to you.'

II.

Mr. Bitrake to Father Benwell.

'Sir,—The inquiries which I have

instituted, at your request, have proved successful in one respect.

‘I am in a position to tell you, that events in Mr. Winterfield’s life have unquestionably connected him with the young lady, named Miss Stella Eyrecourt.

‘The attendant circumstances, however, are not so easy to discover. Judging by the careful report of the person whom I employ, there must have been serious reasons, in this case, for keeping facts secret and witnesses out of the way. I mention this, not to discourage you, but to prepare you for delays that may occur on our way to discovery.

‘Be pleased to preserve your confidence in me, and to give me time—and I answer for the rest.’

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER I.

THE PIC NIC DANCE.

A FINE spring, after a winter of unusual severity, promised well for the prospects of the London season.

Among the social entertainments of the time, general curiosity was excited, in the little sphere which absurdly describes itself under the big name of Society, by the announcement of a party to be given by Lady Loring, bearing the quaint title of a Pic Nic Dance. The invitations were issued for an unusually early hour; and it was understood that nothing so solid and so commonplace as the customary supper was to be offered to the guests. In a word, Lady Loring’s ball was designed as a bold protest against late hours and heavy midnight meals. The younger people were all in favour of the proposed reform. Their elders declined to give an opinion beforehand.

In the small inner circle of Lady Loring’s most intimate friends, it was whispered that an innovation in the matter of refreshments was contemplated, which would put the tolerant principles of the guests to a severe test. Miss Notman, the housekeeper, politely threatening retirement on a small annuity, since the memorable affair of the oyster omelette, decided on carrying out her design, when she heard that there was to be no supper. ‘My attachment to the family can bear a great deal,’ she said. ‘But when Lady Loring deliberately gives a ball, without a supper, I must hide my head somewhere—and it had better be out of the house!’ Taking Miss Notman as representative of a class, the reception of the coming experiment looked, to say the least of it, doubtful.

On the appointed evening, the guests made one agreeable discovery when they entered the reception rooms. They were left perfectly free to amuse themselves as they liked.

The drawing-rooms were given up to dancing; the picture-gallery was devoted to chamber music. Chess-players and card-players found remote and quiet rooms especially prepared for them. People who cared for nothing but talking were accommodated to perfection, in a sphere of their own. And lovers (in earnest or not in earnest) discovered, in a dimly-lit conservatory with many recesses, that ideal of discreet retirement, which combines solitude and society under one roof.

But the ordering of the refreshments failed, as had been foreseen, to share in the approval conferred on the arrangement of the rooms. The first impression was unfavourable. Lady Loring, however, knew enough of human nature to leave results to two potent allies—experience and time.

Excepting the conservatory, the astonished guests could go nowhere without discovering tables prettily decorated with flowers, and bearing hundreds of little pure white china plates, loaded with nothing but sandwiches. All

varieties of opinion were consulted. People of ordinary tastes, who liked to know what they were eating, could choose conventional beef or ham, encased in thin slices of bread of a delicate flavour quite new to them. Other persons less easily pleased, were tempted by sandwiches of *pâté de foie gras*, and by exquisite combinations of chicken and truffles, reduced to a creamy pulp which clung to the bread like butter. Foreigners, making experiments, and not averse to garlic, discovered the finest sausages of Germany and Italy transformed into English sandwiches. Anchovies and sardines appealed, in the same unexpected way, to men who desired to create an artificial thirst—after having first ascertained that the champagne was something to be fondly remembered and regretted, at other parties, to the end of the season. The hospitable profusion of the refreshments was all-pervading and inexhaustible. Wherever the guests might be, or however they were amusing themselves, there were the pretty little white plates perpetually tempting them. People ate as they had never eaten before, and even the inveterate English prejudice against anything new was conquered at last. Universal opinion declared the Picnic Dance to be an admirable idea, perfectly carried out.

Many of the guests paid their hostess the compliment of arriving at the early hour mentioned in the invitations. One of them was Major Hynd. Lady Loring took her first opportunity of speaking to him apart.

'I hear you were a little angry,' she said, 'when you were told that Miss Eyrecourt had taken your inquiries out of your hands.'

'I thought it rather a bold proceeding, Lady Loring,' the Major replied. 'But as the General's widow turned out to be a lady, in the best sense of the word, Miss Eyrecourt's romantic adventure has justified itself. I wouldn't recommend her to run the same risk a second time.'

'I suppose you know what Romaine thinks of it?'

'Not yet. I have been too busy to call on him, since I have been in town. Pardon me, Lady Loring, who is that beautiful creature in the pale yellow dress? Surely, I have seen her somewhere before?'

'That beautiful creature, Major, is the bold young lady of whose conduct you don't approve.'

'Miss Eyrecourt?' 'Yes.'

'I retract everything I said!' cried the Major, quite shamelessly. 'Such a woman as that may do anything. She is looking this way. Pray introduce me.'

The Major was introduced, and Lady Loring returned to her guests.

'I think we have met before, Major Hynd,' said Stella.

Her voice supplied the missing link in the Major's memory of events. Remembering how she had looked at Romaine, on the deck of the steamboat, he began dimly to understand Miss Eyrecourt's otherwise incomprehensible anxiety to be of use to the General's family. 'I remember perfectly,' he answered. 'It was on the passage from Boulogne to Folkestone—and my friend was with me. You and he have no doubt met since that time?' He put the question as a mere formality. The unexpressed thought in him was, 'Another of them in love with Romaine! and nothing, as usual, likely to come of it.'

'I hope you have forgiven me for going to Camp's Hill in your place,' said Stella.

'I ought to be grateful to you,' the Major rejoined. 'No time has been lost in relieving these poor people—and your powers of persuasion have succeeded, where mine might have failed. Has Romaine been to see them himself since his return to London?'

'No. He desires to remain unknown; and he is kindly content, for the present, to be represented by me.'

'For the present?' Major Hind repeated.

A faint flush passed over her delicate complexion. 'I have succeeded,' she resumed, 'in inducing Madame Marillac to accept the help, offered through me, to her son. The poor creature is safe, under kind superintendence, in a private asylum. So far, I can do no more.'

'Will the mother accept nothing?'

'Nothing, either for herself or her daughter, so long as they can work. I cannot tell you how patiently and beautifully she speaks of her hard lot. But her health may give way—and it is possible, before long, that I may leave London.' She paused; the flush deepened on her face. 'The failure of the mother's health may happen in my absence,' she continued; 'and Mr. Romaine will ask you to look after the family, from time to time, while I am away.'

'I will do it with pleasure, Miss Eyrecourt. Is Romaine likely to be here to-night?'

She smiled brightly, and looked away. The Major's curiosity was excited—he looked in the same direction. There was Romaine, entering the room, to answer for himself.

What was the attraction which drew the unsocial student to an evening party? Major Hynd's eyes were on the watch. When Romaine and Stella shook hands, the attraction stood self-revealed to him, in Miss Eyrecourt. Recalling the momentary confusion which she had betrayed when she spoke of possibly leaving London, and of Romaine's plans for supplying her place as his almoner, the Major, with military impatience of delays, jumped to a conclusion. 'I was wrong,' he thought; 'my impenetrable friend is touched in the right place at last. When the splendid creature in yellow leaves London, the name on her luggage will be Mrs. Romaine.'

'You are looking quite another man, Romaine!' he said, mischievously, 'since we met last.'

Stella gently moved away, leaving

them to talk freely. Romaine took no advantage of the circumstance to admit his old friend to his confidence. Whatever relations might really exist between Miss Eyrecourt and himself were evidently kept secret thus far. 'My health has been a little better lately,' was the only reply he made.

The Major dropped his voice to a whisper. 'Have you not had any return——?' he began.

Romaine stopped him there. 'I don't want my infirmities made public,' he whispered back irritably. 'Look at the people all round us! When I tell you I have been better lately, *you* ought to know what it means.'

'Any discoverable reason for the improvement?' persisted the Major, still bent on getting evidence in support of his own private conclusion.

'None!' Romaine answered sharply.

But Major Hynd was not to be discouraged by sharp replies. 'Miss Eyrecourt and I have been recalling our first meeting on board the steamboat,' he went on. 'Do you remember how indifferent you were to that beautiful person when I asked you if you knew her? I'm glad to see that you show better taste to-night. I wish I knew her well enough to shake hands as you did.'

'Hynd! When a young man talks nonsense, his youth is his excuse. At your time of life, you have passed the excusable age—even in the estimation of your friends.'

With those words Romaine turned away. The incorrigible Major instantly met the reproof inflicted on him with a smart answer. 'Remember,' he said, 'that I was the first of your friends to wish you happiness!' He, too, turned away—in the direction of the champagne and sandwiches.

Meanwhile, Stella had discovered Penrose, lost in the brilliant assemblage of guests, standing alone in a corner. It was enough for her that Romaine's secretary was also Romaine's friend. Passing by titled and cele-

brated personages, all anxious to speak to her, she joined the shy, nervous, sad-looking little man, and did all she could to set him at his ease.

'I am afraid, Mr. Penrose, this is not a very attractive scene to you.' Having said those kind words, she paused. Penrose was looking at her confusedly, but with an expression of interest which was new to her experience of him. 'Has Romaine told him?' she wondered inwardly.

'It is a very beautiful scene, Miss Eyrecourt,' he said, in his low, quiet tones.

'Did you come here with Mr. Romaine?' she asked.

'Yes. It was by his advice that I accepted the invitation with which Lady Loring has honoured me. I am sadly out of place, in such an assembly as this—but I would make far greater sacrifices to please Mr. Romaine.'

She smiled kindly. Attachment so artlessly devoted to the man she loved pleased and touched her. In her anxiety to discover a subject which might interest him, she overcame her antipathy to the spiritual director of the household. 'Is Father Benwell coming to us to-night?' she inquired.

'He will certainly be here, Miss Eyrecourt, if he can get back to London in time.'

'Has he been long away?'

'Nearly a week.'

Not knowing what else to say, she still paid Penrose the compliment of feigning an interest in Father Benwell.

'Has he a long journey to make in returning to London?' she asked.

'Yes—all the way from Devonshire.'

'From South Devonshire?'

'No. North Devonshire—Clovelly.'

The smile suddenly left her face. She proceeded composedly, but without quite concealing the effort that it cost her, or the anxiety with which she waited for the reply to her next question.

'I know something of the neighbourhood of Clovelly,' she said. 'I wonder whether Father Benwell is

visiting any friends of mine there?'

'I am not able to say, Miss Eyrecourt. The reverend father's letters are forwarded to the hotel—I know no more than that.'

With a gentle inclination of her head, she turned towards other guests—looked back—and, with a last little courteous attention offered to him, said, 'If you like music, Mr. Penrose, I advise you to go to the picture gallery. They are going to play a Quartette by Mozart.'

Penrose thanked her, noticing that her voice and manner had become strangely subdued. She made her way back to the room in which the hostess received her guests. Lady Loring was for the moment alone resting on a sofa. Stella stooped over her, and spoke in cautiously lowered tones.

'If Father Benwell comes here to-night,' she said, 'try to find out what he has been doing at Clovelly.'

'Clovelly?' Lady Loring repeated. 'Is that the village near Winterfield's house?'

'Yes.'

CHAPTER II.

THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE.

AS Stella answered Lady Loring, she was smartly tapped on the shoulder by an eager guest with a fan.

The guest was a very little woman, with twinkling eyes and a perpetual smile. Nature, corrected by powder and paint, was liberally displayed in her arms, her bosom, and the upper part of her back. Such clothes as she wore, defective perhaps in quantity, were in quality absolutely perfect. More adorable colour, shape and workmanship never appeared, even in a milliner's picture-book. Her light hair was dressed with a fringe and ringlets, on the pattern which the portraits of the time of Charles the Second have made familiar to us. There was nothing exactly young or exactly

old about her, except her voice—which betrayed a faint hoarseness, attributable possibly to exhaustion produced by untold years of incessant talking. It might be added that she was as active as a squirrel, and as playful as a kitten. But the lady must be treated with a certain forbearance of tone, for this good reason—she was Stella's mother.

Stella turned quickly at the tap of the fan. 'Mamma!' she exclaimed, 'how you startle me!'

'My dear child,' said Mrs. Eyrecourt, 'you are constitutionally indolent, and you want startling. Go into the next room directly. Mr. Romaine is looking for you.'

Stella drew back a step, and eyed her mother in blank surprise. 'Is it possible that you know him?' she asked.

'Mr. Romaine doesn't go into society, or we should have met long since,' Mrs. Eyrecourt replied. 'He is a striking person—and I noticed him when he shook hands with you. That was quite enough for me. I have just introduced myself to him, as your mother. He was a little stately and stiff, but most charming when he knew who I was. I volunteered to find you. He was quite astonished. I think he took me for your elder sister. Not the least like each other—are we, Lady Loring? She takes after her poor dear father. *He* was constitutionally indolent. My sweet child, rouse yourself. You have drawn a prize in the great lottery at last. If ever a man was in love, Mr. Romaine is that man. I am a physiognomist, Lady Loring, and I see the passions in the face. Oh, Stella, what a property. Vange Abbey. I once drove that way when I was visiting in the neighbourhood. Superb. And another fortune (eight thousand a year and a villa at Highgate) since the death of his aunt. And my daughter may be mistress of this, if she only plays her cards properly. What a compensation, after all that we suffered through that monster, Winterfield!'

'Mamma! Pray don't——!'

'Stella I will *not* be interrupted, when I am speaking to you for your own good. I don't know a more provoking person, Lady Loring, than my daughter—on certain occasions. And yet I love her. I would go through fire and water for my beautiful child. Only last week, I was at a wedding; and I thought of Stella. The church crammed to the doors. A hundred at the wedding-breakfast. The bride's lace—there! no language can describe it. Ten bridesmaids in blue and silver. Reminded me of the ten virgins. Only the proportion of foolish ones, this time, was certainly more than five. However, they looked well. The Archbishop proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. So sweetly pathetic. Some of us cried. I thought of my daughter. Oh, if I could live to see Stella the central attraction, so to speak, of such a wedding as that. Only I would have twelve bridesmaids at least—and beat the blue and silver with green and gold. Trying to the complexion, you will say. But there are artificial improvements. At least, I am told so. What a house this would be—a broad hint, isn't it, dear Lady Loring?—what a house for a wedding, with the drawing-room to assemble in, and the picture-gallery for the breakfast. I know the Archbishop. My darling, he shall marry you. Why *don't* you go into the next room? Ah, that constitutional indolence. If you had only my energy, as I used to say to your poor father. *Will* you go? Yes, dear Lady Loring, I should like a glass of champagne, and another of those delicious chicken sandwiches. If you don't go, Stella, I shall forget every consideration of propriety, and big as you are, I shall push you out.'

Stella yielded to necessity. 'Keep her quiet, if you can,' she whispered to Lady Loring, in the moment of silence that followed. Even Mrs. Eyrecourt was not able to talk while she was drinking champagne.

In the next room, Stella found Romaine. He looked care-worn and ir-

ritable—but brightened directly, when she approached him.

‘My mother has been speaking to you,’ she said, ‘I am afraid——’

He stopped her there. ‘She is your mother,’ he interposed kindly. ‘Don’t think that I am ungrateful enough to forget that.’

She took his arm, and looked at him with all her heart in her eyes. ‘Come into a quieter room,’ she whispered.

Romayne led her away. Neither of them noticed Penrose as they left the room.

He had not moved since Stella had spoken to him. There he remained in his corner, absorbed in thought—and not in happy thought, as his face would have plainly betrayed to any one who had cared to look at him. His eyes sadly followed the retiring figures of Stella and Romayne. The colour rose on his haggard face. Like most men who are accustomed to live alone, he had the habit, when he was strongly excited, of speaking to himself. ‘No,’ he said, as the unacknowledged lovers disappeared through the door, ‘it is an insult to ask me to do it!’ He turned the other way; escaped Lady Loring’s notice in the reception-room; and left the house.

Romayne and Stella passed through the card-room and the chess-room, turned into a corridor, and entered the conservatory.

For the first time the place was a solitude. The air of a newly-invented dance, faintly audible through the open windows of the ball-room above, had proved an irresistible temptation. Those who knew the dance were eager to exhibit themselves. Those who had only heard of it were equally anxious to look on and learn. Even towards the latter end of the nineteenth century, the youths and maidens of society can still be in earnest—when the object in view is a new dance.

What would Major Hynd have said if he had seen Romayne turn into one of the recesses of the conservatory, in which there was a seat which just held

two? But the Major had forgotten his years and his family; and he too was one of the spectators in the ball-room.

‘I wonder,’ said Stella, ‘whether you know how I feel those kind words of yours, when you spoke of my mother. Shall I tell you?’

She put her arm round his neck and kissed him. He was a man new to love, in the nobler sense of the word. The exquisite softness in the touch of her lips, the delicious fragrance of her breath, intoxicated him. Again and again he returned the kiss. She drew back; she recovered her self-possession and with a suddenness and a certainty incomprehensible to a man. From the depths of tenderness she passed to shallows of frivolity. In her own defence she was almost as superficial as her mother, in less than a moment.

‘What would Mr. Penrose say if he saw you?’ she whispered.

‘Why do you speak of Penrose! Have you seen him to-night?’

‘Yes—looking sadly out of his element, poor man. I did my best to set him at his ease—because I know *you* like him.’

‘Dear Stella!’

‘No, not again! I am speaking seriously now. Mr. Penrose looked at me with a strange kind of interest—I can’t describe it. Have you taken him into our confidence?’

‘He is so devoted—he has such a true interest in me,’ said Romayne—‘I really felt ashamed to treat him like a stranger. On our journey to London, I did own that it was your charming letter which had decided me on returning. I did say, “I must tell her myself how well she has understood me, and how deeply I feel her kindness.” Penrose took my hand in his gentle considerate way. “I understand you, too,” he said—and that was all that passed between us.’

‘Nothing more, since that time?’

‘Nothing.’

‘Not a word of what we said to each

other, when we were alone last week in the picture gallery?’

‘Not a word. I am self-tormentor enough to distrust myself, even now. God knows I have concealed nothing from you; and yet——Am I not selfishly thinking of my own happiness, Stella, when I ought to be thinking only of You? You know, my angel, with what a life you must associate yourself, if you marry me. Are you really sure that you have love enough and courage enough to be my wife?’

She rested her head caressingly on his shoulder, and looked up at him with her charming smile.

‘How many times must I say it,’ she asked, ‘before you will believe me? Once more—I have love enough and courage enough to be your wife; and I knew it, Lewis, the first time I saw you! Will *that* confession satisfy your scruples? And will you promise never again to doubt yourself, or me?’

Romayne promised, and sealed the promise—unresisted this time—with a kiss. ‘When are we to be married?’ he whispered.

She lifted her head from his shoulder with a sigh. ‘If I am to answer you honestly,’ she replied, ‘I must speak of my mother, before I speak of myself.’

Romayne submitted to the duties of his new position, as well as he understood them. ‘Do you mean that you have told your mother of our engagement?’ he said. ‘In that case, is it my duty or yours—I am very ignorant in these matters—to consult her wishes? My own idea is, that I ought to ask her, if she approves of me as her son-in-law, and that you might then speak to her of the marriage.’

Stella thought of Romayne’s tastes, all in favour of modest retirement, and of her mother’s tastes, all in favour of ostentation and display. She frankly owned the result produced in her own mind. ‘I am afraid to consult my mother about our marriage,’ she said.

Romayne looked astonished. ‘Do you think Mrs. Eyrecourt will disapprove of it?’ he asked.

Stella was equally astonished on her side. ‘Disapprove of it?’ she repeated. ‘I know for certain that my mother will be delighted?’

‘Then where is the difficulty?’

There was but one way of definitely answering that question. Stella boldly described her mother’s idea of a wedding—including the Archbishop, the twelve bridesmaids in green and gold, and the hundred guests at breakfast in Lord Loring’s picture-gallery. Romayne’s consternation literally deprived him, for the moment, of the power of speech. To say that he looked at Stella, as a prisoner in ‘the condemned cell’ might have looked at the sheriff, announcing the morning of his execution, would be to do injustice to the prisoner. He receives *his* shock without flinching; and, in proof of his composure, celebrates his wedding with the gallows by a breakfast which he will not live to digest.

‘If you think as your mother does,’ Romayne began, as soon as he had recovered his self-possession, ‘no opinion of mine shall stand in the way——’ He could get no further. His vivid imagination saw the Archbishop and the bridesmaids, heard the hundred guests and their dreadful speeches: his voice faltered, in spite of himself.

Stella eagerly relieved him. ‘My darling, I don’t think as my mother does,’ she interposed tenderly. ‘I am sorry to say, we have very few sympathies in common. Marriages, as I think, ought to be celebrated as privately as possible—the near and dear relations present, and no one else. If there must be rejoicings and banquets, and hundreds of invitations, let them come when the wedded pair are at home after the honeymoon, beginning life in earnest. These are odd ideas for a woman to have—but they *are* my ideas, for all that.’

Romayne’s face brightened. ‘How few women possess your fine sense and your delicacy of feeling!’ he exclaimed. ‘Surely your mother must give way, when she hears we are both

of one mind about our marriage?'

Stella knew her mother too well to share the opinion thus expressed. Mrs. Eyrecourt's capacity for holding to her own little ideas, and for persisting (where her social interests were concerned) in trying to insinuate those ideas into the minds of other persons, was a capacity which no resistance, short of absolute brutality, could overcome. She was perfectly capable of worrying Romaine (as well as her daughter) to the utmost limits of human endurance; in the firm conviction that she was bound to convert all heretics, of their way of thinking, to the orthodox faith in the matter of weddings. Putting this view of the case with all possible delicacy, in speaking of her mother, Stella expressed herself plainly enough, nevertheless, to enlighten Romaine.

He made another suggestion. 'Can we marry privately,' he said, 'and tell Mrs. Eyrecourt of it afterwards.'

This essentially masculine solution of the difficulty was at once rejected. Stella was too good a daughter to suffer her mother to be treated with even the appearance of disrespect. 'Oh,' she said, 'think how mortified and distressed my mother would be! She *must* be present at the marriage.'

An idea of a compromise occurred to Romaine. 'What do you say,' he proposed, 'to arrange for the marriage privately—and then telling Mrs. Eyrecourt only a day or two before-hand, when it would be too late to send out invitations? If your mother would be disappointed ——'

'She would be angry,' Stella interposed.

'Very well—lay all the blame on me. Besides, there might be two other persons present, whom I am sure Mrs. Eyrecourt is always glad to meet. You don't object to Lord and Lady Loring?'

'Object? I wouldn't be without them, at my wedding, for the whole world.'

'Anyone else, Stella?'

'Any one, Lewis, whom you like.'

'Then I say—no one else. My own love! When may it be? My lawyers can get the settlements ready in a fortnight, or less. Will you say in a fortnight?'

His arm was round her waist; his lips were touching her lovely neck. She was not a woman to take refuge in the commonplace coquetties of the sex. 'Yes,' she said softly, 'if you wish it.' She rose, and withdrew herself from him. 'For my sake, we must not be here together any longer, Lewis.' As she spoke, the music in the ball-room ceased. Stella ran out of the conservatory.

The first person she encountered on returning to the reception room, was Father Benwell.

CHAPTER III.

THE END OF THE BALL.

THE priest's long journey did not appear to have fatigued him. He was as cheerful and as polite as ever—and so paternally attentive to Stella that it was quite impossible for her to pass him with a formal bow.

'I have come all the way from Devonshire,' he said. 'The train has been behind time as usual, and I am one of the late arrivals in consequence. I miss some familiar faces at this delightful party. Mr. Romaine, for instance. Perhaps he is not one of the guests?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Has he gone away?'

'Not that I know of.'

The tone of her replies warned Father Benwell to let Romaine be. He tried another name. 'And Arthur Penrose?' he inquired next.

'I think Mr. Penrose has left us.'

As she answered she looked towards Lady Loring. The hostess was the centre of a circle of ladies and gentlemen. Before she was at liberty, Father Benwell might take his departure.

Stella resolved to make the attempt for herself which she had asked Lady Loring to make for her. It was better to try and be defeated than not to try at all.

'I asked Mr. Penrose what part of Devonshire you were visiting,' she resumed, assuming her more gracious manner. 'I know something myself of the north coast, especially the neighbourhood of Clovelly.'

Not the faintest change passed over the priest's face; his fatherly smile had never been in a better state of preservation.

'Isn't it a charming place?' he said, with enthusiasm. 'Clovelly is the most remarkable and most beautiful village in England. I have so enjoyed my little holiday—excursions by sea and excursions by land—do you know I feel quite young again!'

He lifted his eyebrows playfully, and rubbed his plump hands one over the other with such an intolerably innocent air of enjoyment that Stella positively hated him. She felt her capacity for self-restraint failing her. Under the influence of strong emotion, her thoughts lost their customary discipline. In attempting to fathom Father Benwell, she was conscious of having undertaken a task which required more pliable moral qualities than she possessed. To her own unutterable annoyance, she was at a loss what to say next. At that critical moment her mother appeared—eager for news of the conquest of Romyne.

'My dear child, how pale you look!' said Mrs. Eyrecourt. 'Come with me directly—you must have a glass of wine.'

This dexterous device for entrapping Stella into a private conversation failed. 'Not now, Mamma, thank you,' she said.

Father Benwell, on the point of discreetly withdrawing, stopped, and looked at Mrs. Eyrecourt with an appearance of respectful interest. 'Your mother?' he said to Stella. 'I should feel honoured if you will introduce me.'

Having (not very willingly) performed the ceremony of presentation, Stella drew back a little. She had no desire to take any part in the conversation that might follow; but she had her own reasons for waiting near enough to hear it.

In the meantime, Mrs. Eyrecourt turned on her inexhaustible flow of small-talk, with her customary facility. No distinction of persons troubled her; no convictions of any sort stood in her way. She was equally ready (provided she met him in good society) to make herself agreeable to a Puritan or a Papist.

'Delighted to make your acquaintance, Father Benwell. Surely I met you at that delightful evening at the Duke's? I mean when we welcomed the Cardinal back from Rome. Dear old man—if one may speak so familiarly of a Prince of the Church. How charmingly he bears his new honours. Such patriarchal simplicity, as every one remarked. Have you seen him lately?'

The idea of the Order to which he belonged feeling any special interest in a Cardinal (except when they made him of some use to them) privately amused Father Benwell. 'How wise the Church was,' he thought, 'in inventing a spiritual aristocracy. Even this fool of a woman is impressed by it.' His spoken reply was true to his assumed character as one of the inferior clergy. 'Poor priests like me, madam, see but little of Princes of the Church in the houses of Dukes.' Saying this with the most becoming humility, he turned the talk in a more productive direction, before Mrs. Eyrecourt could proceed with her recollections of 'the evening at the Duke's.'

'Your charming daughter and I have been talking about Clovelly,' he continued. 'I have just been spending a little holiday in that delightful place. It was a surprise to me, Mrs. Eyrecourt, to see so many really beautiful country seats in the neighbourhood. I was particularly struck—you know it,

of course?—by Beaupark House.’

Mrs. Eyrecourt’s little twinkling eyes suddenly became still and steady. It was only for a moment. But even that trifling change boded ill for the purpose which the priest had in view.

Having the opportunity of turning Stella’s mother into a valuable source of information actually placed in his hands, Father Benwell reasoned with himself, as he had reasoned at Miss Notman’s tea table. A frivolous person was a person easily persuaded to gossip, and not likely to be reticent in keeping secrets. In drawing this conclusion, the reverend Father was justified by every wise man’s experience of human nature—but he forgot to make allowance for the modifying influence of circumstances. Even the wits of a fool can be quickened by contact with the world. For many years Mrs. Eyrecourt had held her place in society; acting under an intensely selfish sense of her own interests, fortified by those cunning instincts which grow best in a barren intellect. Perfectly unworthy of being trusted with secrets which only concerned other people, this frivolous creature could be the unassailable guardian of secrets which concerned herself. The instant the priest referred indirectly to Winterfield, by speaking of Beaupark House, her instincts warned her, as if in words:—‘Be careful for Stella’s sake!’

‘Oh, yes!’ said Mrs. Eyrecourt, ‘I know Beaupark House; but—May I make a confession?’ she added with her sweetest smile.

Father Benwell caught her tone, with his customary tact. ‘A confession at a ball is a novelty; even in my experience,’ he answered, with *his* sweetest smile.

‘How good of you to encourage me!’ proceeded Mrs. Eyrecourt. ‘No, thank you, I don’t want to sit down. My confession won’t take long—and I really must give that poor pale daughter of mine a glass of wine. A student of human nature like you—they say

all priests are students of human nature; accustomed of course to be consulted in difficulties, and to hear *real* confessions—must know that we poor women are sadly subject to whims and caprices. We can’t resist them as men do; and the dear good men generally make allowances for us. Well, do you know, that place of Mr. Winterfield’s is one of my caprices. Oh, dear, I speak carelessly; I ought to have said, the place *represents* one of my caprices. In short, Father Benwell, Beaupark House is perfectly odious to me; and I think Clovelly the most over-rated place in the world. I haven’t the least reason to give, but so it is. Excessively foolish of me. It’s like hysterics, I can’t help it. I’m sure you will forgive me. There isn’t a place on the habitable globe that I am not ready to feel interested in, except detestable Devonshire. I am so sorry you went there. The next time you have a holiday, take my advice. Try the Continent.’

‘I should like it of all things,’ said Father Benwell. ‘Only I don’t speak French. Allow me to get Mis Eyrecourt a glass of wine.’

He spoke with the most perfect temper and tranquillity. Having paid his little attention to Stella, and having relieved her of the empty glass, he took his leave, with a parting request thoroughly characteristic of the man.

‘Are you staying in town, Mrs. Eyrecourt?’ he asked.

‘Oh, of course, at the height of the season!’

‘May I have the honour of calling on you—and talking a little more about the Continent?’

If he had said it in so many words, he could hardly have informed Mrs. Eyrecourt more plainly that he thoroughly understood her, and that he meant to try again. Strong in the worldly training of half a lifetime, she at once informed him of her address, with the complimentary phrases proper to the occasion. ‘Five o’clock tea

on Wednesdays, Father Benwell. Don't forget !'

The moment he was gone, she drew her daughter into a quiet corner. 'Don't be frightened, Stella. That sly old person has some interest in trying to find out about Winterfield. Do you know why ?'

'Indeed I don't, Mamma. I hate him !'

'Oh, hush ! hush ! Hate him as much as you like ; but always be civil to him. Tell me—have you been in the conservatory with Romaine ?'

'Yes.'

'All going on well ?'

'Yes.'

'My sweet child ! Dear, dear me, the wine has done you no good ; you're as pale as ever. Is it that priest ? Oh, pooh, pooh, leave Father Benwell to me.'

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE SMALL HOURS.

WHEN Stella left the conservatory, the attraction of the ball for Romaine was at an end. He went back to his rooms at the hotel.

Penrose was waiting to speak to him. Romaine noticed signs of suppressed agitation in his secretary's face. 'Has anything happened ?' he inquired.

'Nothing of any importance,' Penrose answered, in sad, subdued tones, 'I only wanted to ask you for leave of absence.'

'Certainly. Is it for a long time ?'

Penrose hesitated. 'You have a new life opening before you,' he said. 'If your experience of that life is—as I hope and pray it may be—a happy one, you will need me no longer ; we may not meet again.' His voice began to tremble ; he could say no more.

'Not meet again ?' Romaine repeated. 'My dear Penrose, if *you* forget how many happy days I owe to your companionship, *my* memory is to

be trusted. Do you really know what my new life is to be ? Shall I tell you what I have said to Stella to night ?'

Penrose lifted his hand with a gesture of entreaty.

'Not a word !' he said eagerly. 'Do me one more kindness—leave me to be prepared (as I *am* prepared) for the change that is to come, without any confidence on your part to enlighten me further. Don't think me ungrateful. I have reasons for saying what I have just said—I cannot mention what they are—I can only tell you they are serious reasons. You have spoken of my devotion to you. If you wish to reward me a hundred-fold more than I deserve, bear in mind our conversations on religion ; and keep the books I asked you to read, as gifts from a friend who loves you with his whole heart. No new duties that you can undertake are incompatible with the higher interests of your soul. Think of me sometimes. When I leave you I go back to a lonely life. My poor heart is full of your brotherly kindness, at this last moment when I may be saying good-bye for ever. And what is my one consolation ? What helps me to bear my hard lot ? The Faith that I hold ! Remember that, Romaine. If there comes a time of sorrow in the future, remember that.'

Romaine was more than surprised, he was shocked. 'Why must you leave me ?' he asked.

'It is best for you and for *her*,' said Penrose, 'that I should withdraw myself from your new life.'

He held out his hand. Romaine refused to let him go. 'Penrose !' he said, 'I can't match your resignation. Give me something to look forward to. I must and will see you again.'

Penrose smiled sadly. 'You know that my career in life depends wholly on my superiors,' he answered. 'But if I am still in England—and if (which God forbid !) you have sorrows in the future that I can share and alleviate—only let me know it. There is nothing within the compass of my power

which I will not do for your sake, God bless and prosper you! Good bye!

In spite of his fortitude, the tears rose in his eyes. He hurried out of the room.

Romayne sat down at his writing table and hid his face in his hands. He had entered the room with the bright image of Stella in his mind. The image had faded from it now—the grief that was in him, not even the beloved woman could share. His thoughts were wholly with the brave and patient Christian who had left him—the true man, whose spotless integrity no evil influence could corrupt. By what inscrutable fatality do some men find their way into spheres that are unworthy of them? Oh, Penrose, if the priests of your Order were all like you, how easily I should be converted! These were Romayne's thoughts, in the stillness of the first hours of the morning. The books of which his lost friend had spoken were close by him on the table. He opened one of them, and turned to a page marked by pencil lines. His sensitive nature was troubled to its inmost depths. The confession of that Faith which had upheld Penrose was before him in words. The impulse was strong in him to read those words, and think over them, again.

He trimmed his lamp, and bent his mind on his book. While he was still reading, the ball at Lady Loring's house came to its end. Stella and Lady Loring were alone together talking of him, before they retired to their rooms.

'Forgive me for owning it plainly,' said Lady Loring—'I think you and your mother are a little too ready to suspect Father Benwell without any discoverable cause. Thousands of people go to Clovelly; and Beaupark House is one of the show-places in the neighbourhood. Is there a little Protestant prejudice in this new idea of yours?'

Stella made no reply; she seemed to be lost in her own thoughts.

Lady Loring went on.

'I am open to conviction, my dear. If you will only tell me what interest Father Benwell can have in knowing about you and Winterfield——'

Stella suddenly looked up. 'Let us speak of another person,' she said; 'I own I don't like Father Benwell. As you know, Romayne has concealed nothing from me. Ought I to have any concealments from *him*? Ought I not to tell him about Winterfield?'

Lady Loring started. 'You astonish me,' she said. 'What right has Romayne to know it?'

'What right have I to keep it a secret from him?'

'My dear Stella! if you had been in any way to blame in that miserable matter, I should be the last person in the world to advise you to keep it a secret. But you are innocent of all blame. No man—not even the man who is soon to be your husband—has a right to know what you have so unjustly suffered. Think of the humiliation of even speaking of it to Romayne!'

'I daren't think of it,' cried Stella, passionately. 'But if it is my duty——'

'It is your duty to consider the consequences,' Lady Loring interposed. 'You don't know how such things sometimes rankle in a man's mind. He may be perfectly willing to do you justice—and yet, there may be moments when he would doubt if you had told him the whole truth. I speak with the experience of a married woman. Don't place yourself in *that* position towards your husband if you wish for a happy married life.'

Stella was not quite convinced yet. 'Suppose Romayne finds it out?' she said.

'He can't possibly find it out. I detest Winterfield, but let us do him justice. He is no fool. He has his position in the world to keep up—and that is enough of itself to close his lips. And as for others, there are

only three people now in England who *could* betray you. I suppose you can trust your mother, and Lord Loring and me?’

It was needless to answer such a question as that. Before Stella could speak again Lord Loring's voice was audible outside the door. ‘What! talking still,’ he exclaimed. ‘Not in bed yet?’

‘Come in!’ cried his wife. ‘Let us hear what my husband thinks,’ she said to Stella.

Lord Loring listened with the closest attention while the subject under discussion was communicated to him. When the time came to give his opinion, he sided unhesitatingly with his wife.

‘If the fault was yours, even in the slightest degree,’ he said to Stella, ‘Romaine would have a right to be taken into your confidence. But, my dear child, we, who know the truth, know you to be a pure and innocent woman. You go to Romaine in every way worthy of him, and you know that he loves you. If you did tell him that miserable story, he could only pity you. Do you want to be pitied?’

Those last unanswerable words brought the debate to an end. From that moment the subject was dropped.

There was still one other person among the guests at the ball who was waking in the small hours of the morning. Father Benwell, wrapped comfortably in his dressing gown, was too hard at work on his correspondence to think of his bed.

With one exception, all the letters that he had written thus far were closed, directed, and stamped for the post. The letter that he kept open he was now engaged in reconsidering and correcting. It was addressed, as usual, to the Secretary of the Order at Rome; and, when it had undergone the final revision, it contained these lines:—

‘My last letter informed you of

Romaine's return to London and to Miss Eyrecourt. Let me entreat our reverend brethren to preserve perfect tranquillity of mind, in spite of this circumstance. The owner of Vange Abbey is not married yet. If patience and perseverance on my part win their fair reward, Miss Eyrecourt shall never be his wife.

‘But let me not conceal the truth. In the uncertain future that lies before us, I have no one to depend on but myself. Penrose is no longer to be trusted; and the exertions of the agent to whom I committed my inquiries are exertions that have failed.

‘I will dispose of the case of Penrose first.

‘The zeal with which this young man has undertaken the work of conversion entrusted to him has; I regret to say, not been fired by devotion to the interests of the Church, but by a dog-like affection for Romaine. Without waiting for my permission, Penrose has revealed himself in his true character as a priest. And, more than this, he has not only refused to observe the proceedings of Romaine and Miss Eyrecourt—he has deliberately closed his ears to the confidence which Romaine wished to repose in him, on the ground that I might have ordered him to repeat that confidence to me.

‘To what use can we put this man's ungovernable sense of honour and gratitude? For the present he has left London to assist in the spiritual care of a country district. It will be a question for the future whether we may not turn his enthusiasm to good account, in a mission to foreign parts. But, as it is always possible that his influence may still be of use to us, I venture to suggest keeping him within our reach, until Romaine's conversion has actually taken place.

‘I may now proceed to the failure of my agent, and to the course of action that I have adopted in consequence.

‘The investigations appear to have definitely broken down at the seaside

village of Clovelly, in the neighbourhood of Mr. Winterfield's country seat. Knowing that I could depend upon the information which associated this gentleman with Miss Eyrecourt, under compromising circumstances of some sort, I decided on seeing Mr. Winterfield, and judging for myself.

'The agent's report informed me that the person who had finally baffled his inquiries was an aged Catholic priest, long resident at Clovelly. His name is Newbliss, and he is much respected among the Catholic gentry in that part of Devonshire. After due consideration, I obtained a letter of introduction to my reverend colleague, and travelled to Clovelly—telling my friends here that I was taking a little holiday, in the interests of my health.

'I found Father Newbliss a venerable and reticent son of the Church—with one weak point, however, to work on, which was entirely beyond the reach of the otherwise astute person charged with my inquiries. My reverend friend is a scholar, and is inordinately proud of his learning. I am a scholar too. In that capacity I first found my way to his sympathies, and then gently encouraged his pride. The result will appear in certain discoveries, which I number as follows:—

'1. The events which connect Mr. Winterfield with Miss Eyrecourt happened about two years since, and had their beginning at Beaupark House.

'2. At this period, Miss Eyrecourt and her mother were staying at Beaupark House. The general impression in the neighbourhood was, that Mr. Winterfield and Miss Eyrecourt were engaged to be married.

'3. Not long afterwards, Miss Eyrecourt and her mother surprised the neighbourhood by suddenly leaving Beaupark House. Their destination was supposed to be London.

'4. Mr. Winterfield himself next left his country seat for the Continent. His exact destination was not mentioned to any one. The steward, soon afterwards, dismissed all the servants;

and the house was left empty for more than a year.

'5. At the end of that time, Mr. Winterfield returned alone to Beaupark House, and told nobody how, or where, he had passed the long interval of his absence.

'6. Mr. Winterfield remains, to the present day, an unmarried man.

'Having arrived at these preliminary discoveries, it was time to try what I could make of Mr. Winterfield next.

'Among the other good things which this gentleman has inherited, is a magnificent library, collected by his father. That one learned man should take another learned man to see the books, was a perfectly natural proceeding. My introduction to the master of the house followed my introduction to the library, almost as a matter of course.

'I am about to surprise you, as I was myself surprised. In all my long experience, Mr. Winterfield is, I think, the most fascinating person I ever met with. Genial, unassuming manners, a prepossessing personal appearance, a sweet temper, a quaint humour delightfully accompanied by natural refinement—such are the characteristic qualities of the man, from whom I myself saw Miss Eyrecourt (accidentally meeting him in public) recoil with dismay and disgust! It is absolutely impossible to look at him, and to believe him to be capable of a cruel or dishonourable action. I never was so puzzled in my life.

'You may be inclined to think that I am misled by a false impression, derived from the gratifying welcome that I received as a friend of Father Newbliss. I will not appeal to my knowledge of human nature—I will refer to the unanswerable evidence of Mr. Winterfield's poorer neighbours. Wherever I went, in the village or out of it, if I mentioned his name, I produced a universal outburst of admiration and gratitude. "There never was such a friend to poor people, and there never can be such another to the

end of the world." Such was a fisherman's description of him ; and the one cry of all the men and women near us answered, "That's the truth."

'And yet there is something wrong—for this plain reason, that there is a secret to keep, in the past lives of Mr. Winterfield and Miss Eyrecourt.

'Under these perplexing circumstances, what use have I made of my opportunities ? I am going to surprise you again—I have mentioned Romaine's name to Mr. Winterfield ; and I have ascertained that they are, so far, perfect strangers to one another—and that is all.

'The little incident of mentioning Romaine arose out of my examination of the library. I discovered certain old volumes, which may one day be of use to him, if he continues his contemplated work on the Origin of Religions. Hearing me express myself to this effect, Mr. Winterfield replied with the readiest kindness.

"I can't compare myself to my excellent father," he said ; "but I have at least inherited his respect for the writers of books. My library is a treasure which I had in trust for the interests of literature. Pray say so, from me to your friend, Mr. Romaine."

'And what does this amount to ?—you will ask. My reverend friend, it offers me an opportunity, in the future, of bringing Romaine and Winterfield together. Do you see the complications which may ensue ? If I can put no other difficulty in Miss Eyrecourt's way, I think there is fruitful promise of a scandal of some kind arising out of the introduction to each other of those two men. You will agree with me, that a scandal may prove a valuable obstacle in the way of a marriage.

'Mr. Winterfield has kindly invited me to call on him, when he is next in London. I may then have opportunities of putting questions which I could not venture to ask on a short acquaintance.

'In the meantime, I have obtained

another introduction since my return to town. I have been presented to Miss Eyrecourt's mother ; and I am invited to drink tea with her on Wednesday. My next letter may tell you—what Penrose ought to have discovered—whether Romaine has been already entrapped into a marriage engagement, or not.

'Farewell for the present. Remind the Reverend Fathers, with my respects, that I possess one of the valuable qualities of an Englishman—I never know when I am beaten.'

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER I.

THE HONEYMOON.

MORE than six weeks had passed. The wedded lovers were still enjoying their honeymoon at Vange Abbey.

Some offence had been given, not only to Mrs. Eyrecourt, but to friends of her way of thinking, by the strictly private manner in which the marriage had been celebrated. The event took everybody by surprise when the customary advertisement appeared in the newspapers. Foreseeing the unfavourable impression that might be produced in some quarters, Stella had pleaded for a timely retreat to the seclusion of Romaine's country house. The will of the bride being, as usual, the bridegroom's law, to Vange they retired accordingly.

On one lovely moonlight night, early in July, Mrs. Romaine left her husband on the Belvidere, described in Major Hynd's narrative, to give the housekeeper certain instructions relating to the affairs of the household. Half-an-hour later, as she was about to ascend again to the top of the house, one of the servants informed her that

'the master had just left the Belvidere, and had gone into his study.'

Crossing the inner hall, on her way to the study, Stella noticed an unopened letter, addressed to Romaine, lying on a table in a corner. He had probably laid it aside and forgotten it. She entered his room with the letter in her hand.

The only light was a reading lamp, with the shade so lowered that the corners of the study were left in obscurity. In one of these corners Romaine was dimly visible, sitting with his head sunk on his breast. He never moved when Stella opened the door. At first she thought he might be asleep.

'Do I disturb you, Lewis?' she asked softly.

'No, my dear.'

There was a change in the tone of his voice, which his wife's quick ear detected. 'I am afraid you are not well,' she said anxiously.

'I am a little tired after our long ride to-day. Do you want to go back to the Belvidere?'

'Not without you. Shall I leave you to rest here?'

He seemed not to hear the question. There he sat, with his head hanging down, the shadowy counterfeit of an old man. In her anxiety, Stella approached him, and put her hand caressingly on his head. It was burning hot. 'Oh!' she cried, 'you are ill, and you are trying to hide it from me.'

For a moment, he was still silent; taking out his handkerchief, and passing it rapidly over his face. 'Nothing is the matter with me,' he said, with an uneasy laugh. He put his arm round her waist, and made her sit on his knee. 'What have you got in your hand?' he asked. 'A letter?'

'Yes. Addressed to you, and not opened yet.'

He took it out of her hand, and threw it carelessly on a sofa near him. 'Never mind that now! Let us talk.' He paused, and kissed her, before he went on. 'My darling, I think you

must be getting tired of Vange?

'Oh, no! I can be happy anywhere with you—and especially at Vange. You don't know how this noble old house interests me, and how I admire the glorious country all around it.'

He was not convinced. 'Vange is very dull,' he said obstinately; 'and your friends will be wanting to see you. Have you heard from your mother lately?'

'No. I am surprised she has not written.'

'She has not forgiven us for getting married so quietly,' he went on. 'We had better go back to London and make our peace with her. Don't you want to see the house my aunt left me at Highgate?'

Stella sighed. The society of the man she loved was society enough for her. Was he getting tired of his wife already? 'I will go with you wherever you like.' She said those words in tones of sad submission, and gently got up from his knee.

He rose also, and took from the sofa the letter which he had thrown on it. 'Let us see what our friends say,' he resumed. 'The address is in Loring's handwriting.'

As he approached the table on which the lamp was burning, she noticed that he moved with a languor that was new in her experience of him. He sat down and opened the letter. She watched him with an anxiety which had now become intensified to suspicion. The shade of the lamp still prevented her from seeing his face plainly. 'Just what I told you,' he said; 'the Loring's want to know when they are to see us in London; and your mother says she "feels like that character in Shakespeare who was cut by his own daughters." Read it.'

He handed her the letter. In taking it, she contrived to touch the lamp shade, as if by accident, and tilted it so, that the full flow of the light fell on him. He started back—but not before she had seen the ghastly

pallor on his face. She had not only heard it from Lady Loring, she knew from his own unreserved confession to her what that startling change really meant. In an instant she was on her knees at his feet. 'Oh, my darling,' she cried, 'it was cruel to keep *that* secret from your wife! You have heard it again!'

She was too irresistibly beautiful, at that moment, to be reproved. He gently raised her from the floor—and owned the truth.

'Yes,' he said; 'I heard it after you left me on the Belvidere—just as I heard it on another moonlight night, when Major Hynd was here with me. Our return to this house is perhaps the cause. I don't complain; I have had a long release.'

She threw her arms round his neck. 'We will leave Vange to-morrow,' she said.

It was firmly spoken. But her heart sank as the words passed her lips. Vange Abbey had been the scene of the most unalloyed happiness in her life. What destiny was waiting for her when she returned to London?

CHAPTER II.

EVENTS AT TEN ACRES.

THERE was no obstacle to the speedy departure of Romaine and his wife from Vange Abbey. The villa at Highgate—called Ten Acres Lodge, in allusion to the measurement of the grounds surrounding the house—had been kept in perfect order by the servants of the late Lady Berrick, now in the employment of her nephew.

On the morning after their arrival at the villa, Stella sent a note to her mother. The same afternoon, Mrs. Eyrecourt arrived at Ten Acres—on her way to a garden party. Finding the house, to her great relief, a modern building, supplied with all the

newest comforts and luxuries, she at once began to plan a grand party, in celebration of the return of the bride and bridegroom.

'I don't wish to praise myself,' Mrs. Eyrecourt said, 'but if ever there was a forgiving woman, I am that person. We will say no more, Stella, about your truly contemptible wedding—five people altogether, including ourselves and the Lorings! A grand ball will set you right with Society, and that is the one thing needful. Tea and coffee, my dear Romaine, in your study; Coote's quadrille band; the supper from Gunter's; the grounds illuminated with coloured lamps; Tyrolese singers among the trees, relieved by military music—and, if there *are* any African or other savages now in London, there is room enough in these charming grounds, for encampments, dances, squaws, scalps, and all the rest of it, to end in a blaze of fireworks.'

A sudden fit of coughing seized her, and stopped the further enumeration of attractions at the contemplated ball. Stella had observed that her mother looked unusually worn and haggard, through the disguise of paint and powder. This was not an uncommon result of Mrs. Eyrecourt's devotion to the demands of Society; but the cough was something new, as a symptom of exhaustion.

'I am afraid, Mamma, you have been over-exerting yourself,' said Stella. 'You go to too many parties.'

'Nothing of the sort, my dear; I am as strong as a horse. The other night, I was waiting for the carriage in a draught (one of the most perfect private concerts of the season, ending with a delightful naughty little French play)—and I caught a slight cold. A glass of water is all I want. Thank you. Romaine, you are looking shockingly serious and severe; our ball will cheer you. If you would only make a bonfire of all those horrid books, you don't know how it would improve your spirits. Dearest Stella,

I will come and lunch here to-morrow—you are within such a nice easy drive from town—and I'll bring my visiting-book, and settle about the invitations and the day. Oh, dear me, how late it is. I have nearly an hour's drive before I get to my garden party. Good-bye, my turtle-doves, good-bye.'

She was stopped, on the way to her carriage, by another fit of coughing. But she still persisted in making light of it. 'I'm as strong as a horse,' she repeated, as soon as she could speak—and skipped into the carriage like a young girl.

'Your mother is killing herself,' said Romayne.

'If I could persuade her to stay with us a little while,' Stella suggested, 'the rest and quiet might do wonders for her. Would you object to it, Lewis?'

'My darling, I object to nothing, except giving a ball and burning my books. If your mother will yield on those two points, my house is entirely at her disposal.'

He spoke playfully—he looked his best, since he had separated himself from the painful associations that were now connected with Vange Abbey. Had 'the torment of the Voice' been left far away in Yorkshire? Stella shrank from approaching the subject in her husband's presence; but she was bold enough to hope. To her surprise, Romayne himself referred to the General's family.

'I have written to Hynd,' he began. 'Do you mind his dining with us to-day?'

'Of course not!'

'I want to hear if he has anything to tell me—about those French ladies. He undertook to see them, in your absence, and to ascertain—' He was unable to overcome his reluctance to pronounce the next words. Stella was quick to understand what he meant. She finished the sentence for him.

'Yes,' he said, 'I wanted to hear how the boy is getting on, and if there

is any hope of curing him. Is it—' he trembled as he put the question—'Is it hereditary madness?'

Feeling the serious importance of concealing the truth, Stella only replied that she had hesitated to ask if there was a taint of madness in the family. 'I suppose,' she added, 'you would not like to see the boy, and judge of his chances of recovery for yourself?'

'You suppose?' he burst out, with sudden anger. 'You might be sure. The bare idea of seeing him turns me cold. Oh, when shall I forget! when shall I forget! Who spoke of him first?' he said, with renewed irritability, after a moment of silence. 'You or I?'

'It was my fault, love—he is so harmless and so gentle, and he has such a sweet face—I thought it might soothe you to see him. Forgive me; we will never speak of him again. Have you any notes for me to copy? You know, Lewis, I am your secretary now.'

So she led Romayne away to his study and his books. When Major Hynd arrived, she contrived to be the first to see him. 'Say as little as possible about the General's widow and her son,' she whispered.

The Major understood her. 'Don't be uneasy, Mrs. Romayne,' he answered. 'I know your husband well enough to know what you mean. Besides, the news I bring is good news.'

Romayne came in before he could speak more particularly. When the servants had left the room, after dinner, the Major made his report.

'I am going to agreeably surprise you,' he began. 'All responsibility towards the General's family is taken off our hands. The ladies are on their way back to France.'

Stella was instantly reminded of one of the melancholy incidents associated with her visit to Camp's Hill. 'Madame Marillac spoke of a brother of her's who disapproved of the mar-

riage,' she said. 'Has he forgiven her?'

'That is exactly what he has done, Mrs. Romaine. Naturally enough, he felt the disgrace of his sister's marriage to such a man as the General. Only the other day he heard for the first time that she was a widow—and he at once travelled to England. I bade them good-bye yesterday—most happily re-united—on their journey home again. Ah, I thought you would be glad, Mrs. Romaine, to hear that the poor widow's troubles are over. Her brother is rich enough to place them all in easy circumstances—he is as good a fellow as ever lived.'

'Have you seen him?' Stella asked eagerly.

'I have been with him to the asylum.'

'Does the boy go back to France?'

'No. We took the place by surprise, and saw for ourselves how well-conducted it was. The boy has taken a strong liking to the proprietor—a bright, cheerful old man, who is teaching him some of our English games, and has given him a pony to ride on. He burst out crying, poor creature, at the idea of going away—and his mother burst out crying at the idea of leaving him. It was a melancholy scene. You know what a good mother is—no sacrifice is too great for her. The boy stays at the asylum, on the chance that his healthier and happier life there may help to cure him. By-the-way, Romaine, his uncle desires me to thank you——'

'Hynd, you didn't tell the uncle my name?'

'Don't alarm yourself. He is a gentleman, and when I told him I was pledged to secrecy he made but one inquiry—he asked if you were a rich man. I told him you had eighteen thousand a year.'

'Well?'

'Well, he set that matter right between us with perfect taste. He said, "I cannot presume to offer repayment to a person so wealthy. We gratefully accept our obligation to our kind un-

known friend. For the future, however, my nephew's expenses must be paid from my purse." Of course, I could only agree to that. From time to time the mother is to hear, and I am to hear, how the boy goes on. Or, if you like, Romaine—now that the General's family have left England—I don't see why the proprietor might not make his report directly to yourself.'

'No!' Romaine rejoined, positively. 'Let things remain as they are.'

'Very well. The asylum is close by, at Hampstead—that was what made me think of it. Will you give us some music, Mrs. Romaine? Not to-night? Then let us go to the billiard-room; and as I am the worst of bad players, I will ask you to help me to beat your accomplished husband.'

On the afternoon of the next day, Mrs. Eyrecourt's maid arrived at Ten Acres with a note from her mistress.

'Dearest Stella, — Matilda must bring you my excuse for to-day. I don't in the least understand it, but I seem to have turned lazy. It is most ridiculous—I really cannot get out of bed. Perhaps I did do just a little too much yesterday. The opera after the garden party, and a ball after the opera, and this tiresome cough all night after the ball. Quite a series, isn't it? Make my apologies to our dear dismal Romaine—and if you drive out this afternoon, come and have a chat with me. Your affectionate mother, Emily Eyrecourt. P.S.—You know what a fidget Matilda is. If she talks about me don't believe a word she says to you.'

Stella turned to the maid with a sinking heart. 'Is my mother very ill?' she asked.

'So ill, ma'am, that I begged and prayed her to let me send for the doctor. You know what my mistress is; she wouldn't hear of it. If you would please to use your influence——'

'I will order the carriage instantly, and take you back with me.'

Before she dressed to go out, Stella showed the letter to her husband. He spoke with perfect kindness and sympathy, but he did not conceal that he shared his wife's apprehensions. 'Go at once,' were his last words to her; 'and, if I can be of any use, send for me.'

It was late in the evening before Stella returned. She brought sad news.

The physician consulted told her plainly that the neglected cough, and the constant fatigue, had together made the case a serious one. He declined to say that there was any absolute danger as yet, or any necessity for her remaining with her mother at night. The experience of the next twenty-four hours, at most, would enable him to speak positively. In the meantime the patient insisted that Stella should return to her husband. Even under the influence of opiates, Mrs. Eyrecourt was still drowsily equal to herself. 'You are a fidget, my dear, and Matilda is a fidget—I can't have two of you at my bedside. Good night.' Stella stooped over her and kissed her. She whispered, 'Three weeks' notice, remember, for the party!'

By the next evening the malady had assumed so formidable an aspect, that the doctor had his doubts of the patient's chance of recovery. With her husband's full approval, Stella remained night and day at her mother's bedside.

Thus, in little more than a month from the day of his marriage, Romaine was, for the time, a lonely man again.

The illness of Mrs. Eyrecourt was unexpectedly prolonged. There were intervals during which her vigorous constitution rallied, and resisted the progress of the disease. On these occasions Stella was able to return to her husband for a few hours—subject always to a message which recalled her to her mother, when the chances of life or death appeared to be equally

balanced. Romaine's one resource was in his books and his pen. For the first time since his union with Stella, he opened the portfolios in which Penrose had collected the first introductory chapters of his historical work. Almost at every page, the familiar handwriting of his secretary and friend met his view. It was a new trial to his resolution to be working alone; never had he felt the absence of Penrose as he felt it now. He missed the familiar face, the quiet, pleasant voice, and, more than both, the ever-welcome sympathy with his work. Stella had done all that a wife could do to fill the vacant place; and her husband's fondness had accepted the effort as adding another charm to the lovely creature who had opened a new life to him. But where is the woman who can intimately associate herself with the hard brain-work of a man, devoted to an absorbing intellectual pursuit? She can love him, admire him, serve him, believe in him beyond all other men—but (in spite of exceptions which only prove the rule) she is out of her place when she enters the study while the pen is in his hand. More than once, when he was at work, Romaine closed the page bitterly; the sad thought came to him, 'Oh, if I only had Penrose here!' Even other friends were not available as a resource in the solitary evening hours. Lord Loring was absorbed in social and political engagements. And Major Hynd—true to the principle of getting away as often as possible from his disagreeable wife and his ugly children—had once more left London.

One day, while Mrs. Eyrecourt still lay between life and death, Romaine found his historical labours suspended by the want of a certain volume which it was absolutely necessary to consult. He had mislaid the references written for him by Penrose, and he was at a loss to remember whether the book was in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, or in the Bibliothèque at Paris. In this emergency,

a letter to his former secretary would furnish him with the information that he required. But he was ignorant of Penrose's present address. The Loring's might possibly know it—so to the Loring's he resolved to apply.

CHAPTER III.

FATHER BENWELL AND THE BOOK.

ROMAYNE'S first errand in London was to see his wife, and to make inquiries at Mrs. Eyrecourt's house. The report was more favourable than usual. Stella whispered, as she kissed him, 'I shall soon come back to you, I hope!'

Leaving the horses to rest for awhile, he proceeded to Lord Loring's residence on foot. As he crossed a street in the neighbourhood, he was nearly run over by a cab, carrying a gentleman and his luggage. The gentleman was Mr. Winterfield on his way to Derwent's Hotel.

Lady Loring very kindly searched her card basket, as the readiest means of assisting Romaine. Penrose had left his card, on his departure from London; but no address was written on it. Lord Loring, unable himself to give the required information, suggested the right person to consult.

'Father Benwell will be here later in the day,' he said. 'If you will write to Penrose at once, he will add the address. Are you sure, before the letter goes, that the book you want is not in my library?'

'I think not,' Romaine answered; 'but I will write down the title, and leave it here with my letter.'

The same evening he received a polite note from Father Benwell; informing him that the letter was forwarded, and that the book he wanted was not in Lord Loring's library. 'If there should be any delay or difficulty in obtaining this rare volume,' the

priest added, 'I only wait the expression of your wishes, to borrow it from the library of a friend of mine, residing in the country.'

By return of post the answer, affectionately and gratefully written, arrived from Penrose. He regretted that he was not able to assist Romaine personally. But it was out of his power (in plain words, he had been expressly forbidden by Father Benwell) to leave the service on which he was then engaged. In reference to the book that was wanted, it was quite likely that a search in the catalogues of the British Museum might discover it. He had only met with it himself, in the National Library at Paris.

This information led Romaine to London again, immediately. For the first time he called at Father Benwell's lodgings. The priest was at home, expecting the visit. His welcome was the perfection of unassuming politeness. He asked for the last news of 'poor Mrs. Eyrecourt's health,' with the sympathy of a true friend.

'I had the honour of drinking tea with Mrs. Eyrecourt, some little time since,' he said. 'Her flow of conversation was never more delightful—it seemed impossible to associate the idea of illness with so bright a creature. And how well she kept the secret of your contemplated marriage! May I offer my humble congratulations and good wishes?'

Romaine thought it needless to say that Mrs. Eyrecourt had not been trusted with the secret, until the wedding day was close at hand. 'My wife and I agreed in wishing to be married as quietly as possible,' he answered, after making the customary acknowledgments.

'And Mrs. Romaine?' pursued Father Benwell. 'This is a sad trial for her. She is in attendance on her mother, I suppose?'

'In constant attendance; I am quite alone now. To change the subject, may I ask you to look at the reply

which I have received from Penrose? It is my excuse for troubling you with this visit.'

Father Benwell read the letter with the closest attention. In spite of his habitual self-control, his vigilant eyes brightened as he handed it back.

The priest's well-planned scheme (like Mr. Bitrake's clever inquiries) had failed. He had not even entrapped Mrs. Eyrecourt into revealing the marriage engagement. Her unquerable small-talk had foiled him at every point. Even when he had deliberately kept his seat after the other guests at the tea-table had taken their departure, she rose with the most imperturbable coolness, and left him. 'I have a dinner and two parties to-night; and this is just the time when I take my little restorative nap. Forgive me—and do come again!' When he sent the fatal announcement of the marriage to Rome, he had been obliged to confess that he was indebted for the discovery to the newspaper. He had accepted the humiliation; he had accepted the defeat—but he was not beaten yet. 'I counted on Romaine's weakness, and Miss Eyrecourt counted on Romaine's weakness; and Miss Eyrecourt has won. So let it be. My turn will come.' In that manner he had reconciled himself to his position, and now—he knew it when he handed back the letter to Romaine—his turn *had* come!

'You can hardly go to Paris to consult the book,' he said, 'in the present state of Mrs. Eyrecourt's health.'

'Certainly not!'

'Perhaps you will send somebody to search the catalogue at the British Museum?'

'I should have done that already, Father Benwell—but for the very kind allusion in your note to your friend in the country. Even if the book is in the Museum Library, I shall be obliged to go to the Reading Room to get my information. It would be far more convenient to me to have the volume at home to consult,

if you think your friend will trust me with it.'

'I am certain he will trust you with it. My friend is Mr. Wintertield, of Beaupark House, North Devon. Perhaps you may have heard of him?'

'No; the name is quite new to me.'

'Then come and see the man himself. He is now in London—and I am entirely at your service.'

In half-an-hour more, Romaine was presented to a well-bred, amiable gentleman, in the prime of life; smoking, and reading the newspaper. The bowl of his long pipe rested on the floor, on one side of him, and a handsome red and white spaniel reposed on the other. Before his visitors had been two minutes in the room, he understood the motive which had brought them to consult him, and sent for a telegraphic form.

'My steward will find the book and forward it to your address by passenger train this afternoon,' he said. 'I will tell him to put my printed catalogue of the library into the parcel, in case I have any other books which may be of use to you.'

With those words, he despatched the telegram to the office. Romaine attempted to make his acknowledgments. Mr. Wintertield would hear no acknowledgments.

'My dear sir,' he said, with a smile that brightened his whole face, 'you are engaged in writing a great historical work; and I am an obscure country gentleman, who is lucky enough to associate himself with the production of a new book. How do you know that I am not looking forward to a complimentary line in the preface? I am the obliged person, not you. Pray, consider me as a handy little boy who runs on errands for the Muse of History. Do you smoke?'

Not even tobacco would soothe Romaine's wasted and irritable nerves. Father Benwell—'all things to all men'—cheerfully accepted a cigar from a box on the table.

'Father Benwell possesses all the

social virtues,' Mr. Winterfield ran on. 'He shall have his coffee, and the largest sugar-basin that the hotel can produce. I can quite understand that your literary labours have tried your nerves,' he said to Romaine, when he had ordered the coffee. 'The mere title of your work overwhelms an idle man like me. "The Origin of Religions"—what an immense subject! How far must we look back, to find out the first worshippers of the human family! Where are the hieroglyphics, Mr. Romaine, that will give you the earliest information! In the unknown centre of Africa, or among the ruined cities of Yucatan? My own ideas, as an ignorant man, is that the first of all forms of worship must have been the worship of the sun. Don't be shocked, Father Benwell—I confess I have a certain sympathy with sun-worship. In the East especially, the rising of the sun is surely the grandest of all objects—the visible symbol of a beneficent Deity, who gives life, warmth, and light to the world of his creation.'

'Very grand, no doubt,' remarked Father Benwell, sweetening his coffee, 'but not to be compared with the noble sight at Rome, when the Pope blesses the Christian world from the balcony of St. Peter's.'

'So much for professional feeling,' said Mr. Winterfield. 'But, surely, something depends on what sort of man the Pope is. If we had lived in the time of Alexander the Sixth, would you have called *him* a noble sight?'

'Certainly—at a proper distance,' Father Benwell briskly replied. 'Ah, you heretics only know the worst side of that most unhappy pontiff! Mr. Winterfield, we have every reason to believe that he felt (privately) the truest remorse.'

'I should require very good evidence to persuade me of it.'

This touched Romaine on a sad side of his own personal experience. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'you don't believe in remorse?'

'Pardon me,' Mr. Winterfield rejoined, 'I only distinguish between false and true remorse. We will say no more of Alexander the Sixth, Father Benwell. If we want an illustration, I will supply it, and give no offence. True remorse depends, to my mind, on a man's accurate knowledge of his own motives—by no means a common knowledge, in my experience. Say, for instance, that I have committed some serious ofence——'

Romaine could not resist interrupting him. 'Say you have killed one of your fellow creatures,' he suggested.

'Very well. If I know that I really meant to kill him for some vile purpose of my own; and if (which by no means always follows) I am really capable of feeling the enormity of my own crime—that is, as I think, true remorse. Murderer as I am, I have, in that case, some moral worth still left in me. But, if I did *not* mean to kill the man—if his death was my misfortune as well as his—and if (as frequently happens) I am nevertheless troubled by remorse, the true cause lies in my own inability fairly to realize my own motives—before I look to results. I am the ignorant victim of false remorse; and if I will only ask myself boldly what has blinded me to the true state of the case, I shall find the mischief due to that misdirected appreciation of my own importance, which is nothing but egotism in disguise.'

'I entirely agree with you,' said Father Benwell, 'I have had occasion to say the same thing in the confessional.'

Mr. Winterfield looked at his dog, and changed the subject. 'Do you like dogs, Mr. Romaine?' he asked. 'I see my spaniel's eyes saying that he likes you, and his tail begging you to take some notice of him.'

Romaine caressed the dog rather absently.

His new friend had unconsciously presented to him a new view of the

darker aspect of his own life. Winterfield's refined pleasant manners, his generous readiness in placing the treasures of his library at a stranger's disposal, had already appealed irresistibly to Romaine's sensitive nature. The favourable impression was now greatly strengthened by the brief, bold treatment which he had just heard of a subject in which he was seriously interested. 'I must see more of this man,' was his thought, as he patted the companionable spaniel.

Father Benwell's trained observation followed the vivid changes of expression on Romaine's face, and marked the eager look in his eyes, as he lifted his head from the dog to the dog's master. The priest saw his opportunity, and took it.

'Do you remain long at Ten Acres Lodge?' he said to Romaine.

'I hardly know as yet. We have no other plans at present.'

'You inherit the place, I think, from your late aunt, Lady Berrick?'

'Yes.'

The tone of the reply was not encouraging; Romaine felt no interest

in talking of Ten Acres Lodge. Father Benwell persisted.

'I was told by Mrs. Eyrecourt,' he went on, 'that Lady Berrick had some fine pictures. Are they still at the Lodge?'

'Certainly. I couldn't live in a house without pictures.'

Father Benwell looked at Winterfield. 'Another taste in common between you and Mr. Romaine,' he said, 'besides your liking for dogs.'

This at once produced the desired result. Romaine eagerly invited Winterfield to see his pictures. 'There are not many of them,' he said. 'But they are really worth looking at. When will you come?'

'The sooner the better,' Winterfield answered, cordially. 'Will to-morrow do—by the noon day light?'

'Whenever you please. Your time is mine.'

Among his other accomplishments, Father Benwell was a chess player. If his thoughts at that moment had been expressed in language, they would have said, 'Check to the queen.'

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

BY J. R. NEWELL, WOOLSTOCK.

'THERE'S a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we may.' The man of men
 Thus sagely wrote, with that prophetic ken
 Peering into the mystery that bends
 Time and Eternity—life—death—and sends
 Creative fire thro' worlds of chaos, when
 Confusion in wild anarchy again
 Is reigning, and where Hope no meteor lends,
 Unseen a Master Hand directs and guides
 The winding course of life's mysterious flight
 Through shades unholy and abiding night,
 Where solemn darkness hovers and abides.
 There's a Divinity! Ah! doubt it not,—
 A mystery revealed—a God of thought.

INTELLECTUAL TENDENCIES AND TRAINING.

BY DAVID TUCKER, B. A., PICKERING.

THAT the present is an era of intellectual activity there can be no doubt. But how shall we characterize it in relation to that activity? The reply will be given in accordance with the pursuits and associations of the respondent. Though the universe may be infinite, we all live in a microcosm. Our view of surrounding vastness is eclipsed by the shade of our daily avocations. Author, scholar, and bibliophile will tell you that the pre-eminence of the age is in literature. The man whose dealings are with divinity, will say that it is distinguished by religious enquiry and speculation. You will learn in turn that it is an era of mechanical invention, of geographical discovery, of commercial development, of social progress, of philosophical research, of artistic culture, of extensive colonization, of manufacturing activity, and of agricultural advancement. The above characteristics, and others not mentioned, may be justly attributed to the present time. More books are now printed and read than at any previous period of the world's history. The momentous questions of 'whence, wherefore, and whither,' which sages at all times have put in vain and failed to answer, now occupy more than ever the thoughts of man. The relation of humanity to a Prime Cause, the existence of moral and physical evil, the origin of the universe, and of the 'constitution and course of nature,' if an origin is admitted, are themes which are every day discussed. Even the

secular press has taken up the controversy. Similarly, we might write of the other objects and pursuits above enumerated. The truth is, that the human race is improving both mentally and corporeally. His nervous energy, husbanded and strengthened, is making man a greater power than formerly. He knows more about himself than ever he did. Sanitary science and physiology, which used to be sealed books, save to the favoured few, teach him how to make the most of his capabilities. He understands better than ever the natural laws of his being, and shrinks from violating them, lest he should become degenerate. The subject is popularized, and cheap literature supplies the knowledge that is necessary, a want of which has, ere now, doomed thousands to years of suffering and to early graves. The personal duties connected with diet, dress, and exercise, and the mutual influences of mind on body, and of body on mind, are now pretty well understood. It is only of late years that the pernicious effects of overwork, premature exertion, undue excitement and dietetic surfeiting have been properly investigated. Supplied with correct information on these subjects, and enjoying the modern appliances for the despatch of business and the transmission of intelligence, as well as numerous opportunities of attaining physical development by athletic practices, the man of the present day possesses more efficiency than formerly. With the capacity for in-

creased activity, the desire for it has increased. The princely heritage derived from the wisdom of preceding ages has been accumulating at a compound rate ; and the intellectual energies of the present day busy themselves with all the objects of interest presented in the wide domain of human knowledge.

But the question as to the peculiar and pre-eminent characteristic of the age remains as yet unanswered. The tendencies seem to be towards science as applied to material improvements. If a close and candid observer of men and things could isolate himself from associations, and from the magnifying effects of proximity, this would most likely be the verdict given. Although much of modern scientific investigation has for its object the acquisition of knowledge, simply for its own sake, as in the departments of natural history and astronomy, yet we see everywhere a desire to utilise the results of such research and employ them in responding to the demands of civilization. This is particularly noticeable in connection with meteorological, electric, and mechanical science, a cultivation of which has provided protection to life, rapid communication, superior light, improved manufactures and accelerated locomotion. Attention to general chemistry has also worked wonders in advancing the arts of peace, and, in combination with improvements in mechanics, those of war. The production of aniline dyes, the discovery of the comparatively inexpensive process of converting iron into steel, and the mechanical triumphs connected with the construction and arming of our war vessels, demonstrate some of the practical and economic results of scientific study. Those features which distinguish the present time will be more marked in the future ; and the most striking reason that we have for believing this, is, that already the demands of practical science are revolutionizing the long-established theories

of education. A training which is merely literary, or one embracing ancient languages, logic, ethics, and metaphysics, with a modicum of what is called pure, or unapplied science, is no longer suited to the times. If the revolutionary feeling pervades the young, it is sure to be intensified. For centuries, the higher branches of knowledge have been taught in institutions of a semi-monastic character, and the systems of instruction pursued by these have not always kept pace with the demands of the hour. They were admirably adapted to be a preparation for a life of learned and solitary leisure, or for the enjoyment of congenial society in cases where inherited wealth removed all necessity for exertion and all anxiety for the future. But it has long since been discovered that for those who have to elbow their way and make their mark among the competing millions of a wide-awake world, these establishments have failed to be a suitable training-ground. They did not put their *alumni* abreast of the times. This fact was perceived by many practical men of influence, among the rest by that shrewd and indefatigable reformer, Lord Brougham, more than fifty years ago. In those days the youth of England depended for their more advanced education on the two aristocratic universities of Oxford and Cambridge. But it was only a select few who could avail themselves of such advantages as these seats of learning afforded. Residence was necessary, and the consequent expenses high, these being increased by reason of social usages and considerations. The march of reform was very slow in these establishments. Dissenters had no business there, unless they chose to ignore their religious scruples and attach their signatures to the thirty-nine articles of the National Church. The chief studies at Oxford were the classics, some divinity, and a little philosophy. Mathematical science did not occupy a prominent place. At

Cambridge, on the other hand, more attention was given to the last named branch ; but the scientific training was considered by competent judges not to be of a character sufficiently practical, not being rendered useful by its application to economic purposes. Brougham perceived that a university which would supply the requirements of the middle classes of England, and those whose consciences would not permit them to declare their adherence to the doctrines of the Establishment, was called for by the necessities of the times. He also saw the inadequacy or unwillingness of the existing learned corporations to provide such an education as the intellectual and material progress of the country demanded, and the result was that he became the moving spirit in the founding of the London University. This institution was a noble protest against the narrow and incomplete system of education which, under the supervision of ecclesiastics, had for so many generations been provided for the youth of England. It was established to supply first-class instruction, and it realized all the expectations that were formed concerning it. The ablest professors available were secured, and no important branch of education was overlooked. Its examinations were not solemn farces. No degrees were bestowed *per gratiam specialem* to noble dunces, but every man had to work honestly for his standing. The result has been that the honours conferred by the London University are highly prized, and he who takes a degree under its auspices may hold his head as high as the graduate of any university in the world. In the course of years, the example of this institution did not fail to have its effect on the older seats of learning. Gradually other branches of knowledge besides classics and mathematics assumed in these an important position ; and after a time it was discovered that the compulsory recognition of the doctrines of a particular church was not indispensable to

the attainment of a superior education. Since the abolition of the religious tests, both of these ancient corporations have made further advances in liberality and efficiency, so that the work they are now doing for male and female, resident and non-resident students, is, in the highest degree, praiseworthy.

In educational affairs the scientific and practical tendencies of the age have, in a marked manner, affected classical study. A reaction has taken place as regards the value formerly placed upon it. There is no doubt of the fact that undue importance has long been given it, but the reaction has been so decided that there is now a danger of the study falling into undeserved and impolitic desuetude. That this reaction is the result of a higher estimation of practically scientific pursuits seems pretty evident from several causes, but chiefly from the fact that it is, for the most part, men distinguished in some branch of science, theoretical or practical, who are decrying the study of the classics. This movement can be traced back to the time of Dr. Priestley, who, in his day, occupied a position somewhat similar to that held in later times by Faraday and Tyndall. Being a liberal in religion he was the more ready to assail the system of education patronized and conducted by the clerics. In his day natural science had not raised its head so high as at present, and the war was chiefly in favour of modern languages as against ancient ones. Just now Professor Huxley is, in England, one of the most prominent advocates of the absolute neglect of classics, and while still devoting much attention to science, would substitute for these some modern languages, particularly German. Although his usual rôle is that of a naturalist and comparative anatomist, yet he is very fond of delivering addresses on the subject of education. He appears to be so constituted that he is apparently incapable of deriving any pleasure from

classical study ; and he, consequently, is not sparing in his condemnation of it. The verifying of facts by observation, and the pursuit of analogies by comparison, seem to delight him more than realizing the treasures and graces of literature. And yet he admits the impropriety of giving only a purely scientific education, but protests against the study of any languages save the modern ones. As a writer of English, in clearness, brevity, and force of expression, he is surpassed by few ; and the educated reader of his works can scarcely divest himself of the idea that those who prescribed for him a course of study had not omitted from it that branch for which he now professes so much contempt. Not long since he was invited to deliver an inaugural address at the opening of the Mason Scientific College, at Birmingham, and on that occasion he declared he was glad that 'mere literary education and instruction were shut out from the curriculum' of the college, and this because he feared that 'their inclusion would lead to the introduction of the ordinary smattering of Latin and Greek.' But he rejoiced that instruction in English, French, and German was provided, for he thought that an exclusively scientific education would bring about a 'mental twist.' In our own country, also, views of a similar character have been publicly advanced by Mr. Sanford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston, whose pursuits and studies are of a practically scientific nature. The prevalence of such sentiments in the community has, of course, had an influence on places of education ; and now in many colleges and universities a choice of subjects is allowed, so that a general and even a professional education may in some places be obtained without the student troubling himself much about classical learning. There can be no doubt of there having been formerly much time wasted in the minute and elaborate study of the classics. Many youths have spent six or eight years

in the public schools preparing for a university career, and a great deal of that time has been devoted to niceties more curious than profitable for those who were afterwards to be thrown into the competitive arena of professional life. An intimate acquaintance with the prosody of the ancient languages, and an ability to imitate, *haud passibus æquis*, the productions of the poets of Rome or Athens might, in after life, be a becoming accomplishment for a college don, or a source of amusement to a literary nobleman, but would not be of much service to the working barrister or physician who had to earn his bread by his wits. Education, properly understood, is a training for actual life ; and we must confess that if we spend years in attaining to that which we shall never require, provided the process of acquiring it does not as a discipline insure its own reward, we have culpably wasted those years in the pursuit of trifles. But when a reaction occurs there is always a probability of our closing our eyes against all the merits of what the popular voice is interdicting ; and this is the peril which is now threatening in the matter of classical study. In attempting to rid ourselves of the abuses which for years have been connected with it, we should grievously err were we to condemn it to the fate of the spurious arts of the alchemist and the astrologer. Such vandalism might for a season cast it into the shade, and mankind might thereby be the loser, but there would be good hopes that another reaction would be the result, and that finally it would emerge from the load of indignities heaped upon it, and become the object of reasonable attention and regard. The benefits that have accrued to the human intellect, and the refining effects that have resulted from the study of the ancient classics, as well as the pleasure it has afforded to certain classes of minds, will ensure its eventual survival. Its advantages are both practical and æsthetic. All who recognise its prac-

tical benefit may not be able to appreciate it as a matter of taste and gratification. It is not every one who can feel with the poet Gray, who, if I remember rightly, was the author so enamoured of the Mantuan bard that he often spent more time over his productions than he thought was right; and being reproved by his sense of duty would sometimes fling the volume to the other side of the room, exclaiming, 'that book has got a devil in it!' But the practical advantages to be derived from classical study are quite sufficient to save it from contempt. Suppose a man of enquiring mind, with tastes similar to those of Max Müller, wished to enter on the philosophical study of language in general, what better foundation could he lay for such a purpose than by attaining a critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues? Or what sort of a linguistic philosopher would any one suppose such a man to be who knew nothing of these? The flexibility of the former language with its onomatopoeic expressiveness, and the accurate distinctiveness of its shades of meaning, renders it an invaluable object for examination to the linguistic expert and the philologist. The variations of sense incident to the existence of its dual number, to that of its middle voice, and to its rich abundance of tenses, make it suitable for the student of language in general to engage himself with in the early stage of his labours. In common with it the Latin also possesses such a variety of terminations which so mark the independence and government of the words that both tongues thoroughly demonstrate the general principles of linguistic structure. Many persons who have studied English grammar have really never comprehended the effects of verbs and prepositions upon nouns, pronouns and adjectives, until they have become acquainted with the grammar of the Latin tongue, and understood the reasons of the changes in terminations which occur in that

language. Another advantage which the classical scholar possesses is that he is seldom at a loss for the meaning of any English word which he meets with in his reading. He can usually trace it to its root. This ability is particularly useful in the case of scientific study. In botany, zoölogy, conchology, and other sciences, the distinguishing terms are chiefly derived from what are called the learned languages, and refer to some peculiarity of the specimen under observation, which immediately impresses itself on the memory in consequence of the reference made to it in the nomenclature. In these languages the variety of terminations allows a latitude as to the order of words so that although the reader may understand the meaning of any of these separately which may present themselves in a sentence, yet it often requires thought and application to arrive at the sense of the passage. This necessity for the concentration of the attention, and the exercise of ingenuity and judgment, renders such study a most salutary intellectual gymnasium. The public recitations required of students in schools and colleges, when translating the prescribed author, are an excellent drill in the art of expressing ideas. Even if private study is conscientiously carried out, and the best known equivalent given in English for every word, a great gain is realized. The practice of selecting the most appropriate term in translating will soon enable the pupil to choose appropriate language when expressing his own ideas. It may be said that the same benefits may be derived from the study of modern languages; but these are often learned by means of colloquial and common phrases which at once suggest the only available English word. The study of the classics has also a chastening effect on a writer's style. The diligent student of Sallust, Horace, or Tacitus will soon learn to repress his verbosity and prune down his luxuriance. As

regards Latin, there are several languages that take their origin from it, and a knowledge of it is one of the best introductions you can get to the Spanish, Italian, French, Portuguese, and perhaps we may add the *Lingua Franca*,* specimens of which are extant. But, to proceed with the practical advantages of classical study, suppose a person who has a taste for antiquarian research to be set down in Rome, and to be desirous of indulging in his favourite occupation, how unsatisfactory must be his examination of pillars, arches and catacombs if he could merely guess at the meanings of the inscriptions! Or suppose he were acting as *cicerone* to intelligent ladies amongst the monumental records of Westminster Abbey, and were unable to reply to their queries concerning the epitaphs. Professor Huxley is credited with having uttered a very extraordinary sentiment at the Mason Scientific College at Birmingham, to the effect, that 'for those who meant to make science their serious occupation, or who intended to follow the profession of medicine, or who had to enter early on the business of life—for all these, in his opinion, classical education was a mistake.' Now it would appear that if any professional man require a knowledge of the learned languages, it is the physician, particularly as that term is understood in England, where he ranks higher, professionally, than the general practitioner. In the first place, all the anatomical terms which he has to learn are Greek or Latin words, or compounds of words in these languages, or words assimilated to them in form. The same may be said of the names of diseases and the technical terms of the collateral sciences which he has to study. Physicians who attain to the highest eminence in England are generally grad-

uates in arts, and many of them have been distinguished scholars. A liberal university education prepares the mind for the serious duties which await the physician, involving the daily necessity of impartially balancing facts and coming to a rapid decision. The man who has to minister by the couch of the most cultivated in the land ought, undoubtedly, to be himself cultivated; and if he can enter into pleasant intercourse with the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop, or the Prime Minister, when such are ailing, his professional acceptability and chances of success in his art will be increased. But if the doctor, when in company with his learned patients, could not join with them in general conversation, if he were obliged to look blank when a classical allusion was made, if those whom he visited read his prescriptions and discovered that they were ungrammatical, and if they found he could talk nothing but 'shop,' his prospects of usefulness and prosperity would not be so great as otherwise they might have been. As yet in the British Islands a liberal education means a classical one, and the most prominent and respected medical teachers are there perpetually impressing upon the students the necessity of obtaining this. In making medical appointments, too, in the Queen's service, the authorities have long given the preference to candidates who have graduated in arts. If such a course of study *emollit mores* then of all professional men the medical practitioner ought to obtain it, so that he may be gentle with the afflicted, and live on terms of courtesy with his brethren. Too frequently in this, as well as in other countries, a want of culture manifests itself in the conduct of some medical men who give way to petty jealousies, indulge in ungentlemanly rivalries, and descend to low and deceitful trickery. But, to resume the subject of classical study, the training of a barrister also would be very incomplete without it. Gentlemen in

* The writer, of course, does not treat the *Lingua Franca* as a living language, but mentions it here as coming in the way of the linguistic student.

the profession of the law find their upward progress expedited if, in addition to a fair stock of legal lore, they possess the charm of an eloquent tongue. We have seen how the study of the ancient classics improves the style of a person's language. The most finished and successful orators of modern times have generally been superior classics. Such were Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Talfourd, Curran, Plunkett, Bushe, Peel, Macaulay and Butt; and such is Gladstone. Many other names in this connection will suggest themselves to the reader. A pleader in the courts, if ignorant of classics, will be likely, sooner or later, to expose his ignorance and get ridiculed, as was the gentleman who, on a certain occasion in Westminster Hall, respectfully asked the Bench if it would please their lordships to grant him two *mandami*. Lawyers, too, have often very intricate cases to study, and the sense of a brief is sometimes hard to get at. The barrister who has had early training at the work of interpreting the difficult passages of Euripides or Thucydides, will find that the bracing of the mind necessary for this exercise has prepared him for a portion of the task that is before him. A clergyman who has had the advantage of classical study will perceive the habit of concentration very useful when examining some intricate or disputed passage in Scripture, or improving his mind by the perusal of such elaborately argumentative works as the 'Analogy' and 'Sermons' of Bishop Butler. It would be quite out of place for a clergyman to repudiate classics. Even to a layman it is a great comfort to be able to read his Greek Testament; and if a professional interpreter of the Divine Will places himself in point of exegetical knowledge and Biblical criticism on a lower plane than one of his flock, he will be sure to suffer in self-respect and usefulness. He may excuse his indolence by asserting that the Bible has already been translated by the ablest of

linguists, and he can profit by their labours; but had Dean Stanley and Professor Angus and Archdeacon Lee, and the other ripe scholars who are engaged on the new version of the Scriptures, reasoned in that way thirty or forty years ago, where would now have been the hope we indulge of possessing the most correct copy of the Bible that has ever yet been published? To the scholarship of these accomplished men, who have devoted themselves so unsparingly to the examination of ancient manuscripts, the English-speaking population of the world, to say the least, will for centuries be indebted, as we have been indebted to their predecessors in similar work, who have made use of the Greek of the Septuagint and the Latin of the Vulgate in interpreting Divine Revelation to their less learned brethren. Classical studies afford to the minister of the Gospel advantages similar to those which the lawyer derives from them in relation to public speaking, nor do they detract from the usefulness of the most pious preachers. John Wesley is known to have been an excellent classical scholar, as his writings and his standing in Oxford testify; and Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the best and most useful of men, delighted in the literature of the ancients. What shall we say also about the study of Patristic literature? In what tongues did the Fathers write? And who will regard himself as an efficient exponent of the tenets and usages of the Early Church who cannot refer to the text of their valuable productions?

But leaving incomplete, from want of space, the argument in favour of the study of the classics as a practical aid in the business of life, another and a very powerful plea can be offered from æsthetic considerations. This is a plea which they can best understand who possess the power of appreciating those masterpieces of human composition, a power which is obtained in a way similar to that by which the ca-

capacity of appreciating a work of art is obtained—namely, as a gift of nature improved by education. We know that there are many who can form no idea of the delight which music can afford to others differently constituted from themselves, and who regard those as infatuated who go in crowds to listen to the triumphs of a great artist. The former will yawn with weariness while hearkening to strains which throw their neighbours into raptures, and it is useless for the lovers of music, and adepts in the art, to argue with the scorners. Thus it is also with persons who have no æsthetic perception as regards painting, statuary, or architecture. These will survey the noblest specimens of excellence unmoved, and, perhaps, make at the same time stolid and senseless remarks which disgust their more appreciative and enthusiastic friends. People who similarly regard the monuments of literary excellence may be dead to the perception of everything grand; or, their tastes lying in another direction, they may be in the condition of that renowned Englishman who, having examined an exquisite poem, returned it to the friend who had brought it under his notice with the remark, ‘I have read it, but it proves nothing.’ A youth who possesses the true taste for literature will, by acquiring classical knowledge, lay up for himself a fund of enjoyment for after years. The English literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries contains many classical allusions and many quotations from the ancient authors. It is grievous to a young man of spirit to be compelled to pass these over in ignorance, and, if he be of the right stamp, he will often set to work of his own accord to attain the elementary knowledge necessary for the prosecution of classical studies, should the *res angusta domi*, or parental apathy, have denied him a liberal education. And in most cases such industry has brought with it its own exceeding great reward. Mr. Bright is welcome

to boast that he can obtain all the intellectual wealth of the ancients from translations, for that everything worthy of translation has already been translated well. But there may be something in the ancient tongues yet discovered well worthy of turning into modern languages. The lost books of Livy may yet turn up, and if every one at all times had been of Mr. Bright’s way of thinking on this point, that gentleman would have had to forego the pleasure of reading even a ‘counterfeit presentment’ of the standard works of antiquity. He may be satisfied with this, but others who have tasted of the genuine Pierian spring will wish to drink deeper. In the most of cases the beauties of a good writer are lost by rendering them in another language. The elegance of diction, the conciseness of expression, the wit, the alliteration, and, in poetry, the rhythm, the cadence, and the melody, cannot be transferred. Moore has done wonders with Anacreon, but there is still something wanting in his version. A translation of Cicero reads like a dull lecture. A rendering of Virgil or Horace, whose words are set like mosaic stones, resembles an attempted resetting of the *disjecta membra* of the mosaic by a hand that has lost its cunning. There are harmonies and conceits, the *molle atque fœctum* of the Roman critic-poet, which in witty authors become evaporated in the decanting. Any one conversant with Goldsmith, Moore, Cowper and Hood, can understand this. Let us take one or two coarse but well marked illustrations of the fact from the writings of Saxe, the American versifier and punster, which will serve our purpose as well as an extract from a writer who has more claim to the divine afflatus;

And here I am willing to own,

After soberly thinking upon it;

I’d very much rather be known

For a beautiful son than a sonnet.

And again:

'To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine ;
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line !'

Could Beranger or Hugo preserve the fun in attempting a version of these stanzas? So much for the *facile* ; but as regards the *molle*, who could hope to reproduce in another language the charm, say of Shakespeare's lines on 'the quality of mercy,' or of Moore's Meeting of the Waters? Right justly does Professor Huxley laud our English literature ; but he should not forget the sources which have enriched it. He told the Birmingham people that 'if an Englishman could not get literary culture out of his Bible, his Shakespeare, his Milton, neither in his belief would the profoundest study of Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Horace give it to him.' Somebody should remind him that the Bible was not written in English, but translated by classical scholars. He ought also to remember whence English writers have derived their inspiration and the materials for their work. Had no person for a thousand years learned Latin, would Shakespeare have ever written Julius Cæsar—his Antony and Cleopatra or his Coriolanus? Are not the foundations of his Timon of Athens and of his Troilus and Cressida to be found in Grecian literature? Had Milton never read the Greek tragedians would Samson Agonistes ever have been known? Would the stately march of his immortal epic have ever thrilled the ears of Bright and Huxley, had the music of the Iliad and the Æneid never been heard and felt by the British bard? No one can thoroughly appreciate or enjoy the works of Milton who is not familiar with their prototypes. One of the most agreeable experiences of the classical reader of his works is to recall those parts of the writings of the ancients which have prompted passages, almost as grand, in the pages of the modern poet, and to admire the won-

derful adaptation of diction and phraseology which he employs wherever to describe scenes, enounce sentiments, and portray characters analogous to those which have a place in the works of the older authors. Mr. Huxley would substitute modern languages for ancient ones, and the 'German' he considers 'absolutely indispensable to those who desired full knowledge in any department of science.' The study of German, no doubt, would be useful, particularly if metaphysical works were read in that language, in strengthening the habit of concentration, but it will be long before it will take the place of 'the living language of learned men ;' and it would appear likely that in these days of commercial enterprise any German scientific treatise of value would soon appear in an English dress; nor, such being a detail of certain technical descriptions, terms and processes, would it be likely to lose much in the course of translation, as would be the case in a purely literary composition.

The name of scholar has for ages been a name of honour. It is one of the pillars which support the great tripod most expressive of human worth. The threefold union of Christian, scholar and gentleman, forms a character which stands higher in the estimation of the wise and good than the possessor of wealth and power and rank who has no claim to any one of these designations. But what constitutes a scholar? Is a person entitled to the name who is ignorant of the modes of thought, the usages, the languages, the worship, the jurisprudence, the literature, the military tactics, the history, the government and the traditions of the ancient civilizations, through the records of which the accumulated wisdom of remote ages has descended to us? A scholar ought to be a symmetrical figure. He ought to be well-balanced, and must not indulge in a pabulum that will inordinately nourish one portion of

his intellect while the remainder suffers from inanition. Let the student have science in abundance if his idiosyncrasy allows him to assimilate it, but let him not forget that 'the perfect man' is 'thoroughly furnished,' and that there is another culture besides that which involves the mere accumulation of facts. Let the student who is immoderately attached to classical learning remember that expression and polish are not everything, and that it would be hard to find a study more grand or one more profitable to the soul of man than that of the order and operations of Nature, and the perfections of her Author as therein exemplified. Science is triumphing, and deservedly so. It is the handmaid of material prosperity and the great abettor of civilization. But a love of science need not move us to banish the amenities of classical

culture from our halls of learning, and rank it with the puerilities and superstitions of the Middle Ages. The reaction now setting in seeks to do so. Sentiments have lately been promulgated at a festive celebration in one of our most distinguished universities which render this fact evident. They were uttered in the presence of many learned men who probably disapproved of them, but the courtesy due on the occasion forbade that any of these should express dissent. From what is known of the character and attainments of the respected head of that institution, we have reason, however, to hope that while all due prominence is given to scientific study under his experienced supervision, he will never consent to allow 'the badge of scholarship' to be flung with contumely from the gates of his university.

THE POET'S HOUR.

BY GOWAN LEA.

SEE where the Twilight draweth nigh,
 Enswathing in the fold
 Of her capacious mantle grey,
 The woodland, stream, and wold !

Still deeper grows the silence, while,
 In tenderest embrace,
 She hides the nodding Bluebell, and
 The Daisy's modest face.

With mystic rite of unseen hands
 She weaveth of her spell ;
 Dull earth obscured, alone awhile
 With Fancy now we dwell ;

And tread her airy halls of light,
 Taste her ideal bliss,
 Behold on high a cloudless sky—
 The Poet's hour is this !

MY LIFE.

BY ESPERANCE, YORKVILLE.

HE had bright, golden curls clustering over the forehead, and blue eyes, neither dark nor light, but to me the sweetest colour that I knew, and with a world of fun and mischief in their laughing depths. I was only eighteen then and he twenty-three; but he was the first man I had ever seen whom I considered worthy of a woman's love and homage, and the whole fresh love of my young heart went out to him in one great burst that left it, when, after a few happy months, I found that the return love which I had cherished as a priceless thing was no longer my own, as empty and void as space itself, save only for its misery and despair.

It was about nine o'clock on a glorious moonlight night in the latter part of June that we reached the large hotel at the gay seaside resort at which we (my father and mother, my brother Elmund, and myself) were to spend the summer. The hotel was illuminated from the first to the third and last storey, for it was the night of the weekly 'hop,' when all the boarders at the private houses within half a mile or more came up to the hotel to dance away the long hours of the beautiful summer night, in the long crowded room reserved for that purpose.

On this night of our arrival the French windows were thrown wide open to admit the slight breeze that stirred the two large poplars which overhung the house, and out on the balmy evening air floated the quick strains of a waltz, whilst through the open window I caught a passing glance

of some dozen couples floating and whirling to the music. But by far the greater number of the people were down upon the shore or out on the water, from which came the glad sounds of song and laughter that rose and died upon the breeze. We entered the great hall and were passing up the broad staircase when I heard a voice from the lawn call:

'Will!'

'Coming!'

And looking down to see who it was that answered, for the voice was so musical and withal so gay and careless, that it attracted my attention, I caught the glimmer of golden hair, and the sound of a quick, light tread as he passed through the open door and ran down the steps which led from the veranda on to the lawn. I thought no more of it or him, but followed my parents to our rooms, and for that night considered only the quickest way of undressing, so weary was I after the long journey of the by-gone day. Everything seemed different in the clear light the next morning to what it had under the softening influence of gas and moonlight the evening before. I could hardly believe as I passed it on my way to the lawn with papa, that that long bare room was the same which had looked so bright and cheerful the night before, or that the dull waves, overhung with gray clouds which threatened soon to add their contents to the waters beneath, were the same that had shone and sparkled in the moonlight. But notwithstanding the cloudy sky, the morning was close and sultry, and the dim golden

haze which every now and then showed that the sun was still in existence, though hidden, was more trying to one's eyes, than the full glare of noon day could have been. It was after breakfast that papa and I sought the lawn on our way to the beach, where almost all the people were assembled. Ned had been up since break of day, and was off I knew not whither, mamma was tired and wished to rest, so papa and I were alone. We reached the beach, and for a long time I needed no other amusement than to watch the dull gray waves come splashing up over the sands, and then sullenly retire, only to renew their vain efforts to break bounds the minute after. I was still absorbed in this contemplation of the water when I heard Ned's voice exclaiming, 'Why, Aileen, all alone? where's papa?' I looked up and immediately recognised the golden curls and the tall manly figure I had caught a glimpse of on the previous evening, but now the face was towards me, and I almost wondered at its faultlessness and the laughing beauty of the blue eyes looking down at me. I remember wondering who he was, and how Edmund came to know him, but I sprang up and laughed, as turning to look at the spot where papa had thrown himself, I saw that he was fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. Dear papa! But now Ned turned and introduced the object of my speculations to me as, 'Mr. Wm. Douglas.' You have heard me speak of him, Lena! and then I remembered that I had, but I had never seen him before; as, despite several invitations Ned had given him for the summer and Christmas holidays, he had always declined—either from obligation or inclination. So this was Edmund's handsome and 'jolly' friend. I mentally ratified all my brother's praises of him, as I gave him my hand. My broad-brimmed hat was lying on the ground, where I had thrown it, and he stooped, picked it up, and handed it to me. I thanked him, and, put-

ting it on, tied the blue ribbons under the hair, which was rather the worse for its battle with the breeze from the water. In those days I was called pretty. Looking back now, I see a tall, slight girl, with thick, light brown hair, and darker eyes, a girl ever ready for anything that promised fun, and happy as the day was long. A careless, light-hearted maiden, whose identity with the weary, care worn woman of to-day I can scarcely realize. I wore my hair then low upon my neck, in a loose coil, which was constantly asserting its right to freedom, by shedding the hairpins, and falling down over my shoulders; but I cared not. I doubt if, up to this time, I had given one thought to my personal appearance; it was the bitter experience of after-days that gave me my first lessons in vanity. On this June morning I tied on my hat, and thought no more of my disordered hair, though afterwards I found that several refractory ringlets (for it was very curly) were lying in graceful, or, perhaps, I should say ungraceful, disarray upon my shoulders. We left papa where he was, well assured that he would sleep until our return, and took our way along the sands, past the many loungers and pleasure-seekers, round the low headland that formed a half bay on the left side, and there seated ourselves in a rocky retreat, which I had never visited before, though this was our second summer at R—. My brother, struck with the beauty of the spot, took out his sketch-book and pencil, and began to sketch, but Mr. Douglas, first providing a seat for me, threw himself on the ground, and pilowing his head on his arms, and the latter on a grey boulder behind him, looked the personification of languid ease and elegance. He looked up at me from under the shady hat he wore, which now lay half off his head, back upon the rock, and laughingly asked, 'how I liked his favourite spot?'

'Very much,' I answered, 'how do you employ your time when here?'

'Capitally!' he replied, 'doing nothing!'

'Doing nothing? You are right — that *is* capital—a capital *crime*, it *should* be! Do you never read? How many empty corners of your mind you might fill in the hours you must idle away here. Or, if drawing is your taste, why draw. But perhaps you do neither?'

'Very rarely,' he replied, nonchalantly, gazing lazily out over the water, 'but pray how do you know that I *have* any empty corners in my mind?'

'You are more fortunate than most people,' I answered, laughing, 'if you have not. Don't you have headaches pretty often from such an over-pressure? Pray be generous enough to impart a little of the surplus stock to me, I shall be grateful, *my* empty corners are *many*. Will you begin now? I am listening;' and I gravely folded my hands on my lap, and looked soberly at the ground until, under the conviction that he was looking at me, I turned, and our eyes met, his with a look of comical amusement in them, that won an answering smile from mine, and the next instant we both burst into a hearty laugh, which started poor Ned from his artist-like oblivion of our proximity, and induced him to ask (most politely) 'what *ever* we two were laughing at?' As I write, my spirits take the tone of those by-gone days, and I am again the light-hearted girl who loved and laughed, and flirted on the yellow sands at R——, only the delusion soon passes away, the reality of the present conquers the memory of the past, and I realize how wide the difference between myself of twenty years ago and now. Edmund finished his sketch, and then we all three turned towards the house, Mr. Douglas lazily swinging, by their respective strings, both my hat and his own until we reached the hotel, when he said, as he relinquished me mine, at the veranda steps—

'Ned and I intend going out for a

row this evening, will you join us, Miss Grant?'

'For a row? This is the first I have heard of it! I say, Will, who told you I was going?'

'Experience, my dear boy—of course you'll go; haven't I said you will? May I hope for the pleasure, Miss Grant?' and he turned confidently from Edmund to me. I was highly amused at this take-it-for-granted way of managing my brother, but I learnt in time that it was very rarely he did not get his own way, if he made up his mind to it—now, I gave a glad assent to his question, for I was very fond of boating. 'Only,' I said, 'you will not upset me?'

'I never make promises,' he answered, with mock gravity. 'I may, for the pleasure of picking you up,' he added, in a lower tone, but with his ever-ready mischievous smile.

'Then you shall certainly not *have* the pleasure,' I retorted, instantly, though at the same time a quick flush, that was, perhaps, not all anger, made my cheeks burn for an instant. He was so boyish and mischievous, with all his full-grown manhood, that I could not be really angry with him, though I hated these hackneyed, empty compliments, if so they can be called. I had always felt indignant at the bare thought of any man's deeming me willing to receive and believe them, and now it was half anger with myself for feeling, in this case, the slightest tinge of pleasure in his last words, that brought the hot blood a second time up into my cheeks, so that I turned quickly from him, and, running up the steps, just remembered, as I reached the top, that we had forgotten papa, who might even then be searching for me, not knowing what mischief had carried me off. But I was soon relieved of all anxiety on his account, by the sight of him coming up the sands, at an easy pace, which showed that he had either forgotten all about me, or deemed me capable of taking care of myself. Perhaps I had

shown him that I was. I ran down the steps again to go and meet him, but as I passed Mr. Douglas, I heard, 'Miss Grant——.'

'Yes, I know,' I answered quickly, turning my head, but not pausing in my walk—'but,—I "never make promises,"' and on I went. When I returned with papa, to whom I had administered a gentle scolding for his indifference or forgetfulness whichever it was, the two had gone. After tea, all who were neither lazy nor tired repaired to the beach. The moon was at its full, and, the clouds having rolled themselves away, the sky was unusually blue, whilst the water scarcely stirred by the apology for a breeze shone and sparkled in the moonlight. Papa was sitting with mamma, who belonged to the category of tired ones, and so I waited for Edmund to take me out upon the sand, which looked so bright and tempting. Presently, I heard his steps in the upper hall, and as I sprang up to meet him he entered with: 'Are you ready, Lena?' 'Ready? Of course I am! Haven't I been waiting this half-hour for you to come! Look at that beach and tell me if it is not enough to make one dance to be there!'

'Well, come then, Douglas is waiting!'

'For whom?'

'For us, of course? I helped him with the boat and then came up for you.'

'To go for a row? I am not going,' I said. 'Going, of course you are! Don't be foolish, Lena!'

'Don't you be impudent, sir! and I am not going unless——; but I *am* going down to the beach, so come!'

We reached the beach, and there found Mr. Douglas venting his impatience by trying to make some pebbles skim the surface of the water. He flung his handful down as he saw us, and advancing attempted to take my shawl from me, at the same time saying (whilst a smile, the meaning of which I guessed, played about his

mouth). 'We are late—almost all are out before us!'

'I did not say I was going,' I said quietly.

'No, I remember you did not—at last, but you did at first, and first thoughts are always the best. May I take your shawl?' for I had laid my hand upon it to prevent his doing so before.

'Nevertheless, I am not going,' I answered, ignoring his last question, 'unless—will you promise not to upset me!'

'Will you not go unless I do?'

'I have no desire to die just yet.'

'You make me break my rule,' he said mock-reproachfully, 'I promise.' I gave him up my shawl, then whilst I could hardly repress a laugh, and whilst Edmund took the seat in the bow, he handed me into that in the stern, and jumping in himself we were off. O, what a glorious row we had that evening! Dozens of boats, large and small were skimming the water in every direction, leaving each a rippling track behind them as they sped along. We went slowly, and for a time quietly listening to the merry laughter that reached us from every side, and the mingled songs that rose together in a medley, which was nevertheless very sweet to listen to. Sometimes after a minute's silence one boat-load would commence a song, another would take it up, and so on until at last every voice was joining in the music. Those nearest rising clear and strong, and those further off sounding like a far-away echo of the strain, until one after another, the boats came gliding up nearer to the principal throng, and the music rose upon the air in one full, clear burst of song, and then died away in lingering cadences, and all was silence. The last notes of 'Star of the Evening,' were still lingering in my ears, and I felt quieted by the music, and the perfect stillness of the evening when my abstraction was broken in upon by a voice saying:

'Isn't this a peerless night, Miss Grant?'

'Peerless! It is beyond expression lovely, Mr. Douglas!'

'Are you not glad that you came?'

'I intended to come,' I replied, now thoroughly aroused, 'when you had given the promise I required. How do you feel after the experiment?'

'What experiment?'

'In making promises.'

'Tempted to renew it,' he replied, in that low yet half-mischievous tone, 'if it will bring me as full a reward as it has to-night.'

It was impossible to mistake his meaning—it was neither the water nor the music that he alluded to—and again I felt angry; for, 'It was not likely,' I thought, 'that this man who, no doubt, had laughed, and joked, and flirted with a hundred girls, and lost his heart to none—it was not likely that he, in a few short hours, had found that in me which made his ready compliments more truthful than was their wont.' So, forcing back the blush which I felt rising to my cheeks, I answered, calmly as possible:

'You are indeed repaid if music and moonlight can accomplish it.'

'I could have had both those without making any promise,' in the same, to me, tantalizing tone; so that I answered, impatiently:

'Then I cannot see what reward your promise has brought you. But don't you think it is time to return?'

'What! and lose my reward so soon?'

I grew desperate.

'You are eloquent on the subject of rewards, Mr. Douglas. Do you require payment for everything you do?'

But he was not to be daunted.

'Always,' he replied. 'Don't you think it is a good plan? But you spoke of returning—are you anxious to? It is not late. It is glorious out here. But if you command me, why, what can I do but obey?'

'Then I do command you,' I answered, laughing, though feeling still half vexed with him for his pertinacity of a few moments ago.

He turned the boat, but it was a very lazy oar that took us home. One by one the other boats came up with us, and then a clear soprano voice began that sweetest of all hymns for the water, 'Pull for the Shore.' Clearly and sweetly was sung the first verse, then, in the chorus, every voice joined in soprano, tenor, bass and alto, almost every voice in the vocal category blending in the sweetest burst of song I have ever heard. Perhaps it was the exquisite beauty of the evening, with the moonlit water rippling and sparkling before, behind and on either side of us, with the deep-blue star-spangled sky above us, and the bright sands glistening in the distance; perhaps it was the influence of all this, and the kindred feeling which moonlight music and beauty lend to bind all mankind together as one, or it might have been the first prompting of that new and wonderful joy which for me was so soon changed to sorrow, but I felt, as the glad notes rose upon the air, and when, as the last lingering echo died away and the throng of boats grounded on the shore, we all sprang to land, the merriest, happiest company the moon had ever looked down upon, as if we were all one family, and I the happiest of the whole.

I have never forgotten that evening—there is no fear I shall forget it when the memory of it, and others like it, are all I have to feed upon when I grow hungry for a word or look of love from one whom I worshipped as my life, my light, my all! God knows I recognised not my idolatry then, but I see it now, and acknowledge His infinite wisdom in taking from me that which took His place in my heart. On that June evening of long ago, I felt that a new era of existence had opened up before me, and I trod its paths with as light a step as ever maiden knew. I must not linger over those happy days at R—, nor enter into details—I will only tell of one, when on just such a night as that I have written of, I

found myself again on the water with him, but this time we were alone. Mamma, papa, and Edmund were in another boat, and there was a mile of water between us. We had rowed silently for a long time, but I think each knew how like his or her thoughts were to those of the other. Whatever the reason was, there was certainly a constraint upon us. Almost always either papa or Edmund had been in the boat with me, but to-night mamma wished a row, the boat would not hold five, so we separated, only deciding to keep together, 'For,' said papa, 'the more the merrier!' But I saw that in Mr. Douglas's eye which vetoed this plan, and when we were once upon the water I found I was right. Very cleverly, indeed, he managed to be unavoidably (!) wedged in among the throng of boats, and when at last he chose to extricate himself there was, as I have said, a mile of water between us.

'Aileen!'

I started, for this was the first time he had ever ventured to address me by my Christian name. I had always hated it until he spoke it—for when I was a child my schoolmates ever persisted in shortening it to Lene, and Edmund always called me Lena—but now I would not change it for the sweetest name on earth, for until death it is sanctified to me because his lips have used it. No one calls me Aileen now, and no one ever shall again. But on this night of long ago I started, for it was such an unaccustomed sound, and from *him*!

'Aileen, I am *very* glad we are alone to-night, for I have something to tell you. Do you know what it is, dear? I have tried to show you since the day I first saw you. Need I speak more plainly, Aileen?'

I know my eyes were full of half-frightened surprise as I raised them quickly to his—surprise, even though I had long expected this.

'Have I been so abrupt? Forgive me! I had hoped you would have

anticipated my question and be ready with an answer. I love you, Aileen! Have loved you ever since that first day I saw you. You will go from me to-morrow—but ere you go—to-night, Aileen, I want to know whether the hopes I have entertained have been all in vain. What is your answer, dear? Is it yes or no? Do you love me, Aileen, as I love you? I will give you time; but a man does not like waiting long when he loves as I do. *Must* I wait, Aileen? Which is it, Yes or No?'

'What to?' I faltered.

'What *to*? O yes, I know I have confused things somewhat. I asked you if you loved me. *Now* which is it, dear? Yes or No?'

What *could* it be? when under heaven there was nothing else I loved as I did him! Ah, much I fear there was nothing *in* Heaven either—God forgive me for my sin! What could it be but Yes? The oars fell idly in the water then, as two strong hands clasped both my weaker ones in a close firm grasp, and I felt the warm, passionate kiss he printed on them. He, who had reigned a king among men and women—courted, sought after and admired—had sought with all love's sweet humility for one little Yes from me, and now was more than grateful because I had given it to him. If I had loved him before, I worshipped him now—'for' thought I, 'what can I give him in return equal to his great love for me save love equal to his own!' So I gave it to him, and would at any hour from then to now have died for him. He told my parents that evening, and asked their consent, which was freely given. 'Only', papa said, 'we must not marry for at least two years to come. I was too young to think of such a thing then.' I think they were all pleased at my engagement, for when mamma bent over that evening to kiss and bid me good-night, she said: 'I would not give my daughter up to every one, but I *think* he is good and noble, and *worthy* of you.

dear,' and when Ned met me next morning, he shook my hand heartily and said :

'So you went and gave yourself away last night? Well, you certainly deserve congratulation! You have won the best catch and the jolliest fellow in the world.'

I gave him a good kiss for his praise, and ran away, laughing, to complete the packing of my trunk, in which occupation I had been interrupted by the breakfast bell. We were to leave by the eleven o'clock train, but at nine o'clock I put on my hat and ran down the stairs and out on to the veranda, wheresat Mr. Douglastalking to several young ladies, but I know he was at the same time watching for me, for as I appeared he jumped up, exclaiming : 'Ah! Good morning, Miss Grant! going down to the beach? I have not been yet—May I have the pleasure?' and offering some laughing apology to the group in general, he ran after me down the steps, at the bottom of which I had halted, and together we walked quickly down to the shore. Then he led the way to the same quiet nook he had taken Edmund and I to on that first day after our arrival. 'Aileen,' he said, 'I have brought you here to say good-bye. You will be so engrossed at the hotel, and the station is too public. There is still an hour-and-a-half ere we need return. Sit here!' and he pointed to a broad flat stone, and then threw himself on the sand at my feet. We laughed and talked—now gravely, now merrily—until at last, looking at his watch he exclaimed : 'Time is up,' and rising, he took both my hands in his as I stood before him, and said :—

'Now—bid me good-bye, Aileen!'

'Good-bye,' I said.

'Is that all?' He asked in a tone of disappointment.

'What else?' I questioned wonderingly.

'Say, Good-bye Will—am I still Mr. Douglas to you, Aileen?' It should not be so!'

'Good-bye, Willie,' I said, as I raised

my eyes steadily up to his, '*God bless you.*'

The last words sprang unconsciously to my lips, but he bent and kissed me for them, and then we retraced our steps to the hotel where we found that we had not many minutes to spare, ere starting for the station, to which Willie walked with us. He was to leave for college the next day. He was two years younger than Edmund, and had not finished his scholastic career yet. I returned to my city home filled with new resolutions, to read and study hard in order to make myself worthy of my handsome, talented lover. For talented he was, and deeply-read, though too nonchalant and indolent, either to exhibit his knowledge or make use of it, whilst I, although I was supposed to have finished school, felt myself terribly ignorant in comparison with him. Time passed away more quickly than I had expected, what with reading, studying and other things. Willie spent Christmas Day with us, and all his Christmas holidays, and O, what happy days we enjoyed together! skating, riding, walking and sleighing. But these must all be passed by that I may hasten on to the summer following, when again we went to R ——. Quietly, but very happily, the days passed by until one evening there was the bustle of a new arrival. It was rather late in the season, and arrivals had ceased for some time. The next morning half the young men at the hotel were raving about the 'hour!' who had arrived last night. Willie had not seen her yet, and was laughing at their vehement demonstrations of admiration—to which I heard a voice retorting :

'It's all very well for you, Douglas! You have neither eyes nor ears for any one but Miss Grant!'

Willie turned upon his heel laughing as he said :

'Jealous? Eh, Fisher?'

They did not know I was within earshot or anywhere near. I must confess I was anxious to see this beau-

tiful arrival, and when I *did* see her, I did not wonder that she had turned so many heads already. I held my breath in admiration. Her tall, queenly figure was surmounted by the most exquisitely turned head I have ever seen, about which was coiled a rippling mass of golden hair, falling in waves over her forehead. A pair of wondrously beautiful violet eyes were shaded and darkened by long, curling gold-brown lashes, that lay almost back upon the finely-pencilled brows, when the wondrous eyes lifted in their quick, sudden way to her companions, as her clear silvery pearls of laughter rippled between lips that seemed only framed for smiles and kisses. She was the veriest flirt and coquette I have ever seen. She laughed and joked and flirted, had every man in the place at her beck and call, and used them all as her slaves, smiling on them one day, and frowning the next, laughing if they got angry, and patronizing when they sought forgiveness. I did not care how many hearts she gained as long as she left me my one—which surely she might have done! But she smiled and laughed and flattered poor Willie, I thought more than she did any of the rest. He was more handsome than any there, and she knew it. It worried him at first, and I was glad—he wanted to be left alone with me. But at last this homage from one who had all the world at her feet, and yet spoke to none as she did to him, flattered his youthful vanity, and by degrees she gained the triumph she desired. Very slowly the change progressed. At first Willie was penitent when I reproached him with his waning attention, then he grew petulant, and at last in a fit of impatience, one day he said :

‘Then you had better give me up, Aileen! I *never* please you now!’

I stood like one petrified for a moment, and then I thought the lump in my throat would surely choke me, but instead there came only a half-gasping

sob from between my parched lips—and then a numb despair seized me, and I said very quietly, but I think my voice must have sounded hollow and hoarse: ‘Then I *do* give you up, Willie. May God forgive you for your sin!’

He sprang after me as I turned to go, but I dragged my arm from his grasp and fled along not knowing whither I went. O that I could fly from my misery and despair! I have no doubt my parents had noticed Willie’s deflection—how could they help to do so?—for when I said I was tired of R—— and begged them to go home they yielded at once, and on the second day from that we left for the city. I had not spoken to Willie since that day we broke our engagement; but when he met us in the hall on our way to the cab at the door, he started as he saw the travelling valise in papa’s hand, and as I followed after my parents he half-sprang forward with a wondering look on his face; then as I hurried on to avoid him he turned on his heel and went off whistling as if to show me his utter nonchalance. Ah Willie! it was pride that kept us apart then! pride on your part and pride on mine.

I know it was out of pure pity for me that my father proposed going to England. He *must* have seen how restless I was at home! All the Canadian world had gone across the ocean, and by the first of September we were following in their wake. We spent that winter in England, but by the end of May we were at home again; and then five weary years passed away—I know not how. I heard that Willie had gone to England the same year that we had, and from there had gone to India as a soldier. This surprised me, for I knew such had not been his intention. Edmund had married and settled in the town of D—— as a doctor. This was the town where Willie’s parents lived—but Willie was in India! One morning

whilst sitting at breakfast a telegram came to my parents. It was from Edmund.

'Willie Douglas returned. Dangerously ill. Tell A. to come directly, he wants to see her.'

By ten o'clock my father and I were on our way to D—, for go I would when he called for me! We drove from the station at D— to Edmund's house, and he took me over to The Maples. 'Willie was sleeping,' his mother said, as she kissed me affectionately, and thanked me for coming at her son's request, 'but he would soon awake and be sure to ask for me directly.' So I went with her to his sick bed, and sat beside him as he slept. *What a change!* The long, golden lashes lay wearily on cheeks no longer sunburnt but white as death and O so thin! The one hand that lay upon the coverlet was white and emaciated. Not the Willie of five years ago had come back to me—I saw that even as he slept! he was older in looks as well as in years. Slowly at last he opened his eyes, but when he saw me he looked fixedly at me for a moment and then exclaimed, but in almost a whisper:

'Aileen!'

'Yes, Willie, I am here;' and I forgot then that he had ever wronged me. He was *Willie!* whom I had loved and never ceased to love—Willie weak and suffering! and all of indignation I had ever known had fled away from my heart never to return.

'How good of you to come,' he said, in broken syllables, for he was so weak that he could not speak much. I would not let him say more then, but he laid one of his hands in mine, and smiling at me, closed his eyes again, with a look of satisfaction that more than repaid me for coming. I watched beside him during all his illness. He did not suffer much, but nature had been too much exhausted by the enervating effect of the hot Indian climate to which he was unaccustomed to allow him a chance of recovery from

the severe wound he had received, and which had been the cause of his being sent home. Oh, how I prayed that he might be spared to me! Sometimes I thought he would, he seemed so much brighter and more cheerful, but then again the fleeting strength vanished, and I feared every minute to see him sink away. On one of his best days, he told me all he had done and where he had been since that summer, both his and my last at R—.

'I was mad, blind, foolish!' he said, 'lured on by gratified vanity. She smiled upon and flattered me—did her best to win me so well that I forgot everything—forgot what a boy I was in comparison to her, for what is a man of twenty-four to a woman of twenty-seven? But the time of disenchantment came at last. One of the best fellows there, a Mr. Drew, three years her senior, and as genial and hearty a fellow as one could wish to meet, fascinated by her smiles and witching way as I had been, made her an offer. She laughed in his face as if it were all sport, and declined. Several others shared his fate, and then I saw what she was drawing me on too—for it was not likely she would serve me better than she had the rest! Human hearts were to her but so many toys to play with and cast away when she tired of them. She had no heart herself, or if she had it was not made of flesh. Thoroughly disgusted, I almost made up my mind to renounce womankind altogether; but then I thought of you, how unlike you were to her in every way, and bitterly, bitterly I rued throwing from me the one true heart I had won! I hastened after you to L—, and found you had gone to England. I had nothing to do—my college career over, and my time as yet my own—I took passage in the next steamer and crossed after you, but useless was my search, for just as I thought I had got a clue to your whereabouts, I read this paragraph in the morning

papers, among the list of marriages : "Aileen Grant to Henry Seton, Esq." Who could I think it was but you? It was hardly likely to occur to me that there were two persons of the same name. But Edmund tells me it was your father's step-sister, after whom you were named. I gave up the search then. Soldiers were wanted in the service of England, and I bought a commission and went to India. There, as you know, I stayed for five long years. Then I got this wound, and was sent home. I did not expect to find Edmund here—my mother never mentioned your names, for she knew of my engagement to you, and then of its reversal, but she did not know how bitterly I had repented of my conduct. Therefore, I suppose, she thought it best not to mention your names at all in her letters. Oh, if she had how much misery and regret it would have saved me! But, as I said, I came home, and found Edmund here, and he told me that you were not married and never had been. You may imagine how bitterly I regretted taking it for granted that it was your name I had seen in the papers. But now my longing to see you was redoubled. I asked Ned to beg you to come to me—I could hardly expect this, but I hoped you would. I do not know what he said, I only know you came, and that now it is my wish, my duty, to beg your forgiveness for my shameful conduct towards you. It could not have been that my love for you had died out—it was but an infatuation which she exercised, not only over me, but over every man she met. Once the spell was broken my first thought was of you. Will you, can you, forgive me, Aileen? I have not long to live, and it would make me happier before I die to hear you say you forgive. Can you say it, Aileen?

Need I say how I took his dear hands in my own, and passionately kissed them; whilst, at the same time, the tears I could not repress fell fast on his couch.

'Forgive you, Willie?' I said, 'I have nothing to forgive! It was she, not you, that was to blame. But if it will make you happier, I forgive it all, dear, and now do not speak any more, for you *must* get well, to forget, in the happy future, the miserable past.'

'Thank you, thank you, darling; ' was all he said, but I saw he did not share my hopes for his recovery. Slowly, slowly, day by day, I saw my darling going from me, yet I fought the conviction that I must lose him with all the energy of despair. So long I had drunk of the cup of misery, and now, just when that of happiness was raised to my lips, to have it dashed away again seemed cruel. But the dark day came, when all that remained of him I had loved so well was the clay-cold form, beautiful even in death. I sat beside him at the last. He had been sleeping or dozing, I scarce knew which, but suddenly he opened his eyes, and called, 'Aileen!'

I bent over him.

'Yes, Willie, I am here.'

'I am going, dear—kiss me.'

He took that kiss with him as a memorial of me, to the home on high; for, as I pressed it on his forehead, he passed away from life, and Willie was no more. I cut a lock of the golden hair I had loved so well, and laid it carefully away—the most precious treasure that I own on earth. We laid him in the loveliest spot in the pretty churchyard at D——, and then I went home. I did not weep—my sorrow was too keen for that, and tears refused to come—but a deep calm settled over me which time has never since disturbed. A year after, my mother died, and papa and I were left alone. It is twenty years ago now that all this happened. I am no longer a girl, but a grey-haired, weary-hearted woman. But I have never forgotten him, and never *shall*. I have since had many offers, but refused them all. I gave all my heart to Willie—I had none left for any other. God had His

own wise purpose, no doubt, in making my life what it has been, and I have learnt to say, 'Thy will be done.' One thing I am thankful for. Five weary years I watched and waited, hardly hoping for a happy termination

to my troubles, but God was better than my fears, and gave me more than my faith deserved—He took my lover from me for a time, but He gave him back to me at last !

THE HAPLESS MOTHER.

HER bearing shows a mother's grace,
And in her sad, beseeching face
We read her grief.
She formed a love too deep and wild,
To lavish on the tender child
Whose time was brief.

She welcomed all the pain and care,
She shrank not as she thought to bear
A thing so dear.
Her days with peace and love were fraught,
She gloried often as she thought
A child to rear.

She tried to stretch her feeble arm
(As if to shield the child from harm)
She spoke a name.
'Twere needless thus to murmur low,
For flutt'ring life, alas ! did go
The while it came.

And now with sorrow by her side,
From which she tries in vain to hide,
She stands apart.
A saddened longing fills her soul,
And waves of dismal feelings roll
Upon her heart.

If she could see the dimples rare,
Smooth softly back the sunny hair,
She'd cease to weep.
But baby's soul is with its God,
Its eyes are closed beneath the sod,
In lasting sleep.

O tender love, O needless pain,
O empty arms that long in vain,
O hapless breast.
We marvel not that ev'ry day,
She longeth more to flee away
And be at rest.

THE CRIMINAL OF CREATION.

BY LEWIS RAY.

IN a remarkable book, entitled 'Chronos : Mother Earth's Biography,' published some years ago, the above appellation is given to the serpent as the most malignant and destructive of earth's creatures, and this odious pre-eminence is attributed to the long course of hatred and persecution which, owing to causes apparently not now discoverable, it has had for ages to undergo.

Yet we learn from Mr. Fergusson's great work on 'Tree and Serpent Worship,' that the cult of the serpent is the oldest, and was at one time the most prevalent of all those forms of devotion through which man has attempted to approach and propitiate the unknown and invisible powers which rule his being. This oldest of cults is supposed to have had its birth among the Turanian races, but its origin is wrapped in mystery. It was not as a spirit of evil to be deprecated and appeased that the serpent was then worshipped, but as the emblem, if not the embodiment, of supernatural wisdom and knowledge. Turanian kings, heroes, and gods, honoured as the pioneers and promoters of mining, agriculture, and other useful arts, adopted it as a sacred symbol, and were believed to assume its form. The fruits of the earth, precious stones and gems, gold and all metals, and all hidden treasures, were supposed to be under its guardianship. Its gliding, noiseless movements and glittering eyes were regarded as symbols of prudence, subtlety and intellect, and when coiled

in a circle it was adopted as the emblem of eternity. The renewal every spring of its worn-out covering was deemed a sign of ever-renewed life and vitality ; it was, therefore, the special emblem of the healing-god *Æsculapius*, who was worshipped in serpent-form as late as the time of Pausanias. It was also connected with *Hygeia*, and she is represented with a serpent in her arms, and feeding it from a cup which she holds in her hand. When the Israelites in the desert were bitten by fiery serpents, Moses made a brazen serpent and raised it on a pole, and all who looked at it were healed. At Delphi and other oracular shrines it was honoured as the '*Athago Daemon*,' the bringer of health and good fortune, and the foreteller of future events. Agamemnon bore a serpent on his shield, and Alexander the Great, Scipio Africanus, and the Emperors Augustus and Nero, were supposed to have received protection from serpents and to be under their influence and care. Hadrian placed a serpent in the temple he built for Jupiter Olympus. The significant tradition that *Ophion* (the serpent) ruled in Olympus till he was driven thence by Saturn must not be forgotten ; though there is no space to dilate on the subject here, or do more than allude to a very few of the ancient serpent creeds and traditions. Even now the great five-clawed dragon is adored in China as the symbol of the Emperor and the protecting deity of the empire ; and there is a temple in Pekin dedicated

to his worship. 'The old dragon,' says a Chinese missionary, 'has coiled himself round the Emperor of China, and has thus contrived to get himself worshipped by one-third of the human race.' There is still serpent worship in many parts of Africa and India. Gold or brazen images of seven-headed snakes are enshrined in Jain and Hindu temples, and living cobras and other poisonous serpents are fed and tended by their priests. A serpent is one of the emblems of Buddha, and is often seen in conjunction with the mystic wheel and tree of knowledge beside his image. In some Hindu families serpents are honoured as the Lares of the house. There is also a widely-extended belief that in Northern India there is a race of beings half serpent, half human, with which the strange wild Naga tribes have probably some connection.

In opposition to the foregoing and many similar legends and myths, there are others as numerous in which the serpent is regarded as an object of fear and abhorrence—a monster of malignity and destructiveness, and the actual embodiment of the principle of evil. It is the great destroying snake which Indra conquered in India, Horus in Egypt, Feridun in Persia; the Hydra overcome by Hercules, the Python slain by Apollo; the Dragon of the Assyrian Creation Legends; the Black Serpent with Seven Heads, the evil serpent, conquered by the god Marduk; the great Dragon of the Bible, conquered and cast out of Heaven by Michael, the archangel; that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan, who seduced Eve and brought sin and death into the world. Thus there were two sets of serpent traditions directly opposed to each other. In the one, serpents were regarded as objects of veneration and worship, bringing health and good fortune to man; in the other, as objects of hatred and fear, bringing only evil. But in all times and places they were and are associated with magical rites and super-

stitious prejudices. The magicians of Egypt had serpent rods, and Moses had one of greater power which devoured all theirs. With these we may connect the serpent-rod of Hermes and the divining rods which revealed the presence of the precious metals over which serpents were supposed to keep guard. Even among Christian sects the worship of the serpent crept in. It was adored by the Ophites because it had given the knowledge of good and evil to mankind. A concealed serpent was always present when the Eucharist was offered, and if it came out and sat on the consecrated bread it was a sign that the sacrifice was accepted. In later days traces of serpent-worship may be found in the peculiar ideas about Satan which some heterodox Christians held. They believed that he was the victim of the envy and jealousy of the rival Archangel Michael, who had treacherously obtained power to cast him out of Heaven, and to change the glorious beauty which had been his when he was Lucifer, Son of the Morning, into the form of a snake, with macerated body and stultified mind. They called him the injured one, the wronged one, the friend and not the enemy of mankind, as his gift of the knowledge of good and evil proved. He would also, they said, have bestowed on them the fruit of the tree of life had not one who was mightier than he prevented him. They looked upon him as the great fore-type and symbol of all the the wronged and suffering multitude on earth; and they believed that he would one day triumph over his enemy and become all-powerful, when he would release from bondage and toil all the souls now labouring in sorrow and pain, and raise them with him to greatness and glory. Of this heresy the Lollards, the Hussites, and other sects were accused. Shelley has poetized it in his description of the fight between the snake and eagle in the 'Revolt of Islam.' There the snake, the spirit of good, though vanquished.

for a time, and changed by his enemy,

From starry shape, beauteous and mild,
To a dire snake with man and beast unreconcild,'

even wages unequal war with the victorious eagle, the spirit of evil, the usurper of his place and name.

In many serpent legends these creatures are especially associated with groves and gardens. It was a dragon or serpent which protected the golden apples of the Hesperides. In Assyrian and Babylonian traditions, a serpent is connected with a sacred tree, and is called 'The Oracle of the Garden.' One form of this tradition is familiar to us in the book of Genesis. Eve meets the serpent in the Garden of Eden, and he gives her fruit from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The serpent in Genesis, though possessed of subtle and mysterious powers, is not represented as a deity or object of worship, but as a rebel warring against God and deceiving man, and punished for his crime by being degraded from his upright form, and forced to crawl upon the ground and 'eat dust.' This mysterious legend or myth is the theme of Milton's great epic, including the war in heaven between Michael and his angels, and Satan and his angels, the creation of man, his temptation and fall. He describes the serpent, inspired by Satan, as wise, eloquent, and fair enough in looks to win Eve's attention without exciting in her fear or disgust. Not then compelled to hide

— In horrid shade, or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb
Fearless, unfeard he slept.
Pleasing was his shape,
And lovely.'

But stricken by the curse, he becomes a loathsome and noxious creature, loses his fair and upright form, and sinks grovelling on the ground. At the same moment, Satan, the instigator of his crime, with the whole crew of fallen angels, are transformed into hideous reptile forms:

'Scorpion and asp, and amphisbaena dire,
Cerastes horn'd, hydra and elophs drear,
And dipsa, python, and dragon,'

and are doomed for a certain period, yearly to undergo the same horrid metamorphosis. In this way Milton has supplemented tradition, and supplied the links between the serpent and this evil principle with which it is so closely associated in the superstitious legends of popular Christianity—legends of which the genus are to be found in the earliest records we possess of human belief.

The learned in the sciences of language and comparative mythology tell us that all these serpent myths, legends and traditions, have had their origin in metaphors, signifying the strife between day and night, light or darkness, sunshine or cloud. The Indian myth of Indra, the firmament, and Vritra, the cloud-enemy he conquered, was the great type of all the other myths. The Iranians transformed it into a strife between good and evil deities; Ormuzd, the spirit of light and goodness, and Ahriman the spirit of darkness and evil, each with attendant angels and demons. Thus arose Parsian dualism, and through Jewish influence, Christian demonology, a belief whose evil consequences to mankind it would be impossible to exaggerate.

The author of 'Chronos,' supposes that serpents once had limbs and upright forms, but having become universally dreaded, hated, and hunted down, for causes now hidden in the depths of antiquity, they were compelled to seek refuge in caves and holes of the earth. In process of time their bodies became adapted to their environment. Their limbs wasted away till they disappeared altogether, and their creeping attitudes as they dragged themselves into their narrow hiding-places, gradually produced the reptile form. Their foul abodes, far from sunlight and pure air, and the filth on which they were forced to feed, poisoned their blood, and their sharp fangs and lithe, wriggling bodies be-

came powerful weapons with which they were able to retaliate on their persecutors, poisoning them with swift and sudden bites, or strangling, and crushing them to death in horrible embrace. Thus the condition of the serpent became utterly degraded and noxious. Vile, odious and mischievous, every living thing fears and avoids it; it has become the hated and hateful criminal of creation.

In this latest serpent-myth is symbolized a truth, which for ages was only discerned at rare intervals, and by rare souls, and which is now with difficulty and through many obstructions, forcing its way to recognition, through the dark mists of ignorance and superstition: the truth that degradation and vice are the natural results of punishment and pain: that evil has its birth in ignorance, want and woe; and that wickedness is only anguish and despair in a hardened and concentrated form. Torture by long continuance becomes intensified and condensed, as an extract is condensed from the vapours of the still, and it is this cruel and poisonous spiritual essence, this agonized product of supreme suffering and misery, which men call vice. To inflict more pain, more suffering, under the name of punishment, retribution, or so-called justice, only increases the evil which it professes to cure, deepens the degradation, and adds to the sum of woe and wickedness, which oppresses the world. Milton, with that unconscious insight which so often makes great poets utter truths whose import in the future lies far beyond their prevision at the time, tells us that when Lucifer and the fallen angels were consigned to the dread abode of torture prepared for them, they were at once transformed into fiends. Evil became their good, and to make others suffer as they were suffering, their chief desire.

It is easy to conceive how, in the early ages of the world, men, ignorant and helpless, trembled with superstitious dread before the unknown and

uncontrollable powers of nature. The phenomena of floods and whirlwinds, earthquakes and volcanoes, the fierce extremes of heat and cold, the destroying flash of the lightning, the horrors of pestilence and famine, the mysterious agents of death and destruction which they could neither comprehend nor avert, were naturally attributed to invisible but powerful beings who wielded their awful forces at their will. Thus, out of long and terrible endurance of pain, horror and fear, emerged the long roll of fierce, cruel and vindictive deities before whom unhappy mortals, leading precarious lives of suffering and vicissitude, bowed down as the rulers of their fate. Temples in honour of these terrible incarnations of the dreams and imaginations of ignorant and barbarous men were erected, in which their images were enshrined; priests were set apart to glorify their power and deprecate their wrath. Holocausts of victims were slaughtered in their name, and for their cause, and every variety of self-sacrifice and self-torture enjoined upon their worshippers to appease their vengeful anger and propitiate their favour. Nor was it on earth only that these terrible deities were supposed to punish the mistakes and misdeeds of men. Coeval with the belief in another state of existence after death, arose the dogma that the sins committed in this world would be punished by the most frightful torments in the next. Of all the horrors created by dark and ferocious imaginations this was the climax. Even the bright and beautiful Greek mind could not wholly escape this phantom of terror, with its

‘Monstrous forms and effigies of pain.’

But the worst hell of all is that described by the Christian Fathers, graven in images of fear and horror on Dante’s sculpturesque page, and painted for all time in the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo. These were the imaginations of devout Catholics,

and in one respect, at least, Protestantism has thrown over them a more intense darkness and despair. The Greeks had their Lethe in which, after a thousand years of penal anguish, the sufferers in Tartarus might drink and forget their pain. The Catholics have their Purgatory, from whose cleansing fires all but the worst sinners pass into Paradise. But the hell of the Protestants admits no such gleam of hope; it allows no merciful oblivion, no hope of escape for any; not even a drop of water to cool for a second the tongues for ever tormented in its burning flames. This hell is thus described in the mighty lines of the great Puritan poet:—

A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed.
Yet from these flames
No light, but rather darkness, visible
Served only to discover sights of woe.
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
 peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
With sulphur unconsumed.*

Imagine for one moment this fearful dungeon filled with an innumerable company of lost human beings, besides Satan and his fallen angels, groaning and writhing amidst the tortures of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that never can be quenched, while the Creator and Ruler of the universe, the God who has made them and consigned them to this dreadful doom, seated on his throne in Heaven, and surrounded by saints and angels singing his praises in perpetual hallelujahs, looks down on their misery as they lie weeping and wailing in the pit of fire whence the smoke of their torment is forever ascending, not only with indifference, but with joy and exultation, as a proof of his sovereign power, and a manifestation of his glory. Is the picture of Nero, with his parasites and flatterers driving their chariots through rows of Christian victims, who, in flaming tunics of pitch, lighted his gardens as

human torches, more horrible or revolting? Yet, Christian theologians require us to believe this. The Christian 'Father' Tertullian tells us that the sufferings of the damned in hell will afford the redeemed in heaven the same pleasure and amusement that the games of the great Roman amphitheatre afforded the heathen spectators, except that it will be as much greater, as the spectacles will be on so much more magnificent and grand a scale. He dwells on the theme with a truly fiend-like satisfaction: 'With what admiration, what laughter, what glee, what triumph shall I behold so many mighty monarchs, who have been reputed to be received into the skies, moaning in unfathomable gloom; persecutors of Christians liquefying amid shooting spires of flames. Then may we admire the charioteer glowing all over in his car of torture, and watch the wrestlers struggling, not in the gymnasium, but with flames. What prætor or consul can purchase you by his munificence a game of triumph like this!'

Tertullian wrote in the second Christian century, but his triumphant contemplation of hell as a place of torture and punishment for the enemies of God and his people might be paralleled, if not in the letter, in the spirit, in much later times. There is no dogma more firmly held by orthodox Christians than that of eternal punishment for the wicked after death; to give it up they believe would be to give up all the moral strength of Christianity.

It was only natural that men, savage and ignorant, in whom fear and awe of the resistless, relentless forces of nature from which they continually and helplessly suffered, were the strongest feelings excited during their miserable and precarious lives, should personify these dreaded and destructive forces, or the unknown powers that guided them, as cruel, ferocious and malignant tyrants. It was also natural that the minds of

the early Christians, rendered dark and morbid by the persecutions they endured, should be filled with images of pain and horror—with phantoms of evil spirits, Satan and all his legions, haunting their footsteps and besetting them with terrors and temptations; with visions of a hell of everlasting torture in which all their wicked tyrants and persecutors should suffer punishment hereafter for the cruelties and crimes which seem to meet with no retribution on earth. Just as the sufferings endured by the Scottish Covenanters in later days, and the gloomy lives they led, hiding among lonely glens and in mountain caves, 'with darkness and with dangers compassed round,' helped to give their demoniac theology a vivid prominence in their distorted imaginations, and made its darkest legends the solemn realities of their lives.

How all these horrible conceptions and beliefs, born of weakness, fear and the ignorant imaginations of uninformed and undeveloped humanity, operated in the government of the world, the records of history have told. To these conceptions we owe the long and frightful list of ecclesiastical persecutions, massacres, and martyrdoms; to them we are indebted for the permitted tyrannies and cruelties of kings and lawgivers, and all who are dressed in a little brief authority, and armed with the terrors of the dungeon, the rack, the lash, the gibbet, all those countless instruments of penal torture which for ages have made the whole creation resound with weeping and wailing and woe. All these dark inventions of cruelty were employed in the service of God, and under the sanction of his supposed laws; and every atrocity to which fear and revenge could prompt, committed in the injured names of justice and piety. Once—and not so very long ago—fear was the only governing agent recognised; fear of hell was to make people religious; fear of the lash and the gibbet to make them honest. The

strong tyranny of the spiritual power on one hand, and of the temporal on the other, held men's souls and bodies in stringent thralldom. In the hymns written by the saintly Dr. Watts for little children, hell and the devil are at least as prominent as God and heaven. Imagine the probable effect on infant minds of such food as the following verse contains:—

'There is a dreadful hell,
Of everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.'

No wonder the sweet buds of pity and mercy found it hard to bloom when such poison was made 'stuff o' the conscience.' For men to show mercy to their erring fellow-creatures was to be on the side of Satan; to punish their sins with inexorable severity was to be on the side of God. The cruelties of the English penal code a generation or two ago seem hardly credible now;—though frightful survivals in strange places still crop up now and then. Jails, which were horrible mockeries of the fabled pandemonium, were perpetually filled to overflowing, and numbers died there from bad air, bad food, filthy surroundings, and the terrible jail fever. Death was inflicted for the most trivial offences; a young woman was hanged for stealing a piece of calico, and two boys for cutting sticks in a gentleman's plantation. Wretched criminals were executed in batches of ten, twenty, or more, and many unfortunate ones suffered for breaking laws which have since been repealed and condemned by more enlightened opinion as grossly unjust and tyrannical. To these 'atrocities,' as they may justly be termed, must be added the savage use of the lash in the army and navy, the cruel treatment of the insane, and the brutal discipline thought necessary for children. The height to which this brutality was carried in schools would scarcely be credited if some of the finer spirits of the world had not uttered their pro-

test against it.* In families, too, 'the pernicious and damnable theory of the rod,' as the world philosopher called it, was strictly enforced. The maxim of 'spare the rod and spoil the child' was devoutly believed and conscientiously acted up to. Christ's tender and beautiful saying about little children, 'of such are the kingdom of heaven,' was wholly ignored, and the inborn corruption of human nature was supposed to require constant physical correction from the earliest infancy.

But from time to time loving and large-hearted souls caught glimpses of the divine truth that kindness, mercy, and love are stronger powers than anger, punishment, and hate. Even the fiery Elijah saw a gleam of this truth when he found that the Lord he sought was not in the earthquake, not in the whirlwind, but in the still small voice. Buddha taught such boundless charity to all living creatures that his disciples embodied it in the myth that he fed with his own flesh and blood a tigress too weak from want of food to suckle her young. And what was the teaching of the Master whom all Christendom professes to obey. 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, that you may be the children of your Father in Heaven who is kind to the unthankful and the evil, and maketh his sun to rise on the evil as well as the good, and sends rain upon the just and the unjust.' And Christ's practice corresponds with his teaching. Pure as his life was, he shrank not austere from sinners; he condemned not the woman taken in adultery; he accepted the penitence of the Magdalen; he

taught the world the lesson of pardoning love in the Prodigal Son; he promised the thief on the cross that he should that day be with him in Paradise. Yet during all the years that have gone by since Christ's words were spoken, among all who have received them as the voice of God, how few have given them practical application?

Undoubtedly, of late years, there has been much softening of those dreadful doctrines of eternal retribution and punishment to which Christians have so tenaciously clung as the most important and essential part of God's testament to men. Many now profess to interpret the worm that dieth not and the fire that never shall be quenched as only signifying the everlasting shame and anguish when their eyes are opened to the hopeless state of moral degradation to which their sins have brought them. Others again cautiously express a hope that there will be a limit to their punishment.

A little while ago Dr. Maclagan, Bishop of Lichfield, in his charge to the clergy, told them that the Greek word translated 'eternal or everlasting' in reference to the penalties of a future life did not literally mean endless but very long, and he advised them not to dwell too prominently on the darker teaching of Scripture on this subject. And many parallels to Pope's soft Dean who 'never mentioned hell to ears polite' may now be found. And just as these doctrines of a barbarous age have been softened and modified, so have the laws and habits of public and social life grown milder and less tyrannical. Happier circumstances and surroundings have developed the gentler and more sympathetic qualities of human nature, and as knowledge and enlightenment have increased and spread, truer and juster views of man's duty towards his fellow-man have begun to prevail.

But much improvement is still needed, and a firmer grasp and more practical use of the great central truth

* Erasmus, Montaigne, Cowper, Shelley, Charles Lamb. Dr. Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, London, whose life has lately been published, says of a school to which he was sent when very young. 'If I made a mistake in my lessons, there was no mercy. Sometimes it was "strip, sir, that you may be birched;" at other times there was a fierce seizure of both my ears, or a savage grip at my throat, with violent dragging up and down the room.'

that love is the fulfilling of the law ; the seed and fructifier of all growth and goodness on earth. There are yet many people who will tell you that there is something higher, nobler, more god-like in the stern, rigorous, inexorable vindictiveness of Dante's teaching than in the loving, sympathetic spirit of Shakspeare which pardoned all things, even the baseness of Oliver, hypocrisy of Angelo, and consigned no one to perdition, but gave to all scope for repentance. These people believe in the efficacy of the lash as a means of discipline for soldiers and education for street arabs. For—

'Custom maketh blind and obdurate
The loftiest hearts—'

blind to the truth that punishment, which acts only on the low and selfish instincts of human nature, which enrages where it fails to subdue, and where it does subdue degrades, is not only impotent as a reforming agent, but invariably more or less injurious in its effects.

It used to be considered the religious duty of every mother to correct the faults of her little children by whipping them with a rod, or slapping them with her hand, till their tender flesh smarted and tingled with pain, and their little hearts were still more cruelly wounded. This brutal and barbarous practice, which, in days to come, will surely be looked upon as a remnant of savage customs, of which even the dawn of civilization might well be ashamed, is still defended by many pious parents, in much the same superstitious spirit as that which taught the worshippers of Moloch to pass their children through the fire. There can be little doubt that the natures of children subjected to this shameful violation of their finer feelings, and the irritation of all the lower emotions, must often be irretrievably injured. See how the child of a year old, when slapped by its mother, will try to slap her in return, and if prevented from doing so, will slap its doll, or anything

else it can get hold of. And as it gets older, and continues to receive such corrections, watch how it will try to inflict similar punishments on its play-mates, on the cat, the dog, on its toys, whenever it is vexed with them, or chooses to call them naughty ; thereby learning to exercise feelings of anger, revenge, and cruelty, which all the lessons and precepts of future years can never wholly eradicate. In the higher and more refined classes, this brutal method of treating children is now almost, if not wholly, unknown, but among the ignorant and uncultivated masses it is still the rule. Instances of the privilege of the rod being cruelly used by brutal parents frequently appear in the newspapers, and sometimes, with a strange perversity, those whose special duty it is to protect the helpless victims take the part of the tyrant and oppressor instead. Not long ago, a case was reported in an English paper, where the presiding magistrate refused to punish a brutal father, who had beaten his child, *eighteen months old*, with a stick, leaving its poor little head and cheek all bruised and swollen. It was a father's right and duty to correct his child, the magistrate said, and he could not begin too early. No doubt, the magistrate acknowledged, the man had struck too hard, but this was done unintentionally, and so the case was dismissed.

It seems to the present writer that the weight of all the other sins which help to make the burden and pain of the world so heavy, would be light in the balance if weighed against the sins that are committed against helpless little children. And owing to the still too-prevalent belief that constant correction, chastisement, and the use of the rod, are good for the young, the cruelties they often undergo from savage parents, or the heartless tyrants of some charity school or orphan asylum, if they do not injure life or limbs, seldom meet with the odium and reprobation they merit. Wife-beating is no longer allowed ; when will child

beating—a far more brutal and barbarous crime—be made an offence against law, as it is against human nature? The proper method of train-

ing and educating children will never be widely extended till its substitute, the rod, is absolutely banished by law, and by public opinion.

EDUCATION AND NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

BY K. SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

TO a thoughtful observer, the latter half of the decade just completed has witnessed a degree of progress in regard to subjects of general discussion and enquiry which is both encouraging and noteworthy. Looking back over the pages of our magazine literature, and through the columns of those journals which contain the speeches and the written thought most significant of the times we live in, one is forcibly struck with the large and important character of the themes therein treated, as compared with those which served the purpose of literary recreation to writers and readers of ten years ago.

In these days, the affairs of nations—the comparison of differing forms of government—the settlement of the question of the future of Canada, and kindred subjects are those which occupy the thoughts and speech, not only of the man of leisure, the statesman, or the writer on current events, but of the masses. Many, and some apparently opposite, causes have doubtless contributed to this result. A young and vigorous country—peopled with a hardy and robust yeomanry, which has wrested with its own strong right arm a noble inheritance of smiling fields and gracious plenty from the

rude elemental forces of nature—just awakened to the grand possibilities which lie before it, and feeling a healthful and abounding life in every limb—is not likely to take hold of great national questions with a feeble or uncertain grasp.

To the fathers of our commonwealth, in whose memories the 'old land' still dwells, surrounded by all the fond and sacred associations which belong to home, it is not wonderful that the name of Briton should hold the highest place, and the far-off island beyond the seas which gave them birth, should be regarded as the rightful object of the most loyal and reverential affection. But with the fact revealed by the census of 1870, that more than eighty per cent. of our population are now Canadian by birth, identified, in all senses of the term, with the soil and prosperity of the country, it is surely time to look for the beginning of a national sentiment, in which Canada shall hold the first and highest place, and for a people who are, before everything else, Canadians.

It is, perhaps, repeating a universally acknowledged truism to say that, next to religion, to which it has seemed in every age to bear a very close relation, there is no sentiment so exalted

as that of a pure and lofty patriotism. And it is also true that in every manly and generous nature it seems to have a native lodgment, like a divine instinct, lying dormant and unsuspected until called forth by some great national peril or emergency, and then, who has not felt the electric fire thrilling through his own veins, and filling his whole being with a high enthusiasm, in which to die for the rights or the liberties of his country would not seem too great an act of self-devotion !

In a country whose population is so largely made up, as ours is, by the influx of yearly immigration from all the countries of the Old World, the strongest necessity exists for some potent influence which shall unite this vast mass of differing, and often conflicting, social and civil forces, and render them coherent and orderly elements of the body politic. That there can be no stronger assimilating power than that of a universal and controlling national sentiment is strikingly seen in the example of the neighbouring Republic. For, notwithstanding the extremelatitude of the elective franchise, and the absence of many of those limitations which in other countries are considered necessary safeguards against popular risings and outbreaks, added to an immigration amounting each year to hundreds of thousands, comprising some of the most ignorant and stolid, as well as the most dangerous and inflammable materials known to European society, the Republic has thus far not simply governed and controlled this portion of her population, but, by a wonderfully rapid process of transformation and absorption, has harmonized and rendered homogeneous the crude mass, and strengthened herself by its incorporation into the body of the commonwealth. The ignorant and brutalized have been aroused to some sense of manhood and responsibility, where each is made to feel himself a citizen, and the revolutionary fanatic, and the social terrorist, find

themselves disarmed and weaponless where there are no starving lower orders rendered desperate by want.

There are few observers of American institutions from abroad who have failed to remark as the one thing about them most striking and phenomenal, this everywhere present and even offensively obtrusive national feeling. He who looks deeper than the surface will discover that this is the element, the irresistible force of which has, with such incredible rapidity, built up and peopled the continent, and converted what was but two centuries ago a mere band of religious reformers, flying from persecution, into a strong and prosperous and law-abiding nation.

There are those who assert that this sentiment can only exist among a people who have conquered for themselves, amid the horrors of revolutionary warfare, the rights belonging to freedom and independence. But let it first be seen that there is no easier and more peaceful alternative. We, who live under a free and enlightened government, with no civil, religious, or social wrongs to redress, will be apt to conclude that there may be too high a price for even this inestimable possession. Is it true that patriotism is a plant which will flourish only on the soil of battle-grounds, whose root must be nourished by the blood and tears of the brave, and whose fair white flower unfolds only in the lurid air of cannon smoke, fanned by the breath of dying heroes ? Or is its source, in the emotional and spiritual part of man's nature, less open to the influences which are at once the developing and training agencies in the education of the other moral faculties ? These are questions to which, thus far, neither theoretical nor practical solutions have been given us. But whatever answer may be returned to the former, it is surely time that the latter question, in some experimental form, were engaging the attention of those who to-day are shaping

the intellects and training the morals of the Canadian statesmen and citizens of the future.

While far from presuming to criticise the choice of Educational Text Books in use in our Public and High Schools, the writer has often noticed with surprise the fact that, multiplied and varied as they are, they one and all contain next to nothing which is calculated to impress the youthful learner with a sense of the importance of his own country, to awaken in his breast emotions of affection and pride in his native land, or of veneration for the memory of those brave men who, in the face of difficulties and dangers almost unparalleled, opened to Europe the ice-bound gates of this Western New World. We look in vain in the pages of Canadian School Histories for stirring passages which fire the imagination with the living speech and actions of our great forefathers, and fix in the memory the record of events which shaped out for us the course of Empire. And yet the history of the discovery and early settlement of the two Canadas is full of dramatic adventure, of incidents of personal courage and daring, contempt of danger, and fortitude under hardship and suffering, along with such gallant achievements by 'flood and field' as may well mantle the cheek of youth with the flush of honest pride to count such heroes among his ancestors, and to claim for his own the fair land which they have transmitted to him at such a cost. The silent witnesses of their indomitable spirit, their iron resolution, and the hardihood which refused to recognise either calamity or defeat, are all about us to-day. But year by year we behold them receding before the ever-encroaching ploughshare of civilization farther and farther into the yet unexplored wilderness, and the vague legends of a generation passing away. Let us not be compelled to reproach ourselves with the injustice of having failed to preserve the sacred memories of the great found-

ders of our country and thus to defraud posterity of a patrimony so precious.

But it is not to history and biography alone that we are to look for examples and incitements to patriotic feeling. Why should not our National School Readers, whose very words will remain imprinted indelibly upon the memories of our children long after they have ceased to be the taught and have themselves become the teachers and the actors, why should not these pages be made the vehicle—instead of such stray scraps of science and of a literature less pure and perfect than these—of exalted and noble sentiments, of the most eloquent utterances of the prophets of freedom, the orators and the poets of all lands; the Burkes, the Sheridans, the Patrick Henrys, the Pitts, the Shakespeares and Miltons, whose immortal words have invested Liberty, and Right, and Love of Country with a beauty surpassing all other? And may we not add to these great names those of our own Cartier and Lafontaine, of William Lyon Mackenzie and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of Robert Baldwin and George Brown, of Edward Blake and Sir John Macdonald, each of whom has lent some lustre of eloquence to our age and country, and by so much made the world the richer.

It has been said by a thoughtful writer in the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, whose words command the respect inspired by sincere conviction, that enthusiasm is dying out in our times, and that the manifestation of ardour in the pursuit of merely moral or humanitarian reforms, is accounted as little better than mental weakness or fanaticism. In short—'to be willing to spend and be spent in a cause, apart from all hope of personal gain, is folly only worthy of a Nihilist. To conceive the possibility of any great social changes, such as might perhaps strike at the roots of crime and poverty, is a dangerous symptom for any man to show. Men have ceased to believe in

the possibility of great reforms : their whole interest in public affairs is confined to the pitch and toss of political parties ; and as to the parties no one expects anything from them but gigantic efforts to keep office or to seize it.'

But what great things were ever yet accomplished either by nations or individuals without enthusiasm, and without much abnegation of private and personal interests? We might well despair of the social and moral progress of the race, did not an occasional bright example of the sweet humanities yet moving at the heart of things remind us that, on the whole, the world does move forward and not backward, and that we have not yet left the age of heroism behind us.

It was but yesterday in a Canadian city which is gravely debating the offer of its freedom to the champion oarsman, that three brave men were found to risk a frightful death amid flames and blinding smoke to save the lives of helpless women and babes ; and on our stormy Atlantic coast, an obscure seaman plunged into the sea to free a shipwrecked vessel from the cruel rocks and froze to death in the effort to save his comrades from a similar fate ; and yet another gallant seaman, in one of the late dreadful tempests in mid-ocean, manned the life-boat and rescued the crew of a water-logged and sinking vessel at the imminent deadly peril of the rescuers. What heart did not stand still as it followed on the dangerous path that staunch boat's crew to and from the doomed ship, or failed to echo the ringing cheer which hailed at last the accomplishment of their brave task ! But the mass of heroic deeds goes unrecorded. If we could lift the veil from private life we should find, even in the homes of the poorest, examples of a self devotion which could only be inspired by a high though silent enthusiasm, none the less real because wearing the simple name of duty.

A former Canadian teacher, now resident in California, writes of the

Annual Teachers' Institute he lately attended :—'The end and aim of the schools of the United States seems a little new to me ; putting first what has been but slightly touched upon, or left out of our curriculum altogether : here the great aim is to make *intelligent citizens* ; and each teacher seems to feel himself directly responsible to the Republic for the fulfilment of this duty.'

Perhaps this part of education may there be disproportionately insisted on, but it is surely consonant with reason and sound sense that they, who in a few years will have in their hands and upon their shoulders the affairs and responsibilities of citizenship, should be trained to an intelligent perception of what those responsibilities imply.

The prejudices which arise in early life through ignorance, or the false and distorting mediums through which information is sought to be conveyed, are the most difficult to be overcome—nay, the most impossible ; and their narrowing influence remains to be a trammel and a hindrance to the growth of large and liberal views, or of any moral progress, except that inert and unwilling advance which moves perforce with the age of which it is a part.

That much more of the blind rancour of partizan warfare arises from this cause than from any inherent differences of right or wrong, politic or impolitic, in the questions over which political parties are divided, is indisputable. Nor can the question fail to arise in the mind of any serious looker-on at the spectacle of these wordy tournaments—these faction fights which seem to swallow up the best energies of the nation—cannot some worthier object be found for the combination of these unquestionably great powers, and cannot important measures be carried, and the government of the State be maintained, without the demoralization of the individual ? Primarily requisite to the solution of

these and like questions, it would seem that our countrymen need to recognise and to prize their relation to the country as Canadians; and that to this *first* national sentiment all party interests should be subordinate. That the foundation for this unifying and patriotic feeling must be laid, before the strong prejudices of active partizanship and of compromising self-identifications have yet been allowed to entangle the judgment, seems equally evident. Unquestionably, the change to be wrought must begin in the school and in the home, in the nursery, and at the mother's knee. And it is surely a not unworthy ambition for woman, both as mother and as teacher, that she should see in the

widening sphere of her intelligence, and the broader scope thus given to her highest powers, her purest sympathies—a work fitted to employ them all, in the training, mainly left in her hands, of the young citizens of the Dominion.

'There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

'Where shall that land, that spot of earth
be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps
roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy*
home.'

THE WEARY WATCHER.

THE sun has set all golden and red,
The lights now twinkle at sea,
The tide comes in with a stealthy tread,
Yet I am waiting for thee.

Though I've waited many a year,
Yet at sunset for thee I look,
I think of the day you left the pier,
As I stand in my lonely nook.

Ye little waves that lap at my feet,
Oh! where did you play round his head,
Ye little stones, oh! where did you meet,
To make him a sailor's bed?

How can you dash up on the shore?
Why are you so glad, bright wave?
While I stand gazing for evermore,
Out over my lover's grave.

P. J. MAC.

MR. MALLOCK : A RETROSPECT.

BY R. W. BOODLE, B. A., MONTREAL.

Gather up the fragments that remain.'

THE popularity of Mr. Mallock's book must have been a disappointment to the critics. In the original course of publication in the monthlies, as well as in its later form as a volume, 'Is Life Worth Living' has been fair game for critics of every shade of opinion. But, as in the similar case of Buckle's *History of Civilization*, the verdict of professed critics has been reversed by the general appreciation of the public. In the present paper I propose to say something about the writer himself and his literary antecedents, as well as about his universally read book—specially with a view to the lessons the work designs to teach.

The University of Oxford has always taken a leading part in the moral changes that have passed over the English race. Whether before, or as often behind, the times, this institution has never failed to count as an important element in the movements that have convulsed the great land in whose centre it stands. Wicklif and Wesley were its alumni, and only in less honour than these must be held the names of Colet, Tilby, Grocyn and Linacre—the Oxford Reformers of the sixteenth century—of Newman, Keble and Pusey, who guided the beginning of the Oxford movement of the present century. It is with peculiar fitness that the Martyrs' Memorial stands in her streets. A true estimate of her importance is conveyed by some old verses, that have been preserved by tradition—

*Chronica si penses, quum pugna per Oxoni-
enses,
Post paucos menses volat ira per Angligen-
ses.*

The sense of which is well enough given in the couplet quoted by Green—

When Oxford draws the knife,
England's soon at strife.

Such is in truth the position of the University of Oxford in the page of English History. It is this rather than scholarly attainments, strictly speaking, this sensitiveness to public movements, that marks the Dark Blue as distinct from her Light Blue sister. In recognition of this fact, it was customary with poets to call Cambridge Thebes and Oxford Athens. To quote the words of Dryden, himself a Cambridge man—

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother-university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth en-
gage :
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

Nothing can really be more misleading than the distinction that is usually drawn between the sisters. Cambridge, it is true, has always excelled in those branches of study called Mathematics; but it is no less true that she bears the palm now as ever in classics also. On the other hand, to Oxford belongs the acknowledged superiority in Philosophy, History and Theology—studies which have fitted her sons to become the great statesmen, practical thinkers, and preachers of England.

Now, Mr. Mallock is an Oxford man,

and his writings show him to have been very susceptible to the influences of late potent there. Prominent among these is the original and vigorous personality of Ruskin, who was elected Slade Professor of Fine Art in 1879, and who has since then been conscientiously lecturing upon Religion, Political Economy, and the numerous subjects which he considers to fall within his legitimate domain. Now Mr. Ruskin is a determined foe of what many people believe to be the corollaries of the Gospel of Evolution, and to him Mr. Mallock very properly dedicated his volume, since it is but the logical statement of his prophet-like utterances. Mr. Mallock was one of the many disciples of this good man, and might doubtless eight years ago have been observed wending his way past the Hincksey ferry—carrying spade, pick-axe and shovel, with the intention of re-making a road, the badness of which had attracted the notice of the Professor on his rambles. Such was one of the schemes projected by Mr. Ruskin for delivering the undergraduates from their ruling passions of boating and cricket. He succeeded not only in making the fortunes of a neighbouring public-house, but in drawing after him a devoted band of about forty followers, who were neither good oars nor good bats, and who were calculated to make worse labourers. So that, when the writer bade adieu to Oxford, the rough old road at Hincksey had become a quagmire.

But though Mr. Ruskin's definite schemes of reform have not proved successful, the tone of thought with which he is, to some extent identified, and which his follower has represented in the person of Herbert in the 'New Republic,' had years ago become common in the microcosm of the Oxford University. An instance of this occurs in a sermon to which the writer remembers listening as far back as November, 1874. The preacher was a Broad Churchman, Dr. Brad-

ley, Master of University College, and worthy predecessor of Dr. Farrar as head-master of Marlborough College, and he was addressing the University from the pulpit of St. Mary's Church. A short extract will suffice:

'The one enduring and eternal factor in the universe, we are told, is that material portion of it with which our senses, aided or unaided, can deal. . . . And all the rest . . . are but as the passing effervescence thrown up by the shifting combinations of molecules of matter that are in themselves eternal and indestructible. And our noisy or our quiet lives, and all the past and all the future anguish, and joy, and desires, and aims of the whole human race, that is, and that has been, and that shall be, are in a sadder sense than the poet meant but "moments in the being of the eternal silence." And in proportion as these aims and these desires rise above the lowest life, if rising it can be fairly called, turn that is to objects other than things which we can see, and touch, and taste, and handle, they become in that very proportion more unmeaning, more delusive and deluded, more surely doomed to bafflement and mockery. And as they wander out towards the region in which faith moves, and strive to fasten on those unseen things or persons, which seem sometimes to draw them with an absorbing force, they require to be scourged back from that unknown to this known, from disease to health,' and so on. The tone of this sermon, which was considered striking at the time, as well as somewhat reactionary, is very much the same as that of the earlier chapters of 'Is Life Worth Living,' though the preacher, a man of masculine common sense, did not, it need hardly be said, propose to take his hearers back to Rome, as a means of escaping the difficulties besetting Lambeth and Westminster.

Thus, in writing as he did, Mr. Mallock was simply giving expression to a tone of thought of late years very

prevalent in the University ; while the success of the book, and the notice it attracted in England and elsewhere, are conclusive as to the fact that, now as heretofore, Oxford has proved herself no mean criterion of the state of feeling among English-speaking people. A few words as to the antecedents of the author will be interesting.

The world first heard of William Hurrell Mallock, Commoner of Balliol College, Oxford, as author of the *Newdigate Prize Poem* for 1871. As a rule, these poems are more distinguished for sound than sense, for rhetorical platitude than for originality, and the subject for this year's poem, 'The Isthmus of Suez,' would seem to be no very promising subject for the young poet. Nor is it maintained that our author's poem was an exception to the ordinary rule, though in concluding he strikes the note that was destined to bring his name before the general public. Looking at the several waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, he writes :—

The Sundered twain have met and mixed
again ;
Yea, they have kissed and met. But when
will ye,
Ye warring spirits of the bond and free ?
What power or knowledge is there, to unite
The never-mingled seas of faith and right ?
When shall such come ? Or must we ever
more,
Standing midway, on either desolate shore,
Hear the deploring waters of each flood
Mourn to themselves in alien neighbourhood,
Nor ever mingle in silence till the day
When all faiths fail, and knowledge fades
away ?

After this success he undertook to produce a *vade mecum* for would-be poets—a little satirical work entitled 'Every Man His Own Poet : or, The Inspired Singer's Recipe Book.' The introduction indicates that his mind was still running in the same train of thought, viz, theology and its difficulties, for he takes occasion to write—'We live in times of progress. The mystery of yesterday is the common-place of to-day ; the Bible, which was Newton's oracle, is Professor

Huxley's jest-book ; and students at the University now lose a class for not being familiar with opinions which but twenty years ago they would have been expelled for dreaming of.'

The recipes are amusing, and as the reader may not have been fortunate enough to meet with the pamphlet, he will be interested in hearing—

'How to write a *Patriotic Poem* like Mr. Swinburne. Take one blaspheming patriot, who has been hung or buried for some time, together with the oppressed country belonging to him. Soak these in a quantity of rotten sentiment, till they are completely sodden ; and in the meanwhile get ready an indefinite number of Christian kings and priests. Kick these till they are nearly dead ; add copiously broken fragments of the Catholic Church, and mix all together thoroughly. Place them in a heap upon the oppressed country ; season plentifully with very coarse expressions ; and on the top carefully arrange your patriot, garnished with laurel or with parsley : surround with artificial hopes for the future, which are never meant to be tasted. This kind of poem is cooked in verbiage, flavoured with Liberty, the taste of which is much heightened by the introduction of a few high gods, and the game of Fortune. The amount of verbiage which Liberty is capable of flavouring is practically infinite.'

In the work of the schools, Mr. Mallock obtained small success, failing to take higher honours than Third-class in Classical Moderations and Second-class in the final Classical and Philosophical School ; but we may charitably suppose that his time was taken up by the outside studies of which the world has been favoured from time to time with the results. First came 'The New Republic,' which attracted such general attention at the time of its appearance that it will be unnecessary to say more than that therein the conflicting views of Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Jowett, Pater, Leslie Stephen, Huxley and Tyndall

are set off against one another—the author apparently himself inclining to the melancholy despair of Herbert (Ruskin). Next came the book entitled ‘The New Paul and Virginia, or (naming the definite system of which it is an attempted *Reductio ad Absurdum*) Positivism on an Island.’ It is enough to say of this work that it did no more for Positivism than could be done for Christianity or any other system taken at its inception; that it was rather a vulgar performance, not very original or very witty. The exact style of the fun had been anticipated before, as for instance, Dr. Johnson, in the eighteenth chapter of ‘Rasselas’—devoted to the ridicule of the ‘wise and happy man.’ This work was first published in the *Contemporary Review* and was followed here and elsewhere by the different articles which subsequently appeared under the title of ‘Is Life Worth Living?’

Such were the steps by which Mr. Mallock was led to question so emphatically the value of life. He began by recognising the difficulties that beset the reconciliation of Religion and Science, or Faith and Sight; then the different theories of the day were set a tilt at one another; next Positivism was singled out as his special foe, and attacked with the light weapons of Ridicule. In his latest work ridicule and argument are combined to prove the system absurd, impossible of realization, and, even if realized, a system under which virtue would be virtue no longer, while life would be robbed of its happiness. Virtue would exist no longer, and vice cease to be a pleasure, because it would lose the savour of forbidden fruit. Such, in short, is the purport of the volume and the writer’s aim—therefore let us all turn Catholics as a means of preserving those theological sanctions which make virtue to be virtue, and vice to be a pleasure.

Stated thus shortly but correctly, the whole thing looks too absurd to claim a moment’s thought. It is only

when we take it in detail, when the feelings and state of mind that inspired it are taken into consideration, and when we remember that such feelings are merely typical of those of many others who have not spoken, that the work becomes worthy of attention.

As it is not the purpose of the present paper to enter the lists of Dialectics against Mr. Mallock by an answer in detail to his long indictment against Positivism and the Positive mode of thought, it will be unnecessary to spend time in an elaborate outline of his argument. It may be supposed that most readers are sufficiently familiar with the thoughts of a work confessedly so pertinent to our present needs and questionings. Such will gladly spare the details of the contention (reminding old Oxford men of associations connected with the Schools and Logic Lane) in the course of which, after showing that Positivism must postulate some definite end as the prize of life, and scouting the notion of its being contained in Sociology or the good of the many, the writer concludes by finding it in Goodness as its own reward. This highest good is a purely subjective state of heart and a moral end, the main characteristics of which are, that its essence is inward; that its value is incalculable, and its attainment the only true happiness for us; that its standard is something absolute. Nor will it be necessary to enumerate the arguments by which he seeks to show that these characteristics are explained by Supernatural Religion, by this alone; and how, as a consequence, the Positivists who hope to attain all this by their Positivism are more superstitious and visionary than their rivals the Orthodox believers.

The picture presented to Mr. Mallock’s mind of the future of the Positivists will be best gathered from an amusing passage in ridicule of their Utopia. ‘Every one would be waiting at the door, and saying to every one

else, "After you." But all these practical considerations are entirely forgotten by the Positivists. They live in a world of their own imagining, in which all the rules of this world are turned upside down. There, the defeated candidate in an election would be radiant at his rival's victory. When a will was read, the anxiety of each relative would be that he or she should be excluded in favour of others; or more probably still, that they should be all excluded in favour of a hospital. Two rivals, in love with the same woman, would be each anxious that his own suit might be thwarted. And a man would gladly involve himself in any ludicrous misfortune, because he knew that the sight of his catastrophe would rejoice his whole circle of friends. The course of human progress, in fact, would be one gigantic donkey-race, in which those were the winners who were furthest off from the prize.* As the object of the present paper is not so much to criticise Mr. Mallock, as to endeavour to learn what we can from his book, and to ascertain its bearing with regard to ourselves, his arguments have been omitted. Nothing would be easier than to show his inconsistencies, his shortcomings and unfairness to Positivists. He is apparently blind to the fact that the concessions demanded in favour of Revelation through the Church, serve equally to rehabilitate the Revelations of the New Faith. Indeed, upon this point, Mr. Mallock gave us what appear to be second thoughts, in a Dialogue upon Happiness, that appeared sometime ago in the *Nineteenth Century*. And to the articles that appeared in that magazine, written by a lady, Miss Bevington, readers should turn if they want an answer point to point to Mr. Mallock. As far as mere argument goes, he found a formidable opponent; but religious belief is not a mere matter of argument. Resting at all

times more upon the promptings of the heart than the conclusions of the intellect, it eludes the grasp of the reason with a vital inconsistency. 'Is Life Worth Living' may be vulnerable as a train of reasoning or may not; its validity on this side at present concerns us very little. But looked at from another point of view, as a revelation of feeling, it is in the highest degree valuable. Let us for a moment consider what this feeling amounts to.

The last quarter of a century, as Justin McCarthy very properly pointed out, has been a period of controversy, 'which may be set down as memorable in the history of the world.' Scientific doctrines and beliefs have noisily made their way from the lecture room to the pulpit. Views that half a century ago would have been regarded with suspicion by advanced thinkers, have forced at least a respectful recognition from the leaders of religious thought. It is no wonder that it should be so, for the conclusions of modern science come to us based upon a mass of fact and corroborative evidence, and what is no small matter,—and its opponents have been the first to allow it,—vouched for by men eminently respectable from a social and moral point of view. Nor is it possible for those who recognise facts to call in question these views and conclusions in their broadest aspect. The theory of Evolution has inevitably taken the place for us of the theory of Creation. It was once quite possible for Robert South to say of modern intellect—'All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the reliques of an intellect defaced with sin and time. . . . Certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely, when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. *An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.*' Coming from the pulpit

* As an answer to this cf. Herbert Spencer's 'Data of Ethics,' ch. 14, § 97.

now, these words would sound unmeaning and ridiculous, so surely has the belief in the Survival of the Fittest taken the place of the Doctrine of the Fall.

Thus the change in our point of view is radical; and, as was natural, great displacements have been effected in our moral atmosphere by the changes in the scientific, while the weaker brethren, of whose dismay Mr. Mallock made himself so effectual an exponent, fear still greater displacements. We have an instance in the imperative of conscience, the threatened catalepsy of which is foreshadowed with coarse, but rather effective, wit, by Mr. Mallock. 'The power of conscience resides not in what we hear it to be, but in what we believe it to be. A housemaid may be deterred from going to meet her lover in the garden, because a howling ghost is believed to haunt the laurels: but she will go to him fast enough when she discovers that the sounds that alarmed her were not a soul in torture, but the cat in love. The case of conscience is exactly analogous to this.' To those who argue in this way, it would be useless to urge the propriety of taking, in an extended sense, the words of Christ, 'if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' To such reasoners, conscience is at best a product of Nature, and Nature 'red in tooth and claw with ravin,' a poor voucher to those who require the higher testimony of Revelation.

Thus Mr. Mallock's book is instructive upon this point of the imperative of conscience. Read by the light of Herbert Spencer's thoughtful preface to his 'Data of Ethics,' it helps us to appreciate the true nature of the times we live in. In moral and religious, as well as in political, history, these divisions are clearly marked in all revolutionary periods—Anarchy, Dormant Anarchy, and Settlement. First comes the thunder clap when the Revolution breaks out, and things good and bad

seem to be going down before it, Anarchy apparently ruling the day. But 'the human mind has at no period accepted a moral chaos.' The Revolution is summarily hushed up, and old methods and ways are reverted to. But it has done its work, the past cannot be restored, and the period of Dormant Anarchy ensues. This continues till, by compromise, a Settlement is effected, which becomes a basis for a new order of things. In the religious and moral revolution which we are at present considering, we may take the year 1874, the year of Professor Tyn-dall's celebrated Belfast address, the so-called 'high water-mark of Materialism,' as the crisis of the Revolution, and we are now in the period of Dormant Anarchy, or, to use the expression of Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the midst of 'a moral interregnum.' This fact is clearly apprehended by Herbert Spencer, when he insists upon the necessity for some regulative system of morals. 'Between the extreme opponents,' those who reject and those who defend the current creed, 'there is a certain community. The one hold that the gap left by disappearance of the code of supernatural ethics, need not be filled by a code of natural ethics; and the others hold that it cannot be so filled. Both contemplate a vacuum, which the one wishes and the other fears. As the change which promises or threatens to bring about this state, desired or dreaded, is rapidly progressing, those who believe that the vacuum can be filled, and that it must be filled, are called on to do something in pursuance of their belief.' Mr. Mallock is only wrong in so far as he believes that this transitional state will be the normal one, when Positivism has got itself acknowledged. What more philosophical thinkers regard as merely temporary, he believes to be chronic. The dire perplexity of the ordinary mind, and the helplessness of Protestant Christianity, in the midst of the storm of opinion that is beating about it, is

forcibly brought home to us by Mr. Mallock's vision of the Christ—"The words and the countenance, once so sure and steadfast, now change, as we look at and listen to them, into new accents and aspects; and the more earnestly we gaze and listen, the less can we distinguish clearly what we hear or see. "What shall we do to be saved?" men are again crying. And the lips that were once oracular now merely seem to murmur back confusedly, "Alas! what shall you do?" Such and so helpless, even now, is natural theism showing itself; and in the dim and momentous changes that are coming over things, in the vast flux of opinion that is preparing, in the earthquake that is rocking the moral ground under us, overturning and engulfing the former land-marks, and re-opening the graves of the buried lusts of paganism, it will show itself very soon more helpless still. Its feet are on the earth only. The earth trembles, and it trembles: it is in the same case as we are. It stretches in vain its imploring hands to heaven. But the heaven takes no heed of it. No divine hand reaches down to it to uphold and guide it.' This, then, is one of the points, where we feel that Mr. Mallock touched solid ground. The gap has been generally felt, and many are the attempts that have been made to fill it. We have had, and have, a variety of gospels to choose from. Materialism and Spiritualism, Pessimism and Evolution, Buddhism and Neo-Paganism. Mr. Mallock advocates a return to Rome. Matthew Arnold believes in culture and conduct; Mr. Pater and his followers in Art. Mr. Furnivall proclaims himself the apostle of one whom they call 'Shakspeare,' and others have equal faith in Shelley. Such a variety of ingredients are seething in the Medea cauldron, from which the Faith of the Future is to spring invigorated.

Of one thing at least we may feel sure. 'By faith the children of Is-

rael passed through the Red Sea as by dry land, which the Egyptians essaying to do were drowned.' It is the absolute want of steady faith in anything, even in self, that leads to the tone of thought of which 'Is Life Worth Living' is the logic. Mr. Mallock has since played upon the old chords in semi-artistic dialogues, appearing at intervals in the *Nineteenth Century*. And who are the characters that take part in these morbidly self-conscious revelations of soul? Their names tell a tale—a group of fashionables at Monaco, 'the popular' Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Lady Di, Mrs. Crane, 'the beauty' and Lord Surbiton. We may reasonably ask whether these are fair types of the workaday world, and whether the sceptical listlessness engendered by fashion and idleness is likely to take the place of the more practical tone which incessant contact with business necessitates. The fact is that the majority of mankind have, and will continue to have, faith of some kind, and, most necessary of all, faith in themselves. Their faith may not be a very high one, but it will be enough to satisfy them; and to this majority of mankind, the revolution of thought through which we are passing will be like any other political change, about which Dr. Johnson very justly remarks—"It is evident that these bursts of universal distress are more dreaded than felt: thousands and tens of thousands flourish in youth, and wither in age, without the knowledge of any other than domestic evils, and share the same pleasures and vexations, whether the armies of their country pursue their enemies or retreat before them.' As for the minority—the few who have the time and ability to indulge in the luxury of moralising—their fate does not concern us very nearly. Lady Di may vex her soul about the pernicious effects that the new revolution will have upon the morals of a world of which she knows little. We may safely leave the world to its bread-

winning toil, and Lady Di to her reflections.

But there is still a class left whose sufferings deserve more consideration—those to whom the query, 'Is Life Worth Living,' assumes a practical aspect. These are not mere debauchees who have outworn their capacities for enjoyment, but a class unhappily common enough at the present day, 'ower bad for blessing, and ower gude for banning,' who have made a moral failure of life and yet are too highly strung to be able to sink into one of mere self-enjoyment; who, 'without any veritable religion, have a pale shadow of religiosity;' who have neither strength of will to enter upon the task of reformation, nor sufficient dulness of moral perception to rest contented without it. To such a class suicide presents itself as the fitting close of a misspent life. And, if we recognise facts, we cannot see what consideration the New Faith has to offer to deter them from carrying these opinions into practice. Looked at from another point of view, what has the Positive System to give corresponding to the sense of freedom and strength enjoyed by the pardoned soul through remission of sins. In the ordinary Theistic system, the effects of sin upon others, and its traces upon the sinner's soul, are effaced by a higher power, whose good offices can be secured by prayer. No such interference from above is recognised by the New Faith. 'I have a conscience,' says Leigh,* and I can treat it in two ways only. I can either stifle it altogether, or else listen to and be troubled by it. But if I stifle it, I shall have no wish to act rightly; and if I listen to it I shall have no heart to do so—I mean, supposing your philosophy to be true. Where can you tell us to look for any remission of sins? How can the soul be again reconciled to itself? And if I must always have to consider myself a sinner, why should

I try to become a saint?' The Old Faith had its answer, the New Faith has not. This is one of these points which it is the purpose of the present paper to recognise. It does not, however, follow because Positivism cannot supply a ready answer to all the questionings of human nature that the system is altogether wrong, or that we must at once give in our adhesion to the old system, which it is modifying. It only shows how incomplete, how purely tentative, the Religion of Positivism at present is.

And this is the conclusion to which we have come from the study of the book. Its author has failed in his attempt—contrary to the movement of the time spirit, in opposition to science and history—to lead Protestants back to the faith of the past. But in his criticism of the future 'so rigorously and vigorously' laid down for us by advanced Positivists he is successful enough. The Faith of the Future, we may take it for granted, will contain in it all that is worth preserving of the old—its noblest aspirations, its truest wisdom, its widest sympathies. We can all see the shortcomings of some of the earlier Positivists—such for instance as their aspect with regard to the worship of sorrow. 'All dignity is painful,' Carlyle writes, 'a life of ease is not for any man, nor for any god. The life of all gods figures itself to us as a sublime sadness,—earnestness of infinite battle against infinite labour. Our highest religion is named the "Worship of Sorrow." For the son of man there is no noble crown, well worn, or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns?' We feel the truth of this. Yet Harriet Martineau was led so far in her rebellion against the Worship of Sorrow, and in her dislike of what she calls the 'morbid conditions of human life,' as to quote with approbation in her autobiography, the following unnatural remarks upon old age, contained in the Atkinson Letters; 'Age is a sad affair. If men went out of

* 'Atheism and Repentance,' by W. H. Mallock.—*Nineteenth Century*, July, 1880.

life in the very fulness of their powers, in a flash of lightning, one might imagine them transferred to heaven : but when the fruit fails, and then the flower and leaf, and branch after branch rots by our side while we yet live, we can hardly wish for a better thing than early death.' As if the New Faith were to expurgate sorrow and suffering from the world of the future, and to fill it with a race of jocund, light-hearted beings.

So we may confidently believe, that in many matters the more modern teachers of Positivism had made a false start ; that the world of the future will not be in reality a contrast with the world of the past, but merely a development of it. The staple of life will be the same—sorrow and joy, virtue and vice. But the centre upon which its system will turn, the point from which its good and ill are viewed, will be different. The relative importance of the intellectual and moral elements of religion has changed. The enthusiasm of humanity is taking the place of the theology of the unknown. With the heightened importance attaching to 'the still, sad music of humanity,' and to the moral side of religion, Philanthropy, or what Posi-

tivist writers call Altruism, has been on the increase. More has been done to alleviate the suffering and the afflicted, and a higher morality is expected of States in their international dealings. The world should be going from bad to worse, but, as if to disprove the theories of alarmists, the main current is setting the other way.

As a further result, then, of the consideration of Mr. Mallock's book, we may say that having had the gloomiest forebodings with regard to the future put before us, we carry away from the work feelings of greater hope for that future. We are told that the progress of science has reduced man and the world on which we live to insignificance. We find that, along with greater consideration for the brute creation, the needs of mankind are more carefully studied, and that, by means of education, literature, and art, larger room for the development of man's nature is being afforded. We feel that if Positivism be visionary, it is so on the right side ; that if it be so, it shares this fault with Christianity, and with all the great attempts that have co-operated in making this a better and a happier world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Ob. Dec. 22, 1880.

DEATH, at the close of the year, took from modern literature one of its most central figures, and quenched in night an intellect which, in its range and power, has scarcely had an equal since Shakespeare. 'George Eliot' had almost all the gifts with which the human mind has been dowered, and

no writer, of her sex at least, can be said to approach her in the many-sidedness and profundity of a mind whose creations are as unrivalled as they are diverse. What a wealth of portraiture she has bequeathed to the English-speaking world those who have followed her creations from Adam Bede

to Middlemarch best know. But richer than these treasures are the revelations into, and sympathy with, a human nature which few have better understood, in all its variety, depth, and richness, and which none have depicted with greater power or with more fidelity to life. Her loss to English letters is simply irreparable, and in her Literature mourns one of the rarest minds and loftiest natures which, perhaps, the Divine has ever put into human clay. No new creation of her pen will hold us again in its spell, but as her place is now among the immortals of English literature, so will what she has written pass into the mind and spirit of that thinking, reasoning humanity which she did so much to elevate and ennoble. But hush! 'her own words best honour her, not ours!'

A uniform edition of George Eliot's

works has just been completed by her publishers, the Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, to which we trust they will now add a collection of the contributions from her pen to the *Westminster Review*, and anything of her yet unpublished writings worthy of her mature powers. We append a list of her works, in the order of their appearing, which may be useful to our readers for future reference. Translations of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' 1864, and of Feuerbach's 'Essence of Christianity,' 1853; 'Scenes in a Clerical Life,' 1857 (?); 'Adam Bede,' 1859; 'The Mill on the Floss,' 1860; 'Silas Marner,' 1861; 'Romola,' 1863; 'Felix Holt,' 1866; 'Middlemarch,' 1871-2; 'The Spanish Gypsy,' 1873; 'The Legend of Jubal,' 1874; 'Daniel Deronda,' 1876; and 'The Impressions of Theophrastus Such,' 1879. She died at the age of 60.

IN MEMORY OF EDWARD IRVING.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

[This man was appointed to be a Christian Priest, and this he strove with the whole force that was in him to be.—THOMAS CARLYLE.]

EAGLE of God! among the blinking owls
 Whose nests are in the shrines of Faith decayed,
 Dark haunts of all obscene and foolish fowls—
 Thou gazing on the sun wert undismayed!
 Or from vast London's reek of smoke-wrought shade,
 How oft looked homeward those imperial eyes
 To their own eyrie mid the hills afar,
 Where the untrodden steep no footmarks mar,
 Where to the torrent's voice the storm replies,—
 O noblest heart, O voice of Prophet tone
 Uplifted still in love to all mankind,
 By men unpriized in life, in death maligned,
 To other skies we do not grieve thee flown,
 The victor wings at rest, the Peace supreme thine own.

SELECTIONS.

NOTES ON ENDYMION.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

A FRENCH senator and academician remarked on the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power that England had only just given the hands of one artist into those of another, and seemed to have given up her natural rulers altogether. Who those natural rulers will be when the reign of these artists is over it is not easy to discern ; but as long as we have them we must make the best of their dominion. Among its advantages we have not only the amusement afforded by the activities, surprises, and originalities of their work in office, but by their continued energies in what used to be the repose, if not the torpor, of ministerial retreat. The redundancy and variety of Mr. Gladstone's effusions are in every one's recollection, combining an opposition by pamphlets with such fields of literature and speculation that their gleanings fill a book-row, and now within six months the author of *Lothair* is ready with a novel of politics and society which requires a continuation to give it meaning and unity.

Endymion has not the serious intentions of *Lothair*. The conversion of a young nobleman of immense wealth to the Roman Catholic Church, following that of other important British families, was a subject of statesmanlike and patriotic consideration appropriate to ingenious fiction, and the book was especially valuable from its exclusive treatment of the Romish Church as a social and political institution. But there is no special interest discernible in these volumes beyond the diversion of writer and reader. When, indeed, Lord Beaconsfield selects a hero who starts as a Treasury clerk and ends in Prime Minister, the world will insist on seeing simultaneously the artist in fiction and in practice, and however little of his own life the comrades and observers of his career may find in the picture, the public

will seek out all kinds of autobiographic secrets, and will insist on the personages and relatives being as rich as those of Mr. Justin M'Carthy's history. One motive, so to say, of the story is so apparent that it would be direct effrontery not to give it recognition, for it is honourable, and as the song goes, "tender and true." Endymion trusts to his strong determination, persistent purpose, and seizure of opportunity to win his way to success in life, but he owes the crown and consummation to the love of woman.

The first volume opens with the death of Mr. Canning, another artist who has won the race against privilege and virtue, and perished at the goal, no less an exception of the conditions and penalties of our political life than Lord Beaconsfield himself, and closes with the election of 1837, thus giving to the preliminary portion a purely historical character. The principal sketch of the Lord Ferrars, the elder placeman, the unacknowledged son of an important statesman, the useful subordinate of Pitt and Granville in the Treasury, perfectly contented with the inferior station, and marrying late into high life ; the younger, starting from that strong position and entering Parliament as soon as age permitted, well equipped with the accomplishments which were then sufficient for all the responsibilities of statesmanship ; Lord Castle-reigh's Lord of the Treasury. Lord Liverpool's Under-Secretary of State rising to membership of the Cabinet, when the last intrenchment of the Tories fell before the success of the Reform Bill—the secret pauper and the final suicide—confirms an impression which the student of Mr. Disraeli's earlier works may have often felt, that the frequent combination of poetry and fiction as cited, is a check on a genius, which, if left free to work out its own imaginings, would have left works more permanent and real than those which must depend for their repute and sympathy in a great degree on the accidents

and figures of the day. Nor need the success of the writer of romance have excluded the talents that might be found in the lines of Boixeau or M. Simon ; and presented in some other form as subtle characters of Society, the Change, and the State. There is in truth in this form of composition an artistic difficulty almost impossible to surmount. The figure with whom the characters ought to cluster is either exaggerated in proportion or dwindles into a mere medium of communication. Even in such a work as *Wilhelm Meister* there is the same that all this scenery of thoughts and fancy demands a more important critical object, but when almost every other person has an original with whom the reader identifies him, it requires a singular facility of impersonation to give importance and actuality to the fictitious hero. In no one of Lord Beaconsfield's works is this defect so apparent as in *Endymion*, and the author so assiduously keeps him in the background that he is a nullity through the first and second volumes, with a mission to be something very great in the third. The son and grandson of Privy Councillors, with friends of influence and position and just that kind of misfortune that has an interest to youth, he really required no mission at all to give him a successful career, and the talents with which he is credited are just those that are adapted to public life, and the wondrous accident of his sister's marriage—first with a Foreign Minister, and then with a King—is quite out of proportion to this effect. He has no originality to offend, and no particular principles to obstruct ; in fact, he is without any one of the attributes which might have been expected to belong to a political hero. Is this defective art or irony ?

He early becomes private secretary to a Minister, which affords an opportunity for an allusion to the expression of that pliant relation of which we have lately had so remarkable a recognition.

* The relations between a Minister and his secretary are, or at least should be, among the finest that can subsist between two individuals. Except the married state, there is none in which so great a degree of confidence is involved, in which more forbearance ought to be exercised, or more sympathy ought to exist. There is usually in the relation an identity of interest and that of the highest kind ; and the perpetual difficulties, the alternations of triumph and defeat, develop devotion. A

youthful secretary will naturally feel some degree of enthusiasm for his chief, and a wise Minister will never stint his regard for one in whose intelligence and honour he finds he can place confidence.*

He afterwards obtains a seat in Parliament by a combination of borough-mongers in his favour, and an anonymous gift of twenty thousand pounds, transmitted to him in a form which it has exercised the civic mind to understand. At the instigation of his former master, soon out of office, he puts a crafty question that calls up the Minister, and follows it up by moving for papers that provoke an important debate. With all these favourable circumstances, he walks down to the House in the hope that the exercise may improve his languid circulation, but in vain ; but when his name is called and he has to rise, his hands and feet were like ice. This may very possibly have been a personal experience, for a nervous organization was not very compatible with oratorical power, but ever to have a subtle connection with it, just as the most rigid physical courage occurs to assist in the conquest of the sense of apprehension by the force of will. I heard Colonel Gurwood say that he never went into action without positive fear, and that when he led a forlorn hope the preliminary terror was agony. It is not so clear that this would be the constitution serviceable for that process of debate which after all, is the trial of strength in our parliamentary life, and which requires as an absolute condition of success the combination of the great play of intellect with the readiness of repose. *Endymion's* recovery is finally described :—

‘ He had a kind audience, and an interested one. When he opened his mouth he forgot his first sentence, which he had long prepared. In trying to recall it and failing, he was for a moment confused. But it was only for a moment ; the unpremeditated came to his aid, and his voice, at first tremulous, was recognised as distinct and rich. There was a murmur of sympathy, and not merely from his own side. Suddenly, both physically and intellectually, he was quite himself. His arrested circulation flowed, and fed his stagnant brain. His statement was lucid, his arguments were difficult to encounter, and his manner was modest. He sat down amid general applause, and though he was then conscious that he had omitted more than one point on which he had relied, he was on the whole satisfied, and recollected that he might use them in reply, a privilege to which he now looked forward with feelings of comfort and confidence.’

There is no member of the House who has taken such full advantage of this privilege as the author of *Endymion*, or shown himself so great a master of the art. We have little more of his parliamentary experience, and we are specially told that he never opened his lips during the Anti Corn-law session that broke up the Conservative party. Lord Beaconsfield leaves that turning-point of his own fortunes to history, and that judgment will rest very much on the estimate of the nature of the contest between himself and Sir Robert Peel. If the action was purely political, the matter of opposition was malicious, and the personality inexcusable; but if as a personal encounter between a great Minister and a member of his party, whose fair claims he had persistently ignored, and who must either give up the game of politics altogether, or rise into favour by means of his discomfiture, there can be small reproach that the assailant used every device of parliamentary art, and every weapon of political warfare. It is even possible that he never respected his opponent more than in the moment of his defeat, and the historian of later times may trace in the policy that dictated the adoption of the Household Suffrage an imperfect imitation of that of the repeal of the Corn Laws, conducted, however, with a more adroit party manipulation, and to a more successful issue. There is, however, an echo of the old strife in the words that here revert to that event:—‘The great Bill was carried, but the just hour of retribution at length arrived. The Ministry, though sanguine to the last of success, and not without cause, were completely and ignominiously defeated.’ It is curious just now to remember that they fell by a combination of Liberals and ultra-Tories against a Peace Preservation Bill for Ireland.

On the formation of the Whig Government, the Foreign Secretary naturally instantly confers the Under-Secretaryship on his brother-in-law; and his success in office is complete, and he retains it after the death of his chief till the time of the Papal aggression and Lord John Russell’s Durham Letter, which it is here assumed was not communicated to the Cabinet, and which was read out by Lord John Russell himself. And when Lord Palmerston remarked that it is a very good letter, but he hoped it had been headed ‘Confidential.’ ‘Not exactly,’ replied the writer,

‘I have sent it to the *Times*.’ When the Irish Secretary took it with some anxiety to the Lord-Lieutenant, the astute Lord Clarendon remarked that he was surprised he should be taken in by the House, though the style was well imitated. The importance, however, of the whole event in its bearings on the decline of the Whig Ministry seems here to be overrated. The defections from the party were unimportant; and no Government ever loses in England by an appeal to the No Popery sentiment—inrooted in the heart of the people, and as strong at this moment, when we are giving asylum to the monastic orders of Catholic France, as in the days of Lord George Gordon—Sothorn and Mr. Dale notwithstanding. The country would have supported the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill as a reality of intolerance, instead of a phantasmal protest. It was from a variety of other causes that the change of administration came about, here described with vivacity, truth, and with an interesting personal application:—

‘The Whigs tottered on for a year after rude assault of Cardinal Penruddock, but they were doomed, and the Protectionists were called upon to form an administration. As they had no one in their ranks who had ever been in office except their chief, who was in the House of Lords, the affair seemed impossible. The attempt, however, could not be avoided. A dozen men, without the slightest experience of official life, had to be sworn in as privy councillors, before even they could receive the seals and insignia of their intended offices. On their knees, according to the constitutional custom, a dozen men, all in the act of genuflection at the same moment, and headed, too, by one of the most powerful peers in the country, the Lord of Alnwick Castle himself, humbled themselves before a female sovereign, who looked serene and imperturbable before a spectacle never seen before, and which, in all probability, will never be seen again.

‘One of this band, a gentleman without any official experience whatever, was not only placed in the Cabinet, but was absolutely required to become the leader of the House of Commons, which had never occurred before, except in the instance of Mr. Pitt in 1782. It has been said that it was unwise in the Protectionists assuming office when, on this occasion and on subsequent ones, they were far from being certain of a majority in the House of Commons. It should, however, be remembered, that unless they had dared these ventures they never could have found a body of men competent, from their official experience and their practice in debate, to form a Ministry. The result has rather proved that they were right. Had they continued to refrain from incurring responsibility, they must have

broken up and merged in different connections, which, for a party numerically so strong as the Protectionists, would have been a sorry business, and probably have led to disastrous results.'

Before this crisis, however, the great event of this romance occurred, to which allusion has been made already. Endymion's sister marries the Fairy Prince of the story, mainly to gratify rather her ambition for him than his own; and when she has done so, calls on him to fulfil her wish by an alliance of a not dissimilar character with the greatest commercial heiress of the day. And she urges her point in these remarkable words:—

'Your present position, if you persist in it, is one most perilous. You have no root in the country; but for an accident you could not maintain the public position you have nobly gained. As for the great crowning consummation of your life, which we dreamed over at unhappy Hurstley, which I have sometimes dared to prophesy, that must be surrendered. The country at the best will look upon you only as a reputable adventurer to be endured, even trusted and supported, in some secondary post, but nothing more.'

At the instant he skinks from the effort of consent, as by the wand of the sorcerer the door opens, and the death of the husband of the lady who is at once the object of his long and earnest affection is announced; and she is so rich and powerful that it is just as good a match as the other.

It has been pleasantly said that the English aristocracy would have gone the way of their order all over the world but for the two MM's—Marriage and Minerals. *Endymion* is certainly an illustration of half this apologue; there never was a work with so many proposals of marriage—marriages and remarriages—and it includes, if not especially, Mr. Mill's 'unearned increment'—yet its meaning—an accession of wealth. Nor let any one look on the importance of this element in the fabrication of any man's political picture as in the least exaggerated. Mr. Canning is known to have said that the life of a poor man in the House of Commons was a torment of continual suspicion. And, in fact, it might be so, and ought to be so. It was, especially where competition is keen, and ambition is open, pecuniary independence is the first requisite for consideration, and there might be every barrier against unworthy motives and venal

desires. There must be the clearest possible line between the adventurer and the politician. Instances may be cited of men who have made capital out of their purity, as Robespierre did out of his incorruption; but that is only where the individual has been tried and tested by long experience, and found to be as proud as he is poor.

The political 'féeerie' winds up very quiet. Endymion becomes Foreign Minister by his own talents and the charms and wealth of his wife, and passes naturally from the most important office in the Cabinet to the highest.

What Endymion did after he became Premier lies in the undiscovered work between fiction and history. He probably acted on the suggestion made to him that the popularity and greatness of a Ministry does not depend on vigorous finance, but on a successful stroke of foreign policy. If he carried this out with sufficient adroitness and courage, to prevent a disastrous war between a people whom England was bound to protect by tradition and interest, and a gigantic neighbour animated by the instincts and appetencies of Attili, whatever may have been the immediate effect on the character of his own Government, he has not the gratitude of Europe and humanity; if not, even peace with honour for England alone falls short of a successful administration, and is a poor compensation for the world.

The commixture of real and ideal personages of itself possesses a phantasmagoric effect which is heightened by the fictitious character of that social atmosphere which is here described as 'the world of all those dazzling people whose sayings and doings give the taste and supply the conversation and leaven the existence of admiring and wondering millions,' a world of which a Prime Minister of England has, by a strange taste, made himself the historian. 'I know we are not clever,' said a member of one of the great families he had described 'but surely we are not so foolish as he makes us.' And it is impossible to throw off the impression of 'secret' satire pervading all the complimentary phraseology and brilliant colouring. He is conscious enough of this insincerity when he contrasts the occasional pleasures of the occupied with the constant amusements of the idle and gay. 'Banquets are not rare, nor choice guests, nor gracious hosts, but when do we ever see a person

enjoying anything? But these gay children of wit and brain, and successful labour and happy speculation, some of them very rich and some of them without a sou, see need only to think of the future hour and all its joys. Neither wealth nor poverty heighten their cares. Every face sparkled, every word seemed witty, and every sound seemed sweet.' He can, too, find pleasure in picturing the rapture of high life by his adventuresses (in the honest sense of the word), of whom we should like to know more than their personal charms and astonishing marriages. One of them might almost have been suggested by that curious adventure in the life of William Hazlitt, which he has introduced in that delightful book, the *Liber Amoris*, the story of the widow's servant girl who drove him mad by the dignity that petrified her beauty and froze the passion it inflamed. But when he gets beyond the outward circumstances, and touches the inner and mental life of another side of society, he either will not or cannot get beyond the satirical purpose. In the character of Job Thornberry he delineates those middle-class aspirations which, with a contemptuous humour, he calls 'democratic opinions,' and while crediting him with the highest faculty of speech—a voice than which 'there is nothing clearer than his meaning,'—a power of statement 'with pellucid art'—'facts marshalled with such vivid simplicity, and inferences so natural and spontaneous and irresistible that they seemed as it were borrowed from his audience, though none of that audience had arrived at them before'—and landing him in the Cabinet, presents him as an example of what becomes of a political reformer when he rises into the higher spheres of office and religion. His son cares for nothing but law, and his wife is a Ritualist. A very good pair—but not quite a statesman's proof that the Radical was wrong.

But it is eminently in the treatment of the literary character that the exclusive and partial observation of Lord Beaconsfield is most apparent. Pled in a house of letters, it is not unnatural that the pursuit should have been distasteful to him; but as in his writings he fully availed himself of its advantages, and from his early youth mingled, so to say, in the profession, though decidedly with other besides literary purposes, there is no reason that when he had achieved both

literary and political distinction he should have dissociated himself completely from the class from which he sprang. He had the opportunity of a delightful exercise of patronage, that seemed rather to desire equality than to ask for that gratitude which intellectual men are so shy to acknowledge, and which might be made to flatter in the very benefits it conferred. In the speech of Lord Beaconsfield on the only occasion of late years when he has come forward to forward any object in the interest or to the honour of literature—the meeting for the erection of a statue to Lord Byron, to which the public so coldly responded—he accompanied his homage to that poet by derogatory remarks on the contemporaries and followers of his fame. And there is no reason to suppose that with him the subtler intellectual emotions respond to the call of language and thought so as to find in literature the charm of life. Nor should it be forgotten that the rough sinews of political action, while the exercise warms the faculties, and while a Parliament is every day summoning the intelligence to stand and deliver, can hardly be expected to remain wealthy and full. Yet, if for such reasons literature would hardly expect to find in these social dramas very genial or dignified representatives, that is no reason why it should be made ridiculous and offensive. The caricature here exhibited with a monotonous repetition of words and actions unworthy of the crisis, and with no relation to the incidents or purpose of the story, indicates either a malicious personal object or a general satire on the susceptibilities of the literary character. The critics have generally assumed the former; and if it is intended to be a representation of the author of *Vanity Fair*, the execution is at once fine and feeble. Mr. Thackeray was a member of a family that had contributed important men to every walk of life, and possessed an adequate patrimony for any profession. He spent most of it imprudently in youth, and then had a harder fight in life than was agreeable to his luxurious tastes and most active habits. He was of too kindly a nature for the differences of wealth and position with which he came in contact to engender malice or even envy, but he let his sense of it be felt in humorous comparisons and exaggerated distinctions, and at times, when the great gloom of his existence fell too heavy on

him he did not entirely conquer a morbid discontent at the happier fortune and easy circumstances of those he justly thought no better in the main than himself. But his good education at a high-class school, which gave to his writings a classical flavour that distinguishes them so prominently from those of his great competitor in fiction, and his association at Cambridge with all the best of past and present authors, would have saved him from any similitude to the impersonation of bad taste and temper which disfigure these volumes.

There is a character shadowed within this book to which it is well that some justice should be done. Mr. Vigo, the great Jewish tailor, becomes the impersonation of the marvellous development of the railway interest, which all England now accepts as an incident of nature, with little or no sense of obligation to the men who produced it. The original of this figure is George Hudson, the owner and manager of the great central shop, its pile to which the whole country resorted to buy everything, from blankets to lace. There must have been some strange ability about this shopman for him to find himself associated with the elder Stephenson in the enterprise of the great railway system of England. Yet so it was, and the great northern county has not forgotten the banquet of honour to his genius and enterprise at which Lord George Bentinck, the Tory leader, sat by the chairman, and which brought together the whole nobility and gentry of the north. In this 'féelee' the ability and worth of this man in the middle-class of life, of perennial speech and plain manners, but of most cordial and generous disposition, is depicted as successful and as winning its full reward. In the real struggle of commercial life it was otherwise: George Hudson—who said 'they took me from behind the counter and gave me to administer a larger revenue than even Mr. Pitt undertook during the great war. I had one secret within to manage—and I may have made some mistakes in it'—which said 'that men who have lost by me are hounding me to death; but where are those who have made thousands by me?'—died in poverty and obscurity, only supported by a scanty subscription from the land-owners whom he had fabulously enriched, and without assistance from the country whose resources of agriculture and commerce he had devel-

oped to an unparalleled extent of prosperity. He was ruined by the sanguine disposition which induced him to believe that the branch lines opening up a country would be the feeder of the main channels. That was his sole great miscalculation. They exhausted when he believed they would supply, but if he could have worked he would have found all his previous calculations justified, and year by year every main line is throwing out productive branches, and the anticipations that ruined poor George Hudson have become the wealth and comfort of Great Britain.

The social and political characters which are intentionally recognizable are drawn with no less force and with more delicacy than in the preceding words. The invention of Aidsaic is toned down to the surrounding life—not without splendour—of the shrewd city banker, his charming wife who abjures even the semblance of wealth, and the great heiress who will be married for herself alone. Zenobia, who in her pithy days, as the courtier of Queen Caroline, and as such was stigmatized by Theodore Hook in *John Bull*:—

'The Countess of Jersey
Who ought to wear kersey,
If we all had our dues here below,'

and who became the Queen of the Tories that repudiated Bishop and Palmerston, is here faithfully drawn by a hand perfectly justified in his impartiality by his own benefits to the family, in all her combination of current good nature with feeling bitterness, of natural vivacity and eye to the main chance. The comic touch of her conviction that she will dictate political events according to her caprice is given with the irony which pervades all the writer's descriptions of that feminine influence in politics which he admits with a condescension by no means flattering to the serious claims of the advocates of the equality of the sexes, but hardly compatible with a respectful and equal affection.

The delineation of Lord Palmerston is 'the man from whose continued force and flexibility of character the country has confidence, that in all their councils there must be no lack of courage, though tempered with adroit discretion:' in private life 'playful and good-tempered, as if he could not say a cross word or do a wicked act, yet a very sane man in

harness.' His conversation, 'a medley of graceful whims, interspersed now and then with a very short anecdote of a very famous person or some deeply interesting reminiscence of some critical events,' is accurate, but he would not have gone to Newmarket in the midst of an European crisis, though he would not have scrupled to talk about it. He is here made to say there is no gambling like politics, and he may have said it; but never was there gambler to whom the game was so valued for its own sake, irrespective of loss or gain. Even the weight of responsibility was unfelt. He would say, when a man has done his best, why should he care about results that are not of his making?

In the *Lives of the Strangfords*, from which, perhaps, the name of Endymion was taken, there is a tragic story of the youth of George Smythe, which should give more interest to his name than all he can get from his place in *Coningsby*, or by the idealization in these pages of what might have been his career had he lived. His literary productions had nothing in them that could last, and the sincerity of paradoxical opinions which is attributed to him is very frail. With the key to his real life, as given in the pitiable letters and from those from others about him, this development of his character, though by no means amiable, is clearly drawn in the light of an old affection and modified by happy re-

miniscences. But, however little pleasure or honour Lord Beaconsfield might have derived from the prolonged career of this member of Young England, it is well that he should return some affection for that accidental connection with a transitory form of political thought, for it has given him the most faithful associate of his political life in a minister, who, in continuous Tory Governments, has been the best representative of the honesty and sincerity of the aristocratic condition in its combination with every growth and human sympathy.

Everybody would be glad to see more of Baron Sergius. There are members of the House of Commons still living who remember their terror, but some are sure to get up and ask whether it was true that a German gentleman lived in his own rooms in Buckingham Palace, came in next without notice, dined without being named in the lowest circular, was scarcely seen by the household, had private interviews with the highest personages, and intimate relations with the representatives of foreign courts. And it was true, and we have since had the confirmation of all this in Maurice, that somehow or other it may be given enforced omission, have just failed of being of permanent interest, but from which the annalist of our times will derive valuable material with regard to the English Court and European diplomacy. —*Fortnightly Review*.

ROUND THE TABLE.

THE GAMBLING SPIRIT.

There seems but little use in raising one's voice against any visible tendency of the age; and yet, unless we are to be utterly fatalistic, we must say what we think of what is going on under our eyes, and throw our influence, be it little or much, on the side of our convictions. To any one who attaches importance to the old-fashioned virtues of patience, perseverance and integrity, and who believes that upon these alone can any

true success in life be built, the prevalent tone of society must be little short of distressing. We are surrounded now-a-days by young men who have had modern "educational advantages," and who, we must suppose, represent the spirit of the time. But has education given purpose to their lives or coherence to their thoughts? Has it led them to recognise law within and without them? Has it furnished them with ideals of conduct, and made *men* of them in an intellectual and moral sense? The truth is that

these questions must in general be answered in the negative : the prevalent idea to-day is that life is more or less a game of chance, that trusting to steady work or to a rational use of *means* for the accomplishment of a purpose, is a slow and unsatisfactory business, and that the way to succeed is to try your luck. Hence the mania for betting, and for everything that brings chance into prominence. As the habit of betting becomes more common, the stakes increase in amount ; and sometimes the money of others is risked in these demoralizing ventures. Sport, however, is not enough for those whom the spirit of gambling has possessed ; they cluster round the card table, and they begin to haunt the stock-market. They confess their utter ignorance of the tides and currents and eddies of that dangerous region ; and yet they say with the simplicity of babes, "Why should not we make money as well as anybody else ?" They do not ask : "Why should we not lose money as well as anybody else ?" though the instances of loss amongst those who have dabbled in what they did not understand are five times as numerous as the instances of gain. The misery is that the infection gains men whom one would have pronounced superior to such folly,—men of sense, with capacity for intellectual interests, but who perhaps, just because they know they have some ability, are tempted to think that their chances of success ought to be good. To be sure every now and again some unfortunate does stagger home from the devils' dance of the Stock or Corn exchange and puts a pistol to his head or a razor to his throat, but what is that to the others ? Does the scorched moth serve as a warning to his fellows who are rushing to destruction ? Little more do the blasted lives of those who have risked and lost all in mad speculation deter the fluttering crowds whose one desire is to reach the golden flame. In cases even where a staggering and all but fatal blow has brought a man to his senses, there will be a gnawing desire for one more venture, one more grapple with the foes who have worsted him. And how this desire may haunt a man who has met with heavy losses of honestly-earned, but madly-risked, money, few who have not experienced it, can realize. There must be in our present civilization deep-seated causes of this widespread restlessness accompanied, as it is, by a

willingness to run desperate risks for very uncertain gains. The magnitude of a few individual fortunes is no doubt one of the proximate causes of the disturbance we see. Gould and Vanderbilt—these be thy gods, O American people ! To be able to buy railways—that is the highest ambition of all. To be able to *bull* the weakest stocks and to *bear* the strongest—that is something worth dreaming of. "Yet," as a poet says, "is there better than this," though few believe it.

W. D. L.

GRAMMATICAL PURISTS IN THE PULPIT.

There is a species of affectation indulged in by some clergymen in the pulpit which has often offended me, and which, I think, deserves reprobation. It is the habit some of these men have of deliberately misreading the Scriptures in order to show off their superior knowledge of nineteenth century rules of grammar. For instance, in our Bibles we find it written : "Behold the Lamb of God *which* taketh away the sin of the world." One of these highly-cultured persons reading from the book will in cold blood substitute *who* for *which*. Or if he chance to be reading the chapter in which the Lord's Prayer is given, instead of taking the words as he finds them, "Our Father *which* art in Heaven," he will read "Our Father *who* art in Heaven." And in reading the beautiful twenty-third Psalm where the words occur, "Thy rod and thy staff *they* comfort me," he will with open eyes leave out the word "they." And you will hear him say *its* for *his*, as if the latter word was unjustifiably metaphorical. Now I do not think I am an exceptionally irritable person, but I do confess that whenever I hear this sort of thing, my gorge rises at it. What right has any man thus to murder our grand old translation of the Bible ? It will be all very well for these gentry when the new translation comes out, adapted to modern modes of speech, but so long as the book remains in its present form no man should tamper with its sturdy masculine English merely to please his own fastidious ear or to conform to the arbitrary rules of Murray or Lennie. Would a man opening Shakespeare and finding the sentence, "This

is the *most unkindest cut of all*," dare to read: "This is the *most unkind cut of all*"? If he did, he would deserve to be choked. In all our old writers expressions and phrases will be found which modern syntax disallows to modern writers, but that would be no justification for ignoring the text and reading it as it would now be written. I dislike, and indeed I may say I abhor, grammatical solecisms from the mouth of a preacher delivering his own compositions, but he ought in reading Scripture to pay respect to the venerable translators and take the Word just as it is.

AGRICOLA.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Much has been written on the difference between pride and vanity, but the relations of the two have nowhere (in the opinion of the present writer) been so well established as in the works of Auguste Comte. That great philosopher, whose fame fifty years hence will be far beyond what it is now, ranges both pride and vanity under the head of ambition, making pride ambition in its temporal aspect, as a desire for individual power, and vanity ambition in (what he calls) its spiritual aspect, as a desire for approbation. Vanity draws a man to his fellows; for, desiring their approbation he must seek to earn it by some kind of consideration for their wishes and interests. Pride separates a man from his fellows; for, as it is power that he desires he will not be too familiar with them, nor will he take any pleasure in the thought of co-operation with them. The vain man hates not to stand well in other's eyes; the proud man hates to lose for one moment, even in imagination, his separate identity and individuality. The thought that he is one of many, and indistinguishable from the crowd, fills him with rage and anguish. He hates public gatherings unless he can occupy some commanding position. Even when power is far removed from him, he will sometimes clutch his hands

in the desire for it, or in the fancied possession of it; and he will gloat over the careers of those who have trampled multitudes in the dust. The vain man on the contrary is seen everywhere; for he easily persuades himself that others admire him, and he likes to give them a chance to exercise that pleasurable emotion on so worthy an object as himself. He is laughed at sometimes; but upon the whole, he makes things so pleasant for others in his desire for the sunshine of their smiles that he is generally regarded with good will. His idea of paradise would be a world where everybody was smiling on him; the proud man's would be a world which he could darken with a frown and shake with a nod. The vain man is not opposed to organization or association; on the contrary he rather favours whatever tends to regularize life, for, the more smoothly things work, the more opportunities he will have for establishing those relations between himself and others in which his soul delights. The proud man, on the contrary, hates organization, seeing that any work that is done by a system leaves so much less for arbitrary will to accomplish. Comte speaks of those who 'cling to anarchy because it favours their self-importance,' and many a man who hates systems and philosophies, without well knowing why, may find the reason revealed in these words. 'Pride,' Comte again says, 'from the impossibility of satisfying it divides men more than self-interest.' Self-interest often unites men, seeing that in many ways all our interests agree; but pride is the great monopolist the great Tyrannus upon whose throne there is no room for an assessor. The vain man may be happy in his vanity; the proud man can never be happy in his pride. If he is ever happy it is when better feelings triumph; when, under genial influences, the lust of power is lulled to sleep, and the natural sympathies which bind man to man assert themselves. Then we see what the man is without his pride and we deplore the fate that bound him to so unsocial a passion.

* * *

BOOK REVIEWS.

A History of Our Own Times. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

This attractive volume covers the quarter century between the Chinese war of 1856 and the general election of 1880,—thus literally bringing the narrative down to our own times, even though we should be yet in our cradles. There is a charming frankness in Mr. McCarthy's treatment of contemporary men and questions. In the elder time it was a rare privilege for a public man to read his own obituary; but the new history and the new journalism have changed all that; and, while robbing death of some of its terrors, they have also, alas! withdrawn many of its attractions. Lord Cranbrook (Mr. Gathorne Hardy) will read with interest (p. 305) that he 'was a man of ingrained Tory instincts rather than convictions. He was a powerful speaker of the rattling declamatory kind; fluent as the sand in an hour-glass is fluent; stirring as the roll of the drum is stirring; sometimes as dry as the sand and empty as the drum.' Oh, it may be said, the Radical historian cannot forgive Mr. Hardy for having wrested Oxford University from Mr. Gladstone! But let us hear his appraisal of Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Gladstone's Commissioner of Works (p. 502): 'He was blessed with the gift of offence. If a thing could be done either civilly or rudely, Mr. Ayrton was sure to do it rudely. He was impatient with dull people, and did not always remember that those unhappy persons not only have their feelings, but sometimes have their votes. He quarrelled with officials; he quarrelled with the newspapers; he seemed to think a civil tongue gave evidence of a feeble intellect. He pushed his way along, trampling on people's prejudices with about as much consideration as a steam roller shows for the gravel it crushes. Even when Mr. Ayrton was in the right, he had a wrong

way of showing it.' There may be judicial impartiality in all this, but surely Rhadamanthus is in the judgment seat. We are drifting away from the discussion of public questions to mere personal attributes and to an inquisition on sins done in the body. In these estimates of contemporaries, the influence of Mr. Frank Hill's *Political Portraits* is discernible. The success of those brilliant contributions to the *Daily News* was so decided, that the literary art of etching with corrosive acids has since been greatly cultivated, and necessarily with a large sacrifice of accuracy.

We regret to observe that Mr. McCarthy tries to extenuate lawlessness wherever possession of the soil is in question. For other forms of lawlessness he has less tenderness. He boldly confronts the outrages of trades-unions, but the outrages of Land Leaguers he regards with an averted eye. This historical squint produces an inevitable distortion of view. Are mutilations and murders more virtuous when used to lower the rent of land than when used to raise the wages of industry? The struggle for life is the plea in each case, and this justification may be used to cover every assault on ownership that has ever been committed. In Mr. McCarthy's political economy, land has some occult properties that take it out of the ordinary laws of supply and demand, and the moral law follows this new economy. The ordinary commandments must not, it seems, be applied to Irish tenants. A change of farm occupants is not in Ireland a commercial transaction; it is construed as a Saxon usurpation. It would be obviously inconvenient to apply these principles to the rather numerous cases in the United States where Irish backwoodsmen take their holdings from the aborigines, and serve a perpetual injunction on the evicted Indian by means of a well-directed bullet. During the recent candidature of Mr. English for the Vice-Presidency whole newspapers were filled

with catalogues of his sheriff's sales and evictions, but we have not yet heard of any remonstrance from European powers. Dennis Kearney tried logically to apply to the United States what our historian calls 'Irish ideas.' Kearney must now be hopelessly 'bothered' to find out why he reached the seclusion of a Californian gaol, while Parnell 'is having a fine time entirely.'

Mr. McCarthy has been so long justifying agrarian outrage in Ireland, that his moral sense has become impaired in cases that suggest even the most remote semblance to the political situation of his native land. Even Nana Sahib is more than half covered by Mr. McCarthy's shield, because he is conceived to represent the nemesis of an invaded soil. Most of us can recall only too well the story of that awful summer evening at Cawnpore when Nana Sahib's butchers outraged and hewed to pieces a large houseful of defenceless and tenderly-reared English gentlewomen. Even after this writer's unwarranted deductions from the atrocities, his story should make any well-constituted mind recoil with horror. So far as he dare presume on the patience of English readers, Mr. McCarthy apologizes for the conduct of the vile miscreant who directed this massacre, and he conjectures it 'to have occurred to the Nana, or to have been suggested to him that it would be inconvenient to have his English captives recaptured by the enemy, their countrymen.'

Some of our Indian heroes fare but ill at this historian's tribunal. For the summary execution of the Princes of Delhi he casts unworthy aspersions on the memory of Hodson, the gallant cavalry officer who did so much to recover India. At the same time Mr. McCarthy takes under his especial patronage Lord Canning, the Governor-General. He contrasts his forbearance, and takes frequent refreshment from a foolish nickname 'Clemency Canning.' Now all this is grossly inaccurate and most flagrantly unjust. Lord Canning did generally exercise admirable self-control and forbearance; but in the particular case of Delhi he telegraphed to his Commander-in-Chief these exact words: 'No amount of severity can be too great; I will support you in any degree of it.' Hodson was acting under these instructions, and his superior offi-

cer, General Wilson, modified them by the single reservation that the life of the aged King of Delhi be spared. Hodson by an audacious *coup* captured the whole royal litter, and he carried out his official instructions in their obvious significance.

Though in places, our author makes an unsafe pilot, he always makes a delightful companion. His style is limpid, and carries the narrative pleasantly along. As we float in the sunshine we often catch from afar the delightful breath of the early English literature, which has given so many writers their charm and strength. Mr. McCarthy finds time for a brief notice of our intellectual growth in Canada, and draws upon the papers contributed to this magazine, referring by name to those of Mr. Bourinot.

From Death unto Life, or, Twenty Years of My Ministry, by REV. W. HASLAM.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.: Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

The writer of this work is or was a clergyman of the Church of England who having been unexpectedly raised from a bed of sickness determined to devote his restored health and strength to an earnest religious life. The book contains an account of the manner in which he was led on to greater spirituality. His parochial labours were chiefly confined to Cornwall, England, where the demonstrative character of the religious Cornishmen, found a warm sympathizer in Mr. Haslam, who in his religious schemes assigned great importance to the emotional part of our nature and to the need of a conscious conversion of the heart. His success in the conversion of souls led to his being asked to conduct 'missions' in other parts of England; and though at that early period there was a very common prejudice against these revival services, yet, he was the means of rousing many parishes to a more earnest spiritual life, till at last these special services were taken up in all parts of the country and, divested of their noisy and unseemly character, were recognised as a valuable means of supplementing the ordinary services and work of the parish.

THE DRAMA.

SALVINI AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THANKS to the enterprise of Mr. Pitou, a Toronto audience, at the Grand Opera House, on the 21st ult., had the gratification of witnessing Signor Salvini in *Othello*, one of the greatest of his Shakespearean personations, and a representation which, to the full, bore out the high reputation which had preceded the great Italian tragedian, and gave the most unqualified delight to the intelligent and critical audience assembled to greet him. His rendering of the part was emphatically his own, and though at times the critic might be disposed to carp at innovations and, indeed, to join issue with the actor in his conception of the whole character, the interpretation was nevertheless marked by undoubted genius, aided by a close, critical study of all that the critics and commentators have written upon the play. Nature has done much physically for Salvini, and the rôle receives additional intensity from the nobleness of his bearing and the grace and restraint of his gestures, as well as by a declamation which, in tone, timbre and rhythm, was in admirable accord with the character portrayed. From an American contemporary we quote the following detailed criticism of the representation which few will forget who had the good fortune to see it :

'In *Othello* Signor Salvini won his greatest triumph, and the criticisms offered were generally upon his treatment of the text. But whether Signor Salvini should follow Shakespeare in the final act, and stab himself, or follow his own promptings and cut his throat with a scimitar because stabbing was never the custom of Oriental nations, is a minor matter and detracts nothing from the grandeur of his art. *Othello* in Signor Salvini's hands becomes a barbarian. The high civilization that surrounds him just manifests itself, like perfume upon a handkerchief, and no more. It does not colour his methods, his nature or his manner. His treatment of *Desdemona* is throughout a magnificent depicting of untamed, barbaric love. He is very gentle, like a tiger to her whelps, he is manly in an abundant wealth of tenderness, the flaming jewels of his dress are not richer in their glow than is the warmth of his affection. He does not make love as the Venetians made it, his passion is not colourless as theirs, in him is the difference between their pale faces and the

rich flush of his own red-brown cheek. For a moment, won from himself by danger to Venice, he answers the Venetian Senate with a ringing promise to accept the challenge of the foe. A second later, his glance reverts to *Desdemona*, and his duty is forgotten; all is forgotten, even the magnificoes in whose presence he stands, he sees only the woman who is to him his life. And then, as at all times, he does not give himself to *Desdemona* by halves; he does not reserve his deepest feeling for another affection or ambition; he recognises the patriot's duty, but *all* else is hers. The temptation scene again showed Signor Salvini to be a great artist. The play of expression, the uneasiness, depicted as subtly as a dance of shadows upon a wall, that grows into gaunt grief, the intent to possess himself of *Iago's* mind, and yet fearful of what he may read there, the supreme effort to hide from *Iago* the effect of his innuendo, and yet more and more betraying the working of the poison in his veins—could not have been more artistically truthful. It was profoundly affecting, because profoundly natural. And later the whole house was swept along by the intense and splendidly graduated passion of the outburst: "Villain be sure you prove," when, winding his fingers within *Iago's* hair and shaking him as a lion might shake a hyena, he finishes by flinging him to the earth and raises his foot to trample on the wretch for his maddening words. Then comes the revulsion of feeling, like a breeze upon a wave, *Othello* shudders, the brutality of the deed rises before him, the Moor masters the madman, he recoils from the face of murder, and with mingled contrition and disgust stretches forth a hand to raise the villain up. Musically perfect in its tempo and intonation, dramatically perfect in gesture and expression, the delivery of this passage was unmistakably tremendous—the fire of rage palpably waxing at every word, the whole being vibrating, the face aflame, the voice becoming more and more terrible and yet so perfectly held in control as never to degenerate into a scream—it was terrific. So on to the end. The great madman is possessed of a vengeance more sacred to him than life. It converts him into an incarnate yet never forgetting fury. His rudeness to *Emilia* when offering her the purse, not caring to conceal the volcano within him as he flings it at her retreating feet, was again a display of the marvellous in the actor's art. The climax—reached at the bedside of *Desdemona*, when after a great, heart-broken, passionate cry on learning of *Desdemona's* innocence, *Othello* is recalled to himself by the mention of *Iago's* name—was supreme. Turning like a wild beast, he fastens upon *Iago* a look that no hate, no passion, no fury ever made more awful. It was the whole hell within shining through his flaming eyes! A moment later, and quivering in the death throes of a strong madman, he falls at the altar of his sacrifice and follows *Iago* into the unknown!

LITERARY NOTES.

'Christian Institutions' is the title of Dean Stanley's recent collected essays on ecclesiastical subjects. A reprint has appeared in New York.

The third and fourth volumes of the 'Metternich Memoirs'—1815-48—are now ready. They treat of the Congresses of Laybach, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Verona; the Eastern War of 1829; and the Revolutionary Period of 1848.

Ouida's new story, entitled 'A Village Commune,' has just appeared. Its moral tone is said to be 'above reproach!' Its subject is the sufferings of the Italian peasantry under the municipal tyranny and local bureaucracy of *fair* Italy.

We learn that Messrs. Houghton and Co., of Boston, have arranged with the English publishers of the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews to place on the American and Canadian book markets a *fac-simile* edition of these old flag-ships of the English Whig and Tory parties,—the re-issue to be printed from the original plates, and sold at a cost of \$4 each per annum.

The American magazine invasion of England, and the instant favour accorded to the transatlantic editions of 'Harper' and 'Scribner,' have incited some London publishers to enter the lists with two new serial publications, entitled 'The Burlington' and 'The Grosvenor.' 'The Kensington' magazine, recently started, is, however, to be withdrawn. Only large capital lavishly expended will give these ventures success. The enterprise of our American cousins has been a new revelation to English publishers as to the mode of conducting magazines.

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant has been on a philo-semitic errand to Palestine to spy out the character and capabilities of the country on the further side of the Jordan. The result is a book, entitled 'The Land of Gilead, with Excursions in the Lebanon,' in which the author records his conviction that there are tracts of land in Palestine of the fairest promise, which might be turned to commercial account and made to yield 'fabu-

lous interest' to any company colonizing and settling them—a land veritably 'flowing with milk and honey.' True, the predatory Bedouin Arab is in possession of this paradise, but a monopoly syndicate would quickly dispossess him of his fee-simple. The book is a curious and entertaining one.

The Blackwoods, the Edinburgh Tory publishers, have been making a great hit with a book recently issued from their press, bearing the title of 'Gleanings from Gladstone.' The work seems to be a travesty upon Mr. Gladstone's recent collected writings, and we learn that 80,000 copies of the book were quickly disposed of, and a new work, entitled 'More Gleanings,' has been put upon the market. Ingenuity of caricature and felicity of misapplied quotations are the features of interest in the books which have ensured them so rapid a sale.

We are in receipt of the following pamphlets, &c.:—'Brain Lesions and Functional Results;' a thoughtful paper from the *American Journal of Insanity*, by Dr. Daniel Clark, of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane; 'Proceedings of the Sixth Biennial Convention of the American Association of Instructors of the Blind,' held at Louisville, Ky., in August last, containing an account of the invention of Principal J. Howard Hunter, of Brantford, for facilitating reading by the blind; a second and revised edition of 'Ingersoll in Canada: a reply to Hon. Mr. Wendling, Archbishop Lynch, "By-stander," and others,' by Mr. Allen Pringle, of Selby, Ont.; 'La Revue Canadienne,' new series, for Jan., 1881, containing some interesting papers on literary, religious, and political topics, by writers of the Sister Province of Quebec; 'England and Ireland:' a lecture by the Rev. A. J. Bray—a vigorous and historical treatment of the subject; and 'Moses Oates' Weather Book for 1881,' containing useful and instructive information concerning the climate of Canada, with a statistical *résumé* of the weather of the past year and meteorological forecasts for 1881.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE DEAD MOON.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

The moon is, in a state of decrepitude—a
dead world.—[Proctor's Lectures.]

The moon is dead, defunct, played out ;

So says a very learned doctor ;

She looketh well, beyond a doubt :

Perhaps she's in a trance, dear Proctor.

At any rate, she's most entrancing

For one of such decrepit age ;

And on her radiant beauties glancing,

She charms the eye of youth and sage.

And so the man upon her's perished !

He lived in doleful isolation ;

Poor wretch ! No wife his bosom cherished,

No children squalled his consolation.

Yet she's adored by all the gypsies,

Whose lovers sigh beneath her beams,

She aids the steps of staggering tipsies,

And silvers o'er romantic streams.

And once she caught Endymion sleeping,

And stooped to kiss him in a grove,

Upon him very slyly creeping ;

He was her first and only love.

But that's a very ancient story,

And was a youthful indiscretion,

When she was in her primal glory

Ere scandal schools had held a session.

Dear, darling moon ! I dote upon her,

I watch her nightly in the sky ;

But oh ! upon my word of honour,

I'd rather she were dead than I.

A countryman was solicited to buy a
Cyclopædia the other day, and he re-
plied that he would certainly buy one if
he was sure he could ever learn to ride it.

Old lady asks neighbour to look at
picture by her son : 'Come awa' ben,
Mrs. Smith, and see the new pentin' din
by our Jeems. It's a scene in Arran wi'
a horse an' kairt in't, an' it's sae weel
pentet that ye canna' tell the yin frae the
tither.'

A doctor, passing a stonemason's shop,
called out, 'Good morning, Mr. D., hard
at work ! I see you finish your grave-
stones as far as "In the memory of," and
then wait, I suppose, to see who wants
a monument next ?' 'Why, yes,' re-
plied the old man—'unless somebody's
ill and you are doctoring him ; then I
keep straight on.'

She sighed for the wings of a dove,
but had no idea that the legs were much
better eating.

The best and most thoughtful editors
now allow contributors to the waste-bas-
ket to write on both sides of the paper.

The minister asked the Sunday-school :
'With what remarkable weapon did
Samson at one time slay a number of
Philistines ?' For a while there was no
answer, and the minister, to assist the
children, began tapping his jaw with the
tip of his finger, at the same time say-
ing, 'What's this—this ?' Quick as
thought a little fellow quite innocently
replied : 'The jaw-bone of an ass, sir.'

THE ICE.

From the Boston Transcript.

Now the men are on the ice—

Crystal ice—

And they'll fill up all their houses in a trice.

How they giggle, giggle, giggle,

In the frozen air of day !

While the mercury runs lower

And their saws go never slower,

But up and down alway,

Like the stocks, stocks, stocks,

Or like Jacky-in-the box,

Through the crystal congelation that hides the
ponds so nice

With the ice, ice, ice, ice,

Ice, ice, ice.

Through the frozen aqua pura, through the ice.

In the summer, oh, how nice,

Cooling ice !

On the table what a blessing is a slice,

In the heated air of noon,

When the butter sinks in swoon

And the water is luke warm

And hard to drink,

And the flies about you swarm

Like the chickens on the newly plant-

Oh, to think, [ed farm !

As you hear the sound so nice

Of the cart all drip, drip, dripping with the
ice,

Once or twice

That the price

Does not pinch you like a vice,

A dollar for a slice

No thicker than the liquor

Of the ice, ice, ice,

Of the ice, ice, ice, ice,

Ice, ice, ice !

Oh, the ice cream ! oh, the cobbler ! oh, the
ice !

ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

MARCH, 1881.

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CANADIAN
PEOPLE.

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, B.A.

The Clerk of the House of Commons, Canada.

CHAPTER IV.

NATIVE LITERATURE.

LORD Durham wrote, over fifty years' ago, of the French Canadians: 'They are a people without a history and a literature.' He was very ignorant, assuredly, of the deep interest that attaches to the historic past of the first pioneers in Canada, and had he lived to the present day, he would have blotted out the first part of the statement. But he was right enough when he added that the French Canadians had, at that time, no literature of their own. During the two centuries and more that Canada remained a French Colony, books were neither read nor written; they were only to be seen in the educational establishments, or in a very few

private houses, in the later days of the colony.* An intellectual torpor was the prevailing feature of the French régime. Only now and then do we meet in the history of those early times with the name of a man residing in the colony with some reputation for his literary or scientific attainments. The genial, chatty L'Escarbot has left us a pleasant volume of the early days of Acadie, when De Monts and De Poutrincourt were struggling to establish Port Royal. The works of the Jesuits Lafitau and Charlevoix are well known to all students of the historic past of Canada. The Marquis de la Galissonnière was the only man

* The priests appear to have only encouraged books of devotion. La Hontan mentions an incident of a priest coming into his room and tearing up a book; but the library of that gay gentleman was hardly very select and proper.

of culture among the functionaries of the French dominion. Parkman tells us that the physician Sarrazin, whose name still clings to the pitcher-plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*) was for years the only real medical man in Canada, and was chiefly dependent for his support on the miserable pittance of three hundred francs yearly, given him by the king. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose there was no cultivated society in Canada. The navigator Bougainville tells us, that, though education was so defective, the Canadians were naturally very intelligent, and their accent was as good as that of the Parisians. Another well-informed writer says 'there was a select little society in Quebec, which wants nothing to make it agreeable. In the salons of the wives of the Governor and Intendant, one finds circles as brilliant as in other countries. Science and the Fine Arts have their turn, and conversation does not flag. The Canadians breathe from their birth an air of liberty, which makes them very pleasant in the intercourse of life, and our language is nowhere more purely spoken.' But the people outside of the little coterie, of which this writer speaks so flatteringly, had no opportunities whatever of following the progress of new ideas in the parent state. What learning there was, could only be found among the priests, to whom we owe 'Les Relations des Jesuites,' among other less notable productions. The Roman Catholic Church, being everywhere a democracy, the humblest *habitant* might enter its ranks and aspire to its highest dignities. Consequently we find the pioneers of that Church, at the very outset, affording the Canadian an opportunity, irrespective of birth or wealth, of entering within its pale. But apart from this class, there was no inducement offered to Canadian intellect in those times.

The Conquest robbed the country of a large proportion of the best class of the Canadian *noblesse*, and many years elapsed before the people awoke

from their mental slumber. The press alone illustrated the literary capacity of the best intellects for very many years after the fall of Quebec. We have already read how many political writers of eminence were born with the endowment of the Canadian with political rights, which aroused him from his torpor and gave his mental faculties a new impulse. The only works, however, of national importance which issued from the press, from the Conquest to the Union of 1840, were Mr. Joseph Bouchette's topographical descriptions of British North America, which had to be published in England at a great expense; but these books, creditable as they were to the ability and industry of the author, and useful as they certainly were to the whole country, could never enter into general circulation. They must always remain, however, the most creditable specimens of works of that class ever published in any country. The first volume of poetry, written by a French Canadian, was published in 1830, by M. Michel Bibaud, who was also the editor of the 'Bibliothèque Canadienne,' and 'Le Magazin du Bas Canada,' periodicals very short lived, though somewhat promising.

From the year 1840, commenced a new era in French Canadian letters, as we can see by reference to the pages of several periodical publications, which were issued subsequently. 'Le Repertoire National,' published from 1848 to 1850, contained the first efforts of those writers who could fairly lay claim to be the pioneers of French Canadian Literature. This useful publication was followed by the 'Soirées Canadiennes,' and 'Le Foyer Canadien,' which also gave a new impulse to native talent, and those who wish to study the productions of the early days of French Canadian literature will find much interest and profit in the pages of these characteristic publications, as well as in the 'Revue Canadienne,' of these later times.

From the moment the intellect of the French Canadian was stimulated by a patriotic love for the past history and traditions of his country, volumes of prose and poetry of more or less merit commenced to flow regularly from the press. Two histories of undoubted value have been written by French Canadians, and these are the works of Garneau and Ferland. The former is the history of the French Canadian race, from its earliest days to the Union of 1840. It is written with much fervour, from the point of view of a French Canadian, imbued with a strong sense of patriotism, and is the best monument ever raised to Papineau; for that brilliant man is M. Garneau's hero, to whose political virtues he is always kind, and to whose political follies he is too often insensible. Old France, too, is to him something more than a memory; he would fix her history and traditions deep in the hearts of his countrymen; but great as is his love for her, he does not fail to show, even while pointing out the blunders of British Ministries, that Canada, after all, must be happier under the new, than under the old, *régime*. The 'Cours d'Histoire du Canada' was unfortunately never completed by the Abbé Ferland, (who was Professor of the Faculty of Arts in the Laval University.) Yet the portion that he was able to finish before his death displays much patient research and narrative skill, and justly entitles him to a first place among French Canadian historians.

In romance, several attempts have been made by French Canadians, but without any marked success, except in two instances. M. de Gaspé, when in his seventieth year, described in simple, natural language, in 'Les Anciens Canadiens,' the old life of his compatriots. M. Gérin Lajoie attempted, in 'Jean Rivard,' to portray the trials and difficulties of the Canadian pioneer in the backwoods. M. Lajoie is a pleasing writer, and discharged his task with much fidelity to nature. It

is somewhat noteworthy that the author, for many years assistant librarian of the library of Parliament, should have selected for his theme the struggles of a man of action in a new country; for no subject could apparently be more foreign to the tastes of the genial, scholarly man of letters, who, seemingly overcome by the torpor of official life in a small city, or the slight encouragement given to Canadian books, never brought to full fruition the intellectual powers which his early efforts so clearly showed him to possess.

In poetry, the French Canadian has won a more brilliant success than in the sister art of romance. Four names are best known in Quebec for the smoothness of the versification, the purity of style, and the poetic genius which some of their works illustrate. These are, MM. Le May, Crémazie, Sulte, and Fréchette. M. Crémazie's elegy on 'Les Morts' is worthy of even Victor Hugo. M. Fréchette was recognised long ago in Paris as a young man of undoubted promise 'on account of the genius which reflects on his fatherland a gleam of his own fame.' Since M. Fréchette has been removed from the excitement of politics, he has gone back to his first mistress, and has won for himself and native province the high distinction of being crowned the poet of the year by the French Academy. M. Fréchette has been fortunate in more than one respect,—in having an Academy to recognise his poetic talent, and again, in being a citizen of a nationality more ready than the English section of our population to acknowledge that literary success is a matter of national pride.

The French Canadians have devoted much time and attention to that fruitful field of research which the study of the customs and antiquities of their ancestors opens to up them. The names of Jacques Viger and Faribalt, Sir Louis Lafontaine, the Abbés Laverdière, and Verral are well known as those of men who devoted themselves

to the accumulation of valuable materials illustrative of the historic past, as the library of Laval University can testify. The edition of Champlain's works, by the Abbé Laverdière, for some years librarian of Laval, is a most creditable example of critical acumen and typographical skill. In the same field there is much yet to be explored by the zealous antiquarian who has the patience to delve among the accumulations of matter that are hidden in Canadian and European archives. This is a work, however, which can be best done by the State; and it is satisfactory to know that something has been attempted of late years in this direction by the Canadian Government—the collection of the Haldimand papers, for instance. But we are still far behind our American neighbours in this respect, as their State libraries abundantly prove.

The Canadian ballad was only known for years by the favourite verses written by the poet Moore, which, however musical, have no real semblance to the veritable ballads with which the voyageurs have for centuries kept time as they pushed over the lakes and rivers of Canada and the Northwest. Dr. Larue and M. Ernest Gagnon have given us a compilation of this interesting feature of French Canadian literature, which is hardly yet familiar to the English population of Canada.

Other French Canadian names occur to the writer, but it is impossible to do justice to them in this necessarily limited review. 'Les Legendes,' of the Abbé Casgrain, 'Les Pionniers de l'Ouest,' of M. Joseph Tassé, and the works of M. Faucher de St. Maurice, are among other illustrations of the national spirit that animates French Canadian writers, and makes them deservedly popular among their compatriots.

If we now turn to the literary progress of the English-speaking people of Canada, we see some evidences of intellectual activity from an early time

in the history of these colonies. During the two decades immediately preceding the Union of 1840, there was a cultured society in all the larger centres of intelligence. Social circles which could boast of the presence of Mr. John Galt, author of 'Laurie Todd,' and other works of note in their day, of Mr. and Mrs. Jameson, who lived some years in Toronto, of the Stricklands, of Judge Haliburton, of learned divines, astute lawyers and politicians, and clever journalists, could not have been altogether behind older communities. From one of the magazines, published in 1824, we learn that there were some libraries in the large towns of Quebec, Montreal, York, Kingston, and Halifax; that belonging to the Parliament at Quebec being the most complete in standard works. Montreal, as far back as 1823, had several book stores, and a public library of 8,000 volumes, containing many valuable works, and, independent of this, there were two circulating libraries, the property of booksellers, both of which were tolerably well supplied with new books.* In this respect Montreal possessed for years decided advantages over York, for Mrs. Jameson tells us that when she arrived there ten years later, that town contained only one book-store, in which drugs and other articles were also sold. Indeed, Mr. W. Lyon Mackenzie commenced life in Canada in the book and drug business with Mr. James Lesslie, the profits of the books going to the latter, and the profits of the drugs to the former. Subsequently, Mr. Mackenzie established a circulating library at Dundas, in connection with drugs, hardware, jewellery, and other miscellaneous wares, it being evidently impossible, in those days, to live by books alone.† By 1836,

* Talbot's Canada, Vol. I. p. 77. But it appears that there was a circulating library at Quebec as far back as 1779, with 2,000 volumes; it was maintained till 1809, when its books were transferred to the Literary and Historical Society.

† Lindsey's Life, pp. 36-7.

however, even Mrs. Jameson, ready as she was to point out the defects of Canadian life, was obliged to acknowledge that Toronto had 'two good book-stores, with a fair circulating library.' Archdeacon Strachan and Chief Justice Robinson, according to the same author, had 'very pretty libraries.' Well-known gentlemen in the other Provinces had also well-furnished libraries for those times.

We see in the articles contributed to the newspapers many evidences of careful writing and well-digested reading. Literary and scientific societies now existed in all the large towns, though they necessarily depended for their support on a select few. Theatrical entertainments and concerts of a high order were not of unfrequent occurrence; for instance, we read in the Montreal papers of 1833 carefully-written notices of the performances of Mr. and Miss Kemble. The press also published lengthy criticisms of new publications, much more discriminating in some cases than the careless reviews of these later times, which seem too often written simply with the object of puffing a work, and not with a desire to cultivate a correct taste. We notice, too, that half a century ago there were gentlemen who thought they had an innate genius for writing manuals of arithmetic, and so forth, for the bewilderment of the Canadian youth. The literary tastes of the people were, then as now, fostered by the Boston and New York publishers; for example, we see lengthy notices of 'Harper's Family Library,' a series of cheap publications of standard works on History, Biography, Travels, &c., an invaluable acquisition to Canadians, the majority of whom could ill afford to pay the large prices then asked for English books. Several magazines began to be published in the East and West.

The first experiment of this kind was the *Canadian Magazine*, printed by N. Mower, in 1823, and subsequently published by Joseph Nickless,

bookseller, opposite the Court House, Montreal. It was intended, in the words of the preface, 'as an archive for giving permanency to literary and scientific pursuits in the only British continental colony in the western hemisphere which has yet made any progress in settlement and cultivation.' The introduction is a very characteristic bit of writing, commencing as it does with a reference to the condition of 'man as a savage in mind and body,' and to the advance of the countries of ancient civilization in art and letters, until at last the reader is brought to appreciate the high object which the conductors had in view in establishing this new magazine—'to keep alive the heroic and energetic sentiment of our ancestors, their private virtues and public patriotism, and to form, for the example of posterity, a moral, an industrious, and loyal population.' The early following issues contained many well-written articles on Canadian subjects which give us some insight into the habits and tastes of the people, and are worthy of perusal by all those who take an interest in the old times of the colony. One particularly valuable feature was the digest of provincial news at the end of each number,—civil appointments, deaths, births and marriages, and army intelligence being deemed worthy of insertion. Among other things illustrative of social progress in 1823, we find notices of the first amateur concert given at Montreal in aid of a charitable object; of the establishment of the Quebec Historical Society, an event in the literary annals of Canada; of the foundation of the first circulating library in the City of Halifax, said to contain a number of valuable works. In 1824, H. A. Cunningham published, in Montreal, a rival publication, the *Canadian Review*, and *Literary and Historical Journal*, which appears to have excited the ire of the editor of the *Canadian Magazine*, for he devotes several pages of one issue to a

criticism of its demerits. But these publications had only an ephemeral existence, and were succeeded by others. One of those was the *Museum*, edited by ladies in Montreal, in 1833. It contained some articles of merit, with a good deal of sentimental gush,* such as one found in the keepsakes and other gift books of those days. The first magazine of ability in the West appears to have been the *Canadian Magazine*, edited by Mr. Sibbald, and published at Toronto in 1833. The next periodical, which lasted many years, was the *Literary Garland*, published in Montreal, in conjunction with Mr. John Gibson,† by that veteran publisher, John Lovell, a gentleman to whom the country owes much for his zeal and enterprise in all such literary matters. All these facts were illustrative of the growth of literary and cultured taste throughout the Provinces, even in those early times. But it must be admitted that then, as now, the intellectual progress of Canada was very slow compared with that of the United States, where, during the times of which I am writing, literature was at last promising to be a profession, both Irving and Poe having already won no little celebrity at home and abroad. It was not till the Canadas were re-united and population and wealth poured into the

country that culture began to be more general. Sixteen years after Mrs. Jameson published her account of Canada, another writer‡ visited Toronto, and wrote in very flattering terms of the appearance of the city, and the many evidences of taste he noticed in the streets and homes of its people. At that time he tell us there were 'five or six large booksellers' shops, equal to any in the larger towns of England, and some of whom were publishers also.' Mr. Maclear had at that time 'published two very well-got-up volumes on Canada, by Mr. W. H. Smith, and was also the publisher of the *Anglo-American Magazine*, a very creditably conducted periodical.' Now, in this same City of Toronto, there are some forty stationers' and booksellers' establishments, small and large; whilst there are about one hundred altogether in the leading cities of the Provinces. Of the libraries, I shall have occasion to write some pages further on.

Since 1840, Canadians have made many ambitious efforts in the walks of literature, though only a few works have achieved a reputation beyond our own country. Nova Scotia can claim the credit of giving birth to two men whose works, though in very different fields of intellectual effort, have won for them no little distinction abroad. 'Sam Slick' may now be considered an English classic, new editions of which are still published from year to year and placed on the bookseller's shelves with the works of Fielding, Smollett, Butler and Barham. The sayings and doings of the knowing clockmaker were first published by Mr. Howe in the columns of the old *Nova Scotian*, still published as the weekly edition of the *Halifax Chronicle*, for the purpose of preserving some good stories and anecdotes of early colonial life. Like many good things that appear in the Canadian press, the judge's humorous effort would, no doubt, have been for-

* The veteran editor of the *Quebec Mercury* thus pleasantly hit off this class of literature, always appreciated by boarding-school misses and milliners' apprentices:—"The Cousins," written by M. —, we candidly admit we did not encounter. When a man has arrived at that time of life when he is compelled to use spec — no, not so bad as that, but *lunettes*, in order to accommodate the text to his eyes, and finds at the conclusion of an article such a passage as the following: "Beneath that knoll, at the foot of that weeping ash, side by side, in the bosom of one grave lie Reginald and Charlotte de Courci" — when a semi-centenarian meets such a passage in such a situation, it is a loss of time for him to turn back and thread his way through the mazes of the story."

† These two gentlemen were long associated in the partnership, widely known throughout Canada, as that of Lovell & Gibson, parliamentary printers.

‡ W. H. Kingston. 1852. 2 vols.

gotten long before these times, had not the eminent publisher, Mr. Richard Bentley, seen the articles and printed them in book form. The humour of the work soon established the reputation of the author, and together with his companionable qualities made the 'old judge' a favourite when he left his native province and settled in England, where he lived and died, like Cowley, Thomson, Pope, and other men known to fame, on the banks of the Thames. The comments of 'Sam Slick' are full of keen humour, and have a moral as well. When first published, the work was not calculated to make him popular with certain classes of his countrymen, impatient of the satire which touched off weaknesses and follies in the little social and political world of those laggard times; but now that the habits of the people have changed, and the Nova Scotia of the Clockmaker exists no longer, except perhaps in some lonely corner; every one laughs at his humorous descriptions of the slow old times, and confesses, that if things were as Sam has portrayed them in his quaint way, he only acted the part of a true moralist in laying them bare to the world, and aiming at them the pointed shafts of his ready satire. The work is likely to have a more enduring reputation than the mere mechanical humour of the productions of 'Mark Twain.' Many of his sayings, like 'soft sawdar,' have entered into our every day conversation.

The other distinguished Nova Scotian is the learned Principal of McGill College. Professor Dawson is a native of the County of Pictou, which has given birth to many men of ability in divinity, letters and politics. At an early age the natural bent of his talent carried him into the rich, unbroken field that the geology of his native province offered in those days to scientists. The two visits he paid with Sir Charles Lyell through Nova Scotia, gave him admirable opportunities of comparing notes with that distin-

guished geologist, and no doubt did much to encourage him in the pursuit of an attractive, though hardly remunerative, branch of study. The result was his first work, 'Acadian Geology,' which was at once accepted by *savants* everywhere as a valuable contribution to geological literature. His subsequent works—'The Story of the Earth and Man,' 'Fossil Man,' 'The Origin of the World,' and his numerous contributions to scientific periodicals, have aided to establish his reputation as a sound scholar and tasteful writer, as easily understood by the ordinary reader as by the student of geological lore. Moreover, his religious instincts have kept him free from that scepticism and infidelity into which scientists like himself are so apt to fall, as the result of their close studies of natural science; and his later works have all been written with the object of reconciling the conclusions of Science with the teachings of Scripture—a very difficult task discharged in a spirit of candour, liberality and fairness, which has won the praise of his most able adversaries.

A great deal of poetry has been written in Canadian periodicals, and now and then certainly we come across productions displaying much poetic taste as well as rhythmic skill. The only work of a high order that has attracted some attention abroad, is 'Saul,' a Drama, by Charles Heavysege, who died in Montreal not long since, a humble worker on the daily press. The leading English reviews, at the time of its appearance, acknowledged that 'it is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable works ever written out of Great Britain;' and yet, despite the grandeur of the subject, and the poetical and dramatic power, as well as the psychological analysis displayed in its conception and execution, this production of a local reporter, gifted with undoubted genius, is only known to a few Canadians. 'Saul,' like Milton's great epic, now-a-days, is only admired by a few, and never read by

the many. Charles Sangster has also given us a very pleasing collection of poems, in which, like Wordsworth, he illustrates his love for nature by graceful, poetic descriptions of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay. That a pure poetic vein runs through the minds of not a few of our writers, can be seen by a perusal of the poems contributed for some years to the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, *Scribner's*, and other publications, by L'Esperance, Watson, Griffin, Carroll Ryan, 'Fidelis,' John Reade, Charles Roberts, Mrs. Seymour McLean, and Mulvany; the volume recently published by the latter writer is undoubtedly a good illustration of the poetic talent that exists among the cultured classes of our people.

As to Canadian novels and romances, there is very little to say; for though there have been many attempts at fiction, the performance has, on the whole, been weak in the extreme. In historic romance, only three works of merit have been so far produced; and these are 'Wacousta,' written by Major Richardson, in 1833; 'Le Bastonnais,' by M. L'Esperance, and 'Le Chiend'Or,' by Mr. Kirby, since 1867—during the long interval of nearly forty years between these works, not a single romance worth reading was published in Canada. These three books, however, are written with spirit, and recall the masterpieces of fiction. In novels, illustrative of ordinary life in the Colonies, we know of no works that anybody remembers except those by Miss Louisa Murray, the author of 'The Cited Curate,' and 'The Settlers of Long Arrow,' who, at all events, writes naturally, and succeeds in investing her story with a vein of interest. The late Professor De Mille gave us two well-written productions in 'Helena's Household,' a 'Tale of Rome in the First Century,' and 'The Dodge Club Abroad,' but his later works did not keep up the promise of his earlier efforts, for they never rose beyond slavish imitations of the ingenious plots of Wilkie Collins and his school. Yet

they were above the ordinary Canadian novel, and had many readers in the United States and Canada.

In History, much has been attempted. Every one who can write an article in a country newspaper thinks he is competent to give the world a history of our young Dominion in some shape or other; and yet, when we come to review the results, it can hardly be said that the literary success is remarkable. The history of Canada, as a whole, has yet to be written, and it must be admitted that the task has its difficulties. The first era has its picturesque features, which may attract an eloquent writer, but the field has in a large measure been already occupied with great fidelity and ability by that accomplished historian, Francis Parkman, of Boston. The subsequent history, under the English *régime*, labours under the disadvantage of want of unity, and being for the most part a record of comparatively insignificant political controversy. To the outside world such a history has probably no very great attraction, and consequently could bring an author no great measure of reputation. Yet, if a Canadian imbued with true patriotism, content with the applause of his own countrymen, should devote to the task much patient research, and a graceful style, and while leaving out all petty and unimportant details, should bring into bold relief the salient and noteworthy features of the social and political development of Canada, such a writer would lift Canadian history out of that slough of dulness into which so many have succeeded in throwing it in their efforts to immortalise themselves rather than their country. Nor can it be truly said that to trace the successive stages in a nation's growth, is a task uninteresting or unimportant, even to the great world beyond us. But Canada has as yet no national importance; she is only in the Colonial transition stage, and her influence on other peoples is hardly yet appreciable. So it happens, that whilst the

history of a small state in Europe like Holland, Belgium, or Denmark, may win a writer a world-wide reputation, as was the case with Motley, on the other hand, the history of a colonial community is only associated in the minds of the foreign public with petty political conflicts, and not with those great movements of humanity which have affected so deeply the political and social fabric of European States.

All that, however, by way of parenthesis. Garneau's history, of which we have a fair translation, remains the best work of the kind, but it is not a history of Canada—simply of one section and of one class of the population. Hannay's 'History of Acadia' is also a work which displays research, and skill in arranging the materials, as well as a pleasing, readable style. Such works as Murdoch's 'History of Nova Scotia,' Dr. Canniff's Bay of Quinte, Dr. Scadding's 'Toronto of Old' are very valuable in the way of collecting facts and data from dusty archives and from old pioneers, thus saving the future historian much labour. The last mentioned book is one of the most interesting works of the class ever published in this country, and shows what an earnest, enthusiastic antiquarian can do for the English-speaking races in Canada, in perpetuating the memories and associations that cling to old landmarks. Like Dr. Scadding in Toronto, Mr. James Lemoine has delved industriously among the historic monuments of Quebec, and made himself the historian *par excellence* of that interesting old city. To him the natural beauty of the St. Lawrence and its historic and legendary lore are as familiar as were the picturesque scenery and the history of Scotland to Sir Walter Scott. Both Mr. Lemoine and Dr. Scadding illustrate what may be done in other cities and towns of Canada by an enthusiastic student of their annals, who would not aim too high, but be content with the reputation of local historians or antiquarians. We cannot lose any

time in committing to paper the recollections of those old settlers who are fast dying out among us. 'The Scot in British North America,' by Mr. W. J. Rattray, is an attempt—and a most meritorious one—to illustrate the history of the progress of a class who have done so much for the prosperity of this country. Historical bodies, like the New England Historical Society, can do a great deal to preserve the records of old times. The Quebec Literary Historical Society, founded as long ago as 1824, under the auspices of the Governor-General of the time, Lord Dalhousie, has done a good work with the small means at its command in this direction, and it is satisfactory to know that a similar institution has at last been established in Halifax, where there ought to be much interesting material in the possession of old families, whose founders came from New England or the "old country" in the troublous times of the American Revolution.

Reviewing generally works of a miscellaneous class, we find several that have deservedly won for the authors a certain position in Canadian literature. For instance, Colonel Denison's works on Cavalry, one of which gained a prize offered by the Emperor of Russia, illustrate certainly the fertility and acuteness of the Canadian intellect when it is stimulated to some meritorious performance in a particular field. Mrs. Moodie's 'Roughing it in the Bush' is an evidence of the interest that may be thrown around the story of the trials and struggles of settlers in the wilderness, when the writer describes the life naturally and effectively.* Mr. Charles Lindsey

* In the course of my readings of old files in the Parliamentary library, I came across this reference to the early literary efforts of this lady, whose pen in later times has contributed so much charming poetry and prose to Canadian publications, the MONTHLY among the rest: 'The editor of the New York *Albion* has had the good fortune to obtain as contributor to his poetical columns the name of Susanna Moodie, better known among the admirers of elegiac poetry, in her days

has given us, among other works, a life of Wm Lyon Mackenzie,—with whom he was connected by marriage—valuable for its historical accuracy and moderate spirit. Mr. George Stewart has in 'Evenings in the Library' illustrated how earnestly and conscientiously he has studied English and American literature. Dr. Daniel Wilson, since he has made Canada his home, has continued to illustrate the versatility of his knowledge and the activity of his intellect by his works on 'Prehistoric Man,' and 'Recollections of Edinburgh,' besides his many contributions to the proceedings of learned societies and the pages of periodicals. Mr. Fenning Taylor, an accomplished official of Parliament, has given us a number of gracefully-written essays on Episcopal dignitaries and Canadian statesmen, though he has had to labour in most cases with the difficulty of reviewing the career of men still in life, or whose political merit is still a moot point in the opinion of parties. Mr. Alpheus Todd, the well-known librarian of Parliament, has been without a rival in the dependencies of Great Britain, in his particular line of constitutional studies. For over a quarter of a century he has been accumulating precedent upon precedent, until his mind is a remarkable store-house of well-digested data, from which he has illustrated the growth of Parliamentary institutions in Great Britain and her Colonies. His style is remarkably clear and logical,—though the nature of his works and the plan adopted in their execution, are unfavourable to literary finish,—and even those who may not agree with his conclusions, on certain constitutional points, will give full

of celibate life, as Susanna Strickland. From the specimen with which she has furnished Dr. Bartlett of her poetic ardour, we are happy to find that neither the Canadian atmosphere nor the circumstances attendant upon the alteration of her name, have dimmed the light of that Muse which, in past years, engaged many of our juvenile hours with pleasure and profit.'—*Montreal Gazette*, 1833.

credit to the conscientiousness of his researches and the sincerity of his purpose. His 'Parliamentary Government in England' was described in the *Edinburgh Review* as 'one of the most useful and complete works which has yet appeared on the practical operation of the British Constitution.' It says much for our system of Government, that it has been able to stimulate the intellectual faculties of a Canadian writer to the production of such thoughtful, erudite works. They are a natural outcome of the interest which all classes of our people take in questions of a political bearing. They illustrate the mental activity which, from the earliest times in our history, has been devoted to the study of political and constitutional questions, and which has hitherto for the most part found expression only in the press or in the legislatures of the different provinces. Works of constitutional authority like those of Hallam, May, Stubbs, and Todd must emanate naturally from the student, removed from the turmoil and excitement of political contests, rather than from the politician and statesmen, whose mind can hardly ever find that freedom from bias which would give general confidence in his works, if indeed he could ever find time to produce them.

And here we may appropriately refer to the contributions made to Colonial literature by the eminent men who have assisted in giving Canada her present political and industrial status. The great speeches of Canadian statesmen must nearly all be sought in the old files of newspapers deposited in our libraries; but as a rule the chief interest that now attaches to these speeches is the light they throw on the history of the past. The opportunities which Canadian statesmen have had of making great oratorical efforts have not been frequent in dependencies where the questions have necessarily been for the most part of purely local importance and of a very practical character. Yet

when subjects of large constitutional or national importance have come up for discussion, the debates prove that Canadian intellects display a comprehensiveness of knowledge and a power of argument worthy of a larger arena. Some of Sir Alexander Galt's speeches in bringing down the Budget in old times, were characterized by that masterly arrangement of statistics which has made Mr. Gladstone so famous in the House of Commons. Sir John Macdonald's speech explaining the Washington Treaty, in 1872, was remarkable for its logical arrangement and its illustrations of the analytical power and the varied knowledge of that eminent statesman, who, in the intervals of leisure, has always been a student of general literature. Mr. Blake's speeches afford abundant evidence of the brilliant talent of a public man who is both a student of books as well as of politics, and who, were the tendency of Parliamentary oratory something higher than mere practical debate, could rise fully to the height of some great argument. But oratory, in the real sense of the art, cannot exist in our system of government in a Colonial dependency where practical results are immediately sought for. It consequently follows that the speeches which interest us to-day lose their attraction when the object has been gained. Both Mr. Howe and Mr. McGee were able to invest their great addresses with a charm which still clings to them when we take them up. The reason is, they were, like Gladstone and Disraeli, both *littérateurs* who studied their subjects in the library, among the great masters of eloquence and statesmanship, and were thus able to throw around a great question the flowers of a highly cultivated mind. But even Mr. Howe's most memorable speeches of old times would perhaps be hardly appreciated in the cold practical arena in which our public business is now transacted. Yet it cannot be said that the Legislature is no field to dis-

play the highest qualities of intellectual activity because it is no longer possible to indulge in those flights of poetic fancy or those brilliant perorations which are now confined to the pulpit or lecture-hall. The intellectual strength of the country must be of no mean order when it can give us statesmen like Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Mackenzie, whose best speeches are admirable illustrations of logical arrangement and argumentative power. And, it may be added, with respect to the present House, that no previous Parliament, entrusted with the control of the affairs of Canada, has comprised a larger number of gentlemen, distinguished not only for their practical comprehension of the wants of this country, but for their wide attainments and general culture.

When we come to sum up the literary results of the century that has passed since the two races entered conjointly on the material and intellectual development of Canada, it will be seen that there has been a steady movement forward. It must be admitted that Canada has not yet produced any works which show a marked originality of thought. Some humorous writings, a few good poems, one or two histories, some scientific and constitutional productions, are alone known to a small reading public outside of Canada. Striking originality can hardly be developed to any great extent in a dependency which naturally, and perhaps wisely in some cases, looks for all its traditions and habits of thought to a parent state. It is only with an older condition of society, when men have learned at last to think as well as to act for themselves, to originate rather than to reproduce, that there can be a national literature. The political development of Canada within forty years affords forcible evidence of the expansion of the political ideas of our public men, who are no longer tormented by the dread of what others say of them, but legislate solely with respect to the internal necessities of the country; and

the same development is now going on in other departments of intellectual life, and affords additional evidence of our national growth. It must also be remembered that there is a mental activity among the intelligent classes of the country, in itself as significant as the production of great works. Like our American neighbours, the mass of Canadians is able to think intelligently, and come generally to a right conclusion, on all matters of local concern; in this respect, no comparison need be made with the mass of Englishmen or Frenchmen in the Old World, for the social and educational facilities within the reach of the people of this country, give them undoubted advantages over others. It is only necessary to consider the number of pamphlets and volumes on matters affecting Canada, that annually issue from the press in this country, to show the existence of a mental activity in entire harmony with the industrial progress of the country.* It is fair then to argue that the intellectual progress of a country like Canada must not be measured solely by the production of great works which have been stamped with the approval of the outside literary world, on whose verdict, it must of course be

* For instance, we find in Morgan's 'Annual Register' for 1879, that during that year there were no less than 166 publications issued from the press, of which 17 were poetic; 12 historical; 15 educational; 17 legal; 24 religious; 66 miscellaneous, &c. Some of these were of considerable merit, as 'Tassé's Pioneers,' F. Taylor's 'Are Legislatures Parliaments?' Fréchette's Poems, Hannay's 'Acadia,' &c. In this connection it may be interesting to add that the Parliamentary Library contains some 1,400 copies of pamphlets, bound in 200 volumes, since Confederation, and that the total number of original Canadian publications registered since that time is over 1,500—only a few of the pamphlets being registered copyright. The Parliamentary Library, however, is very defective yet in Canadian books, papers and pamphlets. Laval University has a far more valuable collection. We ought to have a National Library like the British Museum, where all Canadian publications can have a place. Strange as it may seem, only a few copies of old Canadian papers can be found in the Ottawa Library. Yet, if a little money were spent and trouble taken, a valuable collection could be procured from private individuals throughout the Dominion.

admitted, depends true fame. We must also look to the signs of general culture that are now exhibited on all sides, compared with a quarter of a century ago, when the development of material interests necessarily engrossed all the best faculties of the people. The development of higher education, together with the formation of Art Schools, Museums, and Literary Societies, is illustrative of the greater mental activity of all classes. The paintings of O'Brien and Verner are pleasing evidences of the growth of art in a country where, hitherto, but few pictures of merit have even been imported. It is no longer considered a sign of good taste to cover the walls with oils and chromos whose chief value is the tawdry, showy gilt which encases them and makes so loud a display on the wall of the *nouveaux riches*. In the style of public buildings and private dwellings, there is a remarkable improvement within twenty years, to indicate not only the increase of national and individual wealth, but the growth of a cultured taste. The interior decorations, too, show a desire to imitate the modern ideas that prevail abroad; and in this respect every year must witness a steady advance, according as our people travel more in the older countries in Europe and study the fashions of the artistic and intellectual world. There are even now in prosaic, practical Canada, some men and women who fully appreciate the æsthetic ideal that the poet Morris would achieve in the form, harmony, and decoration of domestic furniture. If such æsthetic ideas could only be realized in the decoration of our great public edifices, the Parliamentary buildings at Ottawa, for instance, the national taste would certainly be improved. At present huge portraits of politicians, who by intrinsic merit or political favour have become speakers, stare down from the walls in solitary grandeur, and already begin to overcrowd each other. We search in vain for allegorical paintings by eminent

Canadian artists, or monuments of illustrious statesmen, such as we see in the Capitol at Washington, or in the elegant structure nearly completed at Albany.

In one respect we are still much behind hand, and that is in our Public Libraries. The library of the Parliament of Canada still remains the only institution worthy of much notice in the Dominion. It was certainly an event in the history of literary culture in Canada when this library was moved into the edifice whose architectural beauty is in itself an illustration of the rapid advance in taste of the Dominion. As one looks up at its chaste vaulted ceiling, which lights the tiers of volumes, arranged in a circle, one recalls the now forgotten poem of Crabbe, that ardent lover of books; but whilst we pay this tribute to its architectural grace, one wonders at the same time at the shortsightedness which has sacrificed everything to appearance, and given us a building not even equal to existing demands—as if a library was a thing of the present, not to increase with the intellectual requirements of the country. As it is now, the library contains only some 100,000 volumes, many of which have no particular value. The American and Canadian department is confessedly inferior in many respects, although we ought to excel in that particular. Of late years, the annual grant has been extremely small, and chiefly devoted to the purchase of books for the law branch, for the especial benefit of lawyers engaged in the Supreme Court. But we have as yet no Free Libraries like those in the United States, of which the Boston Library is a notable illustration.* But, nevertheless, the reading facili-

ties of the people generally have increased very largely within two decades. At the present time, as far as we can estimate from the information within reach, there are some 130,000 volumes in the Parliamentary Libraries of the Dominion, 700,000 in the Universities, Colleges and Schools—all of which are necessarily of a limited professional class—and 140,000 in Mechanics' Institutes and Literary Societies. The grand total of library and prize books despatched to the Public Schools of the Province of Ontario alone within twenty-five years is over one million and a quarter of volumes—comprising of course books of an educational character, but nevertheless valuable in laying the foundation of general culture, and bringing the means of acquiring knowledge to sections where otherwise such facilities would be wanting. Last year, the value of the books imported into Canada amounted to about a million of dollars, or an increase of about 30 per cent. in ten years. Literary and Scientific Institutes are increasing in number, and some are doing a useful, if not a national work: the Quebec Historical Society, referred to on a previous page, the Toronto Canadian Institute, which has made not a few useful contributions to science and literature, and the Institut Canadien which has erected in Ottawa one of the handsomest structures yet raised in Canada by a literary association. In Ontario there are also some 100 Mechanics Institutes, including nearly 11,000 members, with an aggregate of

Many smaller places in New England and elsewhere, not without careful investigation, have followed her example, finding in the practical results of her 20 years' work, proof satisfactory to their tax-payers, that a free library is a profitable investment of public money, while in the West the great cities of Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, with Western free-handed energy, have already free libraries on such a scale that one at least of them bids fair to rank among the greatest in the world—*Scribner's Monthly* for September, where the advantages of a free library are very tersely shown.

*Boston, twenty years ago, spent and spent well, in founding her great free library, more than two dollars for each man, woman, and child within her limits, and she has sustained it to this day with great spirit and liberality. That library has now more than 360,000 volumes, and her citizens in 1879 took to their homes more than 1,160,000 volumes.

118,000 volumes in the libraries;*and it is satisfactory to learn that institutions which may have an important influence on the industrial classes are to be placed on a more efficient basis.

These facts illustrate that we are making progress in the right direction; but what we want, above all things, are public libraries, to which all classes may have free access, in the principal centres of population. The rich men of this country can devote a part of their surplus wealth to no more patriotic purpose than the establishment of such libraries in the places where they live, and in that way erect a monument for themselves far more honourable than any that may be achieved by expenditures on purely selfish objects. All through the New England and Central States we meet with such illustrations of private generosity, but there are few similar examples in Canada. Perhaps the handsome contribution recently made by Mr. Redpath towards the establishment of a museum in connection with McGill College—itself a memorial of private generosity—is a favourable augury of what we may often look for in the future, as the number of our wealthy men increase and they become more alive to the intellectual wants of those around them.

In the columns of our ablest journals there is a growing tendency to devote more space to the discussion of literary, artistic and scientific topics which are engaging attention in the world of thought. The publication of a periodical like the *Bystander* may justly be considered an event in the political and literary annals of this country. It illustrates the desire that exists for independent political criticism amid the intense conflict of party opinion; and even those who cannot agree with the views of the eminent gentleman who conducts this work will frankly admit the originality and independence

of thought in all he says. But it is not only as a political writer that Mr. Smith is doing good service to this country; every one who reads his reviews of current events cannot fail to profit by the study of his graceful style as well as by the versatility of his knowledge on all the social, political and economic questions that are engaging attention at home or abroad. The pages of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY* have also for some time shown that there is coming to the front a number of writers of considerable intellectual power on the leading social and religious problems to which so many able thinkers are devoting themselves now-a-days. Herbert Spencer has his disciples and defenders, who prove themselves no contemptible adversaries of the orthodox school of religion. Very few of us probably sympathize with these modern iconoclasts who would destroy all motive for right doing in this world, by breaking down human faith in the existence of one Supreme Being; but, at the same time, no one can deny the earnestness and ability these writers bring to their work. It is quite obvious that such able thinkers as Mr. Spencer and his followers in Canada, with Mr. Le Sueur at their head, cannot be "snubbed" cavalierly by the professed teachers of religion. The tendency of modern thought, a wave of which has reached us, is undoubtedly in the direction of bringing all subjects, however sacred, to the crucial test of argument, fact and experience, and our religious guides must not think they will prevail by the exhibit of mere contemptuous indifference to the free thought that prevails around them. If our great theological schools and seats of learning are to prove themselves equal to the demands of the present day, it will be by moving out of their grooves of worn-out tradition and routine, and by enlarging their teachings so that the men they send out into the world may be more equal than most of them appear now to meet in ar-

* Address of Mr. James Young, President of Mechanics Institute Association of Ontario (*Globe*, Sept. 24th, 1880).

gument the Positivist, Rationalist and Materialist, or whatever the disciple of the modern schools of philosophy may call himself. The man of true liberality and faith in the truth of his religious principles must be fully prepared to allow the freest expression of opinion, however antagonistic it may appear to the true happiness of society. This very conflict of ideas and arguments between such opposite schools of opinion must, in the end, evolve the truth, and necessarily give additional stimulus to intellectual thought in this country, where, so far, there has been a great dearth of original thinkers to elevate us above purely selfish, material interests.

In the natural order of things, the next half century ought to witness a far larger development of the intellect of this country. We have already seen that, with the progress of the Dominion in population and wealth, education has been stimulated to a remarkable degree, journalism has become more of a profession, and not only have several books, of more than ordinary value and merit, been produced in various departments of knowledge, but there are already signs of a spirit of intellectual emulation which must, sooner or later, have its full fruition. If Canada makes the material progress within the next few decades that her people hope, and her statesmen are endeavouring to accomplish, in the face, no doubt, of many difficulties, we may confidently look forward to a corresponding intellectual development. So much practical work of immediate importance has to be performed in a comparatively new country like this, that native talent has naturally found chief expression in politics, the professions, and the press; but with greater wealth, and an older condition of society, literature, science, and art, will be cultivated to a far larger extent. 'It was amid the ruins of the Capitol,' says Gibbon, 'that I first conceived the idea of writing the "History of the Roman

Empire."' Such a work could not have been written among the forests of Canada, while men were labouring with the many difficulties of a pioneer existence. But with the greater opportunities of leisure and culture necessarily opening up to us in the future, Canadians may yet have a literature, not merely imitative, as at present, but creative and original. It is stated somewhere in an old English review of American literature, that on this new continent we can hardly expect the rich fruition which springs from that deep, humanized soil of the old world, which has for ages been enriched by the ripe droppings of a fertile national life, where, in the words of an American poet,—

One half of the soil has walked the rest,
In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages.

It is certainly true that the beauty and grandeur of external nature alone will never inspire the highest and deepest writings; but human life with its manifold experiences, its glooms and glories, sorrows and rejoicings, pains, pleasures and aspirations. Every rood of ground in the old communities of Europe has its historic associations to point many a moral and adorn many a tale. Yet if this America of ours has a history only of yesterday, it, too, has its memories and associations to stimulate the genius of history, poetry and romance. Already in the first century of American literature have poets and historians and artists appeared to rival those of the older civilization of the world. The works of Parkman and Longfellow illustrate that there is, even in the early history and traditions of Canada, much to evoke the interest of the great world beyond us, when a writer brings to the task the genius of a true poet or the brilliancy of an accomplished historian. If our soil is new, yet it may produce fruits which will bear a rich flavour of their own, and may please the palate of even those surfeited with the hot-house growth of

older lands. Hawthorne, Emerson, Howells, Bret Harte, Sam Slick, are among many writers who illustrate the raciness and freshness of American production. Nor let it be forgotten that American and Canadian, in 'the fresh woods and pastures new' of this continent, have an equal heritage with the people of the British Islands in that rich, humanized soil which has borne such rare intellectual fruits. We, too, may enjoy its bounteous gifts and gather inspiration from its treasures of 'English undefiled,' although we live in another land whose history dawned but yesterday, and where the soil is almost virgin.

In this land there is a future full of promise for literature as for industry. Our soil speaks to the millions

of poor in the old countries of the world of boundless hope. Here there is no ancient system of social exclusiveness to fix a limit to the intellectual progress of the proletariat. Political freedom rests on a firm, broad basis of general education. Our political constitution is not alienated from the intellect of the country, but its successful working depends entirely on the public intelligence. As our political horizon widens, and a more expansive national existence opens before us, so must our intellectual life become not only more vigorous, but more replete with evidences of graceful culture.

For through the ages in one creasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

A VALENTINE.

BEWARE of one who loves thee but too well !
Of one who fain would bind thee with a spell,
With power to draw thee, as an unknown land
Lures the impressioned traveller to its strand.

Oh ! if thou wouldst be free,
Beware of me !

Beware of eyes that softly fix on thee,
Tamed in their restless glances by thine own,
And of a voice, where all things that may be
In maiden hearts are told in every tone.

If thou wouldst still be free,
Beware of me !

But if a longing, born within thy soul,
Gives thee a far off glimpse of unknown bliss,
Then let thy love speed onward to its goal,
Nor thy true rest and joy for blindness miss.

If thou wouldst not be free,
Then come to me !

—From *Scribner's Monthly*.

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE END OF THE HONEYMOON.

ON the next morning, Winterfield arrived at Romaine's house.

Having been included, as a matter of course, in the invitation to see the pictures, Father Benwell had made an excuse, and had asked leave to defer the proposed visit. From his point of view, he had nothing further to gain by being present at a second meeting between the two men—in the absence of Stella. He had it, on Romaine's own authority, that she was in constant attendance on her mother, and that her husband was alone. 'Either Mrs. Eyrecourt will get better, or she will die,' Father Benwell reasoned. 'I shall make constant inquiries after her health, and, in either case, I shall know when Mrs. Romaine returns to Ten Acres Lodge. After that domestic event, the next time Mr. Winterfield visits Mr. Romaine, I shall go and see the pictures.'

It is one of the defects of a super-subtle intellect to trust too implicitly to calculation, and to leave nothing to chance. Once or twice already, Father Benwell had been (in the popular phrase) a little too clever—and chance had thrown him out. As events happened, chance was destined to throw him out once more.

Of the most modest pretensions, in regard to numbers and size, the pictures collected by the late Lady Ber-

rick were masterly works of modern art. With few exceptions, they had been produced by the matchless English landscape painters of half a century since. There was no formal gallery here. The pictures were so few that they could be hung in excellent lights in the different living-rooms of the villa. Turner, Constable, Collins, Danby, Calcott, Linnell—the master of Beaupark House passed from one to the other with the enjoyment of a man who thoroughly appreciated the truest and finest landscape art that the world has yet seen.

'You had better not have asked me here,' he said to Romaine, in his quaintly good-humoured way. 'I can't part with those pictures when I say go-bye to day. You will find me calling here again and again, till you are perfectly sick of me. Look at this sea piece. Who thinks of the brushes and palette of that painter? There, truth to nature and poetical feeling go hand in hand together. It is absolutely lovely—I could kiss that picture.'

They were in Romaine's study when this odd outburst of enthusiasm escaped Winterfield. He happened to look towards the writing-table next. Some pages of manuscript, blotted and interlined with corrections, at once attracted his intention.

'Is that the forthcoming history?' he asked. 'You are not one of the authors who perform the process of correction mentally—you revise and improve with the pen in your hand.'

Romayne looked at him in surprise. 'I suspect, Mr. Winterfield, you have used your pen for other purposes than writing letters.'

'No, indeed; you pay me an undeserved compliment. When you come to see me in Devonshire, I can show you some manuscripts, and corrected proofs, left by our great writers, collected by my father. My knowledge of the secrets of the craft has been gained by examining those literary treasures. If the public only knew that every writer worthy of the name is the severest critic of his own book before it ever gets into the hands of the reviewers, how surprised they would be! The man who has worked in the full fervour of composition yesterday, is the same man who sits in severe and merciless judgment to-day, on what he has himself produced. What a fascination there must be in the Art which exacts, and receives, such double labour as this!'

Romayne thought—not unkindly—of his wife. Stella had once asked him how long a time he was usually occupied in writing one page. The reply had filled her with pity and wonder. 'Why do you take all that trouble!' she had gently remonstrated. 'It would be just the same to the people, darling, if you did it in half the time.'

By way of changing the topic, Romayne led his visitor into another room. 'I have a picture here,' he said, 'which belongs to a newer school of painting. You have been talking of hard work in one Art; there it is in another.'

'Yes,' said Winterfield; 'there it is—the misdirected hard work, which has been guided by no critical faculty, and which doesn't know where to stop. I try to admire it; and I end in pitying the poor artist. Look at that leafless felled tree in the middle distance. Every little twig, on the smallest branch, is conscientiously painted—and the result is like a coloured photograph. You don't look at a land-

scape as a series of separate parts; you don't discover every twig on a tree—you see the whole in Nature, and you want to see the whole in a picture. That canvas presents a triumph of patience and pains, produced exactly as a piece of embroidery is produced, all in little separate bits, worked with the same mechanically complete care. I turn away from it to your shrubbery there, with an ungrateful sense of relief.'

He walked to the window as he spoke. It looked out on the grounds in front of the house. At the same moment, the noise of the rolling wheels became audible on the drive. An open carriage appeared at the turn in the road. Winterfield called Romayne to the window. 'A visitor,' he began—and suddenly drew back, without saying a word more.

Romayne looked out, and recognised his wife.

'Excuse me for a moment,' he said, 'it is Mrs. Romayne.'

On that morning, an improvement in the fluctuating state of Mrs. Eyre-court's health had given Stella another of those opportunities of passing an hour or two with her husband, which she so highly prized. Romayne with drew, to meet her at the door—too hurriedly to notice Winterfield, standing in the corner, to which he had retreated, like a man petrified.

Stella had got out of the carriage, when her husband reached the porch. She ascended the steps that led to the hall, as slowly and painfully as if she had been an infirm old woman. The delicately-tinted colour in her face had faded to an ashy white. She had seen Winterfield at the window.

For a moment, Romayne looked at her in speechless consternation. He led her into the nearest room that opened out of the hall, and took her in his arms. 'My love, this nursing of your mother has completely broken you down!' he said, with the tenderest pity for her. 'If you won't think of yourself, you must think of me.'

For my sake remain here, and take the rest you need. I will be a tyrant, Stella, for the first time; I won't let you go back.'

She roused herself, and tried to smile—and hid the sad result from him in a kiss. 'I do feel the anxiety and fatigue,' she said. 'But my mother is really improving; and, if it only continues, the blessed sense of relief will make me strong again.' She paused, and roused all her courage, in anticipation of the next words—so trivial and so terrible—that must, sooner or later be pronounced. 'You have a visitor,' she said.

'Did you see him at the window? A really delightful man—I know you will like him. Under any other circumstances, I should have introduced him, you are not well enough to see strangers to-day.'

She was too determined to prevent Winterfield from ever entering the house again, to shrink from the meeting. 'I am not so ill as you think, Lewis,' she said bravely. 'When you go to your new friend, I will go with you. I am a little tired—that's all.'

Romayne looked at her anxiously. 'Let me get you a glass of wine,' he said.

She consented—she really felt the need of it. As he turned away to ring the bell, she put the question which had been in her mind, from the moment when she had seen Winterfield.

'How did you become acquainted with this gentleman?'

'Through Father Benwell.'

She was not surprised by the answer—her suspicion of the priest had remained in her mind from the night of Lady Loring's ball. The future of her married life depended on her capacity to check the growing intimacy between the two men. In that conviction she found the courage to face Winterfield.

How should she meet him? The impulse of the moment pointed to the shortest way out of the dreadful position in which she was placed—it was

to treat him like a stranger. She drank her glass of wine, and took Romayne's arm. 'We mustn't keep your friend waiting any longer,' she resumed. 'Come!'

As they crossed the hall, she looked suspiciously towards the house-door. Had he taken the opportunity of leaving the villa? At any other time, she would have remembered that the plainest laws of good breeding compelled him to wait for Romayne's return. His own knowledge of the world would tell him that an act of gross rudeness, committed by a well-bred man, would inevitably excite suspicion of some unworthy motive—and might, perhaps, connect that motive with her unexpected appearance at the house. Romayne opened the door, and they entered the room together.

'Mr. Winterfield, let me introduce you to Mrs. Romayne.'

They bowed to each other; they spoke the conventional words proper to the occasion—but the effort that it cost them showed itself. Romayne perceived an unusual formality in his wife's manner, and a strange disappearance of Winterfield's easy grace of address. Was he one of the few men, in these days, who are shy in the presence of women? And was the change in Stella attributable, perhaps, to the state of her health? The explanation might, in either case, be the right one. He tried to set them at their ease.

'Mr. Winterfield is so pleased with the pictures, that he means to come and see them again,' he said to his wife. 'And one of his favourites happens to be your favourite, too.'

She tried to look at Winterfield; but her eyes sunk. She could turn towards him, and that was all. 'Is it the sea piece in the study?' she said to him faintly.

'Yes,' he answered with formal politeness; 'it seems to me to be one of the painter's finest works.'

Romayne looked at him in unconcealed wonder. To what flat common-

place Winterfield's lively enthusiasm had sunk in Stella's presence? She perceived that some unfavourable impression had been produced on her husband, and interposed with a timely suggestion. Her motive was not only to divert Romaine's attention from Winterfield, but to give him a reason for leaving the room.

'The little water-colour drawing in my bed-room is by the same artist,' she said. 'Mr. Winterfield might like to see it. If you will ring the bell, Lewis, I will send my maid for it.'

Romaine had never allowed the servants to touch his works of art, since the day when a zealous housemaid had tried to wash one of his plaster casts. He made the reply which his wife had anticipated.

'No! no!' he said, 'I will fetch the drawing myself.' He turned gaily to Winterfield. 'Prepare yourself for another work that you would like to kiss.' He smiled, and left the room.

The instant the door was closed, Stella approached Winterfield. Her beautiful face became distorted by a mingled expression of rage and contempt. She spoke to him in a fierce pre-emptory whisper.

'Have you any consideration for me left?'

His look at her, as she put that question, revealed the most complete contrast between his face and hers. Compassionate sorrow was in his eyes, tender forbearance and respect spoke in his tones as he answered her.

'I have more than consideration for you, Stella ——'

She angrily interrupted him. 'How dare you call me by my Christian name?'

He remonstrated, with a gentleness that might have touched the heart of any woman. 'Do you still refuse to believe that I never deceived you? Has time not softened your heart to me yet?'

She was more contemptuous towards him than ever. 'Spare me your protestations,' she said; 'I heard

enough of them two years since. Will you do what I ask of you?'

'You know that I will.'

'Put an end to your acquaintance with my husband. Put an end to it,' she repeated vehemently, 'from this day, at once and for ever! Can I trust you to do it?'

'Do you think I would have entered this house if I had known he was your husband?' He made that reply with a sudden change in him—with a rising colour, and in firm tones of indignation. In a moment more, his voice softened again, and his kind blue eyes rested on her sadly and devotedly. 'You may trust me to do more than you ask,' he resumed. 'You have made a mistake.'

'What mistake?'

'When Mr. Romaine introduced us, you met me like a stranger—and you left me no choice but to do as you did.'

'I wish you to be a stranger.'

Her sharpest replies made no change in his manner. He spoke as kindly and as patiently as ever.

'You forget that you and your mother were my guests at Beaupark two years ago—'

Stella understood what he meant—and more. In an instant she remembered that Father Benwell had been at Beaupark House. Had he heard of the visit? She clasped her hands in speechless terror.

Winterfield gently re-assured her. 'You must not be frightened,' he said, 'It is in the last degree unlikely that Mr. Romaine will ever find out that you were at my house. If he does—and if you deny it—I will do for you what I would do for no other human creature; I will deny it too. You are safe from discovery. Be happy—and forget me.'

For the first time, she showed signs of relenting—she turned her head away, and sighed. Although her mind was full of the serious necessity of warning him against Father Benwell, she had not even command

enough over her own voice to ask how he had become acquainted with the priest. His manly devotion, the perfect and pathetic sincerity of his respect, pleaded with her, in spite of herself. For a moment, she paused to recover her composure. In that moment, Romaine returned to them with the drawing in his hand.

'There!' he said. 'It's nothing, this time, but some children gathering flowers on the outskirts of a wood. What do you think of it?'

'What I thought of the larger work,' Winterfield answered. 'I could look at it by the hour together.' He consulted his watch. 'But time is a hard master, and tells me that my visit must come to an end. Thank you, most sincerely.'

He bowed to Stella. Romaine thought his guest might have taken the English freedom of shaking hands. 'When will you come and look at the pictures again?' he asked. 'Will you dine with us, and see how they bear the lamp light?'

'I am sorry to say I must beg you to excuse me. My plans are altered since we met yesterday. I am obliged to leave London.'

Romaine was unwilling to part with him on these terms. 'You will let me know when you are next in town?' he said.

'Certainly!'

With that short answer he hurried away.

Romaine waited a little in the hall, before he went back to his wife. Stella's reception of Winterfield, though not positively ungracious, was, nevertheless, the reverse of encouraging. What extraordinary caprice had made her insensible to the social attractions of a man so unaffectedly agreeable? It was not wonderful that Winterfield's cordiality should have been chilled by the cold welcome that he had received from the mistress of the house. At the same time, some allowance was to be made for the influence of Stella's domestic anxieties, and

some sympathy was claimed by the state of her health. Although her husband shrank from distressing her by any immediate reference to her reception of his friend, he could not disguise from himself that she had disappointed him. When he went back to the room, Stella was lying on the sofa, with her face turned towards the wall. She was in tears: and she was afraid to let him see it. 'I won't disturb you,' he said, and withdrew to his study. The precious volume which Winterfield had so kindly placed at his disposal was on the table, waiting for him.

Father Benwell had lost nothing by not being present at the presentation of Winterfield to Stella. He had witnessed a plainer betrayal of emotion, when they met unexpectedly in Lord Loring's picture-gallery. But if he had seen Romaine reading in his study, and Stella crying secretly on the sofa, he might have written to Rome by that day's post, and might have announced that he had sown the first seeds of disunion between husband and wife.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Secretary. S. J. Rome.

'IN my last few hasty lines, I was only able to inform you of the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Romaine, while Winterfield was visiting her husband. If you remember, I warned you not to attach any undue importance to my absence on that occasion. My present report will satisfy my reverend brethren that the interests committed to me are as safe as ever in my hands.

'I have paid three visits at certain intervals. The first to Winterfield (briefly mentioned in my last letter); the second to Romaine; the third to

the invalid lady, Mrs. Eyrecourt. In every case I have been rewarded by important results.

'We will revert to Winterfield first. I found him at his hotel, enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke, and looking like a gloomy and dissatisfied man. Assuming not to notice this, I asked how he liked Romaine's pictures.

"I envy him his pictures." That was the only answer.

"And how do you like Mrs. Romaine?" I inquired next.

'He laid down his pipe and looked at me attentively. My face (I flatter myself) defied discovery. He inhaled another mouthful of tobacco and began to play with his dog. "If I must answer your question," he burst out suddenly, "I didn't get a very gracious reception from Mrs. Romaine." There he abruptly stopped. He is a thoroughly transparent man; you see straight into his mind through his eyes. I perceived that he was only telling me a part (perhaps a very small part) of the truth.

"Can you account for such a reception as you describe?" I asked. He answered shortly, "No."

"Perhaps I can account for it," I went on. "Did Mr. Romaine tell his wife that I was the means of introducing you to him?"

'He fixed another searching look on me. "Mr. Romaine might have said so when he left me to receive his wife at the door."

"In that case, Mr. Winterfield, the explanation is as plain as the sun at noon-day. Mrs. Romaine is a strong Protestant, and I am a Catholic priest."

'He accepted this method of accounting for his reception, with an alacrity that would not have imposed on a child. You see I had relieved him from all further necessity of accounting for the conduct of Mrs. Romaine!

"A lady's religious prejudices," I proceeded in the friendliest way, "are never taken seriously by a sensible

man. You have placed Mr. Romaine under obligations to your kindness—he is eager to improve his acquaintance with you. You will go again to Ten Acres Lodge?"

'He gave me another short answer. "I think not."

'I said I was sorry to hear it. "However," I added, "You can always see him here when you are in London." He puffed out a big volume of smoke and made no remark. I declined to be put down by silence and smoke. "Or perhaps," I persisted, "you will honour me by meeting him at a simple little dinner at my lodgings?" Being a gentleman, he was of course obliged to answer this. He said, "You are very kind; I would rather not. Shall we talk of something else, Father Benwell?"

'We talked of something else. He was just as amiable as ever—but he was not in good spirits. "I think I shall run over to Paris before the end of the month," he said.

"To make a long stay?" I asked.

"Oh, no! call in a week or ten days—and you will find me here again."

'When I got up to go, he returned of his own accord to the forbidden subject. He said, "I must beg you to do me two favours. The first is, not to let Mr. Romaine know that I am still in London. The second is, not to ask me for any explanations."

'The result of our interview may be stated in very few words. It has advanced me one step nearer to discovery. Winterfield's voice, look and manner satisfied me of this—the true motive for this sudden change of feeling towards Romaine, is jealousy of the man who married Miss Eyrecourt. Those compromising circumstances which baffled the inquiries of my agent are associated, in plain English, with a love affair. Remember all that I have told you of Romaine's peculiar disposition—and imagine, if you can, what the consequences of such a disclosure will be when we are in a

position to enlighten the master of Vange Abbey!

'As to the present relations between the husband and wife, I have only to tell you next what passed, when I visited Romaine a day or two later. I did well to keep Penrose at our disposal. We shall want him again.

On arriving at Ten Acres Lodge, I found Romaine in his study. His manuscript lay before him—but he was not at work. He looked worn and haggard. To this day, I don't know from what precise nervous malady he suffers; I could only guess that it had been troubling him again, since he and I last met.

'My first conventional civilities were dedicated, of course, to his wife. She is still in attendance on her mother. Mrs. Eyrecourt is now considered to be out of danger. But the good lady (who is ready enough to recommend doctors to other people) persists in thinking that she is too robust a person to require medical help herself. The physician in attendance trusts entirely to her daughter to persuade her to persevere with the necessary course of medicine. Don't suppose that I trouble you, by mentioning these trumpery circumstances, without a reason. We shall have occasion to return to Mrs. Eyrecourt and her doctor.

'Before I had been five minutes in his company, Romaine asked me if I had seen Winterfield since his visit to Ten Acres Lodge.

'I said I had seen him, and waited, anticipating the next question. Romaine fulfilled my expectations. He inquired if Winterfield had left London.

'There are certain cases (as I am told by medical authorities) in which the dangerous system of bleeding a patient still has its advantages. There are other cases in which the dangerous system of telling the truth becomes equally judicious. I said to Romaine,

"If I answer you honestly, will you consider it as strictly confidential? Mr. Winterfield, I regret to say, has no intention of improving his acquaintance with you. He asked me to conceal from you that he is still in London."

'Romaine's face plainly betrayed that he was annoyed and irritated. "Nothing that you say to me, Father Benwell, shall pass the walls of this room," he replied. "Did Winterfield give any reason for not continuing his acquaintance with me?"

'I told the truth once more, with courteous expressions of regret. "Mr. Winterfield spoke of an ungracious reception on the part of Mrs. Romaine."

'He started to his feet, and walked irritably up and down the room. "It is beyond endurance!" he said to himself.

'The truth had served its purpose by this time. I affected not to have heard him. "Did you speak to me?" I asked.

'He used a milder form of expression. "It is most unfortunate," he said. "I must immediately send back the valuable book which Mr. Winterfield has lent to me. And that is not the worst of it. There are other volumes in his library, which I have the greatest interest in consulting—and it is impossible for me to borrow them now. At this time, too, when I have lost Penrose, I had hoped to find in Winterfield another friend, who sympathised with my pursuits. There is something so cheering and attractive in his manner—and he has just the boldness and novelty of view in his opinions that appeal to a man like me. It was a pleasant future to look forward to; and it must be sacrificed—and to what? To a woman's caprice."

'From our point of view, this was a frame of mind to be encouraged. I tried the experiment of modestly taking the blame on myself. I suggested that I might be (quite innocently) answerable for Romaine's disappointment.

‘He looked at me, thoroughly puzzled. I repeated what I had said to Winterfield. “Did you mention to Mrs. Romaine that I was the means of introducing you——?”

‘He was too impatient to let me finish the sentence. “I did mention it to Mrs. Romaine,” he said. “And what of it?”

“Pardon me for reminding you that Mrs. Romaine has Protestant prejudices,” I rejoined. “Mr. Winterfield would, I fear, not be very welcome to her as the friend of a Catholic priest.”

‘He was almost angry with me for suggesting the very explanation which had proved so acceptable to Winterfield.

“Nonsense!” he cried. “My wife is far too well-bred a woman to let her prejudices express themselves in *that* way. Winterfield’s personal appearance must have inspired her with some unreasonable antipathy, or——”

‘He stopped, and turned away thoughtfully to the window. Some vague suspicion had probably entered his mind, which he had only become aware of at that moment, and which he was not quite able to realize as yet. I did my best to encourage the new train of thought.

“What other reason *can* there be?” I asked.

‘He turned on me sharply. “I don’t know. Do you?”

‘I ventured on a courteous remonstrance. “My dear sir! if you cannot find another reason, how can I? It must have been a sudden antipathy, as you say. Such things do happen between strangers. I suppose I am right in assuming that Mrs. Romaine and Mr. Winterfield are strangers?”

‘His eyes flashed with a sudden sinister brightness—the new idea had caught light in his mind. “They *met* as strangers,” he said.

‘There he stopped again, and returned to the window. I felt that I might lose the place I had gained in his confidence if I pressed the subject any farther. Besides, I had my reasons

for saying a word about Penrose next. As it happened, I had received a letter from him, relating to his present employment, and sending kindest regards to his dear friend and master in a postscript.

‘I gave the message. Romaine looked round, with an instant change in his face. The mere sound of Penrose’s name seemed to act as a relief to the gloom and suspicion that had oppressed him the moment before. “You don’t know how I miss the dear, gentle little fellow,” he said, sadly.

“Why not write to him?” I suggested. “He would be glad to hear from you again.”

“I don’t know where to write.”

“Did I not send you his address when I forwarded your letter to him?”

“No.”

“Then let me atone for my forgetfulness at once.”

‘I wrote down the address, and took my leave.

‘As I approached the door, I noticed on a side table the Catholic volumes which Penrose left with Romaine. One of them was open, with a pencil lying beside it. I thought that a good sign—but I said nothing.

‘Romaine pressed my hand at parting. “You have been very kind and friendly, Father Benwell,” he said. “I shall be glad to see you again.”

‘Don’t mention it in quarters where it might do me harm. Do you know, I really pitied him. He has sacrificed everything to his marriage—and his marriage has disappointed him. He was even reduced to be friendly with Me.

‘Of course, when the time comes, I shall give Penrose leave of absence. Do you foresee, as I do, the speedy return of “the dear gentle little fellow” to his old employment; the resumed work of conversion advancing more rapidly than ever; and the jealousy of the Protestant wife aggravating the false position in which she is already

placed by her equivocal reception of Winterfield? Patience, my reverend colleague! In my view of the future scene, the Vange property begins to look a little nearer to the Church already.

‘The next day, I called to inquire how Mrs. Eyrecourt was getting on. The report was favourable. Three days later I called again. The report was still more encouraging. I was also informed that Mrs. Romaine had returned to Ten Acres Lodge.

‘Much of my success in life has been achieved by never being in a hurry. I was not in a hurry now. Time sometimes brings opportunities—and opportunities are worth waiting for.

‘Let me make this clear.

‘Thus far the chances had only been in my favour, in the one case of the meeting between Winterfield and Miss Eyrecourt in the picture gallery. The time was surely ripe for another chance? Besides, I recognised the necessity of not disturbing the renewal of relations between Penrose and Romaine by any premature proceeding. There you have two of my reasons for not being in a hurry! A man of headlong disposition, in my place, would have probably spoken of Miss Eyrecourt’s marriage at the first meeting between Winterfield and Romaine, and would have excited their distrust, and put them respectively on their guard, without obtaining any useful result. I can, at any time, make the disclosure to Romaine, which informs him that his wife had been Winterfield’s guest in Devonshire, when she affected to meet her former host on the footing of a stranger. In the meanwhile I give Penrose ample opportunity for innocently widening the breach between husband and wife.

‘You see, I hope, that if I maintain a passive position, it is not from indolence or discouragement. Now we may get on.

‘After an interval of a few days more I decided on making further inquiries at Mrs. Eyrecourt’s house. This time, when I left my card, I sent a message, asking if the lady could receive me. Shall I own my weakness? She possesses all the information that I want; and she has twice baffled my inquiries. Under these humiliating circumstances, it is part of the priestly pugnacity of my disposition to inquire again.

‘I was invited to go upstairs.

‘The front and back drawing rooms of the house were thrown into one. Mrs. Eyrecourt was being gently moved backwards and forwards in a chair on wheels, propelled by her maid; two gentlemen being present, visitors like myself. In spite of rouge and loosely-folded lace and flowing draperies, she presented a deplorable spectacle. The bodily part of her looked like a dead woman, painted and revived—while the moral part, in the strongest contrast, was just as lively as ever.

‘“So glad to see you again, Father Benwell, and so much obliged by your kind inquiries. I am quite well, though the doctor won’t admit it. Isn’t it funny to see me being wheeled about like a child in a perambulator? Returning to first principles, I call it. You see it’s a law of my nature that I must go about. The doctor won’t let me go about outside the house, so I go about inside the house. Matilda is the nurse, and I am the baby who will learn to walk some of these days. Are you tired, Matilda? No? Then give me another turn, there’s a good creature. Movement, perpetual movement, is a law of nature. Oh, dear, no, doctor. I didn’t make that discovery for myself. Some eminent scientific person mentioned it in a lecture. The ugliest man I ever saw. Now back again, Matilda. Let me introduce you to my friends, Father Benwell. Introducing is out of the fashion, I know. But I am one of the few women who

can resist the tyranny of fashion. I like introducing people. Sir John Drone—Father Benwell. Father Benwell—Dr. Wybrow. Ah, yes, you know the doctor by reputation? Shall I give you his character? Personally charming; professionally detestable. Pardon my impudence, doctor; it is one of the consequences of the overflowing state of my health. Another turn, Matilda—and a little faster this time. Oh, how I wish I was travelling by railway.”

“There, her breath failed her. She reclined in her chair, and fanned herself silently—for awhile.

“I was now able to turn my attention to the two visitors. Sir John Drone, it was easy to see, would be no obstacle to confidential conversation with Mrs. Eyrecourt. An excellent country gentleman, with the bald head, the ruddy complexion, and the inexhaustible capacity for silence, so familiar to us in English society—there you have the true description of Sir John. But the famous physician was quite another sort of man. I had only to look at him, and to feel myself condemned to small talk while *he* was in the room.

“You have always heard of it in my correspondence, whenever I have been in the wrong. I was in the wrong again now—I had forgotten the law of chances. Capricious Fortune, after a long interval, was about to declare herself again in my favour, by means of the very woman who had twice already got the better of me. What a recompense for my kind inquiries after Mrs. Eyrecourt! She recovered breath enough to begin talking again.

““Dear me how dull you are” she said to us. “Why don’t you amuse a poor prisoner confined to the house? Rest a little, Matilda, or you will be falling ill next. Doctor! is this your last professional visit?”

“Promise to take care of yourself, Mrs. Eyrecourt, and I will confess that the professional visits are over. I come here to day only as a friend.”

““You best of men! Do me another favour. Enliven our dulness. Tell us some interesting story about a patient. These great doctors, Sir John, pass their lives in a perfect atmosphere of romance. Dr. Wybrow’s consulting room is like your confessional, Father Benwell. The most fascinating sins and sorrows are poured into his ears. What is the last romance in real life, doctor, that has asked you to treat it medically? We don’t want names and places—we are good children; we only want a story.”

“Dr. Wybrow looked at me with a smile.

““It is impossible to persuade ladies,” he said, “that we, too, are father-confessors, in our way. The first duty of a doctor, Mrs. Eyrecourt —”

““Is to cure people, of course,” she interposed, in her smartest manner.

“The doctor answered, seriously. “No, indeed. That is only the second duty. Our first duty is invariably to respect the confidence of our patients. However,” he resumed in his easier tone, “I happen to have seen a patient to-day, under circumstances which the rules of professional honour do not forbid me to mention. I don’t know, Mrs. Eyrecourt, whether you will quite like to be introduced to the scene of the story. The scene is in a madhouse.”

“Mrs. Eyrecourt burst out with a coquettish little scream, and shook her fan at the doctor. “No horrors!” she cried. “The bare idea of a madhouse distracts me with terror. Oh, fie, fie, I won’t listen to you—I won’t look at you—I positively refuse to be frightened out of my wits. Matilda! wheel me away to the farthest end of the room. My vivid imagination, Father Benwell, is my rock ahead in life. I declare I can *smell* the odious madhouse. Go straight to the window, Matilda; I want to bury my nose among the flowers.”

“Sir John, upon this, spoke for the first time. His language consisted en-

tirely of beginnings of sentences, mutely completed by a smile. "Upon my word, you know. Eh, Doctor Wybrow? A man of your experience. Horrors in madhouses. A lady in delicate health. No, really. Upon my honour, now, I cannot. Something funny, oh, yes. But such a subject, oh, no."

'He rose to leave us. Dr. Wybrow gently stopped him. "I had a motive, Sir John," he said, "but I won't trouble you with needless explanations. There is a person, unknown to me, whom I want to discover. You are a great deal in society when you are in London. May I ask if you have ever met with a gentleman named Winterfield?"

'I have always considered the power of self-control as one of the strongest points in my character. For the future I shall be more humble. When I heard that name, my surprise so completely mastered me that I sat self-betrayed to Dr. Wybrow, as the man who could answer his question.

'In the meanwhile, Sir John took his time to consider, and discovered that he had never heard of a person named Winterfield. Having acknowledged his ignorance, in his own eloquent language, he drifted away to the window-box in the next room, and gravely contemplated Mrs. Eyrecourt, with her nose buried in flowers.

'The doctor turned to me. "Am I wrong, Father Benwell, in supposing that I had better have addressed myself to *you*?"

'I admitted that I knew a gentleman named Winterfield.

'Dr. Wybrow got up directly. "Have you a few minutes to spare?" he asked. It is needless to say that I was at the doctor's disposal. "My house is close by, and my carriage is at the door," he resumed. "When you feel inclined to say good-bye to our friend, Mrs. Eyrecourt, I have something to say to you which I think you ought to know."

'We took our departure at once.

Mrs. Eyrecourt (leaving some of the colour of her nose among the flowers) patted me encouragingly with her fan, and told the doctor that he was forgiven, on the understanding that he would "never do it again." In five minutes more, we were in Dr. Wybrow's study.

'My watch tells me that I cannot hope to finish this letter by post-time. Accept what I have written thus far—and be assured that the conclusion of my report shall follow a day later.

* * * *

II.

'The Doctor began cautiously. "Winterfield is not a very common name," he said. "But it may not be amiss, Father Benwell, to discover, if we can, whether *your* Winterfield is the man of whom I am in search. Do you only know him by name? or are you a friend of his?"

'I answered, of course, that I was a friend.

'Doctor Wybrow went on. "Will you pardon me if I venture on an indiscreet question? When you are acquainted with the circumstances, I am sure you will understand and excuse me. Are you aware of any—what shall I call it?—any romantic incident in Mr. Winterfield's past life?"

'This time—feeling myself, in all probability, on the brink of discovery—I was careful to preserve my composure. I said, quietly, "Some such incident as you describe has occurred in Mr. Winterfield's past life." There I stopped discreetly, and looked as if I knew all about it.

'The Doctor showed no curiosity to hear more. "My object," he went on, "was merely to be reasonably sure that I was speaking to the right person, in speaking to you. I may now tell you that I have no personal interest in trying to discover Mr. Winterfield; I only act as the representative of an old friend of mine. He is

the proprietor of a private asylum at Hampstead—a man whose integrity is beyond dispute, or he would not be my friend. You understand my motive in saying this ?”

‘Proprietors of private asylums are, in these days, the objects of very general distrust in England. I understood the doctor’s motive perfectly.

‘He proceeded. “Yesterday evening, my friend called upon me, and said that he had a remarkable case in his house, which he believed would interest me. The person to whom he alluded was a French boy, whose mental powers had been imperfectly developed from his childhood. The mischief had been aggravated, when he was about fourteen years old, by a serious fright. When he was placed in the asylum, he was not idiotic, and not dangerously mad—it was a case (not to use technical language) of deficient intelligence, tending sometime towards acts of unreasoning mischief and petty theft, but never approaching to acts of downright violence. My friend was especially interested in the lad—won his confidence and affection by acts of kindness—and so improved his bodily health as to justify some hope of also improving the state of his mind, when a misfortune occurred which has altered the whole prospect. The poor creature has fallen ill of a fever, and the fever has developed to typhus. So far, there has been little to interest you—I am coming to a remarkable event at last. At the stage of the fever when delirium usually occurs in patients of sound mind, this crazy French boy has become perfectly sane and reasonable !”

‘I looked at him when he made this amazing assertion, with a momentary doubt of his being in earnest. Doctor Wybrow understood me.

“Just what I thought too, when I first heard it !” he said. “My friend was neither offended nor surprised. After inviting me to go to his house, and judge for myself, he referred me to a similar case, publicly cited in the

Cornhill Magazine, for the month of April, 1879, in an article entitled, *Bodily Illness as a Mental Stimulant*. The article is published anonymously ; but the character of the periodical in which it appears is a sufficient guarantee of the trustworthiness of the statement. I was so far influenced by the testimony thus cited, that I drove to Hampstead and examined the case myself.”

“Did the examination satisfy you ?”

“Thoroughly. When I saw him yesterday, the poor boy was as sane as I am. There is, however, a complication in this instance, which is not mentioned in the case related in print. The boy appears to have entirely forgotten every event in his past life, reckoning from the time when the bodily illness brought with it the strange mental recovery which I have mentioned to you ?”

‘This was a disappointment. I had begun to hope for some coming result, obtained by the lad’s confession.

“Is it quite correct to call him sane, when his memory is gone ?” I ventured to ask.

“In this case, there is no necessity to enter into the question,” the Doctor answered. “The boy’s lapse of memory refers, as I told you, to his past life—that is to say, his life when his intellect was deranged. During the extraordinary interval of sanity that has now declared itself, he is putting his mental powers to their first free use ; and none of them fail him, so far as I can see. His new memory (if I may call it so) preserves the knowledge of what has happened since his illness. You may imagine how this problem in brain disease interests me ; and you will not wonder that I am going back to Hampstead to-morrow afternoon, when I have done with my professional visits. But you may be reasonably surprised at my troubling you with details which are mainly interesting to a medical man.”

‘Was he about to ask me to go with him to the asylum ? I replied very

briefly; merely saying that the details were interesting to every student of human nature. If he could have felt my pulse at that moment, I am afraid he might have thought that I was in a fair way of catching the fever too.

"Prepare yourself," he resumed, "for another surprising circumstance. Mr. Winterfield is, by some incomprehensible accident, associated with one of the mischievous tricks played by the French boy, before he was placed under my friend's care. There, at any rate, is the only explanation by which we can account for the discovery of an envelope, found sewn up in the lining of the lad's waistcoat, and directed to Mr. Winterfield without any address."

"I leave you to imagine the effect which those words produced on me.

"Now," said the doctor, "you will understand why I put such strange questions to you. My friend and I are both hard-working men. We go very little into society, as the phrase is; and neither he nor I had ever heard the name of Winterfield. As a certain proportion of my patients happen to be people with a large experience of society, I undertook to make inquiries, so that the packet might be delivered, if possible, to the right person. You heard how Mrs. Eyrecourt (surely a likely lady to assist me?) received my unlucky reference to the madhouse; and you saw how I puzzled Sir John. I consider myself most fortunate, Father Benwell, in having had the honour of meeting you. Will you accompany me to the asylum to-morrow? And can you add to the favour by bringing Mr. Winterfield with you?"

"This last request it was out of my power—really out of my power—to grant. Winterfield had left London that morning, on his visit to Paris. His address there was, thus far, not known to me.

"Well, you must represent your friend," the doctor said. "Time is every way of importance, in this case.

Will you kindly call here at five, to-morrow afternoon?"

"I was punctual to my appointment. We drove together to the asylum."

"There is no need for me to trouble you with a narrative of what I saw—favoured by Doctor Wybrow's introduction—at the French boy's bedside. It was simply a repetition of what I had already heard. There he lay, at the height of the fever, asking, in the intervals of relief, intelligent questions relating to the medicines administered to him, and perfectly understanding the answers. He was only irritable when we asked him to take his memory back to the time before his illness; and then he answered in French, "I haven't got a memory."

"But I have something else to tell you, which is deserving of your best attention. The envelope and its enclosures (addressed to "Bernard Winterfield, Esqre,") are in my possession. The Christian name sufficiently identifies the inscription with the Winterfield whom I know.

"The circumstances under which the discovery was made were related to me by the proprietor of the asylum.

"When the boy was brought to the house, two French ladies (his mother and sister) accompanied him, and mentioned what had been their own domestic experience of the case. They described the wandering propensities which took the lad away from home, and the odd concealment of his waistcoat, on the last occasion when he had returned from one of his vagrant outbreaks.

"On his first night at the asylum he became excited by finding himself in a strange place. It was necessary to give him a composing draught. On going to bed, he was purposely not prevented from hiding his waistcoat under the pillow, as usual.

"When the sedative had produced its effect, the attendant easily possessed himself of the hidden garment. It was the plain duty of the master of

the house to make sure that nothing likely to be turned to evil uses was concealed by a patient. The seal which had secured the envelope was found, on examination, to have been broken.

"I would not have broken the seal myself," our host added. "But, as things were, I thought it my duty to look at the enclosures. They refer to private affairs of Mr. Winterfield, in which he is deeply interested, and they ought to have been long since placed in his possession. I need hardly say that I consider myself bound to preserve the strictest silence as to what I had read. An envelope, containing some blank sheets of paper, was put back in the boy's waistcoat, so that he might feel it in its place under the lining, when he awoke. The original envelope and enclosures (with a statement of circumstances signed by my assistant and myself) have been secured under another cover, sealed with my own seal. I have done my best to discover Mr. Bernard Winterfield. He appears not to live in London. At least, I failed to find his name in the Directory. I wrote next, mentioning what had happened, to the English gentleman to whom I send reports of the lad's health. He couldn't help me. A second letter to the French ladies, only produced the same result. I own I should be glad to get rid of my responsibility on honourable terms."

"All this was said in the boy's presence. He lay listening to it as if it had been a story told of someone else. I could not resist the useless desire to question him. Not speaking French myself (although I can read the language), I asked Doctor Wybrow and his friend to interpret for me.

"My questions led to nothing. The French boy knew no more about the letter than I did.

"There was no discoverable motive for suspecting him of imposing on us. When I said, 'Perhaps, you stole it?' he answered quite composedly, 'Very likely; they tell me I have been mad: I don't remember it

myself; but mad people do strange things.'" I tried him again. "Or, perhaps, you took it away out of mischief?" "Yes." "And you broke the seal, and looked at the papers?" "I dare say." "And then you kept them hidden, thinking they might be of some use to you? Or perhaps feeling ashamed of what you had done, and meaning to restore them if you got the opportunity?" "You know best, sir." The same result followed when we tried to find out where he had been, and what people had taken care of him, during his last vagrant escape from home. It was a new revelation to him that he had been anywhere. With evident interest, he applied to us to tell him where he had wandered to, and what people he had seen!

"So our last attempts at enlightenment ended. We came to the final question of how to place the papers, with the least possible loss of time, in Mr. Winterfield's lands.

"His absence in Paris having been mentioned, I stated plainly my own position towards him, at the present time.

"Mr. Winterfield has made an appointment with me to call, in a few days, at his hotel in London," I said. "I shall probably be the first friend who sees him on his return from Paris. If you will trust me with your sealed packet, in consideration of these circumstances, I will give you a formal receipt for it in Doctor Wybrow's presence—and I will add any written pledge that you may require on my part, acting as Mr. Winterfield's representative and friend. Perhaps, you would like a reference, as well?"

"He made a courteous reply. 'A friend of Doctor Wybrow's,' he said, 'requires no other reference.'

"Excuse me," I persisted, "I had the honour of meeting Doctor Wybrow, for the first time, yesterday. Permit me to refer you to Lord Loring, who has long known me as his spiritual director and friend."

"This account of myself settled the

matter. I wrote the necessary securities—and I have all the papers lying before me on my desk at this moment.

‘You remember how seals were broken and impressed again, at the Roman post office, in the revolutionary days when we were both young men? Thanks to the knowledge then obtained, the extraordinary events which once associated Mr. Winterfield and Miss Eyrecourt are at last plainly revealed to me. Copies of the papers are in my possession, and the originals are sealed again, with the crest of the proprietor of the asylum, as if nothing had happened. I make no attempt to excuse myself. You know our motto:—
THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS.

‘I don’t propose to make any premature use of the information which I have obtained. The first and foremost necessity, as I have already reminded you, is to give Penrose the undisturbed opportunity of completing the conversion of Romaine. During this interval, my copies of the papers are at the disposal of my reverend brethren at headquarters.

* * * * *

THE STOLEN PAPERS (COPIED).

Number One.—From Emma Winterfield to Bernard Winterfield.

‘4, Maidwell Buildings, Belhaven.

‘How shall I address you? Dear Bernard, or Sir? It doesn’t matter. I am going to do one of the few good actions of my life; and familiarities or formalities matter nothing to a woman who lies on her death bed.

‘Yes—I have met with another accident. Shortly after the date of our separation, you heard, I think, of the fall in the circus that fractured my skull? On that occasion a surgical operation, and a bit of silver plate in place of the bone, put me right again. This time, it has been the kick of a horse in the stables. Some internal injury is the consequence. I may die to-morrow, or live till next week.’ Anyway, the doctor has confessed it,—my time has come.

‘Mind one thing. The drink—that vile habit which lost me your love and banished me from your house—the drink is not to blame for this last misfortune. Only the day before it happened I had taken the pledge, under persuasion of the good rector here, the Reverend Mr. Fennick. It is he who has brought me to make this confession, and who takes it down in writing at my bedside. Do you remember how I once hated the very name of a parson—and when you proposed, in joke, to marry me before the registrar, how I took it in downright earnest, and kept you to your word? We poor horse-riders and acrobats only knew clergymen as the worst enemies we had—always using their influence to keep the people out of our show, and the bread out of our mouths. If I had met with Mr. Fennick in my younger days, what a different woman I might have been!

‘Well, regrets of that kind are useless now. I am truly sorry, Bernard, for the evil that I have done to you; and I ask your pardon with a contrite heart.

‘You will at least allow it in my favour that your drunken wife knew she was unworthy of you. I refused to accept the allowance that you offered to me. I respected your name. For seven years from the time of our separation, I returned to my profession under an assumed name, and never troubled you. The one thing I could not do was to forget you. If you were infatuated by my unlucky beauty, I loved devotedly on my side. The well-born gentleman who had sacrificed everything for my sake, was something more than mortal in my estimation; he was—no! I won’t shock the good man who writes this by saying what he was. Besides, what do you care for my thoughts of you now?

‘If you had only been content to remain as I left you—or if I had not found you out paying your addresses to Miss Eyrecourt, when you believed

that death had released you from me—I should have lived and died, doing you no other injury than the first great injury of consenting to be your wife.

‘But I made the discovery—it doesn’t matter how. Our circus was in Devonshire at the time. My jealous rage maddened me; and I had a wicked admirer in a man who was old enough to be my father. I let him suppose that the way to my favour lay through helping my revenge on the woman who was about to take my place. He found the money to have you watched at home and abroad; he put the false announcement of my death in the daily newspapers to complete your delusion; he baffled the inquiries made through your lawyers to obtain positive proof of my death. And last, and (in those wicked days) best service of all, he took me to Brussels and posted me at the door of the English Church, so that your lawful wife (with her marriage certificate in her hand) was the first person who met you and the mock Mrs. Winterfield, on your way from the altar to the wedding breakfast.

‘I own it, to my shame. I triumphed in the mischief I had done.

‘But I had deserved to suffer; and I did suffer when I heard that Miss Eyrecourt’s mother and her two friends took her away from you—with her own entire approval—at the church door, and restored her to society, without a stain on her reputation. How the Brussels marriage was kept a secret I could not find out. And when I threatened them with exposure, I got a lawyer’s letter, and was advised in my own interests to hold my tongue. The rector has since told me that the marriage could be lawfully declared null and void, and that the circumstances would excuse *you*, before any judge in England. I can now well understand that people with rank and money to help them can keep their own secrets, and avoid exposure to which the poor, in their places, must submit.

‘One more duty (the last) still remains to be done.

‘I declare solemnly, on my death-bed, that you acted in perfect good faith when you married Miss Eyrecourt. You have not only been a man cruelly injured by me, but vilely insulted and misjudged by the two Eyrecourts, and by the lord and lady who encouraged them to set you down as a villain guilty of heartless and shameless deceit.

‘It is my conviction that these people might have done more than misinterpreted your honourable submission to the circumstances in which you were placed. They might have prosecuted you for bigamy—if they could have got me to appear against you. I am comforted when I remember that I did make some small amends. I kept out of their way and yours from that day to this.

‘I am told that I owe it to you to leave proof of my death behind me.

‘When the doctor writes my certificate, he will mention the mark by which I may be identified, if this reaches you (as I hope and believe it will) between the time of my death and burial. The rector, who will close and seal these lines, as soon as the breath is out of my body, will add what he can to identify me; and the landlady of this house is ready to answer any questions that may be put to her. This time you may be really assured that you are free. When I am buried, and they show you my nameless grave in the churchyard, I know your kind heart—I die, Bernard, in the firm belief that you will forgive me.

‘There was one thing more that I had to ask of you, relating to a poor lost creature who is in the room with us at this moment. But, oh, I am so weary! Mr. Fennick will tell you what it is. Say to yourself sometimes—perhaps when you have married some lady who is worthy of you—There was good as well as bad in poor Emma. Farewell.’

Number Two. From The Reverend Charles Fennick To Bernard Winterfield.

‘The Rectory, Belhaven.

‘Sir.—It is my sad duty to inform you that Mrs. Emma Winterfield died this morning, a little before five o’clock. I will add no comment of mine to the touching language in which she has addressed you. God has, I most sincerely believe, accepted the poor sinner’s repentance. Her contrite spirit is at peace, among the forgiven ones in the world beyond the grave.

‘In consideration of her wish that you should see her in death, the coffin will be kept open until the last moment. The medical man in attendance has kindly given me a copy of his certificate, which I enclose. You will see that the remains are identified by the description of a small silver plate, on the right parietal bone of the skull.

‘I need hardly add that all the information I can give you is willingly at your service.

‘She mentions, poor soul, something which she had to ask of you. I prefer the request which, in her exhausted state, she was unable to address to you in her own words.

‘While the performances of the circus were taking place in the next county to ours, a wandering lad, evidently of deficient intelligence, was discovered, trying to creep under the tent to see what was going on. He could give no intelligible account of himself. The late Mrs. Winterfield, whose early life I understand to have been passed in France, discovered that the boy was French, and felt interested in the unfortunate creature, from former happy association with kind friends of his nation. She took care of him, from that time to the day of her death—and he appeared to be gratefully attached to her.

‘I say “appeared,” because an inveterate reserve marks one of the peculiarities of the mental affliction from which he suffers. Even his benefactress never could persuade him to take

her into his confidence. In other respects, her influence (so far as I can learn) had been successfully exerted in restraining certain mischievous propensities in him, which occasionally showed themselves. The effect of her death has been to intensify that reserve to which I have already alluded. He is sullen and irritable—and the good landlady at the lodgings does not disguise that she shrinks from taking care of him, even for a few days. Until I hear from you, he will remain under the charge of my servants at the rectory.

‘You have, no doubt, anticipated the request which the poor sufferer wished to address to you, but a few hours before her death. She hoped that you might be willing to place this helpless and friendless creature under competent protection. Failing your assistance, I shall have no alternative, however I may regret it, but to send him to the workhouse of this town, on his way, probably, to the public asylum.

‘Believe me, sir, your faithful servant,

‘CHARLES FENNICK.

‘P.S.—I fear my letter and its enclosures may be delayed in reaching you.

‘Yesterday evening, I had returned to my house, before it occurred to me that Mrs. Winterfield had not mentioned her address. My only excuse for this forgetfulness is, that I was very much distressed while I was writing by her bedside. I at once went back to the lodgings; but she had fallen asleep, and I dare not disturb her. This morning, when I returned to the house, she was dead. There is an allusion to Devonshire in her letter, which suggests that your residence may be in that county; and I think she once spoke of you as a person of rank and fortune. Having failed to find your name in a London directory, I am now about to search our free library here for a county history of Devon, on the chance that it may as-

sist me. Let me add, for your own satisfaction, that no eyes but mine will see these papers. For security's sake, I shall seal them at once, and write your name on the envelope.'

* * * * *

Added by Father Benwell.

'How the boy contrived to possess himself of the sealed packet, we shall probably never know. He was in the room—as the confession mentions—while the rector was writing from the dying woman's dictation. On the next day, he might have seen Mr. Fennick employed over his own letter, and might have put the two writings together in his crazy brain. Anyhow, we know that he must have escaped from the rectory, with the papers in possession, and that he did certainly get back to his mother and sister in London.

'With such complete information as I now have at my disposal, the prospect is as clear again as we can desire. The separation of Romaine from his wife, and the alteration of his will in favour of the Church, seem to be now merely questions of time.'

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

—

Book the Fourth.

CHAPTER I.

THE BREACH IS WIDENED.

A FORTNIGHT after Father Benwell's discovery, Stella followed her husband one morning into his study. 'Have you heard from Mr. Penrose?' she inquired.

'Yes. He will be here to-morrow.

'To make a long visit?'

'I hope so. The longer the better.'

She looked at him with a mingled expression of surprise and reproach.

'Why do you say that?' she asked.

'Why do you want him so much—when you have got Me?'

Thus far, he had been sitting at his desk, resting his head on his hand, with his downcast eyes fixed on an open book. When she put her last question to him, he suddenly looked up. Through the large window at his side the morning light fell on his face. The haggard look of suffering, which Stella remembered on the day when they met on the deck of the steamboat, was again visible—not softened and chastened now by the touching resignation of the by-gone time, but intensified by the dogged and despairing endurance of a man weary of himself and his life. Her heart ached for him. She said softly, 'I don't mean to reproach you.'

'Are you jealous of Penrose?' he asked, with a bitter smile.

She desperately told him the truth. 'I am afraid of Penrose,' she answered.

He eyed her with a strange expression of suspicious surprise. 'Why are you afraid of Penrose?'

It was no time to run the risk of irritating him. The torment of the voice had returned in the past night. The old gnawing remorse of the fatal day of the duel had betrayed itself in the wild words that escaped him, when he sank into a broken slumber as the morning dawned. Feeling the truest pity for him, she was still resolute to assert herself against the coming interference of Penrose. She tried her ground by a dangerous means—the means of an indirect reply.

'I think you might have told me,' she said, 'that Penrose was a Catholic priest.'

He looked down again at his book. 'How did you know Penrose was a Catholic priest?'

'I had only to look at the direction on your letters to him.'

'Well, and what is there to frighten you in his being a priest? You told me at the Loring's ball that you took an interest in Penrose, because I liked him.'

'I didn't know then, Lewis, that he had concealed his profession from us.'

I can't help distrusting a man who does that.'

He laughed—not very kindly. 'You might as well say you distrust a man who conceals that he is an author, by writing an anonymous book. What Penrose did, he did under orders from his superior—and, moreover, he frankly owned to me that he was a priest. If you blame anybody, you had better blame me for respecting his confidence.'

She drew back from him, hurt by the tone in which he spoke to her. 'I remember the time, Lewis,' she said, 'when you would have been more indulgent towards my errors—even if I am wrong.'

That simple appeal touched his better nature. 'I don't mean to be hard on you, Stella,' he answered. 'It is a little irritating to hear you say that you distrust the most devoted and most affectionate friend that man ever had. Why can't I love my wife and love my friend too? You don't know, when I am trying to get on with my book, how I miss the help and sympathy of Penrose. The very sound of his voice used to encourage me. Come, Stella, give me a kiss—and let us, as the children say, make it up!'

He rose from his writing-table. She met him more than half way, and pressed all her love—and perhaps a little of her fear—on his lips. He returned the kiss as warmly as it was given; and then, unhappily for both of them, he went back to the subject.

'My own love,' he said, 'try to like my friend, for my sake; and be tolerant of other forms of Christianity besides the form which happens to be your's.'

Her smiling lips closed; she turned from him. With the sensitive selfishness of a woman's love, she looked on Penrose as a robber who had stolen the sympathies which should have been wholly her's. As she moved away, her quick observation noticed the open book on the desk, with notes and lines in pencil on the margin of the page. What had Romaine been reading

which interested him in *that* way? If he had remained silent she would have addressed the inquiry to him openly. But he was hurt, on his side, by the sudden manner of her withdrawal from him. He spoke—and his tone was colder than ever.

'I won't attempt to combat your prejudices,' he said. 'But one thing I must seriously ask of you. When my friend Penrose comes here to-morrow, don't treat him as you treated Mr. Winterfield.'

There was a momentary paleness in her face which looked like fear—but it passed away again. She confronted him firmly, with steady eyes.

'Why do you refer again to that?' she asked, 'Is——' (she hesitated, and recovered herself)—'is Mr. Winterfield another devoted friend of your's?'

He walked to the door, as if he could hardly trust his temper if he answered her—stopped—and thinking better of it, turned towards her again.

'We won't quarrel, Stella,' he rejoined; 'I will only say I am sorry you don't appreciate my forbearance. Your reception of Mr. Winterfield has lost me the friendship of a man whom I sincerely liked, and who might have assisted my literary labours. You were ill at the time, and anxious about Mrs. Eyrecourt. I respected your devotion to your mother. I remember your telling me, when you first went away to nurse her, that your conscience accused you of having sometimes thoughtlessly neglected your mother in her days of health and good spirits, and I admired the motive of atonement which took you to her bedside. For those reasons, I shrank from saying a word that might wound you. But, because I was silent, it is not the less true that you surprised and disappointed me. Don't do it again! Whatever you may privately think of Catholic priests, I once more seriously request you not to let Penrose see it.'

He left the room.

She stood, looking after him as he closed the door, like a woman thun-

derstruck. Never yet had he looked at her, as he looked when he spoke his last warning words. With a heavy sigh she roused herself. The vague dread with which his tone rather than his words had inspired her, strangely associated itself with the momentary curiosity which she had felt, on noticing the annotated book that lay on his desk.

She snatched up the volume, and looked at the open page. It contained

the closing paragraphs of an eloquent attack on Protestantism, from the Roman Catholic point of view. With trembling hands, she turned back to the title-page. It presented this written inscription :—‘To Lewis Romaine from his attached friend and servant, Arthur Penrose.’

‘God help me!’ she said to herself, ‘the priest has got between us already!’

(To be continued.)

CUPID'S MISSIVE.

A FLORA'S head ; from eyes a shower
Of starlight over face and figure,
And in the mouth a sense of power,
And in the step a note of vigour.

Hair blacker than the murkiest night
No pads, no fiz—lynx eyes may scan it,
The forehead—a piece of lunar light
Cut by an archway on white granite.

The column'd neck—but I must pause,
My senses reel—what if I lose 'em !
Old Hogarth's line—sweet beauty's laws
Are folded in that ample bosom.

The form—no angel's—rather hers
Who came with Neptune's sunny spray lit,
We'd swear—or else my judgment errs—
If you had wings to fly away with.

We met—once in the busy street—
And once when dancing ruled the season,
We did not dance—but yet your feet
Bore me along in spite of reason.

And so I sit, and write, and weave
This little wreath of careless rhyming,
And half I joy, and half I grieve,
To know my name is past divining.

As one may sing to eve's sweet star
Upon the young night's forehead glowing,
I sing to you ; as near, as far,
Hold on your radiant course unknowing.

GEORGE ELIOT, THE NOVELIST.

BY J. M. BUCHAN, M.A., HAMILTON.

'I SHOULD like, when I came to die, to be able to think that I had spent my life in doing something better than writing novels,' was an inappreciative criticism made in my hearing on the career of the great writer whose *nom de plume* stands at the head of this article. The author of the criticism expressed the deep-implanted feeling of society that those of its members who cater to the general desire for amusement are not the equals of the rest; and she obviously looked on George Eliot as a mere caterer for amusement. This short and easy method of settling the question cannot, however, be regarded as satisfactory. Great works of art of any kind elevate, refine and instruct, and this is particularly true of George Eliot's novels. Throughout the whole of them the reader feels himself brought into contact with a profound thinker and a robust moralist, and there are many ethical truths enforced in them with an effectiveness which the most eloquent of preachers cannot hope to rival.

Now, we shall not attempt to decide as to the relative importance of novel writing and other occupations, but shall simply direct attention to the immense influence which the novel exercises in educating the feelings and forming the opinions of civilized beings. Indeed, the position taken by the novel is the most striking fact of the literary history of this century. It, to a great extent, fills the place held by the ballad in unlettered ages and

by the drama during and after the *Renaissance*. As our ancestors betook themselves to the ballad or the play for intellectual amusement, so we betake ourselves to novels. And the influence of the latter is much more extensive than that of either of the former ever was. The ballad needed a reciter, the play needed actors; but the printed novel we have always with us. When still very young, we begin with that kind of novel known as the Sunday School Book; when a little older, we read dime novels surreptitiously in school; when we grow up, we read novels on journeys, on holidays, in the intervals of ordinary business, and, some of us, even at meal times. In the case of many they remain the favourite solace and pastime to extreme old age. Henry Crabb Robinson, at the age of ninety-one, records in his diary that he has wasted a day in reading a novel, and wonders if he will ever overcome the habit.

When we read other works we are critical, we are on our guard, we examine and sift arguments. When we read a novel we seek simply to be amused; our minds are in an open and receptive state; they assimilate, without noticing it, the views of the author. Two hundred years ago some one said, 'Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes their laws.' If he were living now, he would wish to write their novels.

The novels which any one author writes form an inappreciable fraction of the number produced. The shelves

of booksellers everywhere groan under them, and an army of authors and publishers toil incessantly to produce them. But this state of things, while it renders the average author more obscure, brings into greater prominence and renders more influential him whose excellence is conspicuous. This power is wielded not only over his readers, but over all other writers of his own and subsequent generations until he is forgotten. In such a position of conspicuous excellence George Eliot stands, and it accordingly becomes a matter of importance to form a correct estimate of her literary character and influence.

To understand an author's position in the history of literature, we must first of all know the history of the period in which his intellect grew to maturity, and, in particular, we must understand the intellectual history of that period. For all men are affected by their surroundings, and budding geniuses more strongly than men of riper years or less powerful intellect. Sometimes the effect of the intellectual ideas of the age is one of repulsion; more generally one of attraction. The latter was the case with George Eliot. Born in 1820, in an England in which the times to many seemed very much out of joint, she grew up in an age of mutation. A great advance of democratic ideas had brought about the Reform Bill of 1832 and many concomitant political changes; a great advance of the spirit of religious liberalism had brought about Catholic emancipation and the removal of many restrictions upon dissenters. While these things were disturbing men's minds, great industrial reforms were in progress. Numerous inventions and improvements in machinery for manufacturing, and the increasing use of steam as a motive power, were causing great changes in the work, and unsettling the habits of great masses of the nation. It was, in consequence, an age of intellectual unrest. No accepted religious, philoso-

phical, political or social opinion remained unchallenged.

But to understand an author thoroughly we must know something more than the intellectual and general history of his age. We should know enough of his private history to understand how the spirit of his age operated upon him; whether it clashed or accorded with inherited tendencies and with the views of parents, teachers and elder friends instrumental in forming his mind. We should know, also, what his other surroundings in the youthful or formative period of his life were. Unfortunately, we know very little about the life of George Eliot. About her early years, in particular, she seems to have been extremely reticent, while even over some of the most important facts of her later life a cloud of doubt hangs.

Mary Ann Evans was born on November 22, 1820, at Griff, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire, the native country of Shakespeare. Her surname indicates Welsh extraction, and it is probable that she, like the great majority of the inhabitants of that part of the country, was of mixed English and Welsh blood. According to Kate Field, in a letter published in the *New York Tribune*, she was fair, and of large frame, and her face, from its 'heaviness and weight of cheek-bone,' greatly resembled that of a German. Every human being, it is said, has a likeness, more or less distant, to some animal; the countenance of George Eliot, to those curious in tracing such similarities, recalled that of a horse. She appears to have been sensitive with regard to her appearance, for she never had her photograph taken. We are told, however, that a sketch of her features made by one of her friends is sufficiently good to serve as a basis for handing down her likeness to posterity.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the following account of her early life:

'Her father, Robert Evans, was land agent and surveyor to five estates

in Warwickshire. He was highly respected, and his reputation for trustworthiness may be said to have been proverbial. Mary Ann was the youngest of three children by a second marriage, Mr. Evans having also a son and daughter by his first wife. She was a remarkable child in many ways, thoughtful and earnest, and at the age of twelve might have been seen teaching in the Sunday-school in a little cottage near her father's house. She received her first education at Miss Franklin's school in Coventry. Her mother died when she was fifteen. It cannot be doubted that her girlish experiences in that prosaic country district were so many hoarded treasures in her retentive memory which served to enrich her first three novels and her "Scenes of Clerical Life." Her letters of those days show a penetration, wit and philosophical observation belonging rather to mature life, and they show, also, that her life was deeply imbued with evangelical sentiments. Her sisters and brothers having married, she lived alone with her father, who in 1841 removed from Griff to Foleshill, near Coventry. In this somewhat more populous neighbourhood she soon became known as a person of more than common interest, and, moreover, as a most devoted daughter and the excellent manager of her father's household. There was perhaps little at first sight which betokened genius in that quiet, gentlemanly girl, with pale, grave face, naturally pensive in expression; and ordinary acquaintances regarded her chiefly for the kindness and sympathy that were never wanting to any. But to those with whom, by some unspoken affinity, her soul could expand, her expressive gray eyes would light up with intense meaning and humour, and the low, sweet voice, with its peculiar mannerism of speaking—which, by the way, wore off in after years—would give utterance to thoughts so rich and singular that converse with Miss Evans, even in those days, made

speech with other people seem flat and common. Miss Evans was an exemplification of the fact that a great genius is not an exceptional, capricious product of nature, but a thing of slow, laborious growth, the fruit of industry and the general culture of the faculties. At Foleshill, with ample means and leisure, her real education began. She took lessons in Greek and Latin from the Rev. T. Sheepshanks, then head master of the Coventry Grammar School, and she acquired French, German and Italian from Signor Brezzi. An acquaintance with Hebrew was the result of her own unaided efforts. From Mr. Simms, the veteran organist of St. Michael's, Coventry, she received lessons in music, although it was her own fine musical sense which made her in after years an admirable pianoforte player. Nothing once learned escaped her marvellous memory, and her keen sympathy with all human feelings, in which lay the secret of her power of discriminating character, caused a constant fund of knowledge to flow into her treasure-house from the social world about her. Among the intimate friends whom she made in Coventry were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray—both well known in literary circles. In Mr. Bray's family she found sympathy with her ardent love of knowledge and with the more enlightened views that had begun to supplant those under which (as she described it) her spirit had been grievously burdened. Emerson, Froude, George Combe, Robert Mackay and many other men of mark were at various times guests at Mr. Bray's house at Rosehill while Miss Evans was there either as in-nate or occasional visitor, and many a time might have been seen pacing up and down the lawn or grouped under an old acacia men of thought and research discussing all things in heaven and earth and listening with marked attention when one gentlewoman's voice was heard to utter what they were quite sure had been well matured before the lips

opened. Few, if any, could feel themselves her superior in general intelligence, and it was amusing one day to see the amazement of a certain doctor who, venturing on a quotation from Epictetus to an unassuming young lady, was with modest politeness corrected in his Greek by his feminine auditor. One rare characteristic belonged to her which gave a peculiar charm to her conversation. She had no petty egotism, no spirit of contradiction; she never talked for effect. A happy thought well expressed filled her with delight; in a moment she would seize the point and improve upon it, so that common people began to feel themselves wise in her presence, and perhaps years after she would remind them, to their pride and surprise, of the good things they had said.

‘It was during her residence in Foleshill that she translated the “Lieben Jesu.” This work she undertook at the instigation of Mrs. Bray’s brother, the late Charles Hennell, a writer now remembered only by the few, but whose “Enquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity” (1838) was recognised in England and Germany as a signal service to the cause of liberal thought. The labour of rendering Strauss’s masterpiece into clear idiomatic English was by no means light, and her intimate friends of that time well remember the strain it entailed upon her. She completed her task (1846) in scarcely more than a year, and had the satisfaction of being complimented by Strauss upon the success that had attended her efforts.

‘Miss Evans’s father died in 1849, and in the summer of that year she accompanied her friends, the Brays, on a Continental tour, and by her own choice was left behind at Geneva, where she stayed till the following spring. On her return to England she made her home with the same family until 1851, when she was persuaded by Dr. Chapman to take up her residence in the Strand and assist

him in the conduct of the *Westminster Review*.’

Shortly after this she appears to have become a contributor to the *Leader*, a long since extinct weekly. Among the other writers for this publication were George Henry Lewes, Thornton Hunt and George Jacob Holyoake. The last-mentioned writer, who is still alive, had at that time acquired a considerable reputation by the publication of a work in which he advocated a system of religion based on morality. To this system he gave the name of Secularism.

About this time, doubtless, Miss Evans became acquainted with Mr. Lewes, who was destined to play an important part in the romance of her life. He was married to a handsome woman to whom he was very much attached. Some years after this, when the *Leader* had ceased to exist, and Thornton Hunt was employed on the *Spectator*, she eloped with him. For some reason Mr. Lewes did not obtain a divorce; but he and Miss Evans, having formed an attachment for each other, assembled their friends, explained the situation, and announced that they intended to live together thereafter as man and wife. This singularly contracted union continued unbroken till the death of Mr. Lewes, in 1878.

Judgment on this remarkable step must, of course, be suspended until the motives and circumstances of those who took it are more fully known. It seems not to have involved social ostracism, for we are informed that Mrs. Lewes had a considerable number of friends, that she received them regularly on Sunday afternoons, and that a daughter and son-in-law of the Queen dined with her and Mr. Lewes. Whatever be our ultimate decision about this matter, we shall not be able from her writings to convict our authoress of loose notions with regard to the seventh commandment. No preacher in our day has more effectively enforced the duty of

observing it than the creator of Hetty Sorrel, Mrs. Transome, and Mrs. Glasher.

The partners thus unconventionally joined were in many respects well mated. Both were physically unattractive and intellectually accomplished. Lewes, a red-haired, pock-marked man, who is perhaps best known as the biographer of Goethe, possessed a versatile and powerful intellect. He has some reputation as a novelist, a dramatist, a biographer, a musical, dramatic and literary critic, a writer on scientific subjects and the history of philosophy, and as the propounder of a new philosophical system. Miss Evans was mistress of Greek, Latin, Hebrew and five or six modern languages, had an extensive acquaintance with their literatures, and was versed in music, painting and sculpture.

In 1854 Miss Evans published a translation of Feuerbach's 'Essence of Christianity,' a somewhat heterodox German book. But the writing of reviews and translations, ably as she did it, was not the work for which she was best qualified. She had before this published two short crude tales, called 'Brother Jacob,' and 'The Lifted Veil.' Feeling that her powers had ripened, stimulated by a desire for more remunerative employment, and urged on by Lewes, she published in 1857, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, 'Three Scenes of Clerical Life.' These tales attracted the attention of Dickens, who expressed the opinion that a new star had risen above the literary horizon.

Her next venture was 'Adam Bede,' published in 1859. This had so great a success that the attention of critics was attracted, and George Eliot's novels were reviewed in elaborate articles. Some of these contained amusing guesses as to the personality of the new novelist. One critic came to the conclusion that George Eliot was a gentleman of high church tendencies. Then a Mr. Joseph Liggins was extensively credited with the au-

thorship of the Eliot tales. A writer in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1859, came nearer the mark. After stating that he could not conceive it possible for any man to have written the history of Hetty Sorrel, as it is written in 'Adam Bede,' he summed up the arguments on the other side drawn from the unlikelihood of there being any woman endowed with the intellectual power, the breadth, depth, and justness of thought, and the other qualities which distinguish the author of 'Adam Bede,' and at last left the question undecided. Finally the public were authoritatively informed that George Eliot was a lady, and the translator of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus.'

'Adam Bede' was followed in 1860 by 'The Mill on the Floss.' Then came 'Silas Marner' in 1861, 'Romola' in 1863, and 'Felix Holt' in 1866. Ceasing for a time from novel-writing, George Eliot turned her attention to poetry, and produced the 'Spanish Gypsy,' a dramatic poem, in 1868, and 'Agatha' in 1869. In 1871 appeared 'Middlemarch,' in 1874 'the Legend of Jubal,' in 1876 'Daniel Deronda,' and in 1879 the 'Impressions of Theophrastus Such.'

In November, 1878, Lewes died, and his relict announced that she would cease to write. In May, 1880, she married John Walter Cross, a London business man, younger than herself, but over forty years of age. In December of the same year she died of an attack of pericarditis, thus ending a studious and laborious life of sixty years.

These are the dry bones of the biography of George Eliot, so far as known to the writer. If the skeleton were clothed with flesh, we should know how the various influences operated which we can dimly perceive to have affected her character. We have learned, indeed, that from the age of thirty-one or thereabouts she lived in a society that was remarkable for its intellectual wealth. But Miss Evans's tone of thought had probably been decid-

ed before she became connected with the *Westminster Review* or met Lewes or Herbert Spencer. We must attribute greater importance to the influence of Charles Bray, Charles Hennell, and their friends. About the other influences which moulded her in the formative period of her life we know nothing positively. The attentive reader of her novels may, however, make a feeble attempt to fill this void by conjecture. For unlike that other great native of the same county, Shakespeare, her personality is to some extent evident behind the screen of her work. The utmost ingenuity of countless commentators has failed to enable us to place before our mind's eye a good picture of the surroundings of the youthful Shakespeare, or of the opinions, tastes, and rules of action which governed the life of the matured man. But from George Eliot's works there might be collected a series of excerpts which would very fully illustrate her inner life, and she has delineated for us again and again that outer world in which she passed her youth. She was brought up among an easy-going agricultural people inhabiting a certain part of Loamshire. This is our authoress's name for the great central plain of England. To the north of the particular part of Loamshire, namely, northern Warwickshire, in which the scene of the majority of her novels is laid, is Stonyshire, probably Derbyshire, a mining and manufacturing county inhabited by a population contrasting strongly in some points with their southern neighbours. In Stonyshire dissent and particularly Methodism flourished, while in Loamshire there was less of these elements. In a few places in both counties Low Church clergymen had begun to disturb the doctrinal deadness of the Establishment, but the clergy in general belonged to the preceding school. The great evangelical movement was, in fact, just reaching this part of England. Near the borders, then, of Loamshire and Stonyshire, George

Eliot's youthful mind awoke to intellectual activity. We cannot help fancying that the mental and emotional experiences of precocious Maggie Tulliver throw considerable light on those of the creator of that character. As we read 'The Mill on the Floss,' we feel that Marian Evans was the little girl who hated patchwork, fed her imagination on prints of the devil, and made the ineffectual attempt to interest Luke Moggs, the miller, in foreign races and strange animals. We feel too that there is another autobiographical revelation in the chapter in which Maggie derives consolation from reading Thomas à Kempis's 'De Imitatione Christi.' Whatever else be uncertain, we are safe in conjecturing that Marian Evans had a deep religious experience. For strange as the assertion may seem, when made of a sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*, no other novelist has represented the workings of the religious emotions with greater fidelity. Witness the characters of Mr. Tryan, the consumptive curate, Rufus Lyon, the dissenting minister, Savonarola, and Dinah Morris, the female preacher. She has worked this mine with so thorough an understanding of the nature of the ore, that we feel certain that in her early years she must have experienced what the Evangelicals call 'vital religion.'

But around the girl who had this inner life, there circled a world of human beings, mainly dull and commonplace, whom her pen has rendered immortal. There were yeomen and tenant farmers, such as Poyser, Pullett, Tulliver, Moss, and Squire Cass, grocers, butchers and farriers, doctors and apothecaries, servants in great houses, poor curates and well-to-do rectors, lawyers, artisans, labourers, and landed proprietors. There were their wives and other female relatives exhibiting every variety of character: sharp-tongued Mrs. Hackit, Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Cadwallader, forehanded Mrs. Jerome and Mrs. Winthrop, heathen

Mrs. Patten, sillily correct Mary Linnett, lofty-natured Janet Dempster, amiable Mrs. Barton, the indescribable Dodson family, selfish and unreasoning Hetty Sorrel and Rosamond Vinney, the unendurable Mrs. Holt and her congener Lisbeth Bede. We do not, of course, mean to assert that all or even many of the characters painted in George Eliot's novels are exact copies from life, but that the general effect of the picture is correct. It is a true representation of Warwickshire society as she saw it.

It appears probable that some of George Eliot's most conspicuous mental and other traits were inherited from her father. He is generally supposed to be the original of Caleb Garth in 'Middlemarch'; we are inclined to add the conjecture that he formed the groundwork of 'Adam Bede.' Both these characters resemble each other in their honesty, trustworthiness and manliness; in the intensely practical character of their intellects; in their love for numerical calculations, and in making a religion of their business. Adam Bede, however, is quick-tempered and pecuniarily successful. Caleb Garth, on the contrary, even-tempered and always in financial difficulties. The following is George Eliot's description of the latter:—

'Caleb made no rejoinder, but presently lowered his spectacles, drew up his chair to his desk, and said:—"Deuce take the bill, I wish it was at Hanover. These things are a sad interruption to business."

'The first part of his speech comprised his whole store of maledictory expression, and was uttered with a slight snarl easy to imagine. But it would be difficult to convey to those who never heard him utter the word "business," the peculiar tone of fervid veneration, of religious regard, in which he wrapped it, as a consecrated symbol is wrapped in its gold-fringed linen.

'Caleb Garth often shook his head in meditation on the value, the indispen-

sable might of that myriad-headed, myriad-handed labour by which the social body is fed, clothed and housed. It had laid hold of his imagination in boyhood. The echoes of the great hammer, where roof or keel were a-making, the signal-shouts of the workmen, the roar of the furnace, the thunder and splash of the engine, were a sublime music to him; the felling and lading of timber, and the huge trunk vibrating star-like in the distance along the highway, the crane at work on the wharf, the piled-up produce in warehouses, the precision and variety of muscular effort wherever exact work had to be turned out—all these sights of his youth had acted on him as poetry without the aid of the poets; had made a philosophy for him without the aid of philosophers; a religion without the aid of theology. His early ambition had been to have as effective a share as possible in this sublime labour, which was peculiarly dignified by him with the name of "business," and though he had only been a short time under a surveyor, and had been chiefly his own teacher, he knew more of land, building and mining, than most of the special men in the county.

'His classification of human employments was rather crude, and like the categories of most celebrated men, would not be acceptable in these advanced times. He divided them into "business, politics, preaching, learning, and amusement." He had nothing to say against the last four; but he regarded them as a reverential pagan regarded other gods than his own. In the same way he thought very well of all ranks, but he would not himself have liked to be of any rank in which he had not such close contact with "business," as to get often honourably decorated with marks of dust and mortar, the damp of the engine, or the sweet soil of the woods and fields. Though he had never regarded himself as other than an Orthodox Christian, and would argue on convenient grace if the subject were proposed to him, I

think his virtual divinities were good practical schemes, accurate work, the faithful completion of undertakings ; his prince of darkness was a slack workman. But there was no spirit of denial in Caleb, and the world seemed so wondrous to him that he was ready to accept any number of systems, like any number of firmaments, if they did not obviously interfere with the best land drainage, solid building, correct measuring, and judicious boring (for coal). In fact, he had a reverential soul, with a strong practical intelligence. But he could not manage finance ; he knew values well, but he had no keenness of imagination for monetary results in the shape of profit and loss ; and having ascertained this to his cost, he determined to give up all forms of his beloved "business," which required that talent. He gave himself up entirely to the many kinds of work which he could do without handling capital, and was one of those precious men within his own district whom every body would choose to work for them, because he did his work well, charged very little, and often declined to charge at all. It is no wonder, then, that the Garths were poor, and "lived in a small way." However, they did not mind it.

Whatever betheexact amount of the correspondence between the characters of Robert Evans and Caleb Garth, we have no doubt that George Eliot inherited from her father that desire to make her work complete in every detail, and that delight in a thorough performance which are exemplified by the numerous scenes and characters which she has delineated for us with all the minute fidelity of Dutch painting. There is likewise another analogy perceptible. As the poetical and philosophical reveries of Caleb Garth were nourished by the contemplation of the complex machinery by which the social body is fed, clothed and housed, as he loved to be in contact with the work of the world, so George Eliot delights in dwelling on the complexity

of human affairs, in bringing her readers into contact with the actual, and in deducing her poetry and philosophy from it. Her best characters are permeated with their particular occupations.

It is easy to see the influence of these native tendencies, of some of her associations, and of the scientific and democratic spirit of the age in her theory of novel-writing. The world that she essays to paint is the work-a-day world, and in the true scientific spirit she tries to paint it as it is, whether all the facts be or be not in accordance with her pet views. Fact first, accurate fact, and then theory, if you choose. In the true democratic spirit she holds that the ordinary and common-place lives of the great majority of mankind are better worth delineating, and more deserving of our sympathy, than those of impossible heroes. She is filled to overflowing with the religion of humanity. But we must let her give her theory of novel-writing in her own words :

"This Rector of Broxton is little better than a Pagan," I hear one of my lady readers exclaim. "How much more edifying it would have been if you had made him give Arthur some truly spiritual advice. You might have put into his mouth the most beautiful things—quite as good reading as a sermon."

"Certainly I could, my fair critic, if I were a clever novelist, not obliged to creep servilely after nature and fact, but able to represent things as they never have been and never will be. Then, of course, my characters would be entirely of my own choosing, and I could select the most unexceptionable type of a clergyman, and put my own admirable opinions into his mouth on all occasions. But you must have perceived long ago that I have no such lofty vocation, and that I aspire to give no more than a faithful account of men and things as they have mirrored themselves in my mind. The mirror is doubtless defective ; the outlines will sometimes be disturbed ;

the reflection faint or confused ; but I feel as much bound to tell you, as precisely as I can, what that reflection is, as if I were in the witness-box narrating my experience on oath.

‘Sixty years ago—it is a long time, so no wonder things have changed—all clergymen were not zealous ; indeed, there is reason to believe that the number of zealous clergymen was small, and it is probable that if one among the small minority had owned the livings of Broxton and Hayslope in the year 1799, you would have liked him no better than you would have liked Mr. Irwine. Ten to one you would have thought him a tasteless, indiscreet, methodistical man. It is so very rarely that facts hit that nice medium required by our own enlightened opinion and refined taste ! Perhaps you will say, “Do improve the facts a little, then ; make them more accordant with those correct views which it is our privilege to possess. The world is not just what we like ; do touch it up with a tasteful pencil, and make believe it is not quite such a mixed entangled affair. Let all people who hold unexceptionable opinions act unexceptionably. Let your most faulty characters always be on the wrong side, and your virtuous ones on the right. Then we shall see at a glance whom we are to condemn and whom we are to approve. Then we shall be able to admire, without the slightest disturbance of our prepossessions ; we shall hate and despise with that true ruminant relish which belongs to undoubting confidence.”

‘But, my good friend, what will you do then with your fellow-parishioner who opposes your husband in the vestry ?—with your newly-appointed vicar, whose style of preaching you find painfully below that of his regretted predecessor ?—with the honest servant who worries your soul with her one failing ?—with your neighbour, Mrs. Green, who was really kind to you in your last illness, but has said several ill-natured things about

you since your convalescence ?—nay, with your excellent husband himself, who has other irritating habits besides that of not wiping his shoes ? These fellow-mortals, every one, must be accepted as they are ; you can neither straighten their noses, nor brighten their wit, nor rectify their dispositions ; and it is these people—among whom your life is passed—that it is needful that you should tolerate, pity, and love ; it is these more or less ugly, stupid, inconsistent people whose movements of goodness you should be able to admire—for whom you should cherish all possible hopes, all possible patience.

‘And I would not, even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who could create a world so much better than this, in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets and the common green fields—on the real breathing men and women, who can be chilled by your indifference or injured by your prejudice ; who can be helped forward by your fellow-feeling, your forbearance, your outspoken, brave justice.

‘So I am content to tell my simple story without trying to make things seem better than they were ; dreading nothing, indeed, but falsity, which, in spite of one’s best efforts, there is reason to dread. Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult. The pencil is conscious of a delightful facility in drawing a griffin—the longer the claws, and the larger the wings the better ; but that marvellous facility, which we mistook for genius, is apt to forsake us when we want to draw a real unexaggerated lion. Examine your words well, and you will find that even when you have no motive to be false, it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, even about your own immediate feelings—much harder than to say something fine about them which is not the exact truth.

‘It is for this rare, precious quality

of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow-mortals, than a life of pomp or of absolute indifference, of tragic suffering, or of world-stirring actions. I turn without shrinking, from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower-pot, or eating her solitary dinner, while the noon-day light, softened, perhaps, by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap, and just touches the rim of her spinning-wheel, and her stone jug, and all those cheap, common things which are the precious necessities of life to her; or I turn to that village wedding, kept between four brown walls, where an awkward bridegroom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on, with very irregular noses and lips, and probably with quart pots in their hands, but with an expression of unmistakable contentment and good-will. "Foh," says my idealistic friend, "what vulgar details! What good is there in taking all these pains to give an exact likeness of old women and clowns? What a low phase of life! What clumsy, ugly people!"

'But, bless us, things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope. I am not at all sure that the majority of the human race have not been ugly, and even among those "lords of their kind," the British, squat figures, ill-shapen nostrils, and dingy complexions, are not startling exceptions. Yet there is a great deal of family love among us. I have a friend or two whose class of features is such that the Apollo curl on the summit of their brows would be decidedly trying; yet, to my certain knowledge, tender hearts have beaten for them, and their miniatures—flattering, but still not lovely—are kissed in

secret by motherly lips. I have seen many an elderly matron, who could never in her best days have been handsome, and yet she had a packet of yellow love-letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks. And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife that waddles. Yes, thank God, human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth; it does not wait for beauty—it flows with resistless force, and brings beauty with it.

'All honour and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children—in our gardens and in our houses; but let us love that other beauty, too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the regions of art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot house—those rounded backs and stupid weatherbeaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world—those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions. In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people who have no picturesque, sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore, let art always remind us of them; therefore, let us always have men ready to give

the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them.

‘There are few prophets in the world—few sublimely beautiful women—few heroes. I can’t afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. Neither are picturesque lazzaroni or romantic criminals half so frequent as your common labourer, who gets his own bread, and eats it vulgarly, but creditably, with his own pocket knife. It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen, who weighs out my sugar in a vilely assorted cravat and waistcoat, than with the handsomest rascal in red scarf and green feathers; more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is, perhaps, rather too corpulent, and in other respects is not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at deeds of heroes whom I shall never know, except by hearsay, or at the sublimest abstract of all clerical graces that was ever conceived by an able novelist.’

Surely, no finer theory of novel-writing was ever put into words. And it has been well carried out in practice. There is no novelist who has combined the same realistic power with the same capacity for lighting up the sordid details of vulgar fact by kindling the interest of human sympathy. This is one of the claims of George Eliot to lasting fame.

There is, at least, one other, and that is her power of exhibiting the development of character under the

influence of circumstances. In this she is pre-eminent among novelists, as Shakespeare is among dramatists. To picture men and women to the mental eye, and to make them act and speak so that the reader feels that, if they are not, they might be real living people, requires great power; but greater power still is required to exhibit with truth to nature the development of latent tendencies to good or evil, the warping of the straight and the straightening of the crooked tree. The panoramic display of the inner life and moral growth or decay of Janet Dempster, Hetty Sorrel, Arthur Donithorne, Tom and Maggie Tulliver, Romola, Tito, Dorothea, Lydgate and Gwendolen, are examples of a kind of work in which she is approached, but not closely approached, by Thackeray alone.

It is this power which gives peculiar effectiveness to her moral teaching. She is no mere distributor of poetic justice. Justice is dealt out; but the fate of each character is hinged by an iron necessity on his preceding life. She never represents the Power that rules this world as condoning any offence or pardoning any offender against a moral law. The breach of a law entails its own punishment in visible consequences, in moral degradation, in embittered memories, whether any earthly tribunal intervene or not.

No penitence and no confessional;
No priest ordains it, yet they're forced to sit
Amid deep ashes of their vanished years.

The ramifying consequences of actions are traced out with the utmost power and fidelity. While you sympathise with the bad enmeshed in the toils woven by their own actions, you feel that their punishment is not only deserved, but a natural and inevitable result. But this is not all. The bad suffer twice. They suffer in their own persons, and they suffer in seeing that the evil they have done to others they cannot now remedy. The consequences of wrong acts, once committed, cannot be avoid-

ed ; the innocent as well as the guilty feel their effects. You cannot atone for or right a wrong. Everywhere in her novels this idea comes to the surface :

It is a good and soothfast saw,
Half-roasted never will be raw ;
No dough is dried once more to meal,
No crock new-shapen by the wheel ;
You can't turn curds to milk again,
Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then ;
And, having tasted stolen honey,
You can't buy innocence for money.

Captain Wybrow accelerates his own end by his double-dealing with Miss Assher and Tina, but he likewise ruins the whole future of Tina and Gilfil. Silas Marner's whole life is marred by the wrong accusation of his early friend, who takes from him at once his character and his sweetheart. Godfrey Cass, who thinks himself delivered from the consequences of his indiscreet clandestine marriage by the death of his wife before the fact of the connection has become public, finds the end of his life embittered by the remote results of this early fault, and his daughter suffers for what she has not done. Arthur Donnithorne does his best, yet can never feel that he has put things right, and the novel of 'Adam Bede' ends with his wail over that fact.

'I could never do anything for her, Adam—she lived long enough for all the suffering—and I'd thought so of the time when I might do something for her. But you told me the truth when you said to me once, "There's a sort of wrong that can never be made up for."'

It is obvious that, to an intellect so clear and so profound, to a moral nature so fine, to sympathies so wide and so deep, the difficulties inherent in every system of theology would present themselves in all their force. As a matter of fact, George Eliot had no theological belief. But theology is not religion ; and George Eliot, if we may judge from the evidence afforded by her works, was profoundly religious. 'The first condition of human good-

ness,' she says in Janet's Repentance, 'is something to love, the second something to reverence ;' and assuredly, her love and her reverence flow forth always in abundance to everything noble and good. Not only did her intellectual difficulties not lead her to satirize devoutness, but she introduces it, and speaks of it with a sympathy which is undoubtedly genuine. Her best characters, Adam Bede for example, are unaffectedly religious ; and in whose novels shall we find pious women so lovable as Janet Dempster, Dinah Morris, and Romola ? Where else in fiction can we find the character of an Evangelical clergyman painted with such loving fidelity as that of Mr. Tryan ?

Perhaps, it would not be too much to say, that no novelist has better understood the human heart. There are novelists, indeed, who have attempted a larger number of characters, but there is none with so little unreality. George Eliot has no impossible heroes, heroines, or villains, like most novelists ; no unreal women, like Thackeray ; no humorous creations which, like those of Dickens, violate every law of probability. Yet, she has drawn an uncommon number of characters. Her female characters are both more numerous and, as was to be expected, on the whole, better than her male characters, but the latter are not failures ; on the contrary, many of them are eminently successful. Adam Bede, Felix Holt, Grandcourt, and Daniel Deronda, are somewhat open to the imputation of being women's men ; but who would suppose that Bartle Massey was drawn by a woman ? Indeed the union of the masculine and the feminine in George Eliot's intellect is at once a remarkable phenomenon and a proof of her greatness. Her mind was both strong and acute, capable of broad and large views, and of penetrating into the subtlest working of motives in the most capricious heart, capable of expressing intense and prolonged emotions and the lightest shades of vary-

ing feeling, capable alike of coarse humour and of refined wit.

Indeed, we are inclined to think that hers is the ablest female intellect that has ever been devoted to literature. She is far in advance of any other female novelist, numerous as are the able women who have taken to that department of authorship. Her learning and multifarious acquirements suggest a comparison with Mrs. Browning; but Mrs. Browning always seems to us to stagger under the burden of her knowledge, while George Eliot is in no way oppressed by hers. It is difficult to compare a poet with a prose writer; but Mrs. Browning was only a second-rate poet, while George Eliot may justly claim to be a first-rate novelist. Nay more, she may advance pretensions to a high place in the first rank.

'Brother Jacob,' George Eliot's earliest tale, which we conjecture to have been written previous to 1850, is chiefly remarkable as showing a bent towards the delineation of character. Her second story, 'The Lifted Veil,' which would seem from internal evidence to have been written in 1850, is a sensational romance, and, consequently, unlike anything else she has written. The principal character is cursed with knowing the future.

From these crude stories to the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' is a great step. 'The Lifted Veil' is the shapeless imagination of a half-developed intellect; 'The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton' is the work of a vigorous and trained mind. In fact, the three 'Scenes of Clerical Life' exhibit all those striking qualities for which her later works are distinguished.

The best of George Eliot's novels, it is generally agreed, are 'Adam Bede' and the 'Mill on the Floss.' Of these, we prefer the former, mainly on account of what we hold to be a serious defect in the plot of the latter. 'Adam Bede' ends naturally. Every one receives his deserts, or something like

his deserts, and all actions lead to the end. But in 'The Mill on the Floss,' the authoress after hopelessly entangling Maggie with Stephen Guest, invokes a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of a flood, to relieve herself of the difficulties arising therefrom. 'The Mill on the Floss' would, we think, have been a much greater novel, had George Eliot represented Tom and Maggie as working out their own destiny to the end. It is true that Nature does often, by a catastrophe, put an end to the tragedies and comedies perpetually being acted among men. But these tragedies and comedies are, in general, not fully known to the public. Why take the trouble to work out with great thoroughness the history of the mental and emotional development of two young people in order to drown them in a flood? The fact that George Eliot thus disposes of Maggie, has always seemed to us a strong confirmation of our conjecture that she has embodied more of the girl Mary Ann Evans in her, than in any other character.

After the publication of 'The Mill on the Floss,' the tide of George Eliot's invention began to ebb. 'Silas Marner' is slight and gloomy, but its gloom is relieved by touches of the authoress's matchless humour. There is nothing in any of her novels better in its way than Dolly Winthrop's presentation of her religious views:—

"Well Master Marner, it's never too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you've never had no church, there's no telling the good it'll do you. For I feel so set up and comfortable as river was, when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God, as Mr. Macy gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic'lar on Sacramen' Day; and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help i' the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we've done

our part, it isn't to be believed as Them as are above us 'all be worse nor we are, and come short o' Theirn."

'Poor Dolly's exposition of her simple Raveloe theology fell rather unmeaningly on Silas's ears, for there was no word in it that could rouse a memory of what he had known as religion, and his comprehension was quite baffled by the plural pronoun, which was no heresy of Dolly's, but only her way of avoiding a presumptuous familiarity.'

The scene of 'Romola,' her next novel, is laid in Florence, in the time of Savonarola, who plays a considerable part in the story, and furnishes the authoress with another opportunity of displaying her wonderful power of entering into and making plain the working of the religious emotions. But its historical, foreign and anti-quarian colouring does not to our mind make up for the absence of those wonderful English rustics and shopkeepers, who play the minor parts and relieve by a little comedy the tragic gloom of her other novels. Yet, with all this, 'Romola' could never be mistaken for the work of an inferior artist. It is not only conscientious but brilliant.

It is a conspicuous feature of these novels that the little worlds into which the authoress introduces us, and the characters that move in them are strikingly real. When we peruse 'Felix Holt,' we find this sentiment of reality to some degree lacking, at least as far as its hero is concerned. It is not easy to imagine that keen-witted social reformer as the son of a manufacturer of quack medicines, and of so slow-witted a woman as Mrs. Holt. George Eliot, indeed, if we may draw any inferences from the fact that she provides Adam Bede and Felix Holt with disagreeable and muddle-headed mothers, seems not to be a believer in the theory that clever men usually resemble their mothers.

The character and history of Felix Holt are probably to some extent based on those of Cooper, the author of 'The

Purgatory of Suicides.' Cooper was a shoemaker, who acquired a considerable reputation among the working classes for his knowledge and his ability as a speaker, few men being able more thoroughly to control an audience. Having, like Felix Holt, undertaken to manage and failed to curb a mob, he was arrested, tried, and convicted of inciting to arson. While in prison he composed the poem above-mentioned.

Of all this series of novels, 'Middlemarch' is the longest, and seems to be that on which the authoress has bestowed most pains. A great number and variety of characters appear on the scene. We follow the fortunes of three pairs of lovers, Dorothea and Ladislaw, Lydgate and Rosamond, Fred. Vincy and Mary Garth; and we have the liberal allowance of five marriages. The destinies of these sets of heroes and heroines are interwoven in a complicated, yet natural manner, and the effect of the whole is that of a crowded picture. Though Dorothea is obviously intended to occupy the chief place, we must confess that our interest in her feelings is languid as compared with that which we feel in those of Lydgate. The history of the process by which he, in consequence of having married one of those 'women who hinder men's lives from having any nobleness in them,' is compelled to abandon his high aims is wonderfully told.

There is in 'Middlemarch' a sufficient wealth of profound wisdom, witty and humorous observation, character and incident to furnish forth half a dozen ordinary novels. Yet for all this it distinctly falls behind 'Adam Bede' and 'The Mill on the Floss.' It is less fresh, and the humorous characters are not so good.

'Daniel Deronda' is a great novel, spoiled by the insertion of an inordinate quantity of extraneous matter about the Jews. George Eliot, has perhaps in all her novels shown herself too fond of digressing and philosophizing. This, however, is a mistake

which we frequently find ourselves ready to forgive, because the philosophizing is done so well. But we cannot forgive the digressions in 'Daniel Deronda.' It is probably true that we and our ancestors have thought of the Jews and treated them with a contempt which they have not deserved; it is certain that we feel we are doing penance for that fault when we read this novel.

'The Impressions of Theophrastus Such,' consists of a collection of eighteen short epigrammatic essays, fables and descriptions of character, much in the style of La Bruyere's 'Caractères.' In this kind of writing the profundity and breadth of her thoughts, her extensive reading and fine memory, her appreciation of the humorous, her wit, and her wonderful capacity for expressing her meaning in aphoristic sentences which have the sparkle, the polish and the clearness of a crystal, all qualified her to excel. But it is seldom given to any one to obtain the first rank in two departments. Had George Eliot attempted this species of work earlier, she might have achieved

the highest success; but she came to it with an exhausted intellect. She tried poetry sooner, and her poetry is respectable; but all poetry that is not excellent is quickly forgotten. Her claim to lasting remembrance rests on her novels. The River of Time, which annually covers with the alluvium of oblivion the fame of many hundreds of writers, will doubtless, in due course, bury hers beneath the silt that it carries down; but we venture to predict that few preceding or contemporary novelists will survive her.

In the meantime her name and fame stand as a monument of what her sex can achieve, and though,

'Quella fonte,
'Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume,'

as she is called on her tombstone,

'That source
Which pours so large a flood of wise discourse,'

has in one sense been stopped forever, that which has issued from it remains a permanent fountain of delight, and of elevating and refining influences.

TO NATURE.

NATURE, I would be thy child,
Sit and worship at thy feet,
Read the truth upon thy face,
Wait upon thine accent sweet;
I would put my hand in thine,
Bow my head upon thy knee,
Live upon thy love alone,
Fearless, trusting all to thee.

—GOWAN LEA.

GREAT SPEECHES.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

*Atque alias etiam dicendi quasi virtutes sequatur ;
breuitatem, si res petat. —CIC.*

MORE than two years have passed away since I laid my pen aside. During that period law and duties akin to legal pursuits have engrossed my time ; and it is with some diffidence I venture to write on any subject foreign to my immediate studies ; for it is possible that if I ever had any right to appear, even as the meanest recruit in the army of letters, that right is gone ; I have been too long away from parade ; the shibboleth of expression entitling me to admittance has, perhaps, become corrupted amid the wrangle of the courts, and the jargon of living customs borrowed from a dead past. But inasmuch as what I have to say, apart wholly from form, is calculated to do good to Canada,—calculated, I dare believe, to prove helpful to the generous young men occupied in fitting themselves for life's duties,—ardent and unsoiled spirits whose hopes are tinted with a light which is the herald of a larger day—I will, issuing like Gareth from the smoke and dinge of a lowlier office, attempt a little knightly service. The time necessary for that careful workmanship called for by even the humblest essay is not at my command. I shall, therefore, trusting to the reader's indulgence, put down my thoughts as they arise.

During the present session I have availed myself of every hour I could snatch from laborious duties, to hear, on a question of the largest dimen-

sions, the politicians and statesmen in our Canadian parliament ; and men, not in the front rank, but occupying prominent positions in both the great parties, observing this, have asked me how our leaders would compare with those of the British House of Commons. Their wonder at my replies would alone have suggested this writing, to which, however, as will be seen, I should have been prompted by yet other considerations. A certain sentiment of scorn mingled in my mind with a resentment not unrighteous, when astonishment was expressed that we should have men in Canada who would well compare with, who might stand up to, the best men of any other country.

There is a prevalent idea that the disparity between the conditions of education in the United Kingdom and those of Canada is so great that to believe Canadians could be the equal of Englishmen is like rebellion against the laws of nature. Men born and bred in old countries have, let it be at once admitted, some advantage from the point of view of culture we do not possess. But 'the wine,' says the too cynical, but observant soldier—'the wine she drinks is made of grapes.' We are of the same blood as the men of the United Kingdom. We have not, indeed, the monuments of antiquity, the picture galleries, the old cathedrals, the ancient seats of learning, the cities over which historical forms seem to

dit like the spiritual guardians of a national heritage, the arsenals with the piled-up implements of world-over-shadowing greatness, and the emblems, monuments, and trophies of imperial struggles and bloody battles; the graves of heroes and poets and statesmen; the moving pictures, the stirring memories which come from stored-up achievement in every field; the mixture of the venerable and the new—the crumbling ivied wall, which saw feudal barons strike at the life, through mail of proof, protecting the delicate specimens of the modern floriculturist, or the castelated ruin whence great earls overawed the surrounding country, forming the back ground for a croquet party, or a church bazaar; the shepherd's pipe minging its plaintive voice with the warlike summons of the clarion; there the loom, the spinning jenny, the miner's lamp—here the colour and pomp, and circumstance of a conquering race. On the other hand, we have none of the squalor and poverty of an old country. We have no vast superincumbent mass of aristocracy to awe us; none of the difficulties which arise from the struggle between the latter part of the nineteenth century and modern feudalism. On reflection, I think, I have overstated the case against Canada. We have at least one city unequalled in its situation, of antique lineament and great associations, and in the Capital we have an Imperial site bearing buildings not unworthy of that commanding throne. Nor is it true to say we are wholly, or necessarily to any extent, cut off from the precious historical traditions of Great Britain and Ireland. All we need is the historical imagination to make these treasures our own. Ours by inheritance, certain mental conditions have only to be fulfilled in order to take possession. The gulf is great which separates the historical and the antique from the land of the woodman, the snake fence, the prairie; but the mind can bridge the chasm; nay, imagination

has only to spread her wings and it is passed. We have schools and universities, far indeed, at present, from what is desirable; but where, nevertheless, our sons can hold communion with the mighty dead, catch their spirit, and learn the arts by which they rose to be the cynosure of nations. Inland, we have not the salt sea air, but the wind which sweeps under our cloudless skies and over our snow-clad landscape is not less exhilarating. Too many are ready to subscribe to the statement made by a Yankee, that it is all tail in Canada—meaning thereby that it is all third class. I have found men—and some of these, I blush to say, born on the soil—quietly assuming that no one would stop in Canada if he could make a good living elsewhere, and this, in the face of the fact, that we have settled amongst us a distinguished literary man of large private fortune. Not a few men have resisted strong pecuniary temptation to go to the United States. The career of Mr. Benjamin shows how much in the way of money gains a first-class lawyer foregoes, by remaining in Canada. Why do such remain here? The answer is to be found in the fact that Canada, although without arts, which would be an anachronism in a young country, has, in her climate, her institutions, her youth, her future, attractions sufficient to fix the affections. In one of those fields to which the word art is applied with peculiar appropriateness, we have made a good beginning. From Mr. L. R. O'Brien, Mrs. Schrieber, Mr. J. C. Forbes, and their associates in the Society of Artists, we have not merely the promise of the future Academy, but present results marked by sincere workmanship and permanent value.

This want of self-belief is the one drawback of young peoples who are too often ready to efface oneself before whatever comes with a foreign imprimatur. There is in certain quarters a sort of despair of art of any kind in

Canada. Some time ago, one of the leading papers, the *Mail*, characterised Canadian literature as 'Hog's Wash,' and the other day the *Globe* speaking of Monsieur Louis H. Fréchet, the Canadian poet, who sings in French, said, he had a career, but he would not find it on this continent. Why not on this continent? Nay, why not in his own beloved country? The people must take this in hand. The poet and artist cannot look for recognition to the worshippers of gold, some of whom are no better than public robbers. In England, in France, the wealthy and noble will be glad to honour them—shall the traditional disgrace of Nazareth rest, in the opinion of Canada's own children, on Canada? Is no good to come out of her? It is lamentable to think that had M. Fréchet not been crowned in Paris, most of our own people would have thought him a worthless doggerel-monger, deserving only of tolerant pity. If he has to find a career elsewhere he will have to refurnish his imagination, which is now steeped in local tints; the lakes, the mighty rivers, the snowy landscape, the bright skies of Canada, the blizzard of winter, the rapid vegetation of May, all these are reflected in his song. He is our first national poet. The heroes of Canadian history call forth the deepest and most touching notes of his lyre. The picture of the old age of Papineau is suffused with more than the atmosphere of Canada; it has over it the simplicity and elevation of heroic times. In the 'Nuit d'Été'—a poem which has all the tenderness and subtle music of Alfred de Musset, with a purity to which the French poet was a stranger—could hardly be understood by any one not a Canadian; the pictures are all racy of this soil; the vast solitudes, the meteoric sky, the sonorous pines, the young man seeing his sweetheart home, the liberty, the confidence, the long farewell. The national poet is a singer, in whose song we find his time and country. In the little poem on

Québec, the contemporary feeling is painted on the back ground of the majestic river, which flows past its storied citadel.

Careful observation of the way the Canadian Parliament gets through its work has given me a high idea of its business capacity. I have been constrained to admire the ability, the statesmanlike manner and workmanlike qualities of the average member. The whole body, as a legislative machine, is, on the whole, efficient. You can hardly conceive a question affecting legislation on which from some member of that body an authoritative opinion could not be had. Skilled farmers, leading merchants, the best lawyers in the Dominion, doctors in abundance, cattle breeders, travellers, pioneers, manufacturers, miners, mechanics, engineers, ex-contractors, and, like leaven in the lump, or steel on the ridge of the wedge, men who have studied the best which has been written on one or two subjects at least, of large experience in public affairs, who have met and communed and fought in friendly contests the leading spirits of other lands—all bring their spoils of experience to the hive.

How would Sir Charles Tupper, or Mr. Blake, or Sir John Macdonald, or Sir Leonard Tilley, or Mr. Macdougall, or Mr. Mackenzie, or Sir Richard Cartwright, or Mr. Langevin, or Mr. Huntington compare with the statesmen of the English Parliament? This question is the summary of a number of questions addressed to me at several times by different persons. Now, it was an admirer of Sir Charles Tupper who said, 'How would Tupper do in England?'—again, a follower of Mr. Blake, who made a similar demand. My answer was, that either one of our leading statesmen would take a prominent place in the House of Commons in England; that, moreover, of three or four of them it might be said with certainty that, unless the stars in their courses fought against them, they would attain the place of First Minister.

Sir John Macdonald is a type of politician which has never failed to delight the English people—the man who, like Palmerston, can work hard, do strong things, hold his purpose, never lose sight for a moment of the honour and welfare of his country, and yet crack his joke and have his laugh, full of courage and good spirits and kindly fun. I am not going to talk politics here. The place forbids it, if my own quasi-judicial position had not been before-hand with a veto. But I apprehend there is nothing to prevent me criticising the ability of our public men; praising their admirable qualities clearly distinguishable from opinions, and from prejudices in the nature of opinions, and animadverting on their defects in mental endowments, their faults of method, or their errors in tactics, not as politicians or party leaders, but as orators. To return. Sir John Macdonald in the English House of Commons would have been equal, in my opinion, to Mr. Disraeli in finesse, in the art of forming combinations and managing men. He never could have equalled him in invective, or in epigram, or in force as an orator. Sir John Macdonald brings up his artillery with more ease. He is always human, even in his attacks. Lord Beaconsfield, as Mr. Disraeli, in the House of Commons, approached his opponent like some serpentine monster, coiled himself ruthlessly round him, fascinated with his gaze, and struck out with venomous fang. But Sir John is probably the better debater of the two. His delivery is lively, natural, mercurial; Lord Beaconsfield's is laboured. The power of making a statement is not the forte of the author of 'Endymion.' Sir John Macdonald makes a luminous statement, and his reasoning faculty is at least as high as Lord Beaconsfield's. He has very little, comparatively, of the latter's *curiosa felicitas* in coining phrases, but his humour is more spontaneous. Lord Beaconsfield has the charm which is

inseparable from genius, but it may well be doubted if his power of conciliating men and fixing their affections surpasses that of the Prime Minister of the Dominion. I am sure that in sober, strong sense the balance is in favour of the Canadian statesman. There is nothing viewy about Sir John Macdonald. Though a man of imagination, reason is lord every time.

Sir John Macdonald is perhaps the only man in the House whose speaking combines all the qualities necessary to complete effectiveness as a debater, and whose speeches could be pointed to with justice as useful models. They combine clearness and fulness of statement, vigorous reasoning, ample information, the play of fancy, the light of wit; and they have what no other speeches heard in that House since Thomas D'Arcy McGee and Joseph Howe were there, the flavour of literary culture. In the old world gentlemen are accustomed to put their whiskey in a wine cask to improve the flavour. Everything flowery is offensive in oratory. Literary culture is not necessary to make a great orator. Nevertheless the ideal oratory will always come, as it were, from a vessel which has often been filled at Pierian fountains—will betray a nature saturated with the thoughts and language of the great teachers of the world. 'We remember,' says an able writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, speaking of Lord Beaconsfield, 'to have heard him say in one of his felicitous after-dinner speeches, that the reason the Hebrews and the Greeks were by far the most powerful races in history is, that they had a literature. The same remark might apply to statesmen: no oratory, no diplomacy, no legislative ingenuity, confers so great and lasting an influence on a ruler of men as that which he derives from a combination of literary excellence with political power.'

There was one other man, indeed, in that House since the time of D'Arcy McGee and Howe all the movements

of whose mind were radiant with the gleam of the highest culture. I speak of one whose name I may, without affectation, say it is hard for me to write without renewing the tears which fell when I heard of his death. Strong in all the faculties of mind, without affectation, wholly free from conceit, so noble that envy died in his company, he was made to do great things with ease, and to win rapid success with universal acclamation. He was an innate gentleman. Only those who were bad could know him without loving him. He was that 'good man' of whom St. Paul speaks, for whom those who might hesitate to sacrifice themselves for the just, 'would almost dare to die.' A great loss to the bench, he will, if possible, be a greater loss to his University. He was calculated to supply that literary feeling which is so conspicuous by its absence in the foremost offices of the University, and the absence of which is so much to be regretted. Men who, having taken their degree, plunge into a laborious profession, and spend twenty or thirty years in the legal mill, unless they are endowed with the happiest aptitudes, and have (this does not happen once in five hundred times) cultivated these, will generally have as much literary flavour about them as a smoked herring. Chief Justice Moss, or 'Tom Moss,' as he is still affectionately called—having shown how well he was calculated to serve his country in parliament, passed on to the Bench, whence, having for all too brief a period presided over the highest Court in the Province, with rare dignity and success, and given promise of making a name in Canada such as Mansfield made in England, has gone from honours and hopes and usefulness. If the harsh fates might have been broken! If the gods had only loved him less well! With his passing out of parliament the hope of adding something more of colour and grace and charm

to its debates was destroyed for the time. There are distinguished graduates in parliament, but they only prove that a man may apparently be educated at our universities without becoming cultivated, just as one sometimes sees the star of knighthood glitter on the breast of one who does not know what a chivalrous impulse is. We have a few proprietors of newspapers, and they represent a most important interest. But the proprietor of a newspaper is not necessarily the subject of the refining and elevating influences of literature any more than a blind milch cow belonging to Mathew Arnold must prove the embodiment of 'sweetness and light.'

Mr. Blake, were he a man of ordinary force, would hardly deserve the name of an orator. The greatest—the most essential—gift for an orator is force, and this he has in the highest degree. 'Force,' says a great authority, 'is the sole characteristic excellence of an orator; it is almost the only one that can be of any service to him.' This is stating the case too strongly. Again, the same writer says: 'To be a great orator does not require the highest faculties of the human mind, but it requires the highest exertion of the common faculties of our nature.' Mr. Blake's intellect is strong, well equipped, quick. His mastery of facts is astonishing. He is hardly so successful when he deals with figures. His command of language leaves little to be desired for immediate effectiveness. But there is a total absence of literary tissue in his speeches, and there being nothing to relieve the excellent monotony, they are not easy reading—and how speeches will read has become an important question in modern times. But this is a point I must recur to again. I have not the least doubt that if Mr. Blake were to go into the English House of Commons now, he would in a very brief time be in a Liberal ministry. The fight for the first place would soon be

between him and Sir William Harcourt, and the result would be easy to forecast.

Mr. Mackenzie is one of the very first debaters in Parliament, and his speaking not only indicates with what strong powers nature endowed him, but how much is within the reach of assiduous cultivation. No one on hearing his first speech could have believed he would ripen into a consummate master of parliamentary discussion. He is always ready, be the subject what it may. His vast stores of political knowledge have been amassed in the course of a life devoted to party warfare, on which probably an idle day never dawned. Mr. Forster, the present Secretary for Ireland, is the man he reminds me of: but he is readier than Mr. Forster, and has a better style and better delivery.

Sir Charles Tupper's most distinguishing characteristic, like that of Mr. Blake's, is force. Though he has not the scholarship nor finish of Mr. Gladstone, it is with Mr. Gladstone—were I searching for a comparison—I should compare him. Yet they are dissimilar in so many other ways, that the choice does not seem happy. They are alike however, in this. Extraordinary capacity for work, power of going from place to place, and making great speeches with little or no time for rest or study. Different in kind, his command of expression is as ready and effective as Mr. Gladstone's. He has the faculty of growth—the sure mark of a superior mind when found in a man over forty. He has, in recent years, soared beyond himself, and developed a lightness of touch which one would not have suspected to have been within his reach.

I am sure both he and Mr. Blake speak too long. If they could take off about thirty per cent. in time without impairing the texture of thought; if they could pack closer; how much more effective both would be. Sir Charles Tupper is not content while a single wall of the enemy's defences re-

mains standing. Mr. Blake elaborates details in accordance with the habit of years, and can hardly resist the lure of a technicality. Neither seems ever to have considered that a suggestion for a popular audience may be as good as a syllogism; that the arch of a pregnant thought may be trusted to round itself to completeness in the quick sympathy of the hearer. When I said something like this to a gentleman, whose duty keeps him a close observer of parliament, he replied: 'But then Blake and Tupper must cease to be Blake and Tupper.' The extraordinary force of both these remarkable men has made them careless of arts absolutely necessary to others.

I have given my opinion of the career which would await Mr. Blake in the English Parliament. If Sir Charles Tupper went into the English House of Commons now, before two years had elapsed—that being about the time it would take him to master English politics—he would be leader of the Conservative party in that chamber. The party wants a leader there. Sir Stafford Northcote is a respectable mediocrity, and pitting him against the Liberal leaders is like throwing a Christian to the lions. There is no use in trying to make a leader of a party out of anything short of first-class material. The result is always debilitating to the party, and disappointing and mortifying to the individual. The weight of responsibility would, as was the case with Mr. Gladstone, develop in Sir Charles Tupper unsuspected strength for the position. Before Mr. Gladstone assumed the leadership, it used to be said he could not lead; he was a good second, and a splendid speaker, but that was all. The time came when his leadership was acknowledged to be a necessity to his party. The incapable and the envious always bark at clever men, and even sometimes succeed in worrying them, until these fulfil their destiny, and then the barking and snarling are exchanged for fawning

and feet-licking. 'Why don't you follow the hounds as I do?' said a sportsman to a witty, ailing statesman. 'I make the hounds follow me,' was the prompt reply.

The distinguishing characteristic of Sir Leonard Tilley is sincerity. No man could appear more lost in his subject. This is a great element in persuasiveness. This earnestness is enhanced by a style of pure Saxon and unaffected simplicity. His ease of expression would at once mark him out in the English House of Commons, and the 'auctoritas' with which he speaks give him weight and secure a following. He has the rare power of making a budget speech interesting, a power which no Chancellor of the Exchequer I ever heard in the English House of Commons had, Mr. Gladstone, of course, always excepted, who, in the art of financial statement, leaves all other men behind.

Sir Richard Cartwright—perhaps at once the severest and the most eulogistic thing that could be said of him, is that he never does justice to himself. He can hit hard, but his desire to hit too hard sends the blow wide. In the course of his speech he made a quotation which was first employed for political purposes by Mr. Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke. They are noble lines, but the House laughed when they were quoted, evidently supposing them to be of a humorous character—

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.

Happy is the man who has not, one time or other, been placed in this dreadful dilemma. The situation is tragic. But, owing to some want of manner in the orator, the House evidently supposed they were humorous lines. Sir Richard Cartwright reminds me of a former Home Secretary, Mr. Ayrton. But Sir Richard is a better read man, with stronger powers of thought and expression. Mr. Ayrton had not more sweetness and light than Sir Richard. What an Ayrton did, therefore, a Cartwright could have done.

Mr. Macdougall is a finished speaker. Rather a great debater than a great orator, he has nearly every gift by which a man can command the attention of his fellow-men; presence, delivery, a noble diction, constitutional grasp, a mind well stored with political facts. He is not so much wanting in passion as in sympathy. He has no humour. A formidable critic, the independent turn of his mind would have suited him more for the arena of English than Canadian politics. Where great questions agitated men's minds, in times of commotion and peril, he might have made a party follow him. But he has too little of that most attractive of all elements in character or manner,—the power of creating personal attachment,—to secure a following under less heroic conditions.

Speaking, now-a-days, is hardly intended to persuade parliaments. The orator has the audience outside the House in his eye. But a long speech is undoubtedly a bar in the way of getting at the popular mind. I am greatly mistaken if the masses care to follow lengthy elaborations of detail, and would not be more easily influenced by broad, bold effects. The length is the more serious when there is nothing but a vigorous discussion of the subject matter to bear the reader on. The road is a good macadamized road, but there are no happy fields, no wooded vistas, no glimpses of the distant sea, to gladden and relieve the eye. You might hear Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Blake for ever, without finding any reason to suspect they had committed the crime of reading a book. All this is undoubtedly a measure of their power. But it is a reason why compression and brevity should, as far as is consistent with effectiveness, be studied.

What, however, is pardonable in leaders, whose vigour of delivery makes us forget the clock is without excuse in smaller men. There is reason to believe that many think a long speech

a great speech: 'So and so made a great speech, he spoke for four hours, or five hours, or six hours,' as the case may be.

The weak point of the average politician is the desire to make a great speech. Some such receipt as the following seems to be present to the mind of the budding Demosthenes:—

Take long extracts from the leading organ of the opposite party. Mix these with quotations from the speeches of your opponents. Throw in a little bitterness. Let there be a currant or two of slander and a plum of scurrility. Make an incongruous piece of pastry of the whole, and there you are. Don't forget the figures—not of speech, which yet must not be forgotten, and need not be elegant,—but of arithmetic. These are a perfect God-send for the orator who aims at drawing out his 'linked sweetness' for hours. Let them be drawn up in battalions, so as in their stern array to be all but incomprehensible and entirely repulsive to the ordinary reader, and your great speech is complete. Add to this an old joke or two, of which you will have forgotten the point, and a poetic quotation, without the least relevancy, to be introduced with the words 'as the poet says.' Be sure when your ideas, or somebody else's, are failing you to cry out, 'Well, Mr. Speaker! What do we find? What do we find, sir? Yes, Mr. Speaker—what do we find?' Whereupon you will draw out of your pocket a yellow bit of newspaper of ten or twenty years before, and while you uplift your finger you will read the precious contents to a deeply interested and edified assembly. Conclude by hinting that the leader of the party opposed to you is a brigand or an unconvicted felon, and having shaken your fist at him and prophesied that he will meet some disgraceful end, sit down with the consciousness that you have contributed to the immortal pages of *Hansard*, at large expense to your contemporaries, a monument of which posterity

would see you where it is said the wicked do not cease from troubling, ere they would read a line. It would be natural for a retailer of cheese or sausages to measure a speech by the yard or the pound weight. But looked on as a means of persuasion this test is hardly conclusive.

No man would call a painting great because it covered miles of canvas, or a house a great building because it sprawled over half an acre of land, or a poem a great poem because it contained as many verses as Homer and Virgil combined ever wrote. If a picture produces great and striking and true effects, though the scale may be small, we say it is a great painting. The extent to which strength, beauty and utility are combined will decide the character of a building. In the poem, quality is the sole test. A few verses have stirred the hearts of nations, and almost regenerated men. If Burns never wrote anything but 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' he would stand out in history as a great poet. He wants to create heroic emotion, and in a few lines he strikes, with fingers of fire, not merely on the master chords of the Scottish nature, but on those which are common to them with all brave peoples. He touches his own countrymen at once as men and Scotchmen. The man with Scotch blood in his veins that could read this song without being a follower of Bruce for the time, and desiring to die for his country, would not deserve to live. Men, not Scotchmen, can never repeat that song without longing to be soldiers and feeling a deep hunger for battle, just as Campbell's lines on the death of Nelson wake up the smouldering fires of the sea king in the blood—the reachings out after adventure, and daring deeds, the charms of danger, the rough caresses of the stormy sea.

Reasoning from analogy, one should expect that when people spoke of great speeches they would mean great utterances, which had produced great

effects on men as rational or emotional beings, or as both. When Napoleon, seeking to stir the imagination of his soldiery, told them forty centuries looked down on them, he made a great speech; so did Nelson, when he sent, like a bugle-call from ship to ship, the stirring words for ever associated with Trafalgar. When the American orator, dwelling on the duty of his countrymen in a great emergency, pointed to Washington's portrait and said: 'If those pictured lips could speak,'—he made a great speech if he never said another word. He had said more to to move his countrymen than if he had delayed them with arguments and bewildered them with carefully arranged statistics regarding the evil of the policy he deprecated. When the Duke of Wellington said, 'The Queen's Government must be carried on,' he uttered a great speech by which he made converts by the dozens. When yet a little boy I heard the Rev. Hugh Stowell preach. He took for his text the words, 'Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ;' and commenced thus, 'The bird that sings the sweetest and soars the highest is the bird that makes his nest the lowest.' There was a great sermon which I have never forgotten. How brief are Paul's letters—but what colossal effects they have produced and continue to produce! These are great utterances on religious subjects. You have profound thought combined with heroic devotion—either of which will make a great sermon—which is a speech delivered on a religious subject and for practical ends. Whitfield had no thought. There is nothing, as people say, in his sermons. But look at the effect he produced—the fervid soul melting his hearers. In the same way the inner fire burned out on the hearers of Wesley.

Mr. Rainsford puts more work into his sermons now, than he used when he first came amongst us, but his ser-

mons are not so effective. Then you felt that a really fervid soul was speaking to you, and his blunders of thought and expression were trifles. But the fire is low now; the rôle of the evangelist, not that of the thinker, is what he was most suited for.

On a recent occasion at St. Alban's, Ottawa, Dr. Jones denounced the frivolity of the capital, declared it was given up to the worship of Bacchus and Venus, and then supposing the apostle to visit the city, elaborates a dialogue between the incumbent of St. Alban's, full of forms and ceremonies, and the rugged apostle of the Gentiles, who set no store by things indifferent. The apostle addressed Dr. Jones as 'Mr. Presbyter,' and 'Friend Presbyter.' I never met Paul. But I am familiar with his writings, and hold the theory that the style is the manifestation of the man. The reader may judge of my astonishment on this occasion, when I found that Paul carried his principle of being all things to all men, so far as to transform himself into the double of Dr. Jones. Versatility has never been emphasized as a characteristic of the devoted Jew. Great progress is, no doubt, possible in the other world. Be that as it may, Paul was no longer the Paul with a hurrying style, thoughts struggling for expression, aspirations divinely heroic, self-abnegation to the death. No; he spoke remarkably like Dr. Jones. 'I perceive,' said the Apostle, 'that some persons take an interest in the ornamentation of the house of God. I see "Alpha" and "Omega" under which name the Lord had revealed himself to my brother John, over the sacred table where the commemorative "sacrifice" is offered. I see many divine symbols—and in my day people believed in symbols—but where are the people?' Very like Paul! Very like a whale. The whole thing was like a bandbox getting up a dialogue between itself and a thunder cloud.

If St. Paul really entered that church on that day, what he would have asked

was, not where the people were, but where were the men to preach the Gospel. The Apostle (according to Jones) spoke at great length, and was very severe on the people, but his severity created only amusement, smiling and tittering being the order of the day. He said nothing about the extraordinary language held at the Church Conference in Toronto, the Bishop telling 'his' clergy to cultivate only a 'street recognition' with men every which as well bred and well educated as they, and, above all, engaged in the same great work; Mr. Rainsford bringing an indictment against a whole body of Christians, which an explanation did not improve. Where are the great pulpit speeches to come from in the Church of England when such is the spirit which is abroad? From Dr. Potts, Dr. Hunter, the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and Principal Grant of Kingston, I have heard sermons which showed that the men were alive to the problems of the time. But in my own church I find feebleness the rule, and a childish devotion to forms and fripperies, ecclesiastical millinery, band box devotion, and spiritual conceit founded on mistaken theories. Such language as that held at the Church Conference—and it is a sample of some I have heard from the pulpit—betrays the vices without the virtues of bigotry; we have the intolerance without the earnestness. The attack on the Methodists was doubly inappropriate from Mr. Rainsford, because his chief claim to recognition seemed to be that he was what somebody declared the poet Southey to be, 'a Methodist of the Church of England.' The most striking thing about him originally was—and this enabled him to preach effective sermons—that he was an old country University man, in the Church of England, with the opinions and manners of Moody and Sankey. When do sermons anywhere out of one or two churches move men now? There are essays bad, good and indifferent—mostly bad. But

where is the wind amongst the dry bones? The amount of religious activity apart from the social activity which is called religious, is very small. No doubt the heart is hard, and the devil active. But this is all the more reason why fire is needed to fight the one and melt the other.

At the bar there is no limit as to the length of a speech, but the exhaustion of all the arguments that can be stated for your case. The forensic orations of Demosthenes are three and four and five times as long as his political speeches. In addressing a jury, the one thing to consider is the result. O'Connell used to say: 'A good speech is a good thing, but the verdict is the thing.' Crabb Robinson, in his 'Diary,' tells of one Henry Cooper, who was his senior on circuit, and in many respects an extraordinary man. His memory, his cleverness, his attainments were striking, but so adds the diarist, was his want of judgment, and it often happened that his clever and amusing hits told as much against as for his client. One day he was entertaining the whole Court, when Rolfe (afterwards Lord Cranworth), whispered to Crabb Robinson, 'How clever that is! How I thank God I am not so clever.' Cooper was forgetting the object he he should have in view and sacrificing his client's interests to his own vanity.

I am sick of speeches made from the pulpit, made at the bar, made in politics, under the inspiration of vanity. But, in politics, and especially in the House of Commons—owing to *Hansard*—speaking up to a misleading and degrading standard is most common. Many useful things are forgotten, but most of all, that the power of attention is limited. After the main arguments for or against a measure have been stated once or twice, the proper thing for any speaker who follows is to refer to these arguments, not to state them afresh, and then to proceed to make some new points. This course is common sense; it is respectful to parliament; it is respectful to one's self; it

is considerate for the time and money of the country ; it is the surest passport to success. If the same thing is to be repeated over and over again, it is not to listen I want but to sleep. If a fresh point has occurred to a speaker, by going over old points, he obscures what would prove interesting and enlightening. In the House and the papers the next day the old and worn and threadbare repel, and the one or two useful things never reach the mind.

At the core of all sound criticism on human efforts are two questions—What is the end aimed at? How far has the end been gained? These two questions, applied as a wise man would apply them, ought to be exhaustive. The end aimed at by a cutler in making a knife is to produce an implement which shall cut. But numberless side considerations have to be taken into account. A clear conception of the object sought is not enough to enable one to give an authoritative opinion. There must be in the mind of the critic a knowledge of what has already been achieved in the particular field ; the possibilities within the grasp of arduous endeavour there ; he should apprehend how effects may be most economically produced ; his idea of man should be as wide and various as that complex mystery, so as to see how far all the keys of life are touched, and whether in each case to harmonious or discordant issues. The convenient habit of fixing attention on mental functions has made us the slaves of a barren and futile analysis, weakened our hold on the fact that the mind is one, affected in its constitution through all the range of its capacities by whatever appeals to the smallest of its powers. The common-place circumstance of a sound tooth aching in sympathy with one the subject of decay has moral analogies. For whatever is said or done, an ideal standard would exact regard to man's nature in all its manifold developments. The lofty and the

practical really meet. A high inspiration never fails to reach the inmost springs of even the meanest hearer, though sinister motives may counter-vail the suggestions of the better nature. The soul, like a stronghold, is soonest taken when approached from all sides.

Henry Flood, who created, in the face of corruption, in the teeth of unscrupulous power unscrupulously used, in a parliament of pensioners and placemen, an opposition, could never have done this at that time, had he not united to strong logical faculties, statesmanlike attainments and scathing invective, a charm of expression at once manly and attractive, which won attention from the interested and unwilling. The influence exercised by Mr. Bright is due not only to his force, or to his reasoning power. Whatever cause he advocates gains incalculably, because, while he seeks to convince, he makes certain he shall delight. I once heard Mr. Lowe, in the midst of a denunciation of Mr. Bright's opinions, say he would walk twenty miles any day in the year to hear him speak. An old friend of mine, the late Professor Rushton, sought to learn the secret of the great tribune's charm. Waiting on him, he asked—1st, whether, in his opinion, the orator was born and not made? 2nd, whether he (Mr. Bright) had carefully studied the ancient orators? 3rd, to what he attributed his command over the English tongue? Mr. Bright replied that, in his opinion, the orator was born and not made, that he had not studied the ancient orators, and hardly thought doing so would repay time and trouble, and that whatever facility he possessed in conveying his ideas to his fellows, was due to the constant perusal of old English poetry. The scent of old English songs pervades his style. It is wrought in with web and woof. This is the only way literature can be of any value to a speaker. Lugging in a quotation for purposes of grace only, is putting a jewel in a swine's snout ; the hog is

not less a hog; indeed, his swinish qualities are emphasized by the incongruous gems. Sterne, I think it is, who says that the dwarf who brings a standard of height along with him is something worse than a dwarf.

All that we know of public speakers who have attained eminence, from Demosthenes to Bright, shows that excellence can be had only at the price of hard work. The genius of oratory does not smile on us without years of courtship. Mr. Gladstone, some time ago, dwelt on the evidence of painstaking thought and labour found in the MS. of Mr. Canning. How Brougham worked is familiar to all who have read the works of that great but vain and garrulous man. Yet, probably, there is no art in which so many are ambitious of excellence as that of speaking, and in which they think success so easy.

Now, what is the end aimed at in speaking—whether in the forum, from the pulpit, or in the Senate? Lectures do not properly come under the head of speeches. The name imports that a lecture is a composition thought out, and prepared, and written in the study for the purpose of being read. If a lecture pleases, if it has enabled you to pass an evening pleasantly or instructively, it has justified itself. Not so a sermon, a legal argument, an address to a jury, a speech in Parliament or on the stump. What raises the sermon, the legal argument, the jury speech, the political harangue, infinitely above the lecture is this—they all contemplate action as an end. And so far as any one of them, or any part of any one of them, is not instinct with this aim, the speaker is guilty of impertinence. The end aimed at is not to delight the imagination or tickle the fancy, though delighting the imagination and tickling the fancy help you on your way, but to convince the judgment. How can this best be done? By giving adequate reasons why the course you propose must be considered the best, and inflaming the

passions so as to bring them to your aid. The logic should be red hot. Most oratory in modern times is addressed to the masses of the inhabitants of the country of the orator. Therefore a speech, or sermon, or oration, which aims at persuasion must be easy of comprehension, must appeal to the understanding, must court the weaknesses of those whom we try to persuade, and must pay some regard to the fact that we do not live in antediluvian times, when, no doubt, a few years might be spared to digest a discourse.

A great deal of the speaking in the course of the Syndicate debate was excellent, a great deal made me fancy that the speakers had forgotten all that Hazlitt says on the subject of oratory, with the exception of his striking but only half-true words, 'that modesty, impartiality and candour, are *not* the virtues of a public speaker.' They certainly forgot that brevity is. The first time in the British Parliament rarely speak beyond an hour or an hour and a quarter. The latter is the utmost limit Mr. Bright used to allow himself. Mr. Cobden always spoke within moderate compass. Mr. Gladstone is diffuse. Yet his speech moving the House into Committee to consider the Acts relating to the Irish Church, contained only twelve thousand words. His speech on March 2nd, 1869, bringing in the church measure—a large question necessitating a detailed statement and elaborate calculations, contained only 22,680 words. Sir Charles Tupper's speech introducing his Syndicate resolutions, contained 36,000 words; Mr. Blake's reply 32,400 words. Mr. Lowe's speech on the second reading of the Borough Franchise Bill, 1866 contained 6,960 words; his speech on the first reading of the Representation of the People's Bill, 9,280 words; on the second reading, 16,008 words. Grattan's great speech on the rights of Ireland, contained 13,524 words; on 'Simple Repeal,' in reply to Mr. Flood, 7,674 words; his philippic

against Flood, 2,352 words ; the first of his anti-union speeches, 5,880 words. Windham's 'Defence of the Country,' one of the longest of his speeches, contained 8,280 words; Huskinson's great speech on the 'Effects of the Free Trade system on the Silk Manufacture,' 23,322 words.

Now let us look again at home, and we shall, at all events, see abundant reason to be proud of the industry of our public men :—

Mr. Langevin's speech contained 17,640 words; Sir Richard Cartwright's, 14,440; Mr. McLennan's, 5,760; Mr. Ives', 12,600; Mr. Laurier's, 5,580; Mr. Anglin's, 11,520; Mr. Mills', 16,560; Mr. McCallum's, 4,320; Mr. Coursol's, 3,960; Mr. Charlton's, 12,235; Mr. Patterson's (Essex), 4,402; Mr. Rinfert's, 3,900; Mr. Gigault's, 2,850; Mr. Lanley's, 5,760; Mr. Ross's (Middlesex), 12,135; Mr. Rykert's, 12,500; Mr. Cockburn's (Muskoka), 4,320; Mr. Mackenzie's, 7,200; Mr. Dawson's, 3,950; Mr. Wright's, 3,420; Sir A. Smith's, 10,420; Dr. Bergin's, 9,360; Mr. Orton's, 4,860; Sir John Macdonald's, 6,840; Mr. Blake's (proposing amendment and exclusive of this), 30,000; Sir Leonard Tilley's, 7,187; Mr. Kirkpatrick's, 10,440; Mr. Guthrie's, 10,799; Mr. White's (Cardwell), 18,000; Mr. Casey's, 5,400; Mr. Macdougall's, 9,360; Mr. Cameron's (Victoria), 5,580; Mr. Scott's, 3,240; Mr. White's (Renfrew), 1,580; Mr. Rymal's, 5,040; Mr. Tassé's, 5,080; Dalton McCarthy's, 7,560.

A great man as well as orator placed Demosthenes at the head of the art of speaking, and when we think of the orations of the patriotic, fearless, but prudent Athenian statesman, much as we believe and rejoice in the daily press, we cannot but bless God that there was a time in the world's history when the newspaper was unknown. Had newspapers existed in the days of Demosthenes, what quotations we should have had from the leading papers of Athens and Macedon. We

should have had—did I say? The orations of Demosthenes would never have been thought worthy of being handed down to posterity. Judged by the standard of the mediocre members of either party in Canada, how poor Demosthenes shines! Why his first *olynthiac* does not contain two thousand five hundred and twenty words; the second only two thousand seven hundred; the third two thousand eight hundred and eighty. When the Alabamas of Philip were chasing Athenian commerce from the *Ægean*, the first philippic was delivered. If we assume that the whole of this oration was spoken at the same time, and allow six pages for the statement of ways and means, and four for the letter of Philip to the Eubœans, we have seven thousand two hundred and eighty words. The oration by which he averted war, bearing down a host of flattering orators, contains only 1,960 words. The third and fourth philippic contain respectively 10,080 and 6,480 words.

I do not care much what other people have done. I prefer to ask what, under any given circumstances, the reason of the case suggests. I will not say the above figures make out any case against Mr. Blake or Dr. Tupper, because we live in an age when the mind is more arithmetical than it used to be. Nor does a subject often arise in which so many calculations must be made as in this last great issue connected with the Pacific Railway. But if Grattan, a leader, could say all it was necessary for him to say on the 'Rights of Ireland,' in 13,524 words; on 'Simple Repeal,' in 7,624 words; against the 'Union,' in 5,880 words; if Windham could say all he wanted on the 'Defence of the Country,' in 8,280 words; if Demosthenes, in less than 8,000 words, could state the case against Philip of Macedon; if the same great statesman and leader could usually overbear all opposition by his logical and fervid thoughts, bristling with solid arguments, compressed into from two to

three thousands words—is it not likely that the subordinate members of both parties speak too long, when they equal or exceed the limits allowed themselves by such great leaders as I have mentioned? The speeches of Fox, Channing, Pitt, would yield like results with those analysed.

Easy writing makes hard reading. The same is true of easy speech-making. South, when complimented on the shortness of a sermon, characterised by his usual eloquence, said, that had he had time he would have made it shorter. To realize the fulness of suggestion in the above statistics it must be borne in mind that those men who spoke thus briefly thought long and burned the midnight oil, gave muscle to reason, wings to imagination, and the eagle-glance to high purpose, by conversation with the best and greatest subjects. They were not thinking how to rig a convention, but how to become great men—great intrinsically, so that they could bear to have their official trappings taken from them and stand forth in all the naked majesty of inherent power. The hero is not less a hero when stripped of his star, and the great orator brings himself, as somebody said of Burke, along with him. He has not on each occasion when it is necessary for him to plead the cause of his country to retire to make himself up like a meretricious beauty. He does not fear surprise. He does not shrink from conversation. The outlines of his mind, as presented to the public, will bear pinching. ‘*Nemo poterit esse,*’ says Cicero, who took all knowledge for his province, *omni laude cumulatus orator, nisi erit omnium rerum magnarum atque artium scientiam consecutus.*’ It is not poring over the *Globe* or *Mail*, and filling a scrap-book with the rags of political discussion which will make an orator—by which, I mean, a speaker approaching the maximum of utility and practical effectiveness, able to counsel wisely and persuade men to follow his counsels; not guzzling cham-

pagne and eating heavy dinners; not an eye to the main chance and swaggering delight in your own abasement; not small spurts of study and long lapses of idleness. The true orator must have a love of justice, a hatred of wrong, a delight in liberty, a passion for the people’s welfare, wide knowledge mastered into system by prolonged reflection on the problems of his time; his heart must have been compounded by nature in her most generous mood, and his brain originally strong, made supple, swift, hardy, enduring, by incessant training and persistent toil.

I have not, of course, heard all the speakers, and can only speak of those I heard. Among these, I was much struck by the speaking of Messrs. Ross, Laurier, Cameron (Huron), Guthrie, Charlton and Rymal, on the Opposition side; and by Messrs. Cameron (Victoria), Plumb, White, of Cardwell, and White, of Renfrew, Royal, Rykert, and Dalton McCarthy. In one or two instances, there was repulsive and discordant slang. But, as a rule, the distinguishing feature of the speaking of these gentlemen, was grappling with the question in an independent and business-like way. They seemed to be aware, on the whole, that the duty of a speaker is to seize the question by the throat, to worry it with his own incisors and molars, and, not like a caterpillar on decaying leaves, to draw out an ignoble rhetorical existence on the strength of scraps of newspapers; nor yet to prove himself a statesman by severely trying his own and his audience’s physical strength, while hurling through space common-places or well-worn arguments, as though they were thunderbolts just forged in a mind active with the stormy vigour of great powers engaged on a momentous theme. In their speeches, on the whole, there was little or none of impotent investive or purloined vivacity; nor, save in one instance, quotations sanctioned originally by a master’s use with the edge of brightness.

taken off by currency for half a century. Mr. Guthrie spoke like a gentleman, and in a manner to do credit to parliament; Mr. Ross (Middlesex), with much force but, as I think, at too great length; Mr. Cameron (Huron), with the force of a practical man and an astute lawyer; while Mr. Laurier's manner is imbued with the best parliamentary traditions. I wish the people of the Dominion, who are accustomed to read little sneers at Mr. Plumb had heard his speech. Vigorous, terse, pointed, it showed that he has the growing mental energy of a young man full of the future, and his university training and its memories active and enlivening. Mr. Roy-al's speech was a masterly effort, and Mr. Thomas White's in matter and manner left nothing to be desired.

* Tam knows what's what, full brawley.'

Mr. White, of Renfrew, spoke briefly, but with weight and point. This was debating; 'spreading' oneself is not debating. Mr. Hector Cameron's speech made every one regret he does not speak oftener. Although a great lawyer, and accustomed to meet judges and juries, he had that slight nervousness as he launched off which, according to Cicero, never fails sometime or other to manifest itself in a speaker who has the root of the matter in him. forcible and dignified, practical and original, his speech displayed a facile command of a fine parliamentary style. Mr. Dalton McCarthy reasons closely and sticks to his point. He is ready, instructive, painstaking and practical. He is emphatically a useful member. Mr. Rymal fell into a hackneyed quotation: (Will nobody catch and kill those fleas, big and little, for ever biting and for ever reappearing?) and I do not fear being accused of hypercriticism, when I say that one of his sallies was not in good taste. To call a man a pocket edition of Judas Iscariot, because he interrupts you may be very clever, though I fail to see it. I noticed it made men on both sides of the House

laugh. It may have been insulting, but two blacks will not make a white, and however insulting, it did not justify Dr. Orton, who, as a professional man, has had presumably advantages which were denied his opponents, in referring to certain functions at one time discharged by Mr. Rymal, functions it may be remarked in passing, not one whit more repulsive than those discharged every day by medical men. If an employment is honest and useful, there is no reproach in having followed it, though it may not be of a character, proficiency in which would lead to your being knighted. Dr. Orton's sally called forth the remark from Rymal, that he was engaged just then in currying down a jackass. And all this is embalmed amid sweets of the same kind in the immortal pages of *Hansard*! Mr. Rymal is coarse. But he is no popinjay; and the way he was listened to shows how glad an audience is to hear any one possessing real individuality. Mr. Rykert spoiled a good speech by quoting at the end an absurd travesty of a nursery rhyme. With this exception, Mr. Rykert's effort was up to a high mark.

And speaking of quotation, what is its use? The use is like that of an illustration, to make a point or situation more vivid, more emphatic, by a new light, by a suggestion which may be ridiculous, elevating, degrading, which enables you sometimes to put in the hearer's mind what you hardly dare, and could not, put into your own words. The praise which would be fulsome in prose may be elegantly conveyed by a line of poetry, and where prose would fall blunt and innocuous a rhyme will often cling and sting. A well-chosen quotation is like a diamond, useful as a noble kind of ornament and capable of cutting through the brittle sophistry of a pretender. Poetical quotations, however, are not necessary, and therefore their use must always be justified by success. To apply lines of playful satire written on a man of stupendous genius

to an opponent of great talent is not to hit him with a sword, but to crown him with a diadem beyond his rank ; while to make quotations for the sake of quoting is to invite to a banquet of choice dishes and fine wines and give nothing but wind and emptiness. If a hand-saw were to break into a smile the sight could hardly be more purposeless or bewildering on the spectator than is on an audience one of those helpless attempts to display a reading which does not exist, and the very suggestion of the existence of which is incongruous.

Reading speeches is a most reprehensible practice, and one which is unfortunately aided by the desks. The theory of the Chamber is that it is a place to think, to consider, to debate, to take counsel one of another. A written speech is an impertinence with the complexion of a fraud—the very name of Parliament shows that it is intended for the interchange of thought by spoken speech, and, therefore, of the man's own thoughts. But if a member is permitted to read speeches, he may employ a secretary to do his writing and his speech-making for him, just as some clergymen have been known to buy sermons at so much a dozen. Reading a speech may be an elaborate imposition on the public, and especially on the constituents of the member. One of the papers says Mr. Blake encourages the practice. If he does, he is, as leader of a party, guilty of a very high crime and a very great misdemeanour against the practice of Parliament and the best interests of his country. But I see no evidence that he does. The most ludicrous spectacle I ever saw was at Washington. A member of Congress, arms akimbo, a pile of printed matter before him, from which, striking a theatrical attitude, to a jabbering house, the 'speaker' read out his 'speech.'

Were the practice permitted, it

would end in speeches being put in as read, which would more than ever transfer the consideration of questions from parliament to the stump. The stump has its use ; parliament has its use. But the utility of both is impaired if their functions are not kept distinct. The real object of meeting in parliament is too much lost sight of. If one of the great fathers of parliamentary discussion were to enter our assemblies, and see the pages running hither and thither, whenever the snap of the fingers is heard, members writing, letters and books being sent off to the post, he would feel as much shocked as if he came on a Presbyterian divine keeping the Sabbath by line fishing and skimming a volume of 'Zola' or 'Ouida.'

I have, or think I have, a great deal more to say. But I must not offend against my own precepts. The audience I have been thinking of while writing these hurried lines is not in Ottawa but Toronto, not members of parliament, but the young men who meet every Saturday night in Osgoode Hall, and of whose generosity I have not been able to avail myself this winter as I did last. Unable to criticize them, I have criticised others for their sake—not less impartially, not less wholly free from all political motives, I hope, than if I were speaking in that convention where no politics are allowed to intrude—and as a pledge that my thoughts have often reverted to them, I dedicate to the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, this brief essay, which from first to last hints at rather than lays down, and establishes the propositions for which I would fain find a home in their minds, and kindred minds throughout the entire Dominion. The present belongs to older men, and may it long belong to them. But the future is for the young. Let them see to it that they shall be equal to their fate.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

OH, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it flows through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the minutes are drifting like flakes of snow
And the summers like buds between ;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing ;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper's chime,
And the tunes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasure there :
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
They are heaps of dust—but we loved them so !
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer ;
There's a harp unswept, and a lute without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air ;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the River is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night ;
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
May that Greenwood of soul be in sight.

'PROGRESS AND POVERTY,' AND THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

BY WM. D. LE SUEUR, B. A., OTTAWA.

MR. HENRY GEORGE, as the reading world is now pretty generally aware, has produced a book in which some of the most important problems of political economy are treated from a new point of view. As to the merits of the work, considered as a contribution to economic and social science, opinion is, as might be expected, somewhat divided. In the eyes of some, it is the harbinger of a better time; in the eyes of others, it is a portent of revolution and social disorganization. As to the ability and force with which it is written, there is, however, but one opinion. The literary purist might here and there discover what seemed a flaw; but the work as a whole will be pronounced by any one competent to judge a splendid piece of composition. A man who can think as Mr. George thinks, and write as Mr. George writes, need not fear minute criticism; for the minute critic would be far more likely to render himself ridiculous by his trifling discoveries and objections than to impair the reputation of the work which he made the field of his industry. The book is one which will win its way more and more widely, because it is written to be read, and is, in point of fact, the most readable book, in the class to which it belongs, that has ever been given to the world. It is, in a certain sense, a treatise upon political economy; but, if previous treatises upon that subject had at all resembled it, we should never have heard political economy spoken of as the 'dismal sci-

ence.' It was, however, precisely because the point of view taken by Mr. George was never seized by any earlier writer that political economy became 'the dismal science,'—a science that could never be reduced to scientific form; in which everything was at loose ends; and in which, from year to year, confusion seemed only to grow worse confounded. It is a somewhat significant fact that, up to the present, the regular or professional economists have fought shy of Mr. George. Prof. Cliffe Leslie is the only English economist of note, so far as I am aware, who has undertaken to criticise the new theories; and he, as every one knows, is not, in his own profession, 'of the straitest sect of the Pharisees.' If the economists will not notice it, however, the people will; and in that case the heresies of the book, if they are heresies, will only be the harder to deal with in the end for the conspiracy of silence with which they were met at the outset.

My object in the present paper is not to discuss the views put forward by Mr. George, so much as to consider how far a certain method of dealing with them, which is resorted to in the Editor's Table of the *Popular Science Monthly*, (February No.) is legitimate. The editor of that ably-conducted periodical finds that the author of 'Progress and Poverty,' places himself in opposition to the doctrine of Evolution; and, that being the case, dispenses with all specific objections to his theories, and waves him out of court as an unscien-

tific rebel against nature's laws. In order, however, that I may show how the issue arises between Mr. George and his evolutionist critic it will be necessary to give some little preliminary information as to the positions assumed by the former, in his—we may say—now famous work.

Mr. George attacks, in the first place, the celebrated 'wage-fund' theory of the economists, and attempts to show that wages do not in reality come out of capital, but that labour earns its own wages as it goes along. He gives various illustrations and proofs of this, starting from the simplest cases where one man is employed by another to gather food—berries, shell-fish, be it what it may—and is paid out of a portion of the proceeds of his own toil, and not at all out of any previously-stored capital of the employer. Passing to labour performed under more advanced and complex conditions, Mr. George shows that every moment of labour bestowed by an artisan adds to the market value of the object upon which he is working; and that if that object could be immediately turned into cash, the wages of the labourer would be found stored up there in the work of his hands. If wages were really paid out of capital, then a man's capital would be reduced by all the wages he paid out; whereas in point of fact it is *not*, seeing that, just as he pays out wages, the value of his stock—which, according to all economists, is part of his capital—increases. He has less capital in cash, but he has more capital in goods; and his first sales will help to restore the former balance. Take any manufacturing business that is in steady and successful operation: far the larger part of the capital employed in the business consists of buildings, machinery, and goods manufactured or in course of manufacture. Labour is constantly adding to the value of the latter; and, as goods are constantly being sold, that value is realized from day to day. The labourers, on the other

hand, are probably only paid by the week—some of them, such as clerks and bookkeepers, by the month—so that, instead of labour being in debt to capital, capital is constantly in debt to labour. The profit on the sales of the day must, on the average, exceed the wages of the day, or else the business is a losing one; so that, in the most literal sense, labour produces, day by day, its own wages. What capital does, as Mr. George fully explains, is to render certain forms of labour possible that, without it, would be impossible. The capitalist is the only man who can afford to *store up value in goods or permanent works*, the only man who can, on a large scale, transmute cash into other forms of capital, and await the time when the balance will be restored. But not for one moment does he willingly reduce his capital; though he may, under certain circumstances, run his cash balance very close; and, if his calculations have not been well made, may overstrain his resources and land himself in failure. This function of capital it is that has led previous economists to the doctrine that wages are everywhere paid out of capital, and that has burdened political economy with the preposterous 'wage-fund' theory—a theory, it will be remembered, that the late Mr. Mill was led, by the arguments of Mr. Thornton, to abandon, though without a complete perception of wherein its falsity lay. The wages of labour depend, according to Mr. George, not upon the volume of the 'wage-fund,' but upon the conditions under which labour can be exerted, the most important condition of all being the degree of facility and profit with which *labour can apply itself to land*. I do not here undertake to prove Mr. George's propositions, but simply to indicate what they are; and those who wish to see how this view, and others that follow, are sustained must refer for themselves to 'Progress and Poverty.'

Mr. George next attacks the Mal-

thusian doctrine, which, he holds, has owed its popularity to the singular manner in which it has appealed to the prejudices of both rich and poor. In this part of his book he gives a very encouraging exhibit of the resources at the disposal of civilized humanity, showing that the food of man is drawn at once from earth, sea and sky, that man, by his power of fostering the animal races that are serviceable to him, and destroying those that diminish his food supplies, occupies an altogether exceptional position in the creation; and, moreover, that, just as fast as population increases, labour, through increased subdivision, becomes more productive. Attention is also called to the fact that, as civilization becomes higher, as the mental powers become predominant, the rate of increase in population diminishes; so that, in all probability, long before the earth is fully peopled, a point will have been reached at which gain will do little more than balance loss.

The next question considered is that of the distribution of wealth, and Mr. George here discovers that economists generally have lost sight of an essential point—viz., that rent is a tax upon capital as well as upon labour, inasmuch as whatever tends to make labour less productive will also diminish the return which labour can afford to pay for the use of capital. He here catches sight, as he thinks, and as many will think with him, of the true cause of those periods of commercial and industrial stagnation which have been the source at once of such dire perplexity to speculative observers and of such dire distress to large sections of society. Land in civilized countries is an article in which all but unlimited speculation is allowed. It is of course the *sine qua non* of all human effort, and it is limited in extent. The monopolization of it by a few in any given country must be a source of severe suffering to the many, who, for the bare right to work upon a small portion of the soil so held in absolute

ownership, have to resign far the larger part of the product of their labour. Still the sacred rights of property must not be invaded; and the multitudes must swarm and huddle as best they may in the small areas to which they are restricted; while the deer of my lord roam at large with all the freedom, and many times the dignity and safety, of their untamed ancestors in the primeval forest. But as the population of the earth is continually increasing, and as this alone gives increased value to land, the holders of land for sale or for rent are always tempted to discount the future by asking for their land the value which they anticipate it will have in a certain number of years. Particularly during a period of great commercial activity does land run up in nominal value, or, in other words, does the expectation of future increase in value become keen. For a time industry struggles with the increasing burden implied in exaggerated land values; but finally, without well knowing why, it succumbs; credit collapses; production slackens; employment fails; the tramp is 'abroad' in a very disagreeable sense; misery spreads and crime shows an upward tendency. Then the political economist is called in to survey the desolation, and give a professional opinion as to the cause,—'to give,' as Matthew Arnold has said, 'the ill he cannot cure a name.' Shaking his 'sapient head,' to quote the poet again, he sadly mutters, 'Over consumption!' But, scarcely have the words escaped his lips, before a brother doctor appears upon the scene, and, with equal gravity, pronounces it a bad case of 'over-production.' Then follows a discussion, that for instructiveness can only be equalled by Swift's 'Consultation of Four Physicians upon a Lord that was Dying.' Fortunately, the economic doctors do not administer any medicine; and the patient slowly recovers. But, how does he recover? Partly by the collapse, amongst other things of the artificial land values, and

partly by the steady creeping up of society to a point at which labour becomes again sufficiently productive to afford employment for capital. All this will be found very fully illustrated in Mr. George's book. He shows most conclusively, that labour and capital always prosper and suffer together, and that it is rent which, *by anticipating the future too greedily*, periodically starves both.

It is also shown, and we now come to the point which has given the book its title, that so long as land is held in absolute private ownership, and so long as there are physical difficulties of greater or less magnitude in the way of taking up land that is rent-free, the whole increase in the productiveness of labour caused by the introduction of improved methods or by simple growth of population, accrues to the landlord; so that, however civilization as regards the upper classes, may advance, the mere agricultural or mechanical labourer scarcely improves his status from age to age. In so far as his status is at all improved, it is through free land being rendered accessible, and the landlords being thus forced to award to labour a portion of its own enhanced productiveness. We thus see that railway extension in the United States, and cheap freights across the Atlantic, are lowering rents very seriously in England,—in other words, forcing the landlord to abandon a portion of the tax he had before levied on labour. Still the principle holds good, that ownership of the soil implies a right to all that is produced from it, less only what may be necessary to give a bare maintenance to labour; and that, under no circumstances, need a landlord, whose tenant or labourer cannot secure other land, allow the latter more than a bare maintenance, even though his labour, through improved methods and machinery, may be worth that of four men in an earlier age. Mr. George therefore contends that the reason why poverty is a constant attendant upon

civilization and seems only to assume more hideous forms as civilization advances, is simply this, that possession of land entitles the holders to exact the whole product of labour, save only what is needed to maintain a succession of labourers. The system is of course modified in practice by what the economists call 'friction'—that is to say, by the humanity of individual employers of labour; but upon the whole it works with crushing and un pitying force.

In order that all classes in society may benefit from that advance in civilization and that increase in the productiveness of labour to which all contribute, it is necessary that any increase in values to which this gives rise should be distributed amongst all. Now, where is the progressive increase in the value of labour registered? Where is it stored up? It is registered, it is stored up, *solely in land*. While the products of labour become cheaper land becomes dearer. Why dearer? Because labour exerted upon it becomes, from generation to generation (in all progressive societies, at least), more and more fruitful. Now, what Mr. George holds—agreeing herein with Mr. Spencer and the late Mr. Mill—is that this increase in value never should have been allowed to accrue to private holders of property, but should have been laid hold of by the State for public purposes. It has so accrued, however, and Mr. George, waxing desperate over the evils which, as he believes, owe their existence mainly to this cause, proposes that the mistakes of the past should be remedied, at one stroke, by the adoption of such a system of taxation upon bare land values as should reduce all land to one level in point of market value, and that the money so raised should be a substitute for all other taxation. The scheme, in other words, looks to the abolition of rent, or, at least, to the application of it to public purposes; and to the liberation at once of industry from all the taxes

and imposts that now weigh upon it. This is free-trade with a vengeance, but it is free-trade, not as an absolute or metaphysical doctrine, but free-trade as the natural accompaniment of a natural mode of social existence. The chapter which Mr. George has devoted to the principles of taxation is one that will well repay perusal, and one which greatly helps the general argument of the book. The evils of indirect taxation have never been more strongly set forth. What is recommended is not really taxation at all, in the strict sense; for taxation is properly a levy upon the proceeds of individual labour, whereas, according to the scheme proposed, the State would simply apply to public purposes a portion, or the whole, of the annual value acquired by land, independently of individual exactions, while labour would go free.

It will be a matter of regret to all who have followed Mr. George's very lucid argument thus far, to find him supposing that this change could be carried into effect without some provision being made for the compensation of the present owners. Here his reasoning is so obviously at fault, that it would almost seem as if his object were rather to rouse attention to a very grave problem, than really to press an impracticable (because unjust) method of dealing with it. And no doubt it is the case that if people could once be led to see that, just as fast as the methods of industry improve, or as in any way whatever the working power of the world is increased, the main, and often the whole, advantage is reaped by the land-owner, and helps to place in his hands capital that he will afterwards loan on interest to those who have produced it, there would arise throughout the land an exceeding great cry for a reversal of so fundamentally unjust a system; and monopolists would only be too glad to meet the popular demand half way, lest a worse thing should happen to them. In every country the money value of the land, *as last sold*, is cir-

culating as capital, subject to the highest rate of interest the market will allow; but that value was in the truest sense earned by the people, not by the land-owners as a class. The effect of the private ownership of land is thus constantly to push labour back to primitive conditions by gathering in the capital that it progressively accumulates; and this effect it has, not upon the humbler forms of labour only, but upon all labour. The land-owner himself, in so far as he is a labourer, has really divided interests, and might open a set of books in which the exactions of rent from his labour would be clearly shown.

Having thus propounded his remedy for pauperism considered as a widespread social evil, Mr. George advances a theory of his own, suggested by the whole previous course of his argument, as to the law of social progress; and here it is that he falls foul, as it appears, of the doctrine of Evolution. The law of progress, he says, is 'Association in Equality,' or, as he understands the words, association under conditions of justice. When tens of thousands of servile backs are bending beneath the burdens imposed by one taskmaster, there is association, but not association in equality; and there we see progress arrested at an early stage. Great material works, such as the pyramids, may remain; but the civilization that produced them has perished from the face of the earth. Progress depends, says Mr. George again, upon the application of thought, of mental power, to progressive purposes; and, as mental power is a limited quality, what can be applied to progressive purposes is only what is left over after non-progressive purposes, such as maintenance of the existing status, and any wasteful conflicts in which the community may be engaged, have been satisfied. Consequently those conditions, whatever they may be, which set free for progressive purposes the greatest amount of physical, mental and moral

energy, are the conditions under which the most rapid and continuous progress will be made. This may sound like a truism, but all truths become truisms when seen in a sufficiently strong light. Now manifestly a state of society in which perfect justice obtains between man and man, in which every man can reap where he has sown, and gather where he has strawed, and not only so, but reap *all* he has sown, and gather *all* he has strawed; and in which (by necessary implication) *no man will be allowed to do more*, will be that in which there will be the smallest loss of force in useless friction and the largest surplus available for growth and improvement.

This, in substance, is Mr. George's theory; and it is to this that, in the name of evolution, a strong opposition is filed. 'It sounds,' says the *Popular Science Monthly*, 'like last-century talk, before science had entered upon the investigation, and ignores a whole continent of facts that have been upheaved during the last two or three generations, and which are fundamental to any theory of human advancement.' The force of this criticism is not, to my mind, very apparent. Mr. George does not necessarily 'ignore' facts which the enquiry on which he has entered do not require him to mention. The law which Mr. George brings forward is a sociological law, and should be criticised simply as such. It may have been, and I think, for my own part, that it has been, too broadly stated. It certainly will not, as its author claims, 'explain all diversities, all advances, all halts and retrogressions.' The mental forces of humanity may not only be wasted in conflicts springing from social injustice, but may be paralysed by superstition, may be drawn off to regions of speculation wholly removed from all living human interest, or may be completely overmastered through the effect upon the imagination of the physical powers of nature. Still the practical

and important question in regard to Mr. George's law is this: 'Is it one of wide (though not universal) application?' If so, it constitutes an important contribution to sociological science. If not, then its falsity should be demonstrated by an appeal to facts. What there seems some reason to fear is that 'Evolution' is going to be made a summary, and rather unreasoning, arbiter in all controversies with which it can claim to have anything to do. It is a grand and comprehensive theory; but just because it is so grand and so comprehensive, because it is an induction from so enormous a field of observation, much care should be used in applying it to the criticism of narrower inductions which grasp more closely the smaller groups of facts with which they deal.

Mr. George is blamed again for saying that, 'Whether man was or was not gradually developed from an animal, it is not necessary to enquire.' But really, for the purpose he had in view, I venture to agree with him that such an enquiry was *not* necessary. We want to know whether private land ownership is right or wrong, expedient or inexpedient; how shall we be helped to a decision by knowing whether Mr. Darwin's theory of man's origin is the correct one or not. The disposition to force an investigator to face such an issue as this, whether he needs to do so or not, points to a kind of metaphysical absolutism, rather than to that rational freedom and poise of the human spirit which is the best result of true science.

'The cave-men,' we are told, 'did not say, "Go to, let us progress; but they blindly struggled with their circumstances, and out of these struggles came improvement."' Not so; out of a really 'blind' struggle no improvement can come; and such improvement as was reached by the cave-men was reached through some adaptation of means to ends, and through co operation. It is when men unite their efforts that they begin to prevail over

nature. 'The aboriginal savage,' we read further, 'was cruel, revengeful, and delighted in the infliction of pain. How could such a creature with his unsympathetic and unsocial nature be brought into even the rudest forms of society? Only by a coercion so stern that it could subjugate his refractory passions, and force him into some kind of co-operation.' The writer of these lines has surely forgotten Spencer's lessons, not to mention Comte's, on the relativity of all knowledge, and, not of all knowledge only, but of all virtue. He applies to the savage certain epithets which are intended to mean a great deal, but which could only mean a great deal if applied to civilized man. The growth of the idea of justice was no doubt slow in early communities, and before the sentiment was well-developed injustice could only be partially felt. Mr. George holds that injustice is a bar to progress. Well then, the injustice which in a savage community would be a bar to progress, would be an injustice, *relative to the then existing condition of social and moral development*, or in other words an injustice that would then be felt as such. Will the *Popular Science Monthly* say that, in any community, however low in the scale, an observance of the *relative* justice of the tribe and the period will not be favourable to the general improvement of life, and conversely, injustice unfavourable? To say that such an 'unsympathetic and unsocial' being as the primitive savage could only 'be brought into even the rudest forms of society' by the sternest coercion, is to do injustice to human nature, to fly in the face of known facts, and to mistake a condition for a cause. Injustice is done to human nature by the denial to it of a social instinct. Facts are set at naught by the statement that the 'rudest forms of society' are impossible without a stern coercion. The Indian tribes upon this continent (to go no further) furnished examples of societies, in which there was a large amount of mutual helpfulness with the

very minimum of coercion. Finally the stern coercion of war and slavery never could of itself have caused the formation of societies. Would any amount of stern coercion force into chemical union elements that have no affinity for one another? And had men been naturally repugnant to one another, under what possible conditions could they have been formed into societies? War has indeed at times been favourable to social and even moral development — but how? Through being, as Comte expresses it, 'the great practical school of the social virtues.' A nation cannot go to war as a nation until there is a certain organic union in its members; and such an organic union existing, the dangers and fatalities of war may render it yet closer. But what could ever be accomplished in war by an army of slaves? How illogical the position of Mr. George's critic is may be seen at a glance, if we suppose the question asked: 'How is the wonderful social development of the human race (as compared with other races) to be accounted for?' and the answer given: 'By the acts of cruelty and injustice, of which the early records of the human family are full. These things developed the germs of sociability, and the result has been what you see,—a society in which the bonds of sympathy between man and man are ever growing stronger.' No; cruelty and injustice never did aught but alienate man from man, and Mr. George would be right in maintaining that, in every age, whatever degree of justice and humanity was possible under existing conditions, would have been, and, where applied, was an aid to social improvement. With primitive man the personal feelings had necessarily to be in almost constant exercise. So little headway had been gained, so little capital had been stored, that man could rarely enjoy the privilege of forgetting his own personal wants. This was the fatality of his position and organization; and a higher intellectual power than any

possessed by the lower animals coming to the aid of his self-regarding instincts, he exhibited in many cases, as he exhibits now, a depravity of character, which none of the lower animals could equal. At the same time the germs of sociability were there, ready to be developed whenever a condition should be reached in which personal wants became less pressing. In war it was not the cruelties practised by hostile tribes upon one another, but the fidelity exercised by the members of each tribe towards one another, that constituted the aids to social progress. Or, again, it was the security from aggression resulting from a successful campaign that liberated a certain amount of force for what Mr. George calls 'progressive purposes.' If slavery ever benefited a race, which is not very certain, it was not the *δούλιον ἡμᾶρ* that can be credited with the effect, but the subsequent habituation of the subject tribe to the higher modes of existence of their masters—a process implying, on the part of the latter, a considerable exercise of justice and humanity. The more we look into these questions the more convinced we shall be that Comte is right in saying that 'No combination of men can be durable if it is not really voluntary;' and that Mr. George, in the law which he formulates, has embraced, if not the whole truth, a very important section of the truth.

The writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* thinks, very singularly, that he has scored a point against Mr. George by recalling the fact that slavery in the United States was banished, not 'as a behest of the humanity of the nation,' but through 'a convulsion of domestic carnage.' Why, Mr. George expressly says that injustice—such as was involved in Southern slavery—is, and must be, a cause of social disturbance, and an impediment to progress. What wonder then that this huge system of injustice should, like a legion of departing devils, have rent in twain the nation that had har-

boured it? The critic, in a truly metaphysical spirit, would credit the abolition of the evil to war in the abstract; whereas, in point of actual fact, it must be credited to a particular war, which had its origin in the determination of the Northern States to resist the extension of slavery. There was certainly, on one side, 'a behest of humanity,' which, unfortunately had to be executed by war. Mr. George has propounded no theory, that I am aware of, which declares that this should not have been. He only says that communities will thrive in proportion as men are able to *combine their efforts under just conditions*. How injustice, where it exists on a great scale, will be, or ought to be, got rid of, he nowhere attempts to say.

The greatest misunderstanding of the scope of Mr. George's work appears, however, in the last paragraph of the criticism to which we are referring, where the writer charges Mr. George with audaciously attempting to anticipate ever so many stages of the work of that leisurely divinity Evolution. The following sentences will show the nature of the objection taken, and will show, too, how Mr. Spencer's nervous style of writing communicates itself to his followers. 'Dwelling, by virtue of his predominant culture in an ideal world that he constructs to suit himself; taught by novelists, dramatists and poets, whose function it is to create imaginary worlds; familiar with religious doctrines which teach the facile convertibility of human nature; studying history which is ever occupied with human doings, and ever exaggerates the offices of great men; and surrounded by a world filled with suffering and injustice—men come to think that all this evil might be quickly done away with if there were only the disposition and the will. . . . Science, as it confers a deeper knowledge of the order of the world, sobers our judgment and dissipates these pleasing illusions.'

The first remark to make upon this is, that as a reproach addressed to Mr. George, it is not called for. The author of 'Progress and Poverty,' has nowhere expressed the opinion, or indulged the anticipation, that a great change might in a very short time be wrought in the statics either of human nature or of human society. He deals only with dynamical manifestation, the variations of which may, from a subjective point of view, be very great with an extremely small amount of statical change. The reason of this is, that a given organization is capable of expressing itself dynamically in the most diverse modes, according to the special or secondary influences under which it acts. It is a knowledge of this fact which makes parents who have a due sense of responsibility so careful as to the associates of their children, which makes them desirous of educating their children properly, and forming their characters aright. Now let us suppose some one coming to such a parent and addressing him as follows :—' Why trouble yourself ? Nature has been working on this child of yours for untold ages ; and are you foolish enough, are you "unscientific" enough, to suppose for a moment that anything you can do, in the brief space of half-a-dozen years, can affect in any perceptible degree, your child's organization, or make much difference to him in any way ? Send him out into the streets. Let him go to school or not, as he likes. Let him pick up habits and form associations just according to his tastes. The work of the ages past cannot be undone, nor that of the ages to come anticipated, in a life-time.' To such a discourse what would the parent reply ? 'As to changing my child's organization I never thought of it. That may have been moulded and fixed in the way you say. What I am concerned about is his happiness and usefulness in life ; and upon these I am quite convinced that the measures I am taking, and propose to take, will have the most

important bearing. Let the organization remain, if it will, a fixed quantity, I intend to see to the medium, the environment, the influences that determine activity.' And the unscientific parent would answer well. The same answer, in effect, runs through a whole chapter of Mr. George's book, that on 'Differences in Civilization.'

The next answer to make to the criticism is that Mr. George does not directly aim at any *general* change at all, though he hopes that an improvement in the condition of the humbler classes in society would react favourably on the higher classes, just as the abolition of slavery might be expected to benefit, not the slaves only, but their former masters. The theatre, however, of Mr. George's direct efforts is local and limited. He sees certain secondary influences at work debasing human life ; and he wishes to remove those influences. What has Evolution to say to that ? Supposing that Mr. George anticipates greater results from the change he advocates than it is adapted to produce ; the error is of the same nature as expecting too much work of a mill-wheel or any other piece of machinery ; it involves no lese-majesty of Evolution. Mr. George's law is, as I have remarked, a sociological law—at least it is offered as such—and it should be criticised, if at all, upon sociological data. To confront it with the theory of Evolution in all its breadth is not dealing with it in a practical way. What the world will want to know in regard to Mr. George's proposals is, first, whether they are practicable, and, second, how they would work. No wise man will seek to make war upon nature, or try to goad her into a quicker pace ; and Mr. George, though enthusiastic, is not fanatical. He will be as prompt as any one else to recognise the limits which nature has set to human improvement, when once those limits are made visible ; but, on the other hand, he will not be lightly turned from his purpose by vague assertions as to na-

ture's decrees, before any satisfactory effort has been made to ascertain where the influence of secondary and modifiable causes ends, and that of primary, unmodifiable, causes begins. The doctrine of Evolution, as a whole, is too huge a weapon to handle ; and the attempt to wield it, in a discussion which lies within comparatively narrow limits, can only result in confusion and obstruction. Wisely conceived and employed, it will greatly aid human thought and purify human feeling ; but there is evidently danger

of its degenerating, through a too purely 'symbolical' use (to adopt an expression of Mr. Spencer's) into a mere metaphysical dogma, oppressive alike to thought and to activity. To point out this danger, as exemplified in what I cannot but regard as a misdirected criticism upon Mr. George's book, and to call attention to the book itself which, whatever may be the final verdict upon it, is one eminently worthy of perusal, has been the double object of the foregoing pages.

FORGIVENESS.

BY JOHN READE, MONTREAL.

IF (for we know not what a day may bring)
 Among the living I should seek in vain
 To-morrow for thy face, with what wild pain
 Ever I should recall thee, lingering
 As loth to go, and looking in my eyes
 And on my lips for any word or sign
 Of due contrition for a false surmise,
 Unworthy of thy friendship or of mine !
 Upon the margin of how black a hell
 I stood when, having wronged thee, friend, my pride
 Tempted me, as the serpent at Eve's side,
 Against the pleading spirit to rebel !
 But now, whatever comes to thee or me,
 My heart shall hold thy sweet "*Absolvo te.*"

MODERN THEOLOGY AND MODERN THOUGHT.*

BY FIDELIS.

WE are continually receiving illustrations of the truth, which in these latter days has become almost a platitude—that true religion is one and theology is manifold. For by *religion*, we mean not theory or creed, which is intellectual belief, but the *living principle of action* which has been the main spring of so many lives. The practical side of religion has been defined by an Apostle to consist of active sympathy with the distressed and purity of life. And the essence of that ‘Christian religion’ which St. Augustine tells us has never been at any time absent from the world, is the reverent and loving trust in a personal God, and obedience to His will so far as it is known, which was the faith of faithful Abraham, as it has been that of so many faithful souls in all ages of the world’s history, under differing race and name. Under the more concentrated light of the ‘Christian Dispensation,’ this loving trust and obedience in a dimly revealed God became faith in God as a Father manifested in the Lord Jesus Christ, and obedience to him as so manifested; in other words, love of the heart and righteousness of the life. This at least has been the Christian ideal, felt to be so by all true hearts, though the perversity of human nature has led to endless deviations from it. Still, the latest and most ‘advanced’ Christians of to-day, and even many who hesitate to call themselves Christians at all—in so far as they live *by faith*, live by the same faith as did ‘the

world’s grey fathers,’ to whom God was really in the earthquake and the storm, as in the still small voice within.

But theology is manifold; and the various and varying conditions of the human mind make it inevitable that it must be so. For theology is of the intellect, and the intellect of the race is as diverse as the heart of it, after all, is *one*. It has been sometimes made a matter of reproach against the Bible, that theological systems so diverse have been supported from its pages. It seems strange that it does not occur to the objectors how much, in this respect, it resembles nature herself. She, like the Bible, has been interpreted in endlessly different ways. Endless controversies have been, are still being waged as to the right interpretation of her pages also. It is only gradually, by slow and painful degrees, that men become able to spell out clearly her meaning; and so it is with the Bible,—just because both are beyond the compass of any human intellect fully to sound. If it were not so, we might well doubt the Divine origin which we claim for it. It is not rash, but warranted by all past experience to predict that the higher the human race advances in knowledge and in thought, the more will it be able to discern the profound truth contained in the Bible, which will yet always be found in advance of human knowledge, though that truth may not be always exactly what ‘orthodoxy’ at first saw in it. Of the Bible we may say, as truly as of the ways of Providence,

* ‘Proceedings of the Second General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance,’ Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

‘God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.’

Such thoughts present themselves naturally in relation to the contents of a large volume, which, perhaps, may be characterised as the latest important contribution to modern theology. This is the Authorised Report of the Proceedings of the late Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia. As the meeting of the scattered branches of a great historic church, more wide spread as to territory than any other church of the Reformation, and with a longer roll of grand historic names, this Council could not but be a deeply interesting one to all interested in the life of the Church at large. There were delegates from the various branches of the Church, in Scotland, in England, in Ireland, in Bohemia, Hungary, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Spain, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, Ceylon, Australia, New South Wales, New Zealand, the New Hebrides, the Cape of Good Hope, Natal and the Orange Free State; besides mission stations innumerable. The walls were hung with historic names and emblems, from Britain and all the old continental churches that bore their part so nobly in the stormy Reformation days, which might well impress the least imaginative Presbyterian with that sense of unity and continuity of tradition which is one of the advantages possessed by a venerable historic organization. The volume containing the 'Proceedings' is illustrated with reproductions of these emblems and devices, and as it is well got up and clearly printed, it would form a respectable addition to any library.

Its contents consist of about one hundred papers, specially prepared for the council, besides a considerable amount of supplementary discussion. As a reflection of modern theological thought, it is at once a hopeful and a disappointing volume, inasmuch as two very diverse currents of thought meet and mingle in its pages. It is disappointing, because both papers and discussions bear so many traces of a narrow, obstinate

tenacity of certain traditional forms of thought, and blind antagonism to certain modifications of belief, which the progress of thought and research must ere long render inevitable. It is hopeful, because there is scarcely a narrow or obstructive opinion advanced which does not find a corrective or counteractive somewhere in the book. It is, therefore, very much like a photograph of the Church of to-day, generally,—the main body, moving slowly, as all large bodies do, and lagging considerably behind the active and thoughtful minds, whose leadership the body must feel in time, however reluctant to acknowledge it. And, just at present, owing probably to the natural alarm felt, on the conservative side, at the attitude of the very advanced school of modern thought, a sort of reactionary wave seems to have swept over the churches,—a tenacious clinging to ancient landmarks and traditions as if this alone could save faith from being swept away by a torrent of scepticism. Wiser counsels will no doubt prevail,—indeed are beginning already to prevail,—but it is interesting, in the meantime, to compare, in a few points at least, the noticeable diversity of thought and position apparent at this great Council, consisting of trusted delegates from all quarters of the globe. The dusky Indian sat side by side with representatives of the most ancient civilisations of the world,—the Brahmin, Narayan Sheshadri, for instance, with his snowy turban and dark interesting face. Missionaries, too, were there from every part of the globe, with a noble record of what the Presbyterian Church is doing in the dark places of the earth. On the grand review evening, when missionary after missionary gave a brief account of his work, the practical unity of religion rose above the diversity as regarded thought, and all united in swelling one grand tide of Christian enthusiasm.

It was a curious circumstance that the narrow and illiberal element in

the Council proceeded mainly from the American portion of the Assembly; while the most liberal and progressive opinions proceeded, with few exceptions, from British and Colonial delegates. The very narrow and intolerant position taken by the Council in excluding from it the delegates of the Cumberland Presbyterians, a body accepting the Presbyterian system and doctrines, but modifying, in its confession, the articles on Predestination, was mainly upheld by American delegates; while the able minority who opposed an exclusion almost incredibly bigoted in this age, and in a Council professing Catholicity, was led by Dr. Bruce, of Glasgow, a theological professor and an able author, and by Principal Grant, of Queen's University. And if some of the more conservative of the delegates—more especially the American ones—showed a decided desire to stereotype theological thought at the date of the Westminster Confession, the impossibility of so doing was shown most clearly by the paper of Dr. Rainy, Principal of the Free Church College, Edinburgh, on 'The Tendencies of Modern Thought,' and in the brilliant paper on Agnosticism, by Professor Flint, of Edinburgh University. Some passages of Professor Rainy's paper are well worth quoting, as showing the most distinct recognition of the principle that the general advance of thought in other directions must have a modifying influence on theological thought also.

'Theological thought,' he tells us, 'is affected by the progress, the natural progress, of the various subordinate departments of theological science, which are, as it were, the tools with which theology works. For example, it has benefited by improved methods of exegesis, and by the increasing agreement about the principles according to which the sense of Scripture should be elicited. For another instance, the prosecution of the work of Biblical theology, as a distinct department, has done much both to clear

and to enrich theological thought. Again, a very sensible effect has been produced by the study of historical theology. The calm, comparative survey of the work of different schools of thinkers, the curious dissection of each competing system, with a view to assign the theological motive of each—these studies have produced a mental attitude toward controversies distinctly different from that which once obtained. Still further, new modes of centring theological thought, new assignments of the axis on which it should revolve, modify from time to time the cast of prevailing conceptions. Such changes may be influenced by pressure from without; but they are much more to be referred to internal developments of religious life, which demand to be represented in the field of thought.

'Theology, like other systems, must be pervaded by the questions: How do I know that I know? In what sense do I know? Theology is to be placed in harmonious relation to man's faculties; and not to these alone, but to the whole world of thought and impression which man has acquired, and to the maxims he has learned to hold valid. In short, theology is to be contemplated in the light of man's best conceptions of the intellectual world he lives in, and his best conceptions of the conditions of his intellectual and moral life.'

Dr. Rainy frankly points out that the 'juridical element,' so conspicuous in the Reformed Theology, has fallen very much into the background in the theological mind of our time, *i. e.*, as he puts it, 'the conception of reckoning according to justice,' being, to a great extent, replaced by the conception of an administration of government which encourages goodness by benefits, and follows sin with sorrows that tend to school men out of it—a conception which, he says, naturally gives rise to the present stirring of eschatological problems which is so conspicuous a feature of modern

thought. This change he ascribes to the greater prominence which has been given to the Divine Fatherhood and the correlative idea of a Divine training of the race, which is, indeed, the Christian evolution, which, he truly says, 'is present and operative everywhere.'

The tendency to obliterate the distinction between the natural and the supernatural is another to which he gives a good deal of prominence, a question, however, which is somewhat obscured by obscurity of definitions.

While Dr. Rainy frankly admits that Christian theology is undergoing a thorough revision, he does not anticipate sweeping changes. But he quite distinctly admits that the older theology is not to be considered the absolutely perfect and completed truth which some rigid conservatives would have it to be. He glances at the altered manner in which doctrines are now presented, not so much as the expression of revealed fact, but 'rather as modes of human feeling and experience, moulds into which human thought may or ought to shape itself.'

And one of the most pressing needs of our time, as regards theology, he thus describes :

'That which we doubtless all desire for the churches we represent is that they may be found ready to vindicate the place and testimony of God's Word. And yet this duty is not always so simple as it seems ; for it is always possible that the older theology may have retained a leaven from the maxims and methods of the days when it was formed—a leaven which claims no respect now ; and it is possible that the modern theology, in its busy converse with various forms of human thought and learning, may receive suggestions on some points which do not mislead from Scripture, but which help to discern and seize their true sense. The question, after all, is, how the mind of Christ bears upon, and is related to, the mind of our time in its various forms. "Such

and such have said unto you, but I say unto you." One would wish to be able vigilantly to mark and clearly to enunciate how the very mind of Christ—His revealed mind—strikes upon and strikes into the human ferment, dividing, judging, guiding. In order to this we must study the revealing word ; but we must also study our time in its mental workings, and that with candour, and, as much as may be, with sympathy. We must encounter, with God's help, the pressure of its thought, and seek both to know and to show how the thoughts of our Lord bear on it. Without this there may perhaps be high meditation in some directions ; without it there may be useful theological rehearsals of truth received, and there may be useful preaching, theological or not, but without it there will not be in any sense that that will be helpful in our time—Theological Thought.' 'It will not improve our influence if we bring Christ's word mixed copiously with the wisdom of our own minds or our father's ; nor will it improve our influence if men see cause to think that we have no especial anxiety or care to avoid that mixture.'

And he says, with no less truth than force, that much might be gained 'if our theology accustomed itself to mark differences of the kind I have indicated ; if, with its believing fervour, it combined more of a critical reflection on itself ; if it exhibited an effort, cordial and habitual, to estimate how far it is dealing with immutable certainties, and how far moving into regions and along lines where the consciousness of human liability to err should be not only cherished, but acknowledged, and even emphasized.'

Had these principles been a little more influential in the Council generally, both in papers and discussions, the result would have been more generally edifying. We should hardly have had reverend delegates—hailing chiefly from the Great Republic—gravely arguing that whenever a minister found

himself mentally diverging from some of the long list of philosophical propositions contained in the Confession of Faith, he should incontinently leave the Church of his Fathers, without even waiting to be ejected. To confuse essentials and non-essentials, certainties and theories into one undistinguishable mass, and impose that on the consciences of young men who are just beginning to come into real contact with the problems of life, is the surest way for any Church to court dissension and defeat in this age of all ages.

The large unity and diverse expression of Christianity was ably vindicated also by Principal Grant and Professor Hitchcock, who was almost the only noticeably Liberal thinker among the American delegates. As Principal Grant's interesting and suggestive paper has already been reproduced in the CANADIAN MONTHLY, any further reference to it here is unnecessary. Dr. Hitchcock reviewed the threefold aspect of Christianity—the Ceremonial, the Moral and the Emotional, giving due weight to each. He admitted the large unity of the Christian Church in a way that is refreshing to meet at a denominational Council. 'In time,' he says, 'we shall see that still better ecumenic Christian Alliance, of which there is scarcely a sign as yet. And then, at last, in God's own time, far down the horizon now, we shall have not union only, but *unity*, the real unity, for which our Lord prayed and the ages wait. Christendom is not Occident alone nor Orient alone, but the two together. Nor is the Occident either Protestant alone, or Roman Catholic alone, but the two together. And these nineteen Christian centuries are more and better, taken all together, than any three of them, whether the first three or the last three or any six of them, or any eighteen of them. The one Christ is in them all, in all and in each.'

'The old polemic theology,' he says, 'is anachronistic. What we had better

have to-day and must have to-morrow, is an Irenic theology, our guns all trained on the common foe. Let us allow the Lord as many helpers as possible. He has none to spare. Whoever is really casting out devils, I will not say in any name, but in the name of Christ most surely forbid him not. He may not be going just our way, but our way, even though the best, is not the only way. Folds may be many, while the flock is one.'

In regard to the ceremonial element in religion, Dr. Hitchcock pleads for a greater liberty in regard to Liturgical forms,—liberty for a partial acceptance of them in churches, which have rejected them,—liberty from too great a bondage to them in churches which accept them. He pleads also for a recognition of the great commemorative days of the Church, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter and Whitsuntide. In this he gives expression to the feeling of very many Presbyterians, who now see no reason why they should not unite with the rest of Christendom, in observing these great waymarks of the Christian year. In discussing the moral element, he points out how the old penitential discipline of the Mediæval Church curbed and punished the strong appetites and bad passions of men, and slowly but surely, lifted Europe from lower to higher levels of condition and character. He urges that in these days there is less need of theological preaching, telling men what to believe, than of practical preaching, telling them what they are *to be* and *to do*. Many true Christians, he says, will never become Bernards or Fenelons, or Wesleys; but all can be taught that *Christianity means righteousness*. Of the emotional or intuitional, he speaks as the highest type of Christian experience from which come saints, prophets, psalmists, those who, out of the riches of their own spiritual life, can enrich the spiritual life of others. 'Still,' he says, 'we beckon, as Peter did, to the disciple that is leaning on the Master's bosom.' And it is this high emotional

type that is the inspiration of missions at home and abroad. 'Mankind must be not merely our brethren, ignorant and distressed, but sinful, imperilled beings, for whom Christ died. The sign of conquest in our sky to-day is still the same old passionate sign of the cross.'

As this is not a formal review, we can only glance at a few of the leading papers which bear most directly on our subject. The lucid and forcible paper of Professor Flint, on Agnosticism, is certainly one of these. It would do for the missing chapter on this subject, which one would like to see in his book on 'Anti-theistic Theories.' He defines it simply as the refusal to assent, because of the alleged incompetency of the mind to ascertain the truth. He points out that it is 'largely founded on narrow and partial doctrines as to the nature of belief,' and that its cure and the prevalence of a true theology greatly and intimately depend upon 'the successful culture and general diffusion of a sound and enlarged philosophy, such as will repel all exclusive doctrines, allow us to be just to every order of facts and ideas, and leave room for faith and affection fully to develop themselves.' 'Its irreverence must be confronted with piety; its narrow and exclusive views of development with adequate and comprehensive ones; its ingenious but erroneous conjectures with sound and true inductions; its hypotheses, plausible merely because drawn from facts arbitrarily selected and illusively combined with conclusions drawn from all classes of the relevant facts. A truly reverent, truly enlightened, profound and thorough biblical scholarship can alone successfully combat agnostic criticism.' He would also have pointed out, had the time allowed him permitted, how Agnosticism arises also from false views of the relations of science to religion, and how it must be combatted by true views on this point; but, as he remarked, Dr. McCosh and Dr. Calderwood, had already, in able papers on

the relations of Science and Religion, sufficiently enforced this lesson. Some of his closing remarks are so wise and practically suggestive, that no apology is needed for quoting them. 'A church which rests satisfied with the acquisitions which former generations have drawn from nature, Providence and Scripture; which does not seek to add to the old treasures stored up in its creeds, catechisms, and dogmatic systems, new treasures, may be orthodox,—may have espoused, as yet, no grievous positive falsehood, but its whole attitude towards the truth is a wrong one. When a church loses that love of the truth as it is in Christ, which constrains it to seek in him ever new treasures of wisdom and knowledge; when it comes to look with suspicion on new discoveries and to discountenance the spirit of independent and original investigation; when theological research and theological instruction are the last things it strives to encourage, that church is not far from the terrible condition in which errors are justified and lies embraced. Every such church presents its theology in a light admirably calculated to make men conclude that it is a sham science, a pretended exposition of the unknown and unknowable. Every church, on the other hand, which seeks earnestly more and more divine light, which welcomes what is new in theology, if it be true; which encourages fresh and original theological speculation, if only it be sincere and reverent, cannot but bear a powerful practical testimony that theology is real and vital knowledge, and eminently worthy of study. I believe that the human mind scarcely ever worked more energetically or successfully in the fields of theological science than it has been working during the nineteenth century—entire theological sciences, like biblical theology and comparative theology having been built up almost from the foundations within that period; and there are still in theology worlds to conquer by the human

mind, divinely guided and enlightened.' 'The strongest of all anti-agnostic forces—in fact, the one great safeguard of humanity against the general or final triumph of Agnosticism—is none other than the redemptive power of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. The grand argument against anti-religious Agnosticism is the practical one of a consistent and vigorous Christian life—the argument which, through God's grace, we can all use.'

This paper, together with a very conservative one by Dr. Van Zandt on 'Creeds and Confessions,' gave rise to an animated discussion, in which it was eloquently pleaded, on the one hand, that it was unwise and at variance with Protestant principles, to stereotype the creed of a church at a given period in the past, and that it was unscriptural to demand unqualified assent to an extended series of philosophical propositions, as a necessary condition of admission to the ministry; while the other side was evidently quite satisfied with the wisdom of the past, and unable to sympathise with any who could not comfortably fit their thoughts into the mould of another age. One doctor of divinity even maintained that a young man who had just finished his theological course, though he has not as yet come face to face with a single problem of life, should have his system of belief so fully thought out as to require little further consideration!

On the great question of Inspiration, it is much to be regretted that there is no paper such as the Rev. Newman Smyth, author of 'Old Faiths in New Lights,' would have written. The papers in the volume are utterly inadequate to meet the difficulties of thoughtful men, because they are scarcely more than expositions of one theory of it, which, in the opinion of most thinkers, is as untenable as it is unnecessary; while even the nature of inspiration is confessedly inscrutable. They do not enter upon the larger reasons for believing the fact, and they ignore the great principle of historic interpreta-

tion which is the key of the removal of much difficulty. 'Read the Bible,' says Newman Smyth, 'as our modern discoverers of the mistakes of Moses read it, without taking in its historical perspective; look upon the biblical revelation as a plain surface without depth or distance, and you cannot possibly gain a much truer conception of the divine wisdom in it, than you could of the glory of God in the heavens, if you should regard the sky as a flat surface in which the stars are fixed, forgetting the vast astronomical distances and the grouping of worlds, and the harmony of all. The unhistorical interpretation of scripture is as childish as an unastronomical view of the sky.'

In direct contrast to the narrow literalism or verbalism of the papers professedly on Inspiration, we find some refreshing paragraphs in the noble and large-hearted paper on 'Apologetics,' by M. de Pressensé, which, unfortunately was not read, and is given only in the appendix, because its author was not present. We give a few sentences from it:

'Most theologians of these seventeenth century described revelation as the supernatural communication of the doctrines of God and man. It was for them essentially an orthodoxy. A similar theory makes the book containing the divine formula, almost identical with the revelation itself. It became the direct object of faith, and signified that it was divinely proved by prophecy and miracles. There has been one point gained to-day—that is the distinction between the revelation itself and its document. Revelation is a history and a person; the book which guards it for us is the Bible. It has no other mission than to make us know him who has said, 'I am the truth.' In reality, the book loses nothing by this. On the contrary, it has gained what it seems to lose. When it was considered as a code or catechism fallen from heaven, it became cold and dry. Since it has been considered especially a testimony to the ef-

fective manifestation of God in history, and above all to the highest, the Incarnation, it is living like the Christ whose image is stamped upon it.'

In the same way the radical error that runs through Dr. DeWitt's paper on the relation of art and worship, the very error of the materialistic school of art critics—that art is merely the expression of *material* beauty—meets a correction well put in the paper read the same evening by Dr. Graham, of London, who said truly that 'the task of art is to make the eternal and perfect beauty shine through, sound out, in some poor dust, some feeble tone.'

We cannot even glance at other papers, as to do so would occupy too much space, though the papers on the relations of science and religion deserve more than a passing notice—in particular that by Professor Calderwood, one of the ablest critics of Herbert Spencer. As for the paper on the 'Distinctive Principles of Presbyterianism,' and others which incidentally urge the 'divine right' of Presbyterianism, we should like to see their authors shut up in a select committee on church government with Archbishop Lynch and Mr. Langtry or Provost Whitaker, on the principle on which a jury are shut up, until they come to an agreement. When a number of able, learned and honest men are each of them convinced that the church represented by each is '*the* Scriptural Church,' we must either accept the somewhat incredible proposition that one is right and all the others wrong, or else conclude that absolute truth does not coincide exactly with the views of any one of them. Is it not at least reasonable to suppose that if a system of church government were really Divinely ordained, this divine system would have been re-

vealed in a somewhat more unmistakable manner, and that no such system has been divinely imposed, in order that the outward form of the Christian Church might be left free to be moulded by its inward life, and the needs of its members, under the varying circumstances of place and time? Only when this principle shall have been conceded throughout Christendom can anything like an organic unity, based on the great central truths of Christianity, become more than a dream. One thing is distinctly noticeable throughout all these papers and discussions—the thorough sincerity and earnestness that pervades them. There is no question of 'augurs laughing in each other's faces' here. Those who still think the thoughts of a former age, and those who feel that they must go on with the thought of their time, are alike thoroughly in earnest. And if the numerical majority is still, as is natural in councils, too rigidly conservative, the ability largely preponderates on the side of a wise toleration and progressiveness, founded on love of truth and a perception of the needs of this age, which cannot be met by endeavouring to force upon it the conceptions of a former one. The germs of truth dropped by the leading minds of this Council must bear fruit, and that which is expected to meet in 1884 will doubtless show still less of denominational narrowness and still more of Christian Catholicity. In time, in the words of the first paper read, 'we may see that still better Christian Alliance, of which there is scarcely any sign yet. And at last, in God's own time, we shall have not union only, but unity, the real unity, for which our Lord prayed and the ages wait.'

GOOD NIGHT.

'Ich denke immer an dich.'

GOOD night! Rest craves this wearied brain,
 And rest those eyes of mine;
 But lo! they're wide awake again,
 And looking into thine.

Thy glance sincere my fancy takes,
 And every pulse it thrills,
 And o'er my heart thy calm smile breaks
 Like morning on the hills.

The wintry night a summer light,
 At thy approach doth show,
 The morning stars glow still more bright,
 More pure those banks of snow.

O little room—O shabby room,
 That'st heard my sacred vow,
 In splendours veil thy dingy gloom,
 She's thinking of me now!

I know it by yon stars that roll—
 Bright sister lamps apart,
 The soul may strike thro' space to soul—
 Heart telephone to heart.

O happy pain!—conflicting fate!
 To love what's all divine,
 And yet to have no offering great,
 To lay upon her shrine.

Away such thoughts!—'tis vain to grieve
 At smallness of my store,
 For had I Empire's dower to give,
 I fain would give her more.

And had I more than Empire's dower,
 Still more I'd fain bestow,
 Great Jove might lend me all his power
 Yet my demands would grow.

Beyond the verge of mortal bounds
 My heart's desires expand,

Far—far—thro' wide eternal rounds,
I'd lead her by the hand.

But that my bliss her bliss should mar
Did God this hour me show—
I'd face cold ways that know no star,
I'd wipe my tears and go.

For may my years stand all accurst,
My flag fall in the strife,
If I don't rate her peace as first
And love her more than life.

Good night ! Thou'rt here !—my heart-throbs vouch,
Thy heart too sure must leap :
Sweet ! bend thee o'er my wintry couch,
And kiss these eyes to sleep.

—TRISTRAM TEMPLETON.

THE POET'S GREATEST WORK.

BY W. E. A.

IT was half-past nine of an April morning. In our family sitting-room we had a small fire burning, because it was so chilly, and all the doors and windows wide open, because it was so warm. Jenny walking up and down, and taking long breaths on the veranda, declared that it was a regular poet's day—so moody and variable ; now overflowing with a sudden radiance, and again lapsing into settled melancholy.

'And here,' cried Charley from the flower bed, 'is the poet coming out in honour of his day.'

True enough, at the end of the long, muddy lane, we detected the small, rather stooped figure of Dick Mowbray, the poet of our neighbourhood, the odd little bachelor of forty-five, the

man whom every one half despised and wholly loved. We could see him picking his way carefully around the puddles, clutching his over large hat as it threatened to be blown away from him, and at last halting upon the door mat to look in, half-confidingly, half-doubtfully, upon us all.

'Good morning, Dick,' said mother's cheery voice, at sound of which all his doubt vanished. 'Come right in, we are glad to see you.'

She did not shake hands—he was too frequent a visitor for that—but she gave him her kindest smile. I handed him the chair next to me, but he gracefully eluded it, and sank lightly into a much more comfortable one.

'The grass is beginning to show quite green and pleasant again,' he

said, but the weather is womanish. Oh, dear,' heaving a little sigh, 'I feel tired. I walked all the way round by Almiry Sloper's, to see when the funeral of her grandchild was to be. It seems they're going to keep the body till day after to-morrow. Well, dear me, what a sweet, innocent-looking little fellow he was. And he looks like a broken lily now! When I went into the other room and looked at him, and all the women crying round, I couldn't help wishing that I was a woman too, for a little while, so I could cry without feeling ashamed. I tell you,' nodding at Jenny and me, 'there's more disadvantages about being a man than you girls would think for. Mrs. Sloper would have it that I should write some poetry about little Eddy's death. She said she wouldn't trouble me, only I could do obituary poetry so beautifully. Those were her own words. *Trouble*, I said, and I declare I was on the very nick of saying that it would be a pleasure! But I tell you,' looking seriously round upon us, 'it makes a man feel very solemn and humble like, when he reflects that it is to his poor lines that bereaved ones will look for consolation.'

We sat in silence for a moment, while the poet leaned back and closed his eyes. His verses were very popular with some of the middle aged, and all of the old women in the neighbourhood, while the rest of society either laughed at them in private, or were utterly indifferent to them. In our own home, his productions had often been called 'sad rubbish;' and it was the very sadness of the rubbish that made us think of it with pity, and treat its author with respect. Apart from his writings, and the too-numerous evidences of his own high estimate of them, we all found it impossible not to like Dick Mowbray. As Jenny once remarked, 'Because he can write poor poetry, is no reason why we should look down on him. Why, everyone is capable of writing his poetry, but no one is capable of leading his life.' And

to this mode of reasoning we always gave our approval. Dick had a womanly genius for small kindnesses—that blessed gift of being unselfish in detail, which makes a place in every heart for the possessor of it. I believe he considered it almost a crime to pass by any human being, without the offering of a warm, interested, brotherly look. He gave a great deal of consideration, and he expected a great deal in return. Poor Dick was never happy unless he was sunning himself in the light of somebody's smile; it mattered little to him whether it illuminated the face of an heiress or a tramp. A hard glance, a chilly tone, would send him home shuddering. But in the end, his generosity would get the better of his susceptibility, and he would return again and again to the individual who had repelled him, until, like the softening and ever recurring influences of the spring, he had melted the last film of ice away. There had been a few cases of frost remaining underground, but this would never be guessed from the appearance of the surface. Pleasant looks, and words, and ways, were as necessary to Dick Mowbray as air, and light, and sunshine. The hardest and worldliest people were forced to be hypocritical in his presence. He looked at them with so much innocent faith in their better natures, that they were obliged to pretend that they were sunny-hearted, and sweet-natured and true. Or, perhaps it was that he owned the secret of calling out the best that was in them, which, but for that, would never have been known to exist. However that may be, it is a fact that some of our neighbours had suffered a good deal, during a part of their lives, under Dick's loving persecutions. Mr. Harding, our village school teacher, was one of these. He was dignified, silent, severe, rigidly just. He treated Dick at first with stately courtesy, used a great deal of conventional consideration, said his few words with unnecessary deliberation and distinctness. The poet

craved more, and received less, for the teacher hardened perceptibly after each attack, until at last, during a walk in which Mowbray overtook and accompanied him, he confined his part of the conversation to a single, fiercely explosive, yes and no. The poor, simple fellow kept his sunniest humour, until just as they reached the teacher's home, when he said softly :

'Mr. Harding, I must have grieved you some way. I don't know how, but I'm awfully sorry ! Won't you forgive me ?'

Mr. Harding wheeled savagely around, seized him by the shoulders, and emphasizing each word by a shake, cried out,

'Oh, Dick ! you good, loving, kind-hearted, magnanimous, unmerciful old fool, you ! Can't you leave me alone ?' Thereupon he vanished immediately, and Dick, pondering this parting speech in puzzled bewilderment, did leave him alone for a time. Then Mr. Harding made the first advances, and they have ever since been on the friendliest terms.

Could any of our family ever forget the dreadful days in which we were nearly all sick of the scarlet fever together, when no one visited us except the doctor and Dick. The little old bachelor was nurse and physician, and best of friends in one. When Bertie was a fretful convalescent, he carried him about, or rocked him in his arms, softly chanting bits of his own poetry to the child, until he fell asleep. It was he, only, who had the patience to comb out all the tangles in Jenny's thick chestnut mane, when every one else thought it would have to be cut off. Dick alone could be trusted to 'sleep with one eye open,' and keep account of the times when medicine was to be given. He had a peculiar fancy for writing directions in rhyme on labels, or on the bottom of pill-boxes ; such as,—'Take one powder every hour, until the patient gains in power ;' 'thrice a day shaken, and thrice taken ;' and the most objection-

able medicine of all, was nearly covered with a huge label, on which was scrawled, 'One big dose on going to rest—not to be stopped till Dick thinks best.' There was no comfort for us in this last line, for I remember he did not 'think best,' until the last bitter drop was drained. These couplets had all the rare flavour of finished epigrams to him, and as they enlivened the monotony of the sick room, we greeted each fresh effort with appreciative laughter. One morning a dewy bud flew in from the open window on to my bed, bearing the inscription—'Extract of rose, to be applied to the nose.' I read it aloud to Charley, who was tossing restlessly about in the next room, and he declared his intention to present the poet with a testimonial, which was to consist simply of two lines, in large, highly-ornamented letters : 'Old Bachelor Dick ; best thing out for the sick.' But he never carried it into effect. Our boys could never refrain from treating Dick as a great joke. He had such a keen sense of humour, it seemed strange that he could not see anything odd and mirth-provoking about himself. 'Ah, Dick !' Charley once exclaimed, his black eyes flashing with fun, as that faithful nurse brought him his beef-tea, and straightened the pillows ; 'you'll make a good wife for some poor fellow !' Once with the fretfulness resulting from a weakened state of body and mind, I am ashamed to say that I flung the pillow on the floor, and burst out into the half crying declaration that everything was hateful. The kindly poet picked up the pillow, procured three or four more, and arranged me in an entirely new and agreeable position before he remarked : 'Well, now, Miss Addy, sickness does seem to take the young ladyishness out of you mighty quick ! don't it now ? Why, there's your brother Jim. The doctor says he is the worst of all, and there he lies, day in and day out, just as good as gold.' Presently, he went back to Jim, and softened his objection to

taking medicine with the words: 'Now then, Jimmy, I do wonder at you a little. There's your sister Ad, never had a wink of sleep last night, and I left her looking like a lamb. And I'm sure she did not get any sleep,' he added, convincingly, 'because I was up all night watching.' Dear, good fellow! that was not the only sleepless night he spent in the service of people who were no kin to him, except as we are all related to each other.

But to return to that April morning when Dick called in, for no earthly reason but that he liked to see us, and was nearly sure that we would be glad to see him. When not engaged in works of active charity, he was never quite certain that he would be welcome, and it was this delicate fear of intrusion which made everyone more warm in their greeting. There was a good deal that was noticeable in his appearance. He was rather short and small, and there was a faded fairness in his face and hair. Only a few gray threads were visible, but these were contradicted by the child-like expression of his eyes and mouth. His head was finely shaped, high and full above and in front of the ears. He was a fluent talker, and it was a much greater pleasure to listen to his spoken thoughts than to read his written ones. His very vanity was inoffensive, it was so honest and transparent.

'It is very curious,' he continued, after telling us about the verses he meant to write on little Eddy's death. 'Writing poetry is a very curious thing. Your mind gets in a terribly mixed condition first, and all your ideas on the subject seem to be boiling up together. You never feel like meddling with it then, but you keep watching it a little anxiously, and after a while it gets to be the right consistency, and cool enough to handle; just like molasses candy, and almost as easy to cut off in regular sized bits. But suppose you wait until it is hard before you pull it. Then it is all wasted, spoilt, gone! no warming up will make it

what it was before. Sometimes there is a little bit that won't melt, do what you will with it; and that little bit makes more trouble than all the rest of it put together. It *will* be too long or too short for the line, or it *won't* rhyme with anything else decently, and then you have to twist and turn until you can get that into shape. Sometimes I think I will just do without that trouble some part, and be done with it at once. But that never does at all. It is sure to come back again and again, looking more pretty and appropriate than ever, and making me feel like the mother of a family, who can't help thinking that her dead baby would have been finer than any of her living children. Oh, thank you, dear! those are lovely, aren't they?'

This last was addressed to Bertie, who brought him a small handful of snow drops and crocuses. He placed one arm around the neck of the little fellow, who leaned against him, and looked at the simple flowers with reverent delight. 'Sometimes' he said, with a strange, humble look, 'I think it is as impossible to make a poem, as it would be to make a flower; but such a thought only makes me sad, and does no one any good. I'd better be improving the talent God has given me, and write something that will comfort poor old Almiry Sloper's heart. Well, I must be going!'

'Wait a moment, Dick,' I said, as he took up his hat, 'Jenny and I are going with you as far as the store.' When we came out into the sunshine, which was now a brilliant and permanent fact, and not the quick appearing, fast fading brightness of an hour before, we encouraged our friend to talk by every device we knew; first, obliging him to walk on in front, so that we might exchange glances, and possibly smiles, unseen.

'I'm glad you spoke of the store, girls,' he said. 'It just reminds me that I must get some liniment for Joe Crubon. He's had an awful time with his leg. You've heard all about it, I

suppose. Well, I don't think his mother is a very sympathizing woman. She does a great deal of good, but she don't talk right, some way, and it's wonderful what a power there is in a person's tongue. Some people appear to be genuine Christians, right through and through, all except their tongues. Well, Mrs. Crubon, she kept nagging and nagging at Joe, telling him of the harm done by the cattle breaking in, and so on, while he was abed, and of all the spring work that was to be done, and one thing and another, until she got Joe just about desperate. I promised to go over and sit up with him to-night, and I wouldn't have forgotten the liniment for anything.'

'You ought to be a happy man, Dick,' said Jenny, 'you are so good.'

'Well, you see, it's just this way, Miss Jenny. The things that you call good, are not good in me at all, because they come natural. There's nothing very fine in doing what you like to do, and what you would be miserable for not doing. I may do Joe some good to-night, and I may not, but anyway, it will give me a comfortable, satisfied, right-minded sort of a feeling. I'm that sort of a person, I can't bear to do anything that won't bring pleasure to myself. As for real, deep, thrilling happiness, there is only one way for me to find that—' he looked back to see if there was interest and sympathy in our faces, and then, reassured, continued—'and that is in writing poetry. I heard some beautiful music in the Catholic Church in the city, and I saw some beautiful pictures there, but after all, they only belong to one's eyes and ears—they don't strike so deep as poetry does. But, perhaps, if I made music or pictures, instead of poetry, I wouldn't think so about it. Some days in April and October, it does seem to me, as if they couldn't be having any better weather in heaven than we are having here. It fills me full with joy and sorrow.'

'Sorrow, Dick?' we both said together.

'Yes,' he responded in a tone which had suddenly become deeply despondent. 'Joy that I can feel so much, and sorrow that I can never write all I feel. I never told any one else so, and though nobody complains, and every one seems real pleased with my verses it often appears to me that the fingers of my mind are all thumbs, when I am writing them. There are such lots of things that there are no words in the dictionary for.'

But you never doubt that you are a poet, do you?' I asked.

'I couldn't doubt that,' answered Dick, with grave simplicity. 'Poetry was born in me; it is part of myself. I could just as soon doubt that I was alive. Of course I never had any education, only a few months at the common school, when I was a boy; but a rose is a rose, whether it happens to grow in a garden, or spring up wild on the side of the road. I am not proud of it,' he added, simply; 'but I can't help being glad.'

As we neared the village, we saw Mr. Dolpage, the storekeeper's hired girl, coming toward us. She was a comparative stranger to our quiet little neighbourhood, as she had only lately come from the city. No one, not even the most inquisitive old gossip, had been able to discover anything concerning her antecedents, as she preserved a studied reticence with regard to herself. She had the reputation of being a trustworthy and efficient servant, and beyond this nobody appeared to know anything, although the unusual prettiness of her face and figure kept the general curiosity active. The hard, repressive look, which we had been accustomed to notice on her face, gave way utterly at sight of the poet, in whose own eyes shone an eager tenderness. He retained her hand while he made enquiry after her health and well-being, and her gaze was fixed on him. She scarcely noticed us at all.

Jane and I looked at each other in dumb surprise after we passed on, and then tried to discover what and how much Dick knew of Sarah Culp, but he had suddenly turned uncommunicative, and scarcely spoke again till we reached the store.

Dick Mowbray had not a relative in the world. He lived all alone in an old frame house that had never been painted, with a very small vegetable garden at the back, and a very large flower garden in front. He frequently adorned his hat with a few ornamental leaves, or pinned a scarlet rosebud over his left breast. On the morning of little Eddy Sloper's funeral, all the younger school children met at his gate by special request, and each pair of little hands were filled with flowers; not white ones only, but all except the very showy and scentless kinds. Then, just before the coffin was lowered, each sad little school-mate, looking all the more mournful because of the prominent part given to him, strewed his flowers within the damp, yawning grave. Poor old Almiry Sloper turned her wet, grateful eyes on Dick, and he did not shrink shame-faced from her look, but returned it with his own sweet-hearted gaze.

The next time we met with Mrs. Sloper, some months after, she was voluble in her praises of Dick. 'Dear boy,' she said, 'he seems like an own son to me. Them verses he wrote about Eddy was beautiful—they was just beautiful. It makes me cry every time I read them, and I've read them over so many times, I know them off by heart. Well, Richard Mowbray's a real talented man, and he doesn't put on any airs either. I think, as a rule, those that show off the most, know the least. But I was going to tell you. My daughter Betsy, and her man, think of moving away to Dinsborough, and she asked Dick to write a piece about it. Well, he made a splendid Farewell Address, and brought in the names of every one of the family. They all think their very eyes of that, and no

wonder! He didn't make no pow-wow about it neither. Just went and did it as simple and unconcerned as if it was eating his dinner.'

Not long after Dick called in, and we questioned him about his latest production, and repeated what Mrs. Sloper had said of it. Dick shook his head doubtfully. 'I'm glad it pleased them,' he said: 'that's what I wrote it for. But that kind of stuff is no more like poetry than monkeys are like men. It don't hurt a man to act like a monkey sometimes, but it's a pity for anyone to think that that is the best he knows how to do. Now, here is a piece that I'd rather be judged by. It is as much a part of me as my hand is.'

He pulled a mass of papers from his pocket all covered with writing in pencil. Some of them were crumpled, others nearly illegible, and one, bearing many marks of erasure, was rolled up into a ball. He selected a piece that was doubled up into a great many folds, and as I was the only one of the family that happened to be present, he handed it to me. This is what I read:—

‘A WONDER.

‘I think of it when I'm working in my garden.
I think of it when I'm waking out of sleep:
Is it just a dew drop of the morning?
Or is it like the waters of the deep?

It's more sweet to me than any other joy;
It is lovelier than the red and yellow west;
It is dearer than a tired little boy,
Laying timidly his head upon my breast.

Shall I ever—'

But here I stopped. The poet, who had taken a hasty glance over my shoulder, suddenly exclaimed, while a thin flame of colour ran up to his brow:

'Oh, I'm so sorry! that is the wrong piece? I didn't mean for you—I didn't mean for any one to see it.'

I dropped the paper instantly, feeling like a convicted thief. 'I am sorry, too, Dick,' I said, 'but I shall say nothing to any one about it. Indeed, I know nothing about it to say. I have read only the first two verses.'

He looked relieved, and then mother and the rest came in, and our embarrassment was forgotten in the general talk. Just as he went away, he gave utterance to a characteristic thought.

'Seems as if I was visiting some one nearly every day. But I often think—you see it's just like this. When a man stays at home all the time, he gets to think that he is at the centre of the world, and consequently of the most importance. He sees that the sky is highest just above his head, and slopes down over every one else. But when he goes to a neighbour's house, he sees that the sky is highest there, and, if anything, slopes down over his own home. A man can't get anywhere near a right idea of things, until he looks at them through his neighbour's eyes as well as his own.'

Though I said nothing to anyone about the verses called 'A Wonder,' I dwelt upon them very often in my thoughts. Much oftener and much more did I think of them, than of the next piece he gave into my hand, which was the one he spoke of as being a part of himself. This one, entitled 'Spring,' began :—

The grass springs up, the brooklets run ;
The weather is very fair,
Whether I walk in the shade or sun,
I'm happy every where !

Dick was capable of writing very much poorer poetry than that, and very frequently did so. But even this simple little poem excited violent dislike in some amiable hearts. Young Mrs. Lindley, who, as a school girl, had revelled in poetry as a bee among tropical flowers, shrugged her pretty shoulders in horror at the fact, that each of the eight stanzas on spring, ended with the line, 'I'm happy everywhere !' 'I never imagined,' she cried, 'that any one's happiness could give me so much pain ; but that style of thing does take the very heart and life out of me. I can almost hear myself draw my last breath. Oh, you mustn't look so angry about it ! I don't suppose I

should feel so, only I used to write just such atrocious stuff myself ; and when ever I read anything half silly and wholly inspired, it all comes back to me like a rush of blood to the head, and my cheeks are hot for an hour afterwards. Talk of words that burn,' exclaimed the young wife with mocking eyes, 'I know what they are ! It's a warning to parents not to leave such dangerous weapons as pencil and paper where their children can reach them.'

The next time that Dick Mowbray entered our door, it was with the air of a conquering hero. There was suppressed joy and triumph in his voice and eyes, and he gave the instant impression of one upon whom has fallen some great and bewildering happiness. Our voices held a note of congratulation, as we questioned him, but blank dismay enveloped us as he answered :

'I am accepted, engaged ; I am going to be married !'

Instantly my thoughts reverted to 'A Wonder.' It was then the love of his future wife that he alluded to in it. But who would that wife be ? I could think of no one but that strange girl, Sarah Culp. The idea of Dick—our old Dick—getting married, had never entered into our minds before, and it kept us spell-bound.

'Oh, you can never guess !' cried the poet exultingly. 'It is Miss Theo. Sterling !'

Our amazement deepened so much that we with difficulty refrained from echoing the name. Charley spoke first.

'Well, Dixy ! who would have thought of you getting married ? But, good Cæsar ! Dick, Theo. Sterling will never—I mean, we can't spare you for any one woman. The whole neighbourhood is your wife, and you can't get divorced in a hurry.'

Dick forced a little laugh and looked quickly, keenly at the rest of us. 'It is as hard for me to believe as it is for you,' he said softly.

We were silent no longer then, but talked of his marriage, as though we believed it could be one of the pos-

sibilities. He told us that Aunt Marshall, an old coloured woman, was cleaning house for him, 'but perhaps, if the girls wouldn't mind coming over, just a little while, to help fix up——'

'Oh, yes!' we responded gladly; and then he went away, and we began to talk the mystery over.

Theo. Sterling was not a young girl. She was over twenty-five, but in the language of one of her neighbours, she was 'too everlastin' stuck up to marry any one.' Her parents were considered rich, and she herself was a tall, fully-developed, handsome brunette. She was not shallow, nor supercilious, but she was intensely proud. She was supremely indifferent, independent, self-satisfied. She read, and rode, and practised music a good deal, but talked scarcely any; so that those who knew her the longest felt as if they had just been introduced to her. 'It must be her innate spirit of contradiction,' said Jenny, 'that tempted her to take Dick. She would like to do something daringly different from what people expect of her. There must be some selfish motive under it all.'

I could only fancy, or rather hope, that the only reason why Theo. Sterling had promised to marry our kindly poet, was because she was really in love with him. Certainly, the attraction, which is said to exist between opposites, should not be lacking between these two. Yet, it was a strange match. Every one thought and said that it was a strange match; and many prophesied evil to Dick on account of it.

Miss Sterling's home was several miles away from ours, and we were not at all intimate; but, in my next long ride on horseback, I made her a morning call. I found her alone, lying outright on a red lounge, clothed in a grayish creamy wrapper, with her dark hair falling loosely over her brow and down in a heavy braid beside her, and her dark eyes just raised from a letter she held in her hand. She immediately rose, bestowed her-

self gracefully upon a high easy chair, and returned polite answers to my remarks upon current topics, with the air of one who is about to say, 'What can I do for you this morning?' It became very tiresome at last, and I made a movement to depart. She stood up, tossed her arms down with a movement of mingled relief and perplexity, and then came closer to me.

'Mr. Mowbray is an old friend of yours,' she said, with a soft emphasis on each word. 'May I ask what you think of his poetry?'

I saw then that the letter she held in her hand was in Dick's writing, and the blank spaces occurring through it at regular intervals proved it to be in verse. All our dear poet's life-long patience, and sweetness and loving-kindness, rose up before me, as I looked into her hard, inscrutable eyes.

'I think almost as much of it as I do of my baby brother. He is simple and child-like, and not at all profound, but we never think of criticising him, or treating him badly. He is very dear to us.'

She said nothing, and her seeming indifference inspired me to be audacious.

'You will think me rude, but my excuse is that, as you say, Mr. Mowbray is an old friend. May I ask what you think of him?'

She turned visibly paler, and withdrew a step.

'I cannot hinder your asking, but I should prefer not to answer.'

Mrs. Sterling now entered the room, and I remained five minutes longer, the victim of her loquacity.

'I'm sure I hope you haven't come to put in a good word for that worthless Dick Mowbray, for he don't deserve it; though it doesn't make a mite of difference what you, or I, or anybody else says to Theo. She's just one mass of stubbornness and conceit! One would think a woman of twenty-seven ought to have some common sense, but she hasn't got a speck. She will marry that good-for-nothing, shil-

ly-shally, poverty-stricken old bachelor. 'Thinks he's a saint, I suppose! Well, he isn't such a saint as you'd think for. He knows where to look for the money. Why—'

'Mother' said Theo., in a stern voice that made my own heart quail, 'for shame!'

I was glad to get out into the September air and sunshine, and away from the house: but no sooner had I mounted Patty, than a shapely white hand was laid on her mane, and a cold voice said—

'For the sake of preventing any misunderstanding that might arise, I wish to inform you, decidedly, that I love Richard Mowbray!'

I did not doubt her then, and I have never doubted her since.

Dick was by no means the pauper that Mrs. Sterling's choice of words would seem to imply. He lived quite respectably on the interest of a little sum in the bank. He had the money-saving, not the money-making instinct, but he evinced the habits of a spendthrift in the preparations for his own wedding, especially in connection with the choice of his new garments. On the day he was married, we were pleased to notice how young he still looked, and how much like a man of the world. His hair was cut, he seemed quite at home in his perfectly fitting attire, and there was a new air of dignity and reserve about him, which was strangest of all. We mourned in secret over the long haired, queerly clothed poet, with face 'like an open book,' who seemed to have gone from our midst forever. But we had not long to grieve, for Dick soon proved himself, even after assuming the marriage tie, and the look of one who is well clothed and cared for, to be as dear and indispensable to the hearts of his neighbours as before. That there was the truest harmony between himself and his wife, no one could doubt, and their influence over each other was noticeable. Dick, as the years went on, acquired a manliness of look

and air which made us respect him more, and love him none the less; while the stately Theo. became really approachable, and frequently quite genial.

The one great sorrow of dear Dick Mowbray's life, and the cause according to the women of the neighbourhood of his death, came upon him about five years after his marriage. I had called in at his house on my way back from the village one evening, tempted by the sight of his twin boys at the front gate. Theo., with her baby on one arm came to the door to meet me. There was a troubled, foreboding look on her face. 'I thought it was Dick,' she said, 'I am expecting him every minute.'

'Why, is he away from home?'

'Yes, haven't you heard? He went away to New York, to try and get his poetry published. I could not persuade him not to go, he felt so sure of success. He spent a long time in copying all his verses, and arranging them in the order in which he wished to see them printed. He planned that the book should be a blue one, and wrote a little poem for the beginning, inscribing it to me.'

She said all this in her old hard tone, and then suddenly dropping her face on the baby's breast, she moaned out:

'Oh, it breaks my heart! To think of what he will suffer, of what he must endure! I wish——'

She stopped short, and I uttered a few sorrowful words. For some griefs even sympathy is felt to be intrusive, because it is so near akin to that kind of pity which borders on contempt. But Theo., so unlike her former self, showed no suspicion nor resentment of this. Her sad, sincere eyes looked into mine in a way that drew us closer than any hand-clasp.

'There is a great deal of selfishness in my suffering,' she said, 'I can't bear to think of Dick as caring for, or even troubling over, anything more than me. I am not all that is necessary to him, and he is more than life to me. All

my life long, before I was married, I was told that I was selfish, and proud and hateful ; but Dick believed in me, Dick loved me, and he has been showing me ever since the beauty of humility, and the divinity in every common human soul. He is God's messenger, sent to save me from myself.'

She placed the baby in her cradle, and went to the open window to call the boys inside, when her husband opened the door. He seemed to have suddenly grown very old and haggard, and there was an inexpressible weariness about his eyes and mouth, and in his attitude.

'It is all over, Theo. !' he exclaimed. 'I am only a shallow rhymers, a conceited fool. Oh,' with a groan, 'my life has been a miserable failure !'

'How dare you speak so?' demanded Theo. in strong indignation ; but her voice was broken, and her limbs trembled, she moved swiftly to his side and I turned and came away.

Dick Mowbray was taken sick shortly after that night, and he died a few weeks later. When it was known that his sickness would probably be fatal, there was no one but felt a thrill of ineffable pity and mournful satisfaction in the words of his physician : 'Dick might have recovered if he had not given right up at once. He hasn't a particle of spirit—doesn't seem to care whether he lives or dies.' His house was besieged with visitors—sorrowful, interested, and merely curious,—but when it became known that he had only a few more hours to live every feeble old woman and bluff farmer, and every boy and girl in the village came, with dim eyes, to press his hand and say good-bye, as if he had been the dearly loved brother of them all. The tender-hearted poet was inexpressibly moved by this. He had a special word for each one, and he talked long and earnestly with Sarah Culp. Theo., who had withdrawn for a moment from his side, looked meaningly at Jenny and me, and we went with her into an adjoining room.

'I wish you would sing the piece that Dick wrote when John Longmore was dying,' she said, 'I am sure he would like it.'

We sang it to an old-fashioned tune, but not alone ; for very many of the motley group about the bed joined in. The tears stood upon Mrs. Lindley's cheeks, as her voice rang sweet above them all ; while Mr. Harding, standing grave and quiet, gave no token of emotion, except for the occasional tremor in his strong tones.

'Good-by ! Good-by ! Oh, comrade, kind and dear ;
Sad and lonely are the hearts that beat around you here ;
Dreary looks our future path without your smile and voice,
Bringing sunny gladness to us, bidding all our lives rejoice.

'Dear friend, good-by, you will sink as does the sun
To begin a new day, while with us the night has just begun :
Cold the darkness closes round us in our grief and pain,
But in the morn that's coming, we will greet you glad again.'

A wan look of happiness crept over the dying poet's face, but he hid it in his hands. After it was over, he murmured weakly : 'One publisher said that there was something very much like true poetry in some of my lines, but it doesn't matter now.' He put an arm around his little boys and kissed them both. Then the baby was placed beside him, but she struggled and cried. As Theo. took her away, he said, 'Baby doesn't understand me—I think no one understands me but you.' After that he moaned and said, 'Oh, it is so cold ; it is so dark and lonely ;' and then in a sharp, frightened voice, 'Theo. ! Theo. !'

The proud wife knelt down and drew his white, weak face close to her heart. 'Oh, my darling,' she said, 'God loves you as I do—just as I do !' 'Oh, God,' prayed poor Dick in his last moment, 'love me as Theo. does—love me as—' And then he died.

There remains but one thing more to say concerning Richard Mowbray.

One evening, a few weeks after his death, I happened to overhear, in the village store, the remarks of two or three ignorant men concerning his verses.

'Dick wrote very nice rhyme,' said one, 'but it wasn't poetry, by a good long chalk. I had half a mind to tell him so lots of times, but he was such a weakly, good-natured sort of a chap, somehow I couldn't. Anyway, it's a fact that he wasn't a poet; he could never have written a first-class poem.'

'That's a fact!' responded another, 'but we oughtn't to blame him. He wasn't educated enough to make a poet. Why I read some poetry once—it was in a magazine, so it must have been the genuine stuff—and I tell you it was written in fine style. You might have understood two or three lines in the whole thing, but you couldn't make head nor tail of the rest.'

Sarah Culp, who was doing up a parcel for me, turned alternately pale

and red during this conversation. Suddenly the boldest man among them called out:

'What do you think about it, Sary? Dick Mowbray was uncommonly good to you, but he hadn't the making of a poet in him, had he?'

'A poet!' exclaimed Sarah, all her suppressed wrath and scorn finding vent in the word, 'he was a thousand times better than any poet that ever breathed. You don't know—you never could know what he was. I tell you that he saved me when I never thought myself worth the saving. When I was a wicked, reckless woman, he took me right out of the devil's hands, and cared for me, and brought me away from the city, and helped me to live a clean life in the sight of God and the world. He called himself a poet, and so he was, but his greatest work was never written on paper, for, touching her breast with a proud humility, 'his greatest work is here.'

IN MEMORIAM:—THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY FIDELIS.

DEATH has cut short not a few distinguished lives of late. But in Thomas Carlyle we lose, undoubtedly, the grandest literary figure of the present century. Its most unique and powerful voice has passed into the Eternal Silence. One of the Titans who occasionally tower pre-eminently above the ordinary intellectual stature of mankind, Carlyle came into his kingdom early. Esteemed a sage and a classic, because, in the true meaning

of that term, before he had reached old age, he who has only just passed away, seems to belong to the remote past, to the age before an all-devouring science began to suck all thought into its vortex; the age before Darwin and Spencer and Huxley and Tyndall. And yet, when the century is closed, and its gains are subjected to the sifting process of time, the lessons taught by Thomas Carlyle will take rank as those which we can least afford to lose.

Fervid and intense, passionately loving truth, and hating all falsity and disguise, Carlyle, like his friend, Edward Irving, belonged rather to the order of seers or prophets than to that of the calm philosopher. Unlike that of Irving, his teaching was negative rather than positive; breaking down rather than building up. Yet even in this respect, it was useful to positive truth in tearing off disguises, clearing away cobwebs of pretence, and unmasking conventional hypocrisy, the deadliest enemies that the truth has to fear. In some respects, Carlyle's stern, unsparing denunciations recall the solitary figure of Elijah, or perhaps rather of a John the Baptist, standing apart both from the church and from society, 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness,' preparing the way for those that should come after.

His style, as every one knows, was as unique as his genius. It was, or seemed to be, the necessary medium of his individual genius, the outcome of his peculiar idiosyncrasy, intensifying in eccentricity as his own eccentricities intensified, and softening down in his later days into something like the pleasanter manner of his early ones. Its quaintness undoubtedly helped to gain him a hearing, and secured a speedier recognition of his commanding power. It set a fashion which, for a time, had numerous imitators, till men found out that that which alone was valuable in it was inimitable. Yet, though it has happily long ceased to provoke an undesirable attempt to revolutionize good English, his influence has been most salutary in discouraging the affectations of 'fine writing,' and taught a younger generation to aim at expressing their thoughts with less rhetoric and more sincerity and force.

His numerous works are too well known to need even a passing reference. His 'Frederick,' unreadable to some, was intensely fascinating to others, and struck out a wholly new line in historical biography. Certainly, once read, it was not a book to be for-

gotten. His 'French Revolution' was hardly a history, but rather a series of vivid visions, rapid and confused in action as the glimpses of reality might have been, fragments of a powerful drama, rather than a continuous history. It was the work, indeed, rather of a poet than an historian. His 'Life of Sterling,' and his brief notice of Edward Irving, are memorials of the tender friendship of the man, as well as of the insight of the sympathetic biographer. Yet his sympathies were intense rather than broad; exclusive rather than catholic. Stern moralist as he was, and worshipping strength of will as the first of virtues, he could touch the faults and failings of Burns so tenderly, that it seemed he could—

'Gently scan his brother man,'

so long as he was honest and sincere and not a fraud or a sham. Strong anti-republican as he was, he seemed to exult in the fierce convulsions that rent asunder the old régime of convention, and corruption, and oppression, in the French Revolution, and refused not some need of justice even to the 'Sea-green Incorruptible.' Yet he could glorify tyrants, and almost deify mere force of will, and utterly refuse his sympathy to the oppressed negro race and the anti-slavery movement in the United States. Was it, perhaps, that a growing egotism allowed the prejudices of an emotional nature to warp his judgment, and so distort the poet's passionate love of good and hate of ill? Yet, fearlessly faithful to his convictions, he cared little for misunderstanding or misjudging critics, caring only to work out what force was in him, for what he esteemed good. To some this appeared pride. To others it seems only the acting out of his inwrought consciousness that faithfulness is its own reward.

How it happened that the close friend of Edward Irving, and the divinity student of quiet Annan, drifted so far from the definite religious be-

liefs he once held is one of the mysteries we cannot solve at present, though, doubtless, it could be solved, could we more fully analyse the mental and moral forces that determine such belief. We do not say, however, 'drifted from faith,' for Carlyle always kept a religious faith, and made no secret of his aversion for the 'gospel of despair.' He clung with passionate tenacity to a firm faith in the deepest verities of our spiritual nature, to the trust in the Eternal Right, which is the foundation of all faith. In an age whose tendency has been to exalt the knowledge of the outward and material, and to minimise the power of the unseen and spiritual, he spoke with the authority of one 'seeing that which is invisible.' In his last lonely days, his great heart aching for the loss of the beloved partner of his life and work, he wrote four years ago to his friend, Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, a man of intense faith and realization of the Divine life in the human soul, the following touching bit of his own spiritual experience:—"So be it with us all, till we quit this dim sojourn, now grown so lonely to us, and our changes come! "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy will be done." What else can we say? The other night in my sleepless tossings about, which were growing

more and more miserable, those words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis, as if written, and shining for me in mild, pure splendour on the black bosom of the night there, when I, as it were, read them word by word, with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a suddenness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for, perhaps, thirty or forty years had I once formally repeated that Prayer; nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature; right worthy to be recommended with an "After this manner pray ye."

So, in the darkness and solitude of closing life, the shadowy abstractions that had hovered dimly before his mental vision, seemed to take form in the tender Christian conception of 'the Father.' But this was not his message to his generation. He cleared the foundations of all truth of much overlying rubbish. He has been, to thousands of the youth of his age, an impulse and an inspiration to a noble, purer, sincerer ideal of life. But he could do no more. On the foundations thus cleared by him, it was left for prophets of another order, to 'arise and build.'

ROUND THE TABLE.

AN ENQUIRY BY A. B. C.

AT the 'Table' of December last the following statement was made by 'F.' 'Mrs. Oliphant gives us an instance of a wife who had more than doubled the actual income of the family by the labour of her own hands in taking boarders,

and yet the husband would talk magnanimously about *giving* his wife a pair of gloves!' The story is, I suppose, imagined to be a very telling one, rounded off as it is with the note of exclamation to point the moral and adorn the tale.

As I understand the matter, all that is offered as *fact* in a periodical of the

first class is at once accepted by its readers with perfect trust in the good faith of its contributors. Opinions may vary indefinitely, but fact is the sure and stable foundation upon which opinions rest. It is this confidence in which consists, as I take it, the high character of the publication. For example, would one in a hundred of us imagine for a moment that what that lady never said had been attributed to Mrs. Oliphant, by name, a well known writer of great literary reputation? Would one in a hundred of us feel a moment's doubt that Mrs. Oliphant did give such an 'instance.' And yet I am compelled to confess that the circumstances of the case suggest an unavoidable doubt. It becomes then a matter of serious enquiry whether it is a fact that Mrs. Oliphant did tell the story which she has been said to have told. The doubt, if without foundation, may be cleared up at once. It is simply for 'F.' to kindly take the trouble of stating at the next Table' where the story is to be found.

In the meantime I will repeat a tale which Mrs. Oliphant certainly does tell about a husband and wife and certain gloves, and I will say where the tale is to be found. In *Appleton's Journal*, New York, for the month of July last there is an article by Mrs. Oliphant, reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*, London. On the seventy-fourth page of the former periodical the story will be found. And thus it is. Mrs. Oliphant says: 'I was making an insignificant journey in company with a married pair *between whom there was the most perfect understanding and good intelligence*. The lady wore a pair of very shabby gloves, to which, by some accident or other, *attention was called*. (Italics mine in both cases.) The husband was shocked and ashamed. "One would think," he said, "that I could not afford to buy you gloves."'

Mrs. Oliphant proceeds to state the 'facts of the case,' from which it appears that instead of the wife more than doub-

ling the family income it was the husband quadrupling it. It is safe to say that, instead of the work of *her hands* it is the work of *his head*. Instead of *her* taking *boarders* it is *his* taking *pupils*. 'He had been a University Don, and was then a "coach," taking pupils. Some six or eight young men—' Instead of his talking magnanimously about giving his wife a pair of gloves he made the little speech repeated above. It has not the air of being a very unpardonable remark, nor would there appear, I think, except to Mrs. Oliphant, much proof of shock or shame.

Here then we have two stories about a husband and wife and her gloves. They are alike and yet most unlike. It is hard to say whether their similarity or their dissimilarity is the more remarkable. Did Mrs. Oliphant tell them both? Or is one a mockery and travesty of the other, altered in every part, with the same *animus* in all? That is the question. It would certainly *appear* to be so, but then appearances are often extremely deceptive. Explanation may clear it all up. But *if*—I say *if*—it should turn out that writers, whose minds are unfortunately warped in a certain direction, resort to devices of this kind to show to what depth of baseness husbands may descend, those of us who do not share their opinions may take heart of grace. There is balm in Gilead. In future we may qualify their statements not with a grain of salt but with a bushel.

It is not my purpose, at present, to follow the subject further in this direction, but I may just say that Mrs. Oliphant, with true feminine inconsistency, calls it '*a very trifling incident of no importance whatever*,' in which I think it probable she may find a great many people to agree with her. '*And yet*,' she says, '*it contained the whole question*;' (Italics in both cases mine again) that is, the whole question of the 'Grievances of Women,' which forms the subject of her paper. After that the deluge!

BOOK REVIEWS.

Ballads and other Poems, by ALFRED TENNYSON, Canadian copyright edition. Montreal, Dawson Bros., 1880.

The expiring year brought with it these last few winter blossoms which our Poet Laureate desires to have entwined with the more luxuriant foliage which he culled to form the crown of his younger days. We must not look for this aftermath to rival in sweetness and strength of perfume the rich succession of flower and leaf which the field of the poet's thought has heretofore put forth. But we may find our account in noticing the direction in which the poetic gift appears to be tending, whether towards the forms of verse which possessed the greatest attractions for the poet's youth, or whether it burgeons out towards new and comparatively unattempted modes of expression.

The chief point to which we have to draw our reader's attention is the noticeable increase in the dramatic spirit which is here manifested. Mr. Tennyson speaks less with his own lips and more with the tongue of others. Out of the thirteen ballads and poems which form the bulk of this little volume no less than eight are spoken by a narrator who colours the incidents narrated by his own idiosyncrasies. The poem becomes a study of the spokesman, who reveals his own character not directly or by means of a critical analysis, but by his words and diction. It is not pretended that this is a novelty with Tennyson, whose earlier poems were often cast in the form of personal narrative. But from the beginning till now the tendency has been towards the increase of dramatic effect, and the choice of subjects which, but for the dramatic power shown in their rendering, would have been savourless to the poetic ear. To come to particulars, — *St. Simon Stylites* was one of the finest and most marked of the early dramatic, self-declaratory, sketches which Tennyson has given us. The subject, however, was of itself a fine one, the

prevailing sentiment of the saint's life being grand, tho' distorted, and his surroundings of the noblest and most inspiring nature. Angels of heaven, demons of the pit, hover around the pillar 'crowned with his sorrow,'—while, far below, the seething crowd of people are unconsciously corrupting the purity of their faith by the contemplation of his penance and his perfections. Akin to this in the height of its argument is the piece of blank verse now published in which Columbus, visited in his prison by a friendly noble, gives vent to his pent-up feelings in denouncing the ingratitude and jealousy that so rewarded the exertions of his matchless genius. 'We brought,' he says indignantly, lifting his chains 'we brought, this iron from our isles of gold.' Somewhat akin to this also is the soliloquy here given us by Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, when hiding among the Welsh hills from his religious persecutors. We notice that the martyr to Wicliff's principles is identified by Mr. Tennyson with Sir John Falstaff; this appears to us to be a grave error in taste, and not to be excused by the plea that the Falstaff of Shakespeare was a caricature of the original. For good or for evil, Sir John's character, figure, habits, turn of mind and lineaments of face, his double chin and his short wind, are fixed forever in the pages of Henry IV.; the imaginary character of Shakespeare is the reality; the actual man his great creation was based upon is but the thin and unsubstantial ghost.

Such dramatic studies, however, as these are plainly indebted for their effect in no small degree to the dignity of the subjects and actors. Neither do these later pieces come up to *St. Simeon* in vividness of colouring or skill in depicting character. *Sir John Oldcastle* is to our mind, the poorest of the three, verging even on commonplace, and Sir John expends too much of his energy in rather weak abuse of the clergy and friars of the time. But Tennyson scored

his mark in bolder characterizings when he pursued in *The Northern Cobbler* and *The Village Wife, or the Entail*, the line he first marked out for himself in the *Northern Farmer*.

The *Cobbler* is a temperance, or rather teetotal, ballad in dialect; the knight of St. Crispin telling the tale of his temptations and his final victory to the brother of his wife, a sailor just returned from sea. The natural request of the blue jacket for a glass of grog, and the sight of a quart bottle of gin very easily draws on the old man's tale. He had taken to drink, ill-treated his wife, stolen her small earnings, and seen 'Foalk's coostom flitting awaay like a kite wi' a brokken string.'

Repentance comes to him when he thinks how Sally has changed to a 'sloomy' being in a 'draggel-tailed owd turn gown' from the girl whom he courted 'Straat as a pole an' clean as a flower fro' ead to feat,' and he remembers the day they walked through Thursby fields to meeting.

'An' Muggins 'e preached o' Hell-fire an' the loov o' God fur men,
'An' then upo' coomin' awaay Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.'

He blubbers out that he will do it no more,—Sally mistrusts his determination not to 'goa sniffin' about the tap' 'Weant tha?' she says, 'an' my son I thowt i' mysen 'mayhap.' Then a bright idea strikes him, he rushes off, gets 'yon big black bottle o' gin' and stands it in the window,

'Fur I'll loock my henemy strait i' th' faace.'

To the question 'wouldn't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart?' he answers bravely, 'naw doubt'

'But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi,' an' fowt it out.'

He has even got to 'loov' him 'agean in anoother' kind 'of a waay,' is proud of him

'Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back i' th' light.'

At first his idea had been that when he died the bottle should be broken,—but the contemplation of the one fixed object has at last worked so strongly on his narrow comprehension, that

'After I changed my mind, an' if Sally be left aloan
I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taake 'im afoor the Throan.'

In the same category falls the *Village Wife*, a gossipy scandalous chronicle about the doings of the old squire and his family, as related for the benefit of a retainer of the new Squire. The old dame has heard of a settlement in tail male and the legal terms have got jumbled up in the finest possible confusion in her mind. The 'taail' is to her an actual literal tail,—the new squire 'cooms wi' 'is taail in 'is 'and' the old squire's son is told by his father that he 'mun cut off his taail'

'But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e swears,
an' 'e says to 'im "Noa"
'"I've gotten the 'staate by the taail an' be danged if I iver let goa!"'

Unfortunately Charlie was a reckless sort of fellow his likes were not to be found,—

'e were that outdacious at 'oam,
'Not thare ya went fur te raake out Hell wi' a small tooth coomb.'

The result of this rashness is an unlucky jump on his favourite horse 'Billy rough-un' over the stream, in which performance

'Charlie 'e brok 'is neck
So theer wur a hend o' the taail, fur 'e lost 'is taail i' the beck.'

The old squire had no other boys, only seven or eight girls, who 'hedn't naw taails,' but who are sketched off by the old dame's vigorous and not over scrupulous tongue in a masterly manner, a line or two apiece sufficing to describe them to us. The 'village wife' didn't like Miss Annie, the eldest. When the villager's daughter died 'I thowt' says she,

'I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but Miss Annie she said it wur draains.'

and it is evident that the cottager doesn't like that material way of putting things, as trenching somewhat on her family dignity!

Now in both these dialect poems the subject is nothing,—the prolocutor is everything. We feel that the Cobbler and the housewife are real beings of flesh and blood, fit companions for the farmer who 'stubb'd Thornaby waaste'

and the descendant of that worthy whose hard practical ear turned the musical cadence of his horse's hoofs upon the turnpike into the refrain of 'Proputty, proputty, proputty,' to assist him in stifling the feeble promptings of a more generous spirit in his son's mind.

There is nothing akin to this in the Poet's earlier work. We should go too far if we said that Tennyson has shown a capacity for humour for the first time in these later pieces. A perusal of his works shows that an under current of genial humour has always flowed through them, not far below the surface. But that humour was always intensely clarified, and filtered as it were by its passage through the mind of a poet who is pre-eminently a gentleman. If he tells of the college pranks that hauled the 'flay flint's sow' up the corkscrew stairs to the tower leads, it is with a classical allusion to the beast as 'the Niobe of swine.' If he stoops to glorify the *Cock*, the portly head waiter becomes a modern Ganymede and his fancy makes

'The violet of a legend blow
Among the chops and steaks.'

When, with a keen observation he notices how the coarse followers of the Earl of Doorm sat silent at the board

'Feeding like horses when you hear them feed,'

we feel that the writer, in observing and recording the vulgar incident, has done so from the height of a higher station and has not in anyway lowered himself to the level of those he describes.

With greater confidence in his own powers Mr. Tennyson is now able to frankly identify himself with those he depicts, and, quitting the veil of refinement and scholarship, to allow his peasants and old women to tell their tales in their own way. The gain in vividness of conception is very great. His 'May Queen' was beautiful and tender and touching, but village girls, even when consumptive, do not have such delicately tender thoughts and modes of expression.

With how much more power does he now make *Rizpah* speak in a poem in which the fiercest tragedy and the greatest questions that perplex human minds are propounded in the most natural and forcible manner by an old woman, who is half crazed with grief and the terrible love that has driven her out

'Year after year in the mist and the wind
and the shower and the snow,'

to grovel below the gibbet on the downs for the dropped bones of her son who has been hung there in chains!

Tennyson, speaking in his own person has given form to some of the most searching doubts and cravings of the human soul in the conflict between Intellect and Faith; in this marvellous poem he simply records as a fact the discrepancy which exists in the humblest minds between formal doctrine and actual belief, a discrepancy which may be ignored but cannot be altogether hidden, which rejects the hell at heart although the lips confess it, and refuses heaven for oneself if the loved one is not to share in it,

'Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my
boy be gone to the fire?'

In another department of poetry we find *The Revenge*, a ballad of the Fleet, which both in subject and manner of treatment reminds us of Browning's *Heré Riel*, with which it is not unworthy of being ranked. It is a tale of Sir Richard Grenville and how, with his one little vessel he fought the whole fleet, the fifty-three 'huge sea-castles,' of Spain. Very striking is the picture of the commencement of the fight, when

'Half of their fleet to the right and half to
the left were seen.'

And the little 'Revenge' ran on *thro' the long sea-lane* between till the 'mountain-like San Philip' with her sheer bulk and height

'Took the breath from our sails and we stay'd.'

This last line reminds us of the cadence of some of Campbell's best battle songs.

Mingled with this excellent work we have some poor and really sorry stuff. *The Sisters* is a poem in blank verse which too often degenerates into common-place colloquialisms, and the piece called *De Profundis*, and especially that part of it which bears the sub-title of *The Human Cry* is such that no lover of Tennyson will ever hear its name mentioned without a feeling of pain that such an evidence of decadence should have been allowed to appear among so much of other work that tells of continued power and unabated freshness.

The English Poets, edited by T. H. Ward. London and New York : Macmillan & Co. ; Toronto : Willing & Williamson. 1880. [Second notice.] Vol. I. Early Poetry, Chaucer to Donne.

'We should conceive of poetry worthily,' writes Mr. Matthew Arnold in his introduction, 'and we must also set our standard for poetry high.' What that standard should be appears in a few typical passages which he quotes from Homer, Dante, Shakspeare and Milton. He would have us compare with these gems such pretty bright coloured stones as we may meet with in our rambles by the side of the minor brooks that run, pearly, down the slopes of Parnassus and thus save ourselves from forming 'fallacious estimates.' After submitting some of our best-known poets to this strict test, it can hardly be wondered at that Mr. Arnold finds even Chaucer and Burns falling short of the full measure of poetic manhood. Their views of life are deficient in 'high seriousness,' and, lacking that, Chaucer's 'divine liquidness of diction, his divine fluidity of movement, . . . his largeness, freedom, shrewdness and benignity,' fail to entitle him to rank among the great classics.

Now, we do not wish to dispute Mr. Arnold's verdict or to claim that any other English poet can aspire to be admitted to an equal rank with the four great names he mentions. But, with every deference to the undoubtedly high position which he takes as a critic, we think Mr. Arnold is mistaken in advising us to apply these test verses, forged by the Titans of poetry, as our measure and criterion of minor poets. One does not use the diameter of Saturn's orbit as the mete-yard of comparison for the height of even Mount Chimborazo. With the verse of Dante or Shakspeare at their best ringing in our ears, what pleasure could we derive from half the poets who fill up the period from Chaucer to Donne.

The galaxies of little stars shrink into nothing in the overpowering presence of the greater lights of the firmament, yet we do not wish it to be always high noon-tide or full moonlight, but can afford at times to content ourselves with the 'spangly gloom' of a deep-breasted summer night. If one of the fixed stars of poetry should find admirers rash enough

to challenge for him a place equal in honour to that of the morning sun, then it would be well to bring forward one of the great master's verses, the very sound of whose approach 'insupportably advancing' would dispose of the rash aspirant's pretensions to equality.

We are certainly apt, as Mr. Arnold says, to allow our estimate of poetry to be biassed, in the case of early poets, by historical considerations, and in the case of the moderns by our personal feelings. We read the crude works of some *jongleur* or rhyming chronicler—we know nothing of the aid he may have derived from traditional sources or how far his work is original—we somewhat rashly conclude that his attempt was a veritable *coup d'essai*, a light struck alone and unassisted amid the palpable darkness of the age he lived in, and forthwith we are moved as by enchantment. What power! we exclaim. How wonderful that his faults are not more obtrusive than they are! This little touch of nature, how moving it is; and that conceit, what freshness it has, now we find it here before a hundred poets have stated it with their repetitions! These historical considerations are most misleading when our studies have led us to devote our attention chiefly to some particular period of literature. If we have gone so far as to edit a minor mediæval poet, our sense of proprietorship is so strong as to make us the most unsafe guides in deciding upon his intrinsic merits; and the curious result follows that the more we know about such a writer the less able are we to rank him properly among his fellows. As the plan of Mr. Ward's volumes necessitates the treating of each poet by a writer who has made the period during which he flourished the subject of special study, Mr. Arnold's general remarks may be regarded as a not uncalled for warning against the natural partiality with which each sub-editor may be expected to regard his own particular poet.

The growing luxury and increased leisure of the richer classes determined the style in which Chaucer and his contemporaries were to write. It was an essential requirement that the poem should tell a tale. Nothing else could attract the attention of the only audience that could be hoped for, and nothing could be so well retained in the memory as a series of vividly told events, no slight

advantage when MSS. were expensive and the professional *raconteur* was still a power in the land. About the time that rhyming chroniclers bade fair to exhaust the adventures of Roland and of Arthur, and to extend back their domain into the yet more mythical times of Brut, the revival of learning in Italy brought into notice the deathless tales of Greece and Troy, the story of the rivalries of Palamon and Arcite, of the checkered loves of Troilus and Creseid. The remoteness of time and place into which the poet was now carried by these old but ever new conceptions, stimulated his by-no-means usually quiet taste to an even richer and more fantastic ornamentation of detail. This detail was, of course, that of the singer's own age, the laws and language of chivalry were affected by Greek and Trojan alike on his pages; costumes, arms and social relations smack of feudal Europe; and the general effect, consequently, much resembles that of some picture by Tintoretto or Rubens, where another art has confounded time and country, Jewish priests, Florentine citizens or Dutch burghers, Spanish men-at-arms and Roman centurions in one strange mixture. It was well that Chaucer and his compeers followed in this respect the bent of their natural genius and the demands of their audience; it is far more desirable that we should have these lively contemporaneous pictures of the ideal chivalric existence rather than their necessarily imperfect ideas of Grecian customs and modes of life.

The same effect was not by any means produced by all the men who dug in Italian mines for the refound stories of an expired civilization. Some moralized till we wonder how such mortal prolixity came to be preserved. Chaucer alone united the greatest tact and skill as a *raconteur* with a nameless freshness of style and language which left him unapproachable. He shook the dust of centuries from his antique subjects and dipped them in May-dew. His favourite daisy blossoms as persistently in his pages as ever it did in English spring-tide meadows. Later poets affected raptures over May mornings and copied his favourite opening verses that told how he was led out into some leafy place by the singing of birds, before the night had well-nigh ended; but they drew their inspiration from Chaucer, and not as he did, direct from nature herself. So far

was this imitation pushed that as good a poet as King James I. of Scotland did not scruple to adopt whole lines of his 'Maister Chaucer's' poems, and to follow long passages with an almost paraphrastic closeness.* Before quitting Chaucer, we would draw attention to what appears to us to be an error in the foot note on p. 54, to the lines in the description of the merchant in the Canterbury tales, in which we are told

'He wolde the sea were kept for eny thinge.
Betwixē Middleburgh and Orēwelle.'

Mr. Ward explains the phrase 'for eny thinge' to mean 'for fear of anything;' which appears to us meaningless. If the word 'fear' has to be imported into the sentence, the sense would require it to read 'from fear of anything.' But there is no need to bring in a word which the poet does not appear to have had in his mind at all. What the merchant wished was that 'before anything' the narrow seas across which his cloth trafficking was carried on should be kept free from pirates. We may also notice in passing a curious instance of the occurrence among our older writers of what is usually supposed to be a piece of purely modern and vulgar phraseology. We refer to the line in which Dorigen is said to have 'let her serwe slyde.' The expression may be traced down literature on its way to every-day use; but it passes by a descending scale for the next person we find using it is the drunken tinker, Christopher Sly, who expresses his disgust at things in general in the comprehensive phrase 'let the world slide.' Not to leave Chaucer with an idiom which appears to us somewhat slangy upon his lips, we will quote these lines on Spring, from the 'Romaunt of the Rose' (if it indeed be from his pen):

'Than yongē folke entenden ay
For to ben gay and amorous,
The time is then so savourous,'

and ask if they must not have been in Tennyson's mind when he sang

'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly
turns to thoughts of love.'

* See examples pointed out by Mr. Ward at p. 131, where we notice a double omission: a blank being left in two places for an intended reference to another page.

Of the poets who succeeded Chaucer, we find more originality in the Scotch lowlanders than in those of English birth. Henryson and Dunbar both merit more than a passing notice, and Douglas gives us a Scotch winter landscape with all the detail of a photograph, and which yet conveys in an intensified form the sense of desolation and eeriness which can only be evoked by such a really great picture as Millais' 'Chill October.' In another poem (not selected from by Mr. Lang, who sub-edits Douglas) we find a vice personified which we had always imagined was of purely American creation, but which now turns out to be of Scotch extraction. The vice is that of *Busteousness*, which can only be the particular demon who impels people to go upon what is vulgarly called a 'bust.'

At p. 190, in the notes to Skelton (besides a misprint which throws the page into confusion), it appears to us that Mr. J. C. Collins has missed the sense of his author. Skelton is inveighing, in his jerky doggerel, against priests and men of religion, and especially the officials of the ecclesiastical courts, who vex poor folk 'with summons and citations and excommunications.' So irritated are the commonalty against the clergy that in their bitter jangling they

'Say as untruly
As (to) the butterfly
A man might say in mocke
Ware the weathercocke
Of the steeple of Poules.'

To this passage Mr. Collins appends the note 'ware=*were*.' But it is quite clear that the mocking advice given to the butterfly is 'Beware of the weathercocke on St. Paul's steeple,' lest by flying against it you render yourself liable to a summons and citation for sacrilege and constructive heresy.

We must pass over much of interest in order to come to the Elizabethan sonneteers and amorists. Among these we think Mr. Ward has done scant justice to Thomas Watson, whose verse, he says, 'makes no appeal to us.' This appears to us hardly fair when we consider that several of his sonnets have been most closely imitated by Spenser in his 'Faery Queene' (cf. Watson's 'Passionate Centurie of Love,' lxxxv., with the incitements to suicide in Spenser's work, at the passage commencing 'He there doth now enjoy eternall reste,' which really appears to be compounded of this son-

net and of a poem by an 'Vncertaine Avetovr,' printed in Tottel's 'Miscellany,' p. 132. 1557, and beginning 'The lenger lyfe, the more offence,' &c.).

Our space rapidly draws us to a conclusion, and we can barely notice the beautiful song to a child, by Greene (p. 405).

'Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee:
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.'

a song which reminds us more than anything else in English literature of the exquisite 'Songs of Innocence,' by Blake, that Elizabethan poet born out of due season.

It is ungracious to leave off a notice of a really well-edited book by pointing out an error, but we will incur what blame is necessary in order to draw Mr. Hales' attention to his omission to elucidate the meaning of the lines—

'Still in the lembie of thy doleful breast
Those bitter fruits that from thy sins do grow.'

A mark of elision before the first word would have sufficed to have put the reader on the track of the chemical metaphor intended by Southwell, as it is he may be puzzled before he recognises 'distil' in 'still.'

Locke, by THOMAS FOWLER. Morley's English Men of Letters Series. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1880.

The name of John Locke is held in great veneration by most men of English extraction, but too often there is an element of ignorant idolatry in this veneration. Locke has passed into that serene sphere, the reputations of whose ghostly inhabitants are taken pretty much on trust, and men bow down to his fame who, if hard pressed, might successfully name two or three of his works but could give little other account either of his philosophy or of his life. Such men, if there is any earnestness in the admiration which they have professed, on trust, for the great philosopher, will hail this compact little biography with considerable satisfaction, as affording them some solid nucleus of fact to which their hitherto floating notions may successfully attach themselves.

John Locke was born in Somersetshire on the 29th August, 1632, the scion of a

family which took the Puritan side in the civil wars then raging in England. He acquired his education at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford, but does not appear to have been favourably impressed with the exercises and disputations that formed no inconsiderable part of the academical course of that period.

He obtained a Greek Lectureship at his College in 1660, and entered upon the duties of a teacher in that and other offices, duties which might have enchained and engrossed his whole attention but for two obstacles, which finally severed his official connection with his *alma mater*. In the first place he preferred the study of physic to taking holy orders, although a nominal entry into the Church was a *sine qua non* to the continuous holding of any lucrative appointment at College now that the Restoration had been so happily achieved. The influence of that reactionary period was to make itself felt in even a more marked manner upon the student's career. Locke, in those Continental travels which then formed part of the training of every English gentleman, found his early puritanical proclivities strengthened and broadened by contact with foreign scholars and with travelling Whig noblemen. In 1666 he formed an acquaintance with Lord Shaftesbury, to whose fortunes he was for some time closely attached. Shaftesbury was one of the "lords-proprietors" of the new colony of Carolina, and Locke bore no inconsiderable share in the management of its affairs and the preparing of its "fundamental Constitutions," which, whilst forbidding any intolerant or abusive language against the religion of any church, gave to every freeman of the colony "absolute power and authority over his negro slaves, of what opinion or religion soever."

For some time his connection with Lord Shaftesbury only worked for his good, but when the minister was disgraced, the dependent's lucrative offices were lost and the suspicion as to the loyalty of his principles was first engendered which resulted in his expulsion from Christ Church in 1684 in compliance with the royal mandate. Locke had been for some time living at intervals in France and Holland for the benefit of his health and to avoid the humiliating espionage of the time-serving royalists at Oxford. His expulsion took away all thought of return and he settled down

to a quiet life of study at Utrecht and Amsterdam. He was now 51 years old, and had published little or nothing, but now the *Letters on Toleration* and the abstract of the famous *Essay on the Human Understanding* which appeared in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, kept Locke busily employed until the Revolution of 1688 enabled him to return to his native land. The broad and tolerant views which he had advocated during his exile recommended him to William of Orange, but the continuing failure of his health prevented his accepting the ambassadorships which were offered to him. In 1690 the *Essay* appeared in its full form followed by two *Treatises on Government* and the anonymous *Letters on Toleration*. In 1691 he became a permanent resident of Sir Francis Masham's home at Oates in Essex, which he found so suitable to his complaints that he lived on there till his death.

In this quiet retreat the philosopher cemented his friendship with Sir Isaac Newton, wrote his *Thoughts Concerning Education* and several controversial theological works which have been pretty well forgotten and which led him into a bitter war of pamphlets with some more orthodox people than himself. In fact he appears to have foreshadowed in these essays those views on the eternity of punishment which have made so much progress in our own time. It was not in theology alone that Locke was in advance of his age. In science, he advocated the theory of the indestructibility of matter. His influence was felt strongly on the right side of the struggle over the abolition of the censorship of the press. He supplied the arguments on which Montague and Somers carried their great measure for putting the coining of silver money on a sound basis. He was placed, against his will, on a board of Commissioners, whose multifarious duties embraced the regulation of the colonial and foreign trade of Britain, the pauper system, and the linen, woollen and paper manufactures. Such work soon proved too much for his enfeebled frame, and he retired to the quiet life of a man who has done his life's work well and is surrounded by friends and literary companions who feel it a privilege to assuage the troubles and pains of his declining years. On the 28th October, 1704, he died and was buried in the Churchyard of High Laver.

Mr. Fowler has done his work well in

this little memoir, if we except a few awkward turns of expression, such as "deriving his earliest influences" &c. Some little controversy has been indulged in between him and Mr. Fox Bourne, the latest biographer of Locke, from which it appears the latter writer considers his labours on the field have not been sufficiently recognised by Mr. Fowler. It appears, however, to us that such a *brochure* as this would be overlaid by notes if a reference were given to every source of information consulted, —and that the general acknowledgment made by Mr. Fowler in his prefatory note is amply sufficient to meet the requirements of the literary sony.

William Cullen Bryant. A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Poems and other Writings. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON, F.R.S., N.A. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

We have already noticed in these columns the somewhat slight but not unpleasing sketches of Moore and Lover, which have lately proceeded from Mr. Symington's pen.

In treating of the lives of these authors the memoirs of many contemporary English literary celebrities were laid under contribution with not unsatisfactory results. When he quitted the field of English biography Mr. Symington naturally lost the aid which he derived from previous writers on the same subject. We do not know that this would have been altogether a disadvantage had he possessed sufficient moral courage to form his own opinions on the not very difficult questions to which the life of Mr. Bryant gives rise. But he is so wedded to the practice of quoting the comments and critical remarks of others that this, his last, work is nothing but a farago of quotations, extracted, in default of better material, from notices of the press, funeral orations, and obituary records. He is unable to quote a simple poem without dragging at least three literary witnesses into the box to vouch for the correctness of the estimate which he has formed of it. We shall presently give some reasons for not concurring in the excessive eulogy which is dealt out to Bryant's poetry in these selections. It is our present purpose to point out the bad taste which has been shown by Mr. Sy-

ymington in several instances. For example, Mr. Bryant was peculiarly addicted to plainness and simplicity of style. His advice as to calling a spade a spade and not a well-known oblong instrument of husbandry is quoted here with approval. It was therefore extremely inappropriate to introduce (at p. 163) Prof. Hill's penny-a-liner's description of the poet's house at Cedarmer, which dilates upon the 'numerous hotbeds which assist the tender plants in spring!'—as though hotbeds ever did anything else. The same authority informs us that the view of the bay from Bryant's lawn was beautified by 'majestic steamers that move like vast swans upon the surface,' an appearance which they must have put on for the occasion, and for the especial honour and glorification of the poet, as they certainly never take such a likeness upon them elsewhere. Another writer whom Mr. Symington is very fond of quoting is a certain General James Grant Wilson, whose views on literary subjects hardly appear to us worth the trouble of recording, especially as Mr. Symington is entirely unable to mention the general without lugging in every one of his numerous names.

Let us come now to the consideration of Bryant's poetry, which hardly appears to us to deserve the high rank which is here bestowed upon it. No doubt Bryant was a careful and painstaking writer, correct in his versification and inspired with a genuine love of nature. His poems occasionally contain a genuine poetic thought. It would indeed be strange if such could not be found in the volumes of a writer, who, although he left no long continuous work, published during his extended life a very considerable mass of short and occasional poems. Most of his highest fancies appear to have grouped themselves in somewhat grim fashion round the idea of Death, a subject which seemed to have a slightly morbid attraction for him. We only refer here to his 'Thanatopsis,' his 'Monument Mountain,' and the well-known poem 'June,' in which he almost looks forward to his last earthly home, where in place of his present active enjoyment of the beauties of Nature, there will still be left to him some slight interest in the glad June weather, the interest of one

'whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is, that his grave is green.'

Sometimes we find a happy expression, as in his didactic poem the 'Ages,' in which he describes the astronomer as

'he whose eye
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky.'

But having said this, we are unable to go further and exalt Mr. Bryaut, as Mr. Symington would fain have us do, to a position among the really great poets of our tongue. In his younger days Mr. Bryant appears to have been addicted to spread-eagleism. Thus, in his 'Genius of Columbia,' he very unnecessarily defies Napoleon, and intimated the crushing defeat which awaited the 'Eastern despot' in case he ventured to invade America, which, it is needless to say, he never intended to do. At other times we find his poems spoiled by an anticlimax, as in the case of the 'African Chief' who goes mad in the most pathetic manner on being led into captivity. The concluding stanza informs us that he

'Wore not long those fatal bands;—
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands
The "foul hyena's prey."

The 'foul hyena' is generally credited with a capacity for doing his work in a manner which does not require repetition.

Bryant was a disciple of Wordsworth; but Mr. Symington, in quoting the verses 'Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids,' 'the simple purity and delicate imagery' of which he considers most characteristic of Bryant's genius, does not think fit to draw the reader's attention to the extreme closeness with which the disciple followed the work of his master. The idea of the poem, an innocent child brought up in the forest shades,—and even the wording of it,

'And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face,'

cannot fail to remind us of the motive and turn of expression in Wordsworth's exquisite poem,

'Three years she grew in sun and shower,'

and especially the verse which tells us how

'beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.'

We have left ourselves no room to speak

of Bryant in his capacity of journalist. His life, dealt with in a more manly spirit, would have inspired us with higher feelings of respect for his character than we feel after the perusal of these pages. Mr. Symington makes him out altogether too good. The man who had no redeeming vice is out of the hunt with him. He is so temperate that we get to hate temperance, and when he has got nothing else to brag about he erects the taking of pepper with one's food into a *quasi-sin* against nature, and plumes himself upon resisting the direful temptation. There is a concentrated grandeur of littleness about this, which we are not likely to see surpassed in a hurry.

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The Canadian Portrait Gallery. Vol. I.,
Edited by JOHN CHARLES DENT, assisted
by a staff of contributors. Toronto:
John B. Magurn, 1880.

(*First Notice.*)

The appearance of so elaborate and ambitious a work as this, undertaken by a Canadian publisher for the home market, is alike creditable to the progress of the native book trade and complimentary to the character of the public men whose lives are, on the whole, so excellently portrayed in the volume. In its mechanical appearance, the book is a notable instance of spirited publishing enterprise and a pleasing evidence of the growth of the printing and lithographing industries in Canada, which have contributed to its manufacture. In some instances the work of the lithographer has not been happy—a few of the portraits being inartistic in appearance and unsuccessful as likenesses. Others, on the contrary, are uncommonly good, and may be taken as an earnest of better things in the portions of the book yet forthcoming. The experiment of illustrating a Canadian biographical work with coloured lithographs, is so new and withal so novel, that every allowance should be made for occasional shortcomings, more particularly while the mode of embellishment is so pleasing and attractive, and when, on the whole, as we have said before, the work has been so well done. The literary workmanship, so far as we have been able to examine it, also calls for a word of praise. It is marked by industry and ability, as well as by an intelligent appreciation of the features of interest in

the several biographies which are likely to commend them to public attention. There is evidence, moreover, of a wide, and generally accurate, knowledge of Canadian history, and of the events in which the subjects of the sketches took active part. In this respect the book is a capital 'refresher' of matters—political and social—which should be familiar to every Canadian, and especially to any one who has given himself, or intends to give himself, to public life. The biographies are unequal in length, and are occasionally disproportionate to the setting in history which contemporary or subsequent criticism has assigned to the subject of the sketch. This perhaps is to be explained by the paucity of material at the command of the writer in undertaking the biography. It does not seem to be the result of personal predilection, still less is it occasioned by partizan feeling. For the present we can only enumerate the subjects treated of in the volume before us,

trusting in our next to give, in connection with the later instalment of the work, a more lengthy and critical review of this interesting and valuable contribution to Canadian literature. The more important biographies in the present volume are those of: Robert Baldwin, Sir Geo. Cartier, Bishop Strachan, Sir Isaac Brock, Joseph Brant, Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Leonard Tilley, Alex. Mackenzie, Edward Blake, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Principal G. M. Grant, the late Chief Justice Moss, &c., &c. We need hardly add that a work got up at such expense as this, and of so great an interest to the people of Canada, should meet with a most generous and far-reaching reception, for only by the most hearty and golden response will our native writers and publishers be induced to put such works on the market, and be incited to follow them up by others of an equally creditable and satisfactory character.

The voluminous Report of the Ontario Agricultural Commission, of which the Hon. S. C. Wood is Chairman, and Mr. Alfred H. Dymond, Secretary, has just reached us as we are about to close the present number. We cannot here do more than acknowledge receipt of the volumes, and express our gratification at the mass of information, of so useful a character and having so practical a bearing upon a vast industry in the Province, which the Report brings so exhaustively within reach. The range of subjects treated of may be gathered from the following enumeration: Fruit Culture; Forestry and Arboriculture; Insects and Insectivorous Birds; Bee Farming; General Farming; Dairying; Horse Breeding; Poultry and Eggs; the Salt Trade; Manures; Agricultural Education, &c. The work is divided into six parts, each dealing within a special department: the first consisting of the Commissioners' Report proper; the second containing returns relating to the soil, climate, and cultivable area of the Province; and the others containing evidence relating to special departments of enquiry. We hope in a subsequent issue to give a review of the results of the Commission's work, and meantime commend the Report to the consideration of those whom it is intended to benefit.

The completing volumes of Mr. T. H. Ward's *Selections from the English Poets*, with critical introductions by various writers, and a general preface by Mr. Matthew Arnold, have just appeared. Nothing could well exceed the worth and interest of these volumes. In the last instalment of the series we find Mr. Goldwin Smith's critical introduction to Sir Walter Scott's poems. A review of the early volumes of the work appears in our present number.

'An Anecdotal History of the British Parliament,' compiled by Mr. G. H. Jennings, has just appeared from the press of a London publisher, and been instantly reprinted in New York. The work consists of carefully verified and striking facts illustrating the rise and progress of Parliamentary institutions, together with a multitude of stories about the statesmen and politicians who have contributed to their development. A perusal of the book will wonderfully lighten up the dry facts of English constitutional history. The reprinters are the Messrs. Appleton & Co, of New York; and the Canadian Agents, Messrs Hart & Rawlinson, Toronto.

The subject of the new volume of the *Cunningham Lectures* (Scotland) for 1880, is, 'Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century.' The lecturer is the Rev. Dr. John Cairns.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE SIEGE OF THE SMOKING-ROOM.

A True Story.

BY G. A. BOODLE, M.D., OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

ONCE upon the ship 'Trafalgar,'
 When the wind was blowing coldly,
 All within the smoking-parlour
 Sat the chiefs of all the smokers,
 And they bravely smoked the peace-pipe,
 Smoked the calumet, the peace-pipe,
 Till the air grew thick and dusky
 And their eyes grew dim and smarting
 And their breath grew hard and heaving.
 Then they said, 'Behold, oh Brothers,
 How the blue smoke curleth upwards,
 Fills the room, and rusheth downwards
 Into the saloon beneath us,
 Fills it with its fragrant odour,
 Sets the people all a-coughing.'
 And they smoked till thicker round them
 Rose the smoke in densest columns.
 And they cried again, 'Oh Brothers,
 We have smoked enough for one time ;
 We cannot remain here longer,
 Or we shall become all smoke-dried,
 Like the bacon in the chimneys,
 Like the sparrows in the cities.'
 And they left the smoking-parlour,
 Left it dim with smoke and vapour,
 Like a chimney reeked and smoked it,
 As they scattered o'er the ship-board
 Each unto his own amusements.

Then without arose the ladies,
 Walking in the chilly evening,
 Walking in the rain and drizzle,
 In their sea-coats and sou'-westers ;
 And they said to one another
 'We will go into the parlour,
 We will sit within the smoke-room,
 And will read some strange adventure,
 Some old story or tradition,
 That the hours may not be wasted,
 That the time may pass more gaily
 And we all be more contented.'
 And they went into the smoke-room,
 Read a tale of strange adventure,
 That the hours might not be wasted
 That the time might pass more gaily
 And they all be more contented.
 Then below the chiefs assembled,—
 They, the chiefs of all the smokers—
 And they said to one another,
 'We shall lose our smoking-parlour,
 Smoke the calumet no longer
 In the room, the smoking-parlour.'
 And they all cried out together,
 We must drive them from the parlour,

Lest they take it altogether,
 And we smoke our pipe no longer
 In the room, the smoking-parlour.'
 Then they gathered friends around them,
 Came around and shouted wildly,
 Tried to drive them from the parlour,
 Came and closed the ventilator,
 Held it with their fingers tightly,
 That the air might be excluded,
 That the smoke might gather thickly
 And their breathing be prevented.
 Then between the ventilator
 Gleamed a sharp and shining weapon,
 Pierced his fingers that was holding,
 Holding close the ventilator.
 Like a ball from off a bat-trap,
 Quickly he withdrew his finger,
 And a red drop dyed his finger,
 Dyed the deck with drops of crimson,
 While he shouted in his anguish,
 Shouted in the rain and drizzle,
 While around him swept the sea-bird,—
 Diomedea exulans.
 Then they left the smoking-parlour,
 Left them reading in the smoke-room,
 Till they gathered round the table,
 Sat in the saloon at tea-time.
 Then they all cried out, 'The ladies
 Drive us from our smoking-parlour,
 Pierce and wound us in the fingers,
 We can smoke our pipe no longer
 Smoke our calumet no longer
 In the room, the smoking-parlour :
 'Tis a room for smokers only,
 For the chiefs of all the smokers.'
 Then the ladies said in answer,
 'We have seats as well as you have,
 We can smoke as well as you can,
 Smoke tobacco rolled in paper.'
 And a lady cried exulting,
 'Awf'ly jolly cigarettes are.'

Thus they argued all the tea-time,
 While the ship was flying onwards
 Swiftly through the spray and drizzle,
 And the fire-tail, phosphorescence,
 Followed closely in the darkness ;
 And the porpoise, the phocœna,
 Shouted gambolling in the billows.
 Thus you see the waves and waters
 Shall remember you no longer,
 Than the fire-tail, phosphorescence,
 Lies upon their shining bosom.
 You shall, too, forget your smoke-room,
 All your legends and traditions,
 All your sickness in the Channel,
 All your gambols in the tropics,
 When you reach your southern harbour,
 Smoke your calumet in Sydney,
 In the land of the hereafter.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL, 1881.

THE PARLIAMENT OF ONTARIO.

ALTERNATE SESSIONS—BIENNIAL SESSIONS—LEGISLATIVE UNION.

BY S. J. WATSON, TORONTO.

THE attention of the people of Ontario has, at intervals, during the past few years, been turned toward the agencies by which they govern themselves. Thus the questions of Biennial Sessions of the Local Parliament; the Diminution of the Representation; the adoption of Legislative Union, have arisen to the dignity of discussion as subjects of public interest. The chief aim of the present article is to make an effort to contribute to the Constitutional literature of those great factors in the problem of free Parliamentary Government, in the Pillar Province of the Canadian Confederation.

ALTERNATE SESSIONS.

At the opening of the Parliament of Ontario, on the 13th of January, 1881, Lieut. - Governor Robinson, in the speech from the throne, said :—

‘In view of the many extensive and beneficial improvements in our laws,

effected since the Province attained, thirteen years ago, control over its local affairs, and of the further legislation which will engage your attention during the present Session, I commend to your serious consideration the question whether the time has not come when the public interests may be sufficiently protected, and at the same time a considerable saving of expense be effected, by confining future legislation to every alternate annual session, except in cases of special urgency.’

It may prove of interest to reproduce, in an abridged form, the opinions expressed by leading members of the House, on the subject of a change in the mode of holding the Sessions of the Parliament of Ontario.

Mr. Meredith, the leader of the Opposition, took ground against the proposal. ‘He believed it would not obtain the assent of the supporters of the Government, and it certainly would not

obtain the assent of those on the Opposition side. The scheme would not result in saving much expenditure. A proposition which would be favoured by the country would be to reduce the membership of the House, and to alter the rules in regard to Private Bills, so that there would be no loss of time. If this were done, the business of the country could be transacted within thirty days, and four hundred dollars of the Sessional allowance to each Member would be saved. He denied that there were any members of the Opposition in favour of the abolition of the Legislature.*

Attorney-General Mowat observed that 'the question was, whether, now that they had gone over the whole of the Statute Books, and over every subject within their jurisdiction, session after session, they should go on making laws each session, or confine their attention to that branch of their duties every other session. The Government had come to no conclusion on their part, for it was a question which required a great deal of consideration. He could see no solid objection to confining legislation to Alternate Sessions. This subject was suggested, some years ago, by Mr. Blake, who had frequently referred to it in his speeches. He (Mr. Mowat) had never heard of any opposition to the change. If they did not adopt Biennial Sessions, he did not see why they should not accept a system giving them all the advantages of Biennial Sessions.†

Hon. Mr. Morris observed that, 'Nothing had occurred since Confederation to show that the Conservative party had any desire to destroy the autonomy of the Provinces. How could the Dominion Parliament, overburdened as it already was with business, deal with the local interests of British Columbia, the North-West, Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provin-

ces? If ever an attempt should be made to destroy the Legislatures of the Provinces, all parties should combine in resisting it. He was opposed to any scheme of Biennial Sessions, but favoured short Annual Sessions, and the commencement of real business as soon as the House opened. Biennial Sessions were still more objectionable than Alternate Sessions; they were not adapted to the requirements of the country, and allowed the Government to escape public responsibility for too long a time.*

Mr. James Young was of opinion that, 'Biennial Sessions were quite inconsistent with Responsible Government. Very little money would be saved by this change. He would not like to see any alteration simply for the sake of economy. If Biennial Sessions were adopted they would have to vote the supplies for two Sessions at one time. This would decrease the responsibility of Ministers to the People's Representatives. It would not tend to purer administration if the Government were only to account to the people every two years. The Biennial system would put it in the power of the Government to commit the people to engagements which might be ruinous; they could enrich themselves and their friends at the public expense, when the people would have no power to turn them out.†

Mr. Sinclair said, in the same debate,‡ that 'even the *Bystander* had sneered at the Legislature regulating the relations of law and equity,' and unjustly disparaged the legal gentlemen who are members of the House. This course was altogether unpatriotic. Biennial Sessions did not appear to him to be in harmony with the spirit of our Institutions. As to short Alternate Sessions, he doubted much if it were possible to make them so short as

* Abridged from *Mail* report, Feb. 14, 1881.

† Abridged from *Globe* report, Jan. 14, 1881.

* Abridged from *Mail* report, January 17, 1881.

† Abridged from *Globe* report, January 17, 1881.

‡ Debate of January 17.

to be productive of any material benefit in an economical point of view. The necessity of a thorough examination of the Public Accounts, every year, would be a bar to very short sessions; unless, indeed, a change was made in the Constitution, so as to enable the Committee of Public Accounts to begin its work prior to the commencement of the session.

Mr. McLaughlin showed, from statistics, that the representation in the Canadian House of Commons was one member for every 14,775 souls. Ontario was represented in the Local Parliament by one member for every 18,400 of the population. The cost per head for government in the Province of Quebec, was eighteen cents; in the Dominion, it was eighteen and three-quarter cents; in Ontario, it was, in 1878, only seven and a half cents per head of the population. A member of the Ontario Parliament represented more people than a Representative in any other legislative body on the Continent.*

Hon. Mr. Hardy, Provincial Secretary, observed in the same debate, that 'if Biennial Sessions were held, the supplies for two years would have to be voted at one time. If this change were made, Ministers would be able to commit any crime or blunder they pleased; and the people would have no power to turn them out for two years afterwards. If they had Alternate Sessions, in which they did not legislate, the Public Accounts Committee would be a stronger body, and would have more time to devote to the business coming before them than they had at present. There was a cry that the country was over-governed. But, in the United States, there were no less than 6,086 Representatives in Congress, and in the various State Legislatures. In the latter, there was one member for every 6,809 people; while in the Ontario House, one member represented 18,000 persons. The number of Representa-

tives in Ottawa was not any too large. Legislative bodies required numbers to give dignity and weight to their proceedings.*

It will be observed that the phrase, 'Alternate Sessions,' does not seem to have been very clearly defined during the debate. A good authority has since explained it in this way:—'One Session for Private Bill legislation: the other Session for the consideration of the Estimates, and such legislation as would be declared imperative by a Rule of the House.' Based on the mass of legislation which, from the years 1868-9 to 1880, the Parliament of Ontario has helped to rear, the argument for Alternate Sessions would seem to be unassailable. A conception of the magnitude of this legislation may be formed from the tabulated statement which is subjoined:—

YEARS.	STATUTES. NUMBER OF CHAPTERS.	STATUTES. NUMBER OF PAGES.
1868-9	85	367
1869	75	213
1870	105	368
1871-2	119	412
1873	163	806
1874 (1st Session)	103	585
1874 (2nd Session)	94	292
1875-6	114	383
1877	88	363
1878	75	297
1879	95	317
1880	83	324
Total	1,199	4,727

The Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1877, reduced the number of chapters to 224; and pages to 2,580.

It is but right to bear in mind that, although the legislation tabulated above may appear mountainous in its proportions, its bulk may be safely regarded as corresponding to the permanent as well as the varying exigencies of the community. Liberated from the unequal yoke which bound Upper Canada to Lower Canada, the Province of Ontario, free at last to manage its own affairs, demanded of its new Parliament a great body of legislation necessary under the altered condition

* Abridged from *Globe* report, January 18, 1881.

* Abridged from *Globe* report, January 18, 1881.

of things. Local institutions were to be reformed; local resources developed; new railways to be built; colonization was to be encouraged. Hence the Statute Book was obliged to keep pace with the necessities of the Province. Many of these necessities have been satisfied; the Acts of Parliament have served their purpose; but still the mere record of them fills the mind with a mingled feeling of vastness and satiety. This past legislation would seem, at first sight, to encompass everything within the circumference of the political needs, and the social and material necessities of the Province. The vast bulk of our Statute Book would, indeed, appear to justify the introduction of the question of Alternate Sessions into the arena of public discussion. But, at a later stage of this article, an effort will be made to show that, before the Legislature ought to take action in the direction of such a far-reaching Constitutional change, the electorate of Ontario should be invited to pronounce upon the question.

ANNUAL SESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT.

The custom of Annual Sessions takes its rise in the dawn of English Constitutional History. Before the reign of Edward the Third, 'it rested entirely with the King to convene the Parliament or not.'^{*}

The language of the Statutes of Edward was terse and imperative:—

'A Parliament shall be holden every year once, and more often, if need be.'[†]

'For maintenance of the said articles and statutes, and redress of mischiefs and grievances, which daily happen, Parliament shall be holden every year, as another time was ordained by statute.'[‡]

In commenting on these enactments, Rowland observes:—

'They were intended to ensure an annual session, rather than an annual

election; for an eager desire for a seat in Parliament did not then exist.'^{*}

'Our ancestors desired frequent Parliaments, that they might get the Crown under the influence of Parliament, and might obtain redress for those grievances and abuses which flourished with impunity when the Sovereign was uncontrolled.'[†]

The Triennial Act of William and Mary[‡] was founded on the ancient Statutes of Edward the Third, already quoted. The Act declared 'that frequent and new Parliaments tend very much to the happy union and good agreement of the King and people.'

Sir Thomas Erskine May, in referring to the subject of Annual Sessions of Parliament, says:—

'The practice of providing money for the public service by annual enactments, renders it compulsory . . . on her, (the Queen), to meet Parliament every year.

'The annual meeting of Parliament, now placed beyond the power of the Crown, by a system of finance, rather than by distinct enactment, had, in fact, been the law of England, from very early times—by the Statute 4 Edward III, cap. 14, etc. §

So far, English rule and custom. Now for Canadian law and precedent:

From the establishment in the year 1791, of Parliamentary Government in Upper and Lower Canada, down to the present time, there has been but one exception to the system of Annual Sessions. This was occasioned by the suspension of the Constitution of Quebec, owing to the Rebellion of 1837 and 1838. The Annual Sessions of the Legislatures of the Old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, were fixed, declared and perpetuated by positive Statutory law. The Constitutional Act provides that the

^{*} *Ibid.*, p. 488.

[†] Rowland, p. 124.

[‡] 6, William and Mary, cap. 2: 'An Act for the frequent meeting and calling of Parliament.'

§ May's *Parlm. Practice*, 7th Ed. p. 42.

31 George III, cap. 31, sec. 27.

^{*} Rowland's *English Constitution*, p. 123.

[†] 4 Edward III. c. 14, A.D. 1330.

[‡] 36 Edward III. c. 10, A.D. 1362.

Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly, in each of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, should be called together once in twelve months. The Union Act of 1841,* which welded Upper and Lower Canada into the Province of Canada, repeated the enactment of the Constitutional Act respecting Annual Sessions of the Legislature. The British North America Act followed the same course.† But it is somewhat extraordinary that the 86th section of this Act provides only for Annual Sessions of the Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec. There is no mention of the Legislatures of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the other two members of the new political partnership.

BIENNIAL SESSIONS OF THE AMERICAN LEGISLATURES.

Thirty of the individual States of the American Union hold Biennial Sessions of their Legislatures. The names are as follow.‡

There are eight Territories which hold Biennial Sessions. Their names are as follow.§

The following States hold Annual Sessions :—

Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Wisconsin.

It is worthy of notice that the length of the legislative Sessions in the Biennial States is far in excess of the length of our Ontario session : in three cases more than double the period. For example : the limit of the Biennial Session in Louisiana,

Maryland and Virginia is ninety days ; in Tennessee, seventy-five days ; in Missouri, seventy days ; in Arkansas, California, Indiana, Kentucky, Minnesota, Nevada, North Carolina and Texas sixty days ; in Alabama and Kansas, fifty days ; in West Virginia, forty-five ; in Colorado, Georgia, Nebraska and Oregon the limit is forty days. In the Territories it is the same. In the States in which the Sessions of the Legislatures are annual, there is no limitation as to duration. In the Annual States the elections are Annual ; in the others they are Biennial.

At first sight it might seem that the imposing array of thirty Biennial States and eight Biennial Territories would bear down, in a majority point of view, the principle of Annual Sessions as carried out in only eight States. But such a view would be misleading. Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, and editor of 'The American Almanac,' says in a note on page 105 of that work, edition of 1880 :—

'In Ohio and a few other States, where the Legislative Sessions are Biennial, the Legislature holds "adjourned sessions," practically amounting to annual meetings.'

It is to be observed that the law limiting the meetings of the Legislatures to Biennial Sessions, is, in the great majority of the Biennial States, themselves, liable to be put in abeyance at the will and discretion of the Governor. In twenty-seven, out of the thirty, Biennial States, the Governors are clothed with the power of convening the Legislatures on extraordinary occasions ; so that the Biennial limit may, at any time be discarded.*

The power of setting aside the yearly limit is conferred on the Governors of six out of the eight Annual States, viz : Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts,

* Imperial Act, 3 & 4 Vict. cap. 35, sec. 31.

† British North America Act, sec. 86 ; Revised Statutes of Ontario, cap. 12, sec. 4.

‡ Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia.

§ Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, New Mexico.

* Hughes' 'American State Constitution,' vol. ii., p. 622.

New Jersey, South Carolina, Wisconsin. The power to summon the Legislatures within the year does not seem to be conferred on the Governors of New York and Rhode Island.

It is worthy of remark that the principle of Annual Meetings of the Representatives of the People is still cherished in those older and greater States in which the problem of self-government was first propounded, and was soonest solved. The Commonwealths of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and South Carolina, have continued to adhere to the principle of Annual Sessions, which is as old as the Third Edward. The experience of these States in the practical working of Representative Institutions—ranging, in some cases, over a period of more than two-and-a-half centuries—ought to be taken into account when weighed against the experiments of younger members of the same Federal family. But, with respect to these younger members, it is only justice to observe that, as has been already shown, the great majority of them stand prepared, when occasion demands it, to set aside the principle of Biennial Sessions.

It would appear that, on the whole, the principal reason for adopting the Biennial System was that of economy. There is also ground to believe that the Governors of those States, for their own political convenience, were in its favour. Under the American system, any member of a State Legislature may introduce a measure, no matter how crude and objectionable it may be. He may do this to carry out an unreasonable promise exacted by an unreasonable constituency. In the absence of a Responsible Ministry, the burden of rejecting such a measure, falls on the Governor of the State. To veto the measure might compel him to act against a section of his own political supporters. He would, therefore, naturally favour Biennial Sessions as bringing him less frequently than An-

nual Sessions, into possible collision with his political friends.

But the tide of Constitutional change, in the Biennial States, seems to be on the turn. There are many indications that it will soon sweep, in full and unchecked flow, toward the old and time-tried Annual System of legislation.

A local contemporary,* of a recent date, says:—

‘Within the last couple of years, thirty-one States of the Union decided upon holding Biennial Sessions; and, in many cases, says the *New York Tribune*, without due consideration. Now, when the new system is found to cause inconvenience, there is a growing demand for a return to the old system. Even Vermont, which seemed to be the most favourable for trying the experiment, on account of the stability of its population, is considering the question of going back to Annual Sessions. Our contemporary is of opinion that the new system has not had a fair trial.’

In reply to this observation of the *Tribune* there is an easy answer. If the new Biennial System, in the short space of two years has proved so barren of anticipated benefits as to lead to a demand for a return to Annual Sessions, then the Biennial System is impracticable. That it has failed in States so accustomed to the working of the machinery of Representative Government as are those of the American Union is a lesson for other free communities which may be standing hesitant on the verge of perilous experiment.

It has been said by those who advocate the Biennial System that it has the effect of preventing the introduction of immature and unnecessary legislation. But, under the British system of Responsible Government, this contention is of no weight. The existence of the Executive depends

* *Toronto Mail*, February 17, 1881.

upon the character and quality of the measures it brings before the country. The Executive, therefore, if actuated by no higher motive than that of self-preservation, will take care that the legislation it originates will be such as to commend itself to the majority of the electorate, as represented in Parliament.

At the present time, when our Federal system is on its trial, it might prove highly disadvantageous to break the venerable political and historical continuity of the English system of Annual Parliaments in favour of Biennial Sessions. In no British Colony in which Responsible Government has been established has the Annual System been abrogated in favour of the Biennial. It would be unsafe to change the system now existing for a purely economical consideration alone. Because in a Province developing with the rapidity of Ontario, and likely soon to be placed in possession of a large accession of territory, the business which can alone be properly transacted by the Local Legislature must continue to increase for an indefinite period.

Leaving aside for two years the consideration of measures vital to the public weal, and which might be pressing for immediate settlement, the Biennial System would not, in a merely monetary point of view, prove economical; for this reason: that the business which now, in the Annual Session, occupies the greater part of two months, would, under the Biennial System, occupy nearly four, with the added evils of public inconvenience, and the delay of necessary legislation.

The system of Biennial Sessions is one on which the Electorate should be invited to pronounce before being established by law. A system which is calculated to deprive the people of a great portion of their power in the management of their own affairs must, first of all, obtain their consent at the polls. Had this plan been pursued in Upper Canada, Lower Canada and

Nova Scotia in respect to the scheme of Confederation, the political revolution embodied in that scheme would, at least, have had the force and sanction of the popular verdict. The result might have been a written Constitution, plain to comprehend and comparatively easy to operate, instead of the 'British North America Act,' that offspring of a multitudinous, dissimilar and disputed paternity, the despair of jurists and the permanent perplexity of the Supreme Court.

The appeal to the people as the ultimate tribunal in great Constitutional questions has the support of one of the most eminent of living Statesmen: the Earl of Beaconsfield.

In the debate in the Imperial House of Commons, March 16th, 1868, on the State of Ireland, Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, in referring to the abolition of ecclesiastical endowments, said, amongst other things:—

'It would be indecent for the House of Commons to attempt to come to a decision on this great question, unless we could place before the nation the enormous issue at stake. The electors may naturally say, "You have changed the whole frame-work of our social system; you have decided on the most important principle in politics, without consulting us, the great body of the Nation, as opposed to the limited constituency which sent you to Parliament, and we question the justice and propriety of what you have done." In my opinion, it is impossible to deal with this question at the present time. Technically, no doubt, Parliament has power to do so. But, there is a moral exercise of power as well as a technical; and when you touch the fundamental laws of the country; when you touch the principles on which the most ancient and influential institutions are founded; it is most wise that you should hold your hand, unless you have assured yourselves of such an amount of popular sympathy and support as will make your legislation permanent and beneficial. I say

we cannot come to a division upon such a momentous question without appealing to the country.*

It follows from Mr. Disraeli's argument, that no Parliament, not specially directed or commissioned by the electorate to that effect, has the power to work a fundamental change in the Institutions of the country. While the 'British North America Act' accords to the Local Legislature the power to alter the Constitution, except in so far as regards the Lieutenant-Governor, it is a question whether that power can extend so far as to deprive the electorate, without their own consent, of the most momentous benefit of the franchise; namely, the right to annual representation. For Parliament to surrender for a year its constitutional control of the Executive, would be to abnegate its functions as a Parliament. Such a course was, doubtless, never contemplated, either by the framers of the 'British North America Act,' or by the Imperial Parliament, which finally passed the measure.

The Biennial System is utterly opposed to the British System of Responsible Government, which demands that, once a year, the people shall be represented in Parliament, and that they shall there, through those whom they have elected, be present at the Grand Inquest and Grand Audit of the Nation. As shown in the preceding pages, the Biennial System, even in its native home, in certain States of the American Union, is not made by law positive, imperative and invariable. This system, when set in motion, can only approach to success in a political sphere different from our own. It can only exist in a country where there is no Responsible Government.

LEGISLATIVE UNION: ITS IMPOSSIBILITY.

Those who remember the political chaos which preceded Confederation, can have no desire to break up the

present autonomy of the Provinces. The solitary cry which now and again goes up for Legislative Union, is the cry of a child for change for the sake of change. The advocates of Legislative Union seem to forget that even if Ontario were to-morrow united, to a man, for such alteration in the Constitution, the voice of this Province would be raised in vain. The reasons for this assertion are best shown in the following extracts from the speech of Sir John Macdonald, when, in the Legislative Assembly, in the City of Quebec, on the 6th February, 1865, he rose to make the preliminary motion respecting Confederation. He said, amongst other things:—

'I have again and again stated in the House, that, if practicable, I thought a Legislative Union would be preferable. (Hear, hear.) But, on looking at the subject in the Conference,* we found that such a system was impracticable. In the first place, it would not meet the assent of the people of Lower Canada; because it was found that any proposition which involved the absorption of the individuality of Lower Canada would not be received with favour by her people. We found, too, that though their people speak the same language and enjoy the same system of law as the people of Upper Canada, there was as great a disinclination on the part of the various Maritime Provinces to lose their individuality as separate political organisations, as we observed in the case of Lower Canada herself. (Hear, hear.) So that those who were, like myself, in favour of Legislative Union, were obliged to modify their views and accept the project of a Federal Union, as the only scheme practicable, even for the Maritime Provinces. One great objection made to a Federal Union was the expense of an increased number of Legislatures. The Finance Minister, and the

* 'Hansard,' vol. xc., pp. 1787-8.

* Quebec Conference, 1864.

President of the Council,* will, I think, be able to show that the expenses under a Federal Union will not be greater than those under the existing system of separate Governments and Legislatures.†

The difficulties which, sixteen years ago, prevented Sir John Macdonald and others from establishing a Legislative Union, have increased and not diminished. The Province of Quebec still bars the way. Nor is it likely that the price she would exact for surrendering her present autonomous political system, in which her French Canadian population make themselves felt through their numbers and influence, is a price the other Provinces would be willing to pay. Further, is it likely that Nova Scotia, goaded as she was into Confederation, and restive under the change, even after the lapse of years, would consent, a second time, to a political experiment in company with the other Provinces. Old Canada had experience, previous to Confederation, of government under three different Instruments—the Quebec Bill of 1774, the Constitutional Act of 1791, the Union Act of 1841. We are now engaged in carrying out, under the Confederation Act, the fourth experiment of self-government. It is well to remember what a high authority prophesied would be the result of failure. In the House of Commons, in Ottawa, in 1868, Sir A. T. Galt gave it as his opinion that, if the new system of Confederation proved unsuccessful, there was but one other alternative: Annexation.

[Since the above article was written, Hon. Mr. Mowat, on the 4th of March, the day of the closing of the Ontario Parliament, made the following announcement in respect to the question of change in the meetings of the Legislature. Referring to a Notice of Motion he had given respecting Alternate Sessions, he wish-

ed to say a word as to the resolutions introduced by him. There had been considerable agitation going on throughout the country on that subject, and the Government had been led seriously to consider whether, in view of the amount of legislation that had already been effected since Confederation, the public interest might not be sufficiently protected by confining future legislation to every alternate session. With this view he had introduced the resolutions, but he had since found that the prevailing opinion of the House was decidedly not in favour of Alternate Sessions. In the United States the Biennial system had been introduced to a certain extent, but had not given universal satisfaction. The arguments against that system were many; but, on the other hand, it was argued that when the House met every year there were too many changes made in the law. By the proposition of the Government of meeting every year, but only legislating on every alternate session, they would overcome the arguments against Biennial Sessions, and still effect a very considerable saving in the expenditure. It might be said that this was a departure from every mode of procedure now in vogue; but he held they were not bound to follow in the footsteps of other countries in that respect. They had not done so in Confederation, nor were they doing so in many of their laws. Still, considering that the country had not as yet pronounced upon the matter, he thought that it would be better to leave it stand over for the present, and give the country time to consider it. It might be found, too, that there would be sufficient work to require legislation every year. They had passed very important legislation this session, and they might have equally important legislation next session. In view of these facts, he would withdraw the resolutions for the time being, with the view of taking definite action when the country had clearly expressed itself upon the matter.]

* Hon. A. T. Galt and Hon. George Brown.
† 'Debates on Confederation,' pp. 29-30.

BIENNIAL LEGISLATION.

BY HON. CHARLES CLARKE, SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

A 'CRY' has gone forth against the cost of local governments, and a portion of the public, composed of those who have taken but little pains to inform themselves upon the subject, has apparently arrived at the conclusion that money may be largely saved by an abbreviation of the time annually occupied by our representatives in law-making. An attempt has been made to meet this cry, in the suggestion that the cost of legislation may be decreased by restricting it to every second year, unless when declared to be of an urgent character by a majority. This phase of the question is practically before the people of Ontario at the present moment. The average length of a Session, under existing arrangements, is two months. To suppress all legislation every other year, might reduce the length of the Session in that year, to thirty days, although this is, by no means, certain. Discussion could not be largely cut off, and it would take place upon the Address, and in the Committee of Supply, at a greater length than now. It would be possible to dispense with the action of Standing Committees, in the fallow or barren year, to some extent; but the work hitherto done by them would be transferred, in many particulars, to the Committee of the Whole. The acts of the Executive would not be less closely scrutinized and criticised than now; and although day sessions were resorted to as part of the scheme, not more than five days per week, twenty in the month, could be conveniently devoted to Parliamentary work. Men would

still air their crotchets, and advocate the reforms which they deemed important. Motions, asserting the advisability of legislation, would take the place of Bills. The Public Accounts Committee, now discharging its duty through the agency of half-a-dozen working members, would find its old-time labours engrossing the attention of fifty enquiring minds. Notices of Motions, asking for all sorts of returns, and forming the text for numerous attacks, would bristle upon the Paper, and lead to debates, as lengthy as those at present indulged in. There would be little if any saving, other than of the fortnight of hard work, which distinguishes the end of every Session, and is given to its legislation.

But is it probable that, in any one year, legislation would be wholly thrown aside? In a new country, new wants, new ideas and new men are constantly coming to the front, and must be attended to. To be able to say 'Nay' under such circumstances, requires a Premier made of sterner stuff than that of which ordinary politicians and party leaders is composed. Nor is it possible seriously to minimize Private Bill legislation without granting to the Executive of the day an enormous increase of power. To check facilities for the promotion of private enterprises, more often of public than of private importance, must be regarded as impolitic and intolerable. It compels the enactment of a general law under which such enterprises may obtain more speedy recognition than Biennial Legislation affords;

and authorizes the Government to do the work of the Legislature, and clothe the promoters of various schemes with the requisite legal rights and vitality. These are, at present, derived from a Private Bill, with few exceptions. Is it advisable, or defensible, on public grounds, to cast such additional responsibility upon any Government, however honest or capable, as all this involves?

Something might be saved to the Province, doubtless, in the shape of a lessened sessional indemnity to members, which a shorter term might be held to justify; and in the smaller payment to temporary messengers and writers, and for gas and fuel. Would the acknowledged economy in the matter of indemnity be an actual gain? It is right to infer that no man seeks a seat for the sake of the sessional allowance made to him, but it is equally safe to assert that without it one-half of the present members of the Ontario Legislature would be absent from the House. And, it might be properly added, that the great bulk of these representatives, the farmers, the country merchants, the medical men, and others of cognate standing, are amongst the most practical of our law-makers, and come most directly in contact with the people. Materially decrease the indemnity, and but few men of this class would seek the suffrages of the electorate. Even now they serve their constituents without pecuniary remuneration. The expenditure attached to the position which they occupy, does not begin or end with the board-bill paid during the Session. Members of Parliament head local subscription-lists, help to build churches, contribute

to meet party exigencies, and answer every beck and call of exacting constituents. Lop off the indemnity biennially, so as to effect a perceptible saving, and many now classed with our most intelligent and useful legislators would remain at home to mind their own business. This would end in leaving the legislation of the country in the hands of a class, finding higher rewards at the close of a political life, than fall to the lot of ordinary parliamentary representatives. What is termed the lay element would thus be eliminated from our Legislature, as is largely the case in many States of the American Union; and a profession which has most to gain from a public career would speedily, here as there, monopolise the legislative functions of the country. Whether this is to be desired, common sense will answer, if it is ever called to express an opinion upon the point at the polls.

A Session peremptorily shortened for economical reasons would check that discussion which informs the public mind, and helps to mould public opinion; seriously interfere with private rights; loosen Parliamentary control over the Executive; change materially the character of the representative body, which, since Confederation, has done so much to afford practical legislation to a practical people; save but a dribble in comparison with the annual cost of Government, to the public exchequer, and lessen the protection in the matter of Private Bill legislation, which is now possessed by the general public. It might effect a doubtful good, while it would inflict certain evils; and has so little to commend it, that it is not likely to find favour in the eyes of the thinking portion of the community.

ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

BY J. R. NEWELL, WOODSTOCK.

‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’

—HAMLET.

THOU midnight moon, and thou serenest heaven,
Night, and thy troops of silent-shining stars,
Ye fleecy clouds, by nightly breezes driven,
And thou, my soul, inured to hidden wars,—
All-hail ! nor let these weird emotions cease,
Which only when tumultuous breathe of peace.

Deep midnight, and the silence that pervades
The universe, mysteriously affright,
As if ten thousand pale and thronging shades
Were rushing onward thro’ the waste of night
On clouds contiguous, and full of woe
To the inhabitants of earth below.

And yet, all-hail ! deep heaven, and thou, deep Thought,
Curtains Plutonian, fold me in your gloom,
That I may read the mysteries enwrought
Amid those stars, which luridly illumine
The waste immeasurable and profound,
Deep without depth and boundless without bound !

There is a silence—and the night is still—
That speaks in mystic language unrevealed ;
There is a silence that will speak until
Creation’s final judgment is fulfilled :
We hear it not,—we feel it, when on high
Night sweeps with ebon banners thro’ the sky.

This is the mystery of the wasteful deep,
The dark revealing of a hidden thought ;
Worlds may consume, and Time’s proud billows sleep,
Immensity may vanish into nought,
Yet will that voice forever be the same
When the empyrean melts in fervent flame.

O, streams far other than Lethæan roll
To the broad ocean of eternity,—
Streams silent-flowing ; and that voice, that soul,
Speak from the tides that rush on ceaselessly
In mute commotion, till the hue of light
Forever and forever sinks in Night !

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Book the Fourth.

CHAPTER II.

A CHRISTIAN JESUIT.

ON the next day, Penrose arrived on his visit to Romaine. The affectionate meeting between the two men tested Stella's self-control as it had never been tried yet. She submitted to the ordeal, with the courage of a woman whose happiness depended on her outward graciousness of manner towards her husband's friend. Her reception of Penrose, viewed as an act of refined courtesy, was beyond reproach. When she found her opportunity of leaving the room, Romaine gratefully opened the door for her. 'Thank you!' he whispered, with a look which was intended to reward her.

She only bowed to him, and took refuge in her own room.

Even in trifles, a woman's nature is degraded by the falsities of language and manner which the artificial condition of modern society exacts from her. When she yields herself to more serious deceptions, intended to protect her dearest domestic interests, the mischief is increased in proportion. Deceit, which is the natural weapon of defence used by the weak creature against the strong, then ceases to be confined within the limits assigned by the sense of self-respect, and by the restraints of education. A woman in this position will descend, self-blinded, to acts of meanness which would be

revolting to her if they were related of another person. Stella had already begun the progress of self-degradation by writing secretly to Winterfield. It was only to warn him of the danger of trusting Father Benwell—but it was a letter, claiming him as her accomplice in an act of deception. That morning she had received Penrose with the outward cordialities of welcome which are offered to an old and dear friend. And now, in the safe solitude of her room, she had fallen to a lower depth still. She was deliberately considering the safest means of acquainting herself with the confidential conversation, which Romaine and Penrose would certainly hold when she left them together. 'He will try to set my husband against me; and I have a right to know what means he uses, in my own defence.' With that thought, she reconciled herself to an action which she would have despised, if she had heard of it as the action of another woman.

It was a beautiful autumn day, brightened by clear sunshine, enlivened by crisp air. Stella put on her hat, and went out for a stroll in the grounds.

While she was within view from the windows of the servants' offices, she walked away from the house. Turning the corner of a shrubbery, she entered a winding path, on the other side, which led back to the lawn under Romaine's study window. Garden chairs were placed here and there. She took one of them, and seated herself—after a last moment of honourable

hesitation—where she could hear the men's voices through the open window above her.

Penrose was speaking at the time.

'Yes. Father Benwell has granted me a holiday,' he said; 'but I don't come here to be an idle man. You must allow me to employ my term of leave in the pleasantest of all ways. I mean to be your secretary again.'

Romayne sighed. 'Ah, if you knew how I have missed you.'

(Stella waited, in breathless expectation for what Penrose would say to this. Would he speak of *her*? No. There was a natural tact and delicacy in him which waited for the husband to introduce the subject.)

Penrose only said, 'How is the great work getting on?'

The answer was sternly spoken in one word:—'Badly!'

'I am surprised to hear that, Romayne.'

'Why? Were you as innocently hopeful as I was? Did you expect my experience of married life to help me in writing my book?'

Penrose replied after a pause, speaking a little sadly. 'I expected your married life to encourage you in all your highest aspirations,' he said.

(Stella turned pale with suppressed anger. He had spoken with perfect sincerity. The unhappy woman believed that he lied, for the express purpose of rousing irritation against her, in her husband's irritable mind. She listened anxiously for Romayne's answer.)

He made no answer. Penrose changed the subject. 'You are not looking very well,' he gently resumed. 'I am afraid your health has interfered with your work. Have you had any return —?'

It was one of the characteristics of Romayne's nervous irritability, that he never liked to hear the terrible delusion of the Voice referred to in words. 'Yes,' he interposed bitterly, 'I have heard it again and again. My

right hand is as red as ever, Penrose, with the blood of a fellow-creature. Another destruction of my illusions, when I married!'

'Romayne! I don't like to hear you speak of your marriage in that way.'

'Oh, very well. Let us go back to my book. Perhaps I shall get on better with it now you are here to help me. My ambition to make a name in the world has never taken so strong a hold on me (I don't know why, unless other disappointments have had something to do with it) as at this time, when I find I can't give my mind to my work. We will make a last effort together, my friend! If it fails, we will put my manuscripts into the fire—and I will try some other career. Politics are open to me. Through politics, I might make my mark in diplomacy. There is something in directing the destinies of nations, wonderfully attractive to me, in my present state of feeling. I hate the idea of being indebted for my position in the world, like the veriest fool living, to the accidents of birth and fortune. Are *you* content with the obscure life that you lead? Did you not envy that priest (he is no older than I am) who was sent the other day as the Pope's ambassador to Portugal?'

Penrose spoke out at last without hesitation. 'You are in a thoroughly unwholesome state of mind,' he said.

Romayne laughed recklessly. 'When was I ever in a healthy state of mind?' he asked.

Penrose passed the interruption over without notice. 'If I am to do you any good,' he resumed, 'I must know what is really the matter with you. The very last question that I ought to put, and that I wish to put, is the question which you force me to ask.'

'What is it?'

'When you speak of your married life,' said Penrose, 'your tone is the tone of a disappointed man. Have you any serious reason to complain of Mrs. Romayne?'

(Stella rose to her feet in her eagerness to hear what her husband's answer would be.)

'Serious reason?' Romaine repeated. 'How can such an idea have entered your head? I only complain of irritating trifles now and then. Even the best of women is not perfect. It's hard to expect it from any of them.'

The interpretation of this reply depended entirely on the tone in which it was spoken. What was the animating spirit in this case! Irony? or Indulgence? Stella was ignorant of the indirect method of irritation, by means of which Father Benwell had encouraged Romaine's doubts of his wife's motives for the reception of Winterfield. Her husband's tone, expressing this state of mind, was new to her. She sat down again, divided between hope and fear, waiting to hear more. The next words, spoken by Penrose, astounded her. The priest, the Jesuit, the wily spiritual intruder between man and wife, actually took the wife's side!

'Romaine,' he proceeded quietly.

'I want you to be happy.'

'How am I to be happy?'

'I will try and tell you. I believe your wife to be a good woman. I believe she loves you. There is something in her face that speaks for her—even to an inexperienced person like myself. Don't be impatient with her! Put away from you that besetting temptation to speak in irony—it is so easy to take that tone, and sometimes so cruel. I am only a looker-on, I know. Domestic happiness can never be the happiness of *my* life. But I have observed my fellow creatures of all degrees—and this, I tell you, is the result. The largest number of happy men are the husbands and fathers. Yes; I admit that they have terrible anxieties—but they are fortified by unfailling compensations and encouragements. Only the other day I met with a man who had suffered the loss of fortune and, worse still, the loss of health. He endured these afflictions so

calmly that he surprised me. "What is the secret of your philosophy?" I asked. He answered, "I can bear anything while I have my wife and my children." Think of that, and judge for yourself how much happiness you may have left yet ungathered in your married life.'

(Those words touched Stella's higher nature, as the dew touches the thirsty ground. Surely they were nobly spoken! How would her husband receive them?)

'I must think with your mind, Penrose, before I can do what you ask of me. Is there any method of transformation by which I can change natures with you?' That was all he said—and he said it despondingly.

Penrose understood, and felt for him.

'If there is anything in my nature, worthy to be set as an example to you,' he replied, 'you know to what blessed influence I owe self-discipline and serenity of mind. Remember what I said when I left you in London, to go back to my friendless life. I told you that I found, in the faith I held, the one sufficient consolation which helped me to bear my lot. And—if there came a time of sorrow in the future—I entreated you to remember what I had said. Have you remembered it?'

'Look at the book here on my desk—look at the other books, within easy reach, on that table—are you satisfied?'

'More than satisfied. Tell me—do you feel nearer to an understanding of the Faith to which I have tried to convert you?'

There was a pause. 'Say that I do feel nearer,' Romaine resumed—'say that some of my objections are removed—are you really as eager as ever to make a Catholic of me, now that I am a married man?'

'I am even more eager,' Penrose answered. 'I have always believed that your one sure way to happiness lay through your conversion. Now, when I know from what I have seen

and heard in this room, that you are not reconciled as you should be to your new life—I am doubly confirmed in my belief. As God is my witness, I speak sincerely. Hesitate no longer! Be converted, and be happy.'

'Have you not forgotten something, Penrose!'

'What have I forgotten?'

'A serious consideration, perhaps. I have a Protestant wife.'

'I have borne that in mind, Romaine, throughout our conversation.'

'And you still say—what you have just said?'

'With my whole heart, I say it! Be converted, and be happy. Be happy, and you will be a good husband. I speak in your wife's interest as well as in yours. People who are happy in each other's society, will yield a little, on either side, even on questions of religious belief. And perhaps there may follow a more profitable result still. So far as I have observed, a good husband's example is gladly followed by his wife. Don't think that I am trying to persuade you against your will! I am only telling you, in my own justification, from what motives of love for yourself, and of true interest in your welfare, I speak. You implied just now, that you had still some objections left. If I can remove them—well and good. If I fail—if you cannot act on purely conscientious conviction—I not only advise, I entreat you to remain as you are. I shall be the first to acknowledge that you have done right.'

This moderation of tone would appeal irresistibly (as Stella well knew) to her husband's ready appreciation of those good qualities in others, which he did not himself possess. Once more, her suspicion wronged Penrose. Had he his own interested motives for pleading her cause? At the bare thought of it, she left her chair, and, standing under the window, boldly interrupted the conversation by calling to Romaine.

'Lewis!' she cried, 'why do you stay

in-doors on this beautiful day? I am sure Mr. Penrose would like a walk in the grounds.'

Penrose appeared alone at the window. 'You are quite right, Mrs. Romaine,' he said, 'we will join you directly.'

In a few minutes he turned the corner of the house, and met Stella on the lawn. Romaine was not with him. 'Is my husband not coming with us?' she asked.

'He will follow us,' Penrose answered. 'I believe he has some letters to write.'

Stella looked at him, suspecting some underhand exercise of influence on her husband.

If she had been able to estimate the noble qualities in the nature of Penrose, she might have done him the justice to arrive at a truer conclusion. It was he who had asked leave to take the opportunity of speaking alone with Mrs. Romaine. He had said to his friend, 'If I am wrong in my view of the effect of your change of religion on your wife, let me find it out from herself. My one object is to act justly towards you and towards her. I should never forgive myself if I made mischief between you, no matter how innocent of any evil intention I might be.' Romaine had understood him. It was Stella's misfortune ignorantly to misinterpret everything that Penrose said or did, for the all-sufficient reason that he was a Catholic priest. She had drawn the conclusion that her husband (on the point of conversion himself) had deliberately left her alone with Penrose, to be persuaded or deluded into giving her sanction to aid the influence of the priest. 'They shall find they are mistaken,' she thought to herself.

'Have I interrupted an interesting conversation?' she inquired, abruptly. 'When I asked you to come out, were you talking to my husband about his historical work?'

'No, Mrs. Romaine; we were not speaking at that time of the book.'

'May I ask an odd question, Mr Penrose?'

'Certainly!'

'Are you a very zealous Catholic?'

'Pardon me. I am a priest. Surely my profession speaks for me.'

'I hope you have not been trying to convert my husband?'

Penrose stopped and looked at her attentively. 'Are you strongly opposed to your husband's conversion?' he asked.

'As strongly,' she answered, 'as a woman can be.'

'By religious conviction, Mrs. Romney?'

'No. By experience.'

Penrose started. 'Is it indiscreet,' he said, gently, 'to inquire what your experience may have been?'

'I will tell you what my experience has been,' Stella replied. 'I am ignorant of theological subtleties, and questions of doctrine are quite beyond me. But this I do know. A well-meaning and zealous Catholic shortened my father's life, and separated me from an only sister whom I dearly loved. I see I shock you—and I dare say you think I am exaggerating.'

'I hear what you say, Mrs. Romney, with very great pain—I don't presume to form any opinion thus far.'

'My sad story can be told in a few words,' Stella proceeded. 'When my elder sister was still a young girl, an aunt of our's (my mother's sister) came to stay with us. She had married abroad, and she was, as I have said, a zealous Catholic. Unknown to the rest of us, she held conversations on religion with my sister—worked on the enthusiasm which was part of the girl's nature—and accomplished her conversion. Other influences, of which I knew nothing, were afterwards brought to bear on my sister. She declared her intention of entering a convent. As she was under age, my father had only to interpose his authority to prevent this. She was his favourite child. He had no heart to restrain her by force—

he could only try all that the kindest and best of fathers could do to persuade her to remain at home. Even after the years that have passed I cannot trust myself to speak of it composedly. She persisted; she was as hard as stone. My aunt, when she was entreated to interfere, called her heartless obstinacy "a vocation." My poor father's loving resistance was worn out; he slowly drew nearer and nearer to death, from the day when she left us. Let me do her justice, if I can. She has, not only, never regretted entering the convent—she is so happily absorbed in her religious duties, that she has not the slightest wish to see her mother or me. My mother's patience was soon worn out. The last time I went to the convent, I went by myself. I shall never go there again. She could not conceal her sense of relief, when I took my leave of her. I need say no more. Arguments are thrown away on me, Mr. Penrose, after what I have seen and felt. I have no right to expect that the consideration of *my* happiness will influence you—but I may perhaps ask you, as a gentleman, to tell me the truth. Do you come here with the purpose of converting my husband?'

Penrose owned the truth, without an instant's hesitation.

'I cannot take your view of your sister's pious devotion of herself to a religious life,' he said. 'But I can, and will answer you truly. From the time when I first knew him, my dearest object has been to convert your husband to the Catholic Faith.'

Stella drew back from him, as if he had stung her, and clasped her hands in silent despair.

'But I am bound as a Christian,' he went on, 'to do to others, as I would they should do to me.'

She turned on him suddenly, her beautiful face radiant with hope, her hand trembling as it caught him by the arm.

'Speak plainly!' she cried.

He obeyed her to the letter.

'The happiness of my friend's wife, Mrs. Romayne, is sacred to me for his sake. Be the good angel of your husband's life. I abandon the purpose of converting him.'

He lifted her hand from his arm, and raised it respectfully to his lips. Then, when he had bound himself by a promise that was sacred to him, the terrible influence of the priesthood shook even that brave and lofty soul. He said to himself as he left her, 'God forgive me if I have done wrong!'

CHAPTER III.

WINTERFIELD RETURNS.

TWICE Father Benwell called at Derwent's Hotel, and twice he was informed that no news had been received there of Mr. Winterfield. At the third attempt, his constancy was rewarded. Mr. Winterfield had written, and was expected to arrive at the hotel by five o'clock.

It was then half-past four. Father Benwell decided to wait the return of his friend.

He was as anxious to deliver the packet entrusted to him, as if he had never broken a seal, or used a counterfeit to hide the betrayal of a trust. The re-sealed packet was safe in the pocket of his long black frock-coat. His own future proceedings depended, in some degree, on the course which Winterfield might take, when he had read the confession of the unhappy woman who had once been his wife.

Would he show the letter to Stella, at a private interview, as an unanswerable proof that she had cruelly wronged him? And would it in this case be desirable—if the thing could be done—so to handle circumstances, as that Romayne might be present, unseen, and might discover the truth for himself? In the other event—that is to say, if Winterfield abstained from communicating the confession to Stella—

the responsibility of making the necessary disclosure must remain with the priest. In his present uncertainty, he could only decide to pay another visit at Ten Acres Lodge, and discover how Penrose was prospering in the all-important matter of Romayne's conversion.

Father Benwell walked softly up and down the room, looking about him with quietly-observant eyes. A side table in a corner was covered with letters, waiting Winterfield's return. Always ready for information of any sort, he even looked at the addresses on the letters.

The handwritings presented the customary variety of character. All but three of the envelopes showed the London district post-marks. Two of the other letters (addressed to Winterfield at his club) bore foreign post-marks; and one, as the altered direction showed, had been forwarded from Beaupark House to the hotel.

This last letter especially attracted the priest's attention.

The address was apparently in a woman's handwriting. And it was worthy of remark that she appeared to be the only person among Winterfield's correspondents who was not acquainted with the address of his hotel or of his club. Who could the person be? The subtly-inquiring intellect of Father Benwell amused itself by speculating, even on such a trifling problem as this. He little thought that he had a personal interest in the letter. The envelope contained Stella's warning to Winterfield, to distrust no less a person than Father Benwell himself!

It was nearly half-past five before quick footsteps were audible outside. Winterfield entered the room.

'This is friendly indeed!' he said. 'I expected to return to the worst of all solitudes—solitude in a hotel. You will stay and dine with me! That's right. You must have thought I was going to settle in Paris. Do you know what has kept me so long? The most delightful theatre in the world—the

Opera Comique. I am so fond of the bygone school of music. Father Benwell—the flowing, graceful delicious melodies of the composers who followed Mozart. One can only enjoy that music in Paris. Would you believe that I waited a week to hear Nicolo's delightful *Joconde* for the second time. I was almost the only young man in the stalls. All round me were the old men who remembered the first performances of the opera, beating time with their wrinkled hands to the tunes which were associated with the happiest days of their lives. What's that I hear? My dog! I was obliged to leave him here, and he knows I have come back!

He flew to the door, and called down the stairs to have the dog set free. The spaniel rushed into the room and leaped into his master's outstretched arms. Winterfield returned his caresses, and kissed him as tenderly as a woman might have kissed her pet.

'Dear old fellow! it's a shame to have left you — I won't do it again. Father Benwell, have *you* many friends, who would be as glad to see you as *this* friend? I haven't one. And there are fools who talk of a dog as an inferior being to ourselves! *This* creature's faithful love is mine, do what I may. I might be disgraced in the estimation of every human creature I know—and he would be as true to me as ever. And look at his physical qualities. What an ugly thing, for instance, — I won't say your ear — I will say my ear is; crumpled and wrinkled and naked. Look at the beautiful silky covering of *his* ear! What are our senses of smelling and hearing, compared to his? We are proud of our reason. Could we find our way back, if they shut us up in a basket, and took us to a strange place away from home? If we both want to run down stairs in a hurry, which of us is securest against breaking his neck—I on my poor two legs, or he on his four. Who is the happy mortal, who goes to bed without unbuttoning, and gets up again

without buttoning. Here he is, on my lap, knowing I am talking about him, and too fond of me to say to himself, 'What a fool my master is!'

Father Benwell listened to this rhapsody—so characteristic of the childish simplicity of the man—with an inward sense of impatience, which never once showed itself on the smiling surface of his face.

He had decided not to mention the papers in his pocket until some circumstance occurred, which might appear to remind him naturally that he had such things about him. If he showed any anxiety to produce the envelope, he might expose himself to the suspicion of having some knowledge of the contents. When would Winterfield notice the side table, and open his letters?

The tick-tick of the clock on the mantelpiece steadily registered the progress of time—and Winterfield's fantastic attentions were still lavished on his dog.

Even Father Benwell's patience was sorely tried, when the good country-gentleman proceeded to mention not only the spaniel's name, but the occasion which had suggested it. 'We call him Traveller, and I will tell you why. When he was only a puppy he strayed into the garden at Beaupark, so weary and foot-sore that we concluded he had come to us from a great distance. We advertised him; but he was never claimed—and here he is! If you don't object, we will give Traveller a treat to-day. He shall have dinner with us.'

Perfectly understanding those last words, the dog jumped off his master's lap—and actually forwarded the views of Father Benwell in less than a minute more. Scampering round and round the room, as an appropriate expression of happiness, he came into collision with the side-table, and directed Winterfield's attention to the letters by scattering them on the floor.

Father Benwell rose politely, to assist in picking up the prostrate correspondence. But Traveller was beforehand with him. Warning the priest,

with a low growl, not to interfere with another person's business, the dog picked up the letters in his mouth, and carried them by instalments to his master's feet. Even then, the exasperating Winterfield went no further than patting Traveller. Father Benwell's endurance reached its limits. 'Pray don't stand on ceremony with me,' he said. 'I will look at the newspaper, while you read your letters.'

Winterfield carelessly gathered the letters together; tossed them on the dining-table at his side; and took the uppermost one of the little heap.

Fate was certainly against the priest on that evening. The first letter that Winterfield opened led him off to another subject of conversation before he had read it to the end. Father Benwell's hand, already in his coat pocket, appeared again—empty.

'Here's a proposal to me to go into Parliament,' said the Squire. 'What do you think of representative institutions, Father Benwell? To my mind, representative institutions are on their last legs. They vote away more of our money every year. They sit helpless, while half a dozen impudent idiots stop the progress of legislation from motives of the meanest kind. And they are not even sensitive enough to the national honour to pass a social law among themselves, which makes it as disgraceful in a gentleman to buy a seat by bribery as to cheat at cards. I declare I think the card-sharper the least degraded person of the two. *He* doesn't encourage his inferiors to be false to a public trust.' In short, my dear sir, everything wears out in this world—and why should the House of Commons be an exception to the rule?'

He picked up the next letter from the heap. As he looked at the address, his face changed. The smile left his lips, the gaiety died out of his eyes. Traveller, entreating for more notice with impatient fore-paws applied to his master's knees, saw the alteration, and dropped into a respectfully-recumbent position. Father Benwell glanced side-

long off the columns of the newspaper, and waited for events with all the discretion, and none of the good faith, of the dog.

'Forwarded from Beaupark?' Winterfield said to himself. He opened the letter—read it carefully to the end—thought over it—and read it again.

'Father Benwell!' he said suddenly.

The priest put down the newspaper. For a few moments more, nothing was audible but the steady tick-tick of the clock.

'We have not been very long acquainted,' Winterfield resumed. 'But our association has been a pleasant one; and I think I owe to you the duty of a friend. I don't belong to your Church; but I hope you will believe me, when I say that ignorant prejudice against the Catholic priesthood is not one of *my* prejudices.'

Father Benwell bowed, in silence.

'You are mentioned,' Winterfield proceeded, 'in the letter which I have just read.'

'Are you at liberty to tell me the name of your correspondent?' Father Benwell asked.

'I am not at liberty to do that. But I think it due to you, and to myself, to tell you what the substance of the letter is. The writer warns me to be careful in my intercourse with you. Your object (I am told) is to make yourself acquainted with events in my past life, and you have some motive which my correspondent has thus far failed to discover. I speak plainly, but I beg you to understand that I also speak impartially. I condemn no man unheard—least of all, a man whom I have had the honour of receiving under my own roof.'

He spoke with a certain simple dignity. With equal dignity, Father Benwell answered. It is needless to say that he now knew Winterfield's correspondent to be Romaine's wife.

'Let me sincerely thank you, Mr. Winterfield, for a candour which does honour to us both,' he said. 'You will hardly expect me—if I may use such

an expression—to condescend to justify myself against an accusation, which is an anonymous accusation so far as I am concerned. I prefer to meet that letter by a plain proof; and I leave you to judge whether I am still worthy of the friendship to which you have so kindly alluded.'

With this preface, he briefly related the circumstances under which he had become possessed of the packet; and then handed it to Winterfield—with the seal uppermost.

'Decide for yourself,' he concluded, 'whether a man bent on prying into your private affairs, with that letter entirely at his mercy would have been true to the trust reposed in him.'

He rose and took his hat, ready to leave the room, if his honour was profaned by the slightest expression of distrust. Winterfield's genial and unsuspicious nature instantly accepted the offered proof as conclusive. 'Before I break the seal,' he said, 'let me do you justice. Sit down again, Father Benwell, and forgive me if my sense of duty has hurried me into hurting your feelings. No man ought to know better than I do how often people misjudge and wrong each other.'

They shook hands cordially. No moral relief is more eagerly sought than relief from the pressure of a serious explanation. By common consent they now spoke as lightly as if nothing had happened. Father Benwell set the example.

'You actually believe in a priest!' he said, gaily. 'We shall make a good Catholic of you yet.'

'Don't be too sure of that,' Winterfield replied. 'I respect the men who have given to humanity the inestimable blessing of quinine—to say nothing of preserving learning and civilization—but I respect still more my own liberty as a free Christian.'

'Perhaps a free thinker, Mr. Winterfield?'

'Anything you like to call it, Father Benwell, so long as it is free.'

They both laughed. Father Benwell went back to his newspaper. Winterfield broke the seal of the envelope and took out the enclosures.

The confession was the first of the papers at which he happened to look. At the opening lines he turned pale. He read more, and his eyes filled with tears. In low, broken tones he said to the priest, 'You have innocently brought me most distressing news. I entreat your pardon if I ask to be left alone.'

Father Benwell said a few well-chosen words of sympathy, and immediately withdrew. The dog licked his master's hand, hanging listlessly over the arm of the chair.

Later in the evening a note from Winterfield was left by a messenger at the priest's lodgings. The writer announced, with renewed expressions of regret, that he would be again absent from London on the next day, but that he hoped to return to the hotel and receive his guest on the evening of the day after.

Father Benwell rightly conjectured that Winterfield's destination was the town in which his wife had died.

His object in taking the journey, was not as the priest supposed, to address inquiries to the rector and the landlady, who had been present at the fatal illness and the death—but to justify his wife's last expression of belief in the mercy and compassion of the man whom she had injured. On that 'nameless grave,' so sadly and so humbly referred to in the confession, he had resolved to place a simple stone cross, giving to her memory the name which she had shrunk from profaning in her life-time. When he had written the brief inscription which recorded the death of 'Emma, wife of Bernard Winterfield,' and when he had knelt for a while by the low turf mound, his errand had come to its end. He thanked the good rector; he left gifts with the landlady and her children, by which he was gratefully remem-

bered for many a year afterwards ; and then, with a heart relieved, he went back to London.

Other men might have made their sad little pilgrimage alone. Winterfield took his dog with him. 'I must have something to love,' he said to the rector, 'at such a time as this.'

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Secretary, S. J., Rome.

'WHEN I wrote last, I hardly thought I should trouble you again so soon. The necessity has, however, arisen. I must ask for instructions, from our Most Reverend General, on the subject of Arthur Penrose.

'I believe I informed you that I decided to defer my proposed visit to Ten Acres Lodge for two or three days—in order that Winterfield (if he intended to do so) might have time to communicate with Mrs. Romaine, after his return from the country. Naturally enough, perhaps, considering the delicacy of the subject, he has not taken me into his confidence. I can only guess that he has maintained the same reserve with Mrs. Romaine.

'My visit to the Lodge was duly paid this afternoon.

'I asked first, of course, for the lady of the house ; and hearing she was in the grounds, joined her there. She looked ill and anxious ; and she received me with rigid politeness. Fortunately, Mrs. Eyrecourt (now convalescent) was staying at Ten Acres, and was then taking the air in her chair on wheels. The good lady's nimble and discursive tongue offered me an opportunity of referring, in the most innocent manner possible, to Winterfield's favourable opinion of Romaine's pictures. I need hardly say that I looked at Romaine's wife, when I mentioned the name. She

turned pale—probably fearing that I had some knowledge of her letter warning Winterfield not to trust me. If she had already been informed that he was not to be blamed, but to be pitied, in the matter of the marriage at Brussels, she would have turned red. Such, at least, is my experience, drawn from recollections of other days.*

'The ladies having served my purpose, I ventured into the house to pay my respects to Romaine.

'He was in the study, and his excellent friend and secretary was with him. After the first greetings, Penrose left us. His manner told me plainly that there was something wrong. I asked no questions—waiting on the chance that Romaine might enlighten me.

"I hope you are in better spirits, now that you have your old companion with you," I said.

"I am very glad to have Penrose with me," he answered. And then he frowned, and looked out of the window at the two ladies in the grounds.

'It occurred to me that Mrs. Eyrecourt might be occupying the customary false position of a mother-in-law. I was mistaken. He was not thinking of his wife's mother—he was thinking of his wife.

"I suppose you know that Penrose had an idea of converting me?" he said suddenly.

'I was perfectly candid with him—I said I knew it, and approved of it. "May I hope that Arthur has succeeded in convincing you?" I ventured to add.

"He might have succeeded, Father Benwell, if he had chosen to go on."

'This reply, as you may easily imagine, took me by surprise.

* Father Benwell's experience had, in this case, not misled him. If Stella had remained unmarried, Winterfield might have justified himself. But he was honourably unwilling to disturb her relations with her husband, by satisfying her that he had never been unworthy of the affection which had once united them.

"Are you really so obturate that Arthur despairs of your conversion?" I asked.

"Nothing of the sort! I have thought and thought of it—and I can tell you I was more than ready to meet him half way."

"Then where is the obstacle?" I exclaimed.

"He pointed through the window to his wife. 'There is the obstacle,'" he said in a tone of ironical resignation.

"Knowing Arthur's character as I knew it, I at last understood what had happened. For a moment, I felt really angry. Under these circumstances the wise course was to say nothing, until I could be sure of speaking with exemplary moderation. It doesn't do for a man in my position to show anger.

'Romaine went on :

"We talked of my wife, Father Benwell, the last time you were here. You only knew, then, that her reception of Mr. Winterfield had determined him never to enter my house again. By way of adding to your information on the subject of 'petticoat government,' I may now tell you that Mrs. Romaine has forbidden Penrose to proceed with the attempt to convert me. By common consent, the subject is never mentioned between us." The bitter irony of his tone, thus far, suddenly disappeared. He spoke eagerly and anxiously. "I hope you are not angry with Arthur?" he said.

'By this time my little fit of ill-temper was at an end. I answered—and it was really in a certain sense true—"I know Arthur too well to be angry with him."

'Romaine seemed to be relieved. "I only troubled you with this last domestic incident," he resumed, "to bespeak your indulgence for Penrose. I am getting learned in the hierarchy of the Church, Father Benwell! You are the superior of my dear little friend, and you exercise authority over him. Oh, he is the kindest and best

of men! It is not his fault. He submits to Mrs. Romaine—against his own better conviction—in the honest belief that he consults the interests of our married life."

"I don't think I misinterpret the state of Romaine's mind, and mislead you, when I express my belief that this second indiscreet interference of his wife between his friend and himself will produce the very result which she dreads. Mark my words, written after the closest observation of him—this new irritation of Romaine's sensitive self-respect will hasten his conversion.

'You will understand that the one alternative before me, after what has happened, is to fill the place from which Penrose has withdrawn. I abstained from breathing a word of this to Romaine. It is he, if I can manage it, who must invite me to complete the work of conversion—and, besides, nothing can be done until the visit of Penrose has come to an end. Romaine's secret sense of irritation may be safely left to develop itself, with time to help it.

'So I changed the conversation to the subject of his literary labours. The present state of his mind is not favourable to work of that exacting kind. Even with the help of Penrose to encourage him, he does not get on to his satisfaction—and yet, as I could plainly perceive, the ambition to make a name in the world exercises a stronger influence over him than ever. All in our favour, my reverend friend—all in our favour!

"I took the liberty of asking to see Penrose alone for a moment; and, this request granted, Romaine and I parted cordially. I can make most people like me, when I choose to try. The master of Vange Abbey is no exception to the rule. Did I tell you, by-the-bye, that the property has a little declined of late in value? It is now not more than six thousand a year. *We* will improve it, when it returns to the Church.

'My interview with Penrose was

over in two minutes. Dispensing with all formality, I took his arm, and led him into the front garden.

"I have heard all about it," I said; "and I must not deny that you have disappointed me. But I know your disposition, and I make allowances. You have qualities, dear Arthur, which perhaps put you a little out of place among Us. I shall be obliged to report what you have done—but you may trust me to put it favourably. Shake hands, my son, and while we are still together, let us be as good friends as ever."

'You may think that I spoke in this way, with a view to my indulgent language being repeated to Romaine, and so improving the position which I have already gained in his estimation. Do you know, I really believe I meant it at the time? The poor fellow gratefully kissed my hand, when I offered it to him—he was really not able to speak. I almost fancy I am weak about Arthur! Say a kind word for him, when his conduct comes under notice—but pray don't mention this little frailty of mine; and don't suppose I have any sympathy with his weak-minded submission to Mrs. Romaine's prejudices. If I ever felt the smallest consideration for *her* (and I cannot call to mind any amiable emotion of that sort), her letter to Winterfield would have effectually extinguished it. There is something quite revolting to me in a deceitful woman.

'In closing this letter, I may quiet the minds of our reverend brethren, if I assure them that my former objection to associating myself directly with the conversion of Romaine no longer exists.

'Yes! even at my age, and with my habits, I am now resigned to hearing, and confuting, the trivial arguments of a man who is young enough to be my son. I shall write a carefully guarded letter to Romaine, on the departure of Penrose; and I shall send him a book to read, from the influence of which I expect gratifying results. It is not a

controversial work (Arthur has been beforehand with me there)—it is Wiseman's "Recollections of the Popes." I look to that essentially readable book to excite Romaine's imagination, by vivid descriptions of the splendours of the Church, and the vast influence and power of the higher priesthood. Does this sudden enthusiasm of mine surprise you? And are you altogether at a loss to know what it means?

'It means, my friend, that I see our position towards Romaine in an entirely new light. Forgive me, if I say no more for the present. I prefer to be silent, until my audacity is justified by events.'

CHAPTER V.

BERNARD WINTERFIELD'S CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

From Mrs. Romaine to Mr. Winterfield.

'HAS my letter failed to reach you? I directed it (as I direct this) to Beaupark; not knowing your London address.

'Yesterday, Father Benwell called at Ten Acres Lodge. He first saw my mother and myself; and he contrived to mention your name. It was done with his usual adroitness, and I might perhaps have passed it over, if he had not looked at me. I hope and pray, it may be only my fancy—but I thought I saw, in his eyes, that he was conscious of having me in his power, and that he might betray me to my husband at any moment.

'I have no sort of claim on you. And, heaven knows, I have little reason to trust you. But I thought you meant fairly by me, when we spoke together at this house. In that belief, I entreat you to tell me if Father Benwell has intruded himself into your confidence—or even if you have hinted anything to him which gives him a hold over me.'

II.

From Mr. Winterfield to Mrs. Romaine.

‘Both your letters have reached me.

‘I have good reason for believing that you are entirely mistaken in your estimate of Father Benwell’s character. But I know, by sad experience, how you hold to your opinions when they are once formed; and I am eager to relieve you of all anxiety, so far as I am concerned. I have not said one word—have not even let slip the slightest hint—which could inform Father Benwell of that past event in our lives to which your letter alludes. Your secret is a sacred secret to me; and it has been, and shall be, sacredly kept.

‘There is a sentence in your letter which has given me great pain. You reiterate the cruel language of the by-gone time. You say, “Heaven knows I have little reason to trust you.”

‘I have reasons, on my side, for not justifying myself—except under certain conditions. If you are ever in a position of trouble or peril—and God forbid it should ever be so—which you might blamelessly confide to a devoted friend or brother, I undertake in that case, to prove even to you that it was a cruel injustice ever to have doubted me, and that there is no man living whom you can more implicitly trust than myself.

‘My address, when I am in London, is at the head of this page.’

III.

From Doctor Wybrow to Mr. Winterfield.

‘Dear Sir,—I have received your letter, mentioning that you wish to accompany me, at my next visit to the asylum, to see the French boy, so strangely associated with the letter delivered to you by Father Benwell.

‘Your proposal reaches me too late. The poor creature’s troubled life has come to an end. He never rallied from the exhausting effects of fever. To the

last he was attended by his mother. I write with true sympathy for that excellent lady—but I do not conceal from you or from myself that this death is not to be regretted. In a case of the same extraordinary kind, recorded in print, the patient recovered from fever; and his insanity returned with his returning health.—Faithfully yours,

‘JOSEPH WYBROW.’

CHAPTER VI.

THE SADDEST OF ALL WORDS.

ON the tenth morning, dating from the despatch of Father Benwell’s last letter to Rome, Penrose was writing in the study at Ten Acres Lodge—while Romaine sat at the other end of the room, looking listlessly at a blank sheet of paper, with the pen lying idle beside it. On a sudden he rose, and, snatching up paper and pen, threw them irritably into the fire.

‘Don’t trouble yourself to write any longer,’ he said to Penrose. ‘My dream is over. Throw my manuscripts into the waste-paper basket, and never speak to me of literary work again.’

‘Every man devoted to literature has these fits of despondency,’ Penrose answered. ‘Don’t think of your work. Send for your horse, and trust to fresh air and exercise to relieve your mind.’

Romaine barely listened. He turned round at the fireplace, and studied the reflection of his face in the glass.

‘I look worse and worse,’ he said thoughtfully to himself.

It was true. His flesh had fallen away; his face had withered and whitened; he stooped like an old man. The change for the worse had been steadily proceeding from the time when he left Vange Abbey.

‘It’s useless to conceal it from me!’ he burst out, turning towards Penrose. ‘I am in some way answerable—though you all deny it—for the French boy’s death. Why not? His voice is still in my ears—and the stain of his bro-

ther's blood is on me. I am under a spell! Do you believe in the witches—the merciless old women who made wax images of the people who injured them, and stuck pins in their mock likenesses, to register the slow wasting away of their victims day after day? People disbelieve it in these times; but it has never been disproved.' He stopped, looked at Penrose; and suddenly changed his tone. 'Arthur! what is the matter with you? Have you had a bad night? Has anything happened?'

For the first time in Romaine's experience of him, Penrose answered evasively.

'Is there nothing to make me anxious,' he said, 'when I hear you talk as you are talking now? The poor French boy died of a fever. Must I remind you again that he owed the happiest days of his life to you and your good wife?'

Romaine still looked at him, without attending to what he said.

'Surely you don't think I am deceiving you?' Penrose remonstrated.

'No; I was thinking of something else. I was wondering whether I really know you as well as I thought I did. Am I mistaken in supposing that you are not an ambitious man?'

'My only ambition is to lead a worthy life, and to be as useful to my fellow creatures as I can. Does that satisfy you?'

Romaine hesitated. 'It seems strange——' he began.

'What seems strange?'

'I don't say it seems strange that you should be a priest,' Romaine explained. 'I am only surprised that a man of your simple way of thinking should have attached himself to the Order of the Jesuits.'

'I can quite understand that,' said Penrose. 'But you should remember that circumstances often influence a man in his choice of a vocation. It has been so with me. I am a member of a Roman Catholic family. A Jesuit College was near our place of abode;

and a near relative of mine—since dead—was one of the resident priests.' He paused, and added, in a lower tone, 'When I was little more than a lad I suffered a disappointment, which altered my character for life. I took refuge in the College; and I have found patience and peace of mind since that time. Oh, my friend, you might have been a more contented man——' He stopped again. His interest in the husband had all but deceived him into forgetting his promise to the wife.

Romaine held out his hand. 'I hope I have not thoughtlessly hurt you?' he said.

Penrose took the offered hand, and pressed it fervently. He tried to speak—and suddenly shuddered, like a man in pain. 'I am not very well this morning,' he stammered; 'a turn in the garden will do me good.'

Romaine's doubts were confirmed, by the manner in which Penrose left him. Something had unquestionably happened which his friend shrank from communicating to him. He sat down again at his desk, and tried to read. The time passed—and he was still left alone. When the door was at last opened, it was only Stella who entered the room.

'Have you seen Penrose?' he asked.

The estrangement between them had been steadily widening of late. Romaine had expressed his resentment at his wife's interference between Penrose and himself, by that air of contemptuous indifference which is the hardest penalty that a man can inflict on the woman who loves him. Stella had submitted with a proud and silent resignation—the most unfortunate form of protest that she could have adopted towards a man of Romaine's temper. When she now appeared, however, in her husband's study, there was a change in her expression, which he instantly noticed, she looked at him with eyes softened by sorrow. Before she could answer his first question, he hurriedly added another. 'Is Penrose really ill?'

'No, Lewis. He is distressed.'
 'About what?'
 'About you, and about himself.'
 'Is he going to leave us?'
 'Yes.'
 'But, he will come back again?'

Stella took a chair by her husband's side. 'I am truly sorry for you, Lewis,' she said. 'It is even a sad parting for Me. If you will let me say it, I have a sincere regard for dear Mr. Penrose.'

Under other circumstances, this confession of feeling for the man who had sacrificed his dearest aspiration to the one consideration of her happiness, might have provoked a sharp reply. But by this time Romaine had really become alarmed. 'You speak as if Arthur was going to leave England,' he said.

'He leaves England this afternoon,' she answered, 'for Rome.'

'Why does he tell this to you and not to me?' Romaine asked.

'He cannot trust himself to speak of it to you. He begged me to prepare you——'

Her courage failed her. She paused. Romaine beat his hand impatiently on the desk before him. 'Speak out!' he cried. 'If Rome is not the end of the journey what is?'

Stella hesitated no longer.

'He goes to Rome,' she said, 'to receive his instructions, and to become personally acquainted with the missionaries who are associated with him. They will leave Leghorn in the next vessel which sets sail for a port in Central America. And the dangerous duty entrusted to them is to re-establish one of the Jesuit missions destroyed by the savages years since. They will find their church a ruin, and not a vestige left of the houses once inhabited by the murdered priests. It is not concealed from them that they may be martyred too. They are soldiers of the Cross; and they go—willingly go—to save the souls of the Indians at the peril of their lives.'

Romaine rose and advanced to the door. There he turned and spoke to

Stella. 'Where is Arthur?' he said. Stella gently detained him.

'There was one word more he entrusted me to say—pray wait and hear it,' she pleaded. 'His one grief is at leaving You. Apart from that, he devotes himself gladly to the dreadful service which claims him. He has long looked forward to it, and has long prepared himself for it; those, Lewis, are his own words.'

There was a knock at the door. The servant appeared, to announce that the carriage was waiting.

Penrose entered the room as the man left it.

'Have you spoken for me?' he said to Stella.

She could only answer him by a gesture. He turned to Romaine, with a faint smile. 'The saddest of all words must be spoken,' he said. 'Farewell.' Pale and trembling, Romaine took his hand. 'Is this Father Benwell's doings?' he asked.

'No!' Penrose answered, firmly. 'In Father Benwell's position it might have been his doing, but for his goodness to me. For the first time since I have known him, he has shrunk from a responsibility. For my sake, he has left it to Rome, and Rome has spoken. Oh, my more than friend—my brother in love——!'

His voice failed him. With a resolution which was nothing less than heroic in a man of his affectionate nature, he recovered his composure.

'Let us make it as little miserable as it can be,' he said. 'At every opportunity we will write to each other. And, who knows—I may yet come back to you? God has preserved his servants in dangers as great as any that I shall encounter. May that merciful God bless and protect you. Oh, Romaine, what happy days we have had together!' His last powers of resistance were worn out. Tears of noble sorrow dimmed the friendly eyes which had never once looked unkindly on the brother of his love. He kissed Romaine. 'Help me out!' he said,

turning blindly towards the hall at which the servant was waiting. That last act of mercy was not left to a servant. With sisterly tenderness Stella took his hand and led him away. 'I shall remember you gratefully as long as I live,' she said to him when the carriage-door was closed. He waved his hand at the window, and she saw him no more.

She returned to the study.

The relief of tears had not come to Romaine. He had dropped into a chair when Penrose left him. In stony silence he sat there, his head down, his eyes dry and staring. The miserable days of their estrangement were forgotten by his wife in the moment when she looked at him. She knelt by his side, and lifted his head a little, and laid it on her bosom. Her heart was full—she let the caress plead for her silently. He felt it; his cold fingers pressed her hand thankfully; but he said nothing. After a long interval, the first outward expression of sorrow that fell from his lips showed that he was still thinking of Penrose.

'Every blessing falls away from me,' he said. 'I have lost my best friend.'

Years afterwards, Stella remembered those words, and the tone in which he had spoken them.

CHAPTER VII.

THE IMPULSIVE SEX.

AFTER a lapse of a few days, Father Benwell was again a visitor at Ten Acres Lodge—by Romaine's invitation. The priest occupied the very chair, by the study fireside, in which Penrose had been accustomed to sit.

'It is really kind of you to come to me,' said Romaine, 'so soon after receiving my acknowledgment of your letter. I can't tell you how I was touched by the manner in which you wrote of Penrose. To my shame I con-

fess it, I had no idea that you were so warmly attached to him.'

'I hardly knew it myself, Mr. Romaine, until our dear Arthur was taken away from us.'

'If you used your influence, Father Benwell, is there no hope that you might yet persuade him——?'

'To withdraw from the Mission? Oh, Mr. Romaine, don't you know Arthur's character better than that! Even his gentle temper has its resolute side. The zeal of the first martyrs to Christianity is the zeal that burns in that noble nature. The Mission has been the dream of his life—it is endeared to him by the very dangers which we dread. Persuade Arthur to desert the dear and devoted colleagues who have opened their arms to him? I might as soon persuade that statue in the garden to desert its pedestal, and join us in this room. Shall we change the sad subject? Have you received the book which I sent you with my letter?'

Romaine took up the book from his desk. Before he could speak of it, some one called out briskly, on the other side of the door, 'May I come in?'—and came in, without waiting to be asked. Mrs. Eyrecourt, painted and robed for the morning—wafting perfumes as she moved—appeared in the study. She looked at the priest, and lifted her many-ringed hands with a gesture of coquettish terror.

'Oh, dear me! I had no idea you were here, Father Benwell. I ask ten thousand pardons. Dear and admirable Romaine, you don't look as if you were pleased to see me. Good gracious! I am not interrupting a confession, am I?'

Father Benwell (with his paternal smile in perfect order) resigned his chair to Mrs. Eyrecourt. The traces of her illness still showed themselves in an intermittent trembling of her head and her hands. She had entered the room, strongly suspecting that the process of conversion might be proceeding in the absence of Penrose, and

determined to interrupt it. Guided by his subtle intelligence, Father Benwell penetrated her motive as soon as she opened the door. Mrs. Eyrecourt bowed graciously, and took the offered chair. Father Benwell sweetened his paternal smile, and offered to get a footstool.

'How glad I am,' he said, 'to see you in your customary good spirits! But wasn't it just a little malicious to talk of interrupting a confession? As if Mr. Romaine was one of Us! Queen Elizabeth herself could hardly have said a sharper thing to a poor Catholic priest!'

'You clever creature!' said Mrs. Eyrecourt. 'How easily you see through a simple woman like me! There—I give you my hand to kiss; we will make it up, as the children say. Do you know, Father Benwell, a most extraordinary wish has suddenly come to me. Please, don't be offended. I wish you were a Jew.'

'May I ask why?' Father Benwell inquired, with an apostolic suavity worthy of the best days of Rome.

Mrs. Eyrecourt explained herself, with the modest self-distrust of a maiden of fifteen. 'I am really so ignorant, I hardly know how to put it. But learned persons have told me that it is the peculiarity of the Jews—may I say the amiable peculiarity?—never to make converts. It would be so nice if you would take a leaf out of their book, when we have the happiness of receiving you here. My lively imagination pictures you in a double character. Father Benwell everywhere else; and—say, the patriarch Abraham at Ten Acres Lodge.'

Father Benwell lifted his persuasive hands in courteous protest. 'My dear lady! pray make your mind easy. Not one word on the subject of religion has passed between Mr. Romaine and myself——'

'I beg your pardon,' Mrs. Eyrecourt interrupted; 'I am afraid I fail to follow you. My silent son-in-law looks as if he longed to smother me; and

my attention is naturally distracted. You were about to say——'

'I was about to say, dear Mrs. Eyrecourt, that you are alarming yourself, without any reason. Not one word, on any controversial subject, has passed——'

Mrs. Eyrecourt cocked her head, with the artless vivacity of a bird. 'Ah, but it might though!' she suggested slyly.

Father Benwell once more remonstrated in dumb-show; and Romaine lost his temper.

'Mrs. Eyrecourt!' he cried sternly.

Mrs. Eyrecourt screamed, and lifted her hands to her ears. 'I am not deaf, dear Romaine—and I am not to be put down by any ill-timed exhibition of, what I may call, domestic ferocity. Father Benwell sets you an example of Christian moderation. Do, please, follow it.'

Romaine refused to follow it.

'Talk on any topic that you like, Mrs. Eyrecourt. I request you—don't oblige me to use a harder word—I request you to spare Father Benwell and myself any further expression of your opinion on controversial subjects.'

A son-in-law may make a request—and a mother-in-law may decline to comply. Mrs. Eyrecourt declined to comply.

'No, Romaine, it won't do. I may lament your unhappy temper, for my daughter's sake—but I know what I am about, and you can't provoke me. Our reverend friend and I understand each other. He will make allowances for a sensitive woman, who has had sad experience of conversions in her own household. My eldest daughter, Father Benwell—a poor foolish creature—was converted into a nunnery. The last time I saw her (she used to be sweetly pretty; my dear husband quite adored her)—the last time I saw her, she had a red nose, and, what is even more revolting at her age, a double chin. She received me with her lips pursed up, and her eyes on

the ground—and she was insolent enough to say that she would pray for me. I am not a furious old man with a long white beard, and I don't curse my daughter and rush out into a thunderstorm afterwards—but *I* know what King Lear felt, and *I* have struggled with hysterics just as he did. With your wonderful insight into human nature, I am sure you will sympathise and forgive me. Mr. Penrose, as my daughter tells me, behaved in the most gentlemanlike manner. I make the same appeal to your kind forbearance. The bare prospect of our dear friend here becoming a Catholic——'

Romayne's temper gave way once more.

'If anything can make me a Catholic,' he said, 'your interference will do it.'

'Out of sheer perversity, dear Romayne!'

'Not at all, Mrs. Eyrecourt. If I become a Catholic, I might escape from the society of the ladies, in the refuge of a monastery.'

Mrs. Eyrecourt hit him back again, with the readiest dexterity.

'Remain a Protestant, my dear, and go to your club. There is a refuge for you from the ladies—a monastery, with nice little dinners, and all the newspapers and periodicals.' Having launched this shaft, she got up, and recovered her easy courtesy of look and manner. 'I am so much obliged to you, Father Benwell. I have not offended you, I hope and trust?'

'You have done me a service, dear Mrs. Eyrecourt. But for your salutary caution, I *might* have drifted into controversial subjects. I shall be on my guard now.'

'How very good of you! We shall meet again, I hope, under more agreeable circumstances. After that polite allusion to a monastery, I understand that my visit to my son-in-law may as well come to an end. Please don't forget five o'clock tea at my house.'

As she approached the door, it was

opened from the outer side. Her daughter met her half-way.

'Why are you here, Mamma?' Stella asked.

'Why indeed, my love! You had better leave the room with me. Our amiable Romayne's present idea is to relieve himself of our society, by retiring to a monastery. Don't you see Father Benwell?'

Stella coldly returned the priest's bow—and looked at Romayne. She felt a vague forewarning of what had happened. Mrs. Eyrecourt proceeded to enlighten her, as an appropriate expression of gratitude. 'We are indeed indebted to Father Benwell, my dear. He has been most considerate and kind——'

Romayne interrupted her without ceremony. 'Favour me,' he said, addressing his wife, 'by inducing Mrs. Eyrecourt to continue her narrative in some other room.'

Stella was hardly conscious of what her mother or her husband had said. She felt that the priest's eyes were on her. Under any other circumstances, Father Benwell's good breeding and knowledge of the world would have impelled him to take his departure. As things were, he knew perfectly well that the more seriously Romayne was annoyed, in his presence, the better his own private interests would be served. Accordingly, he stood apart, silently observant of Stella. In spite of Winterfield's reassuring reply to her letter, Stella instinctively suspected and dreaded the Jesuit. Under the spell of those watchful eyes, she trembled inwardly; her customary tact deserted her; she made an indirect apology to the man whom she hated and feared.

'Whatever my mother may have said to you, Father Benwell, has been without my knowledge.'

Romayne attempted to speak, but Father Benwell was too quick for him.

'Dear Mrs. Romayne, nothing has been said which needs any disclaimer on your part.'

'I should think not!' Mrs. Eyre-court added. 'Really, Stella, I don't understand you. Why, may I not say to Father Benwell, what you said to Mr. Penrose? You trusted Mr. Penrose as your friend. I can tell you this—I am quite sure you may trust Father Benwell.'

Once more, Romaine attempted to speak. And once more, Father Benwell was beforehand with him.

'May I hope,' said the priest, with a finely ironical smile, 'that Mrs. Romaine agrees with her excellent mother?'

With all her fear of him, the exasperating influence of his tone and his look was more than Stella could endure. Before she could restrain them, the rash words flew out of her lips.

'I am not sufficiently well acquainted with you, Father Benwell, to express an opinion.'

With that answer, she took her mother's arm, and left the room.

The moment they were alone, Romaine turned to the priest, trembling with anger. Father Benwell, smiling indulgently at the lady's little outbreak, took him by the hand, with peace-making intentions. 'Now don't—pray don't excite yourself!'

Romaine was not to be pacified in that way. His anger was trebly intensified by the long-continued strain on his nerves of the effort to control himself.

'I must, and will, speak out at last!' he said. 'Father Benwell, I hope you understand that nothing could have kept me silent so long but the duty of courtesy towards women, on which the ladies of my household have so inexcusably presumed. No words can say how ashamed I am of what has happened. I can only appeal to your admirable moderation and patience to accept my apologies, and the most sincere expression of my regret.'

'No more, Mr. Romaine! As a favour to me, I beg and entreat you will say no more. Sit down and compose yourself.'

But Romaine was impenetrable to the influence of friendly and forgiving demonstrations. 'I can never expect you to enter my house again!' he explained.

'My dear sir, I will come and see you again, with the greatest pleasure, on any day that you may appoint—the earlier day the better. Come! come! let us laugh. I don't say it disrespectfully, but poor dear Mrs. Eyre-court has been more amusing than ever. I expect to see our excellent Archbishop to-morrow; and I must really tell him how the good lady felt insulted, when her Catholic daughter offered to pray for her. There is hardly anything more humorous even in Molière. And the double chin, and the red nose—all the fault of those dreadful Papists. Oh, dear me, you still take it seriously. How I wish you had my sense of humour! When shall I come again, and tell you how the Archbishop likes the story of the nun's mother?'

He held out his hand, with irresistible cordiality. Romaine took it gratefully—still bent, however, on making atonement.

'Let me first do myself the honour of calling on You,' he said. 'I am in no state to open my mind, as I might have wished to open it to you—after what has happened. In a day or two more——'

'Say the day after to-morrow,' Father Benwell hospitably suggested. 'Do me a great favour. Come and eat your bit of mutton at my lodgings. Six o'clock if you like—and some remarkably good claret, a present from one of the Faithful. You will? That's hearty! And do promise me to think no more of our little domestic comedy. Relieve your mind. Look at Wiseman's "Recollections of the Popes." Good-bye—God bless you.'

The servant who opened the house door for Father Benwell was agreeably surprised by the Papist's cheerfulness. 'He isn't half a bad fellow,' the man announced among his colleagues. 'Gave

me half-a-crown, and went out humming a tune.'

CHAPTER VIII.

FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Secretary, S.J., Rome.

I.

'I BEG to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, mentioning that our Reverend Fathers are discouraged at not having heard from me for more than six weeks.

'I am sorry for this—and I am more than sorry to hear, that my venerated brethren regret having sanctioned the idea of obtaining the restoration of the Vange property to the Church. Let me humbly submit that the circumstances justified the idea. An unentailed property, in the possession of a man of imaginative temperament, without any near relatives to control him, is surely a property which might

change hands, under the favouring circumstances of that man's conversion to the Catholic faith? It may be objected that the man is not yet converted. Also, that he is now married, and may have an heir to his estate. Grant me a delay of another week—and I will undertake to meet the first of these objections. In the meantime, I bow to superior wisdom; and I do not venture to add another word in my own defence.

II.

'The week's grace granted to me has elapsed. I write with humility. At the same time, I have something to say for myself.

'Yesterday, Mr. Lewis Romaine, of Vange Abbey, was received into the community of the Holy Catholic Church. I enclose an accurate newspaper report of the ceremonies which attended the conversion.

'Be pleased to inform me, by telegraph, whether our Reverend Fathers wish me to go on, or not.'

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

GEORGE ELIOT.

BY GOWAN LEA, MONTREAL.

AS when the syren voices held in thrall,
In days of old, the wanderers by sea,
Enchanting them with wondrous melody;
So did thy spirit to our spirits call,
And keep them spell-bound in new realms of thought:
And even as the song divinely sweet,
With undertone of sadness still is fraught,
So, too, thy voice with sorrow was replete.
Thyself a shining light, thou knew the shade;
But from the silence of the soul's recess,
The lamp of thy great genius shone afar:
The weary worker in his loneliness
Descried the ray, and dreamed it could not fade—
To him thou art as an immortal star!

PHYSIOLOGY IN THOUGHT, CONDUCT, AND BELIEF.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D.,

Medical Superintendent, Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

NO two people among all the sons and daughters of Adam are alike in every respect. This law of diversity applies to everything animate and inanimate, from the definite forms of the crystal, the dewdrop and organized bodies up to the planetary orbs. This absence of uniformity is also seen in the mental constitution of every individual. The phlegmatic, the nervous, the emotional, the affectional, and the intellectual can be singled out from among the masses by the observation of physical appearances, movements as well as mental states.

Temperaments are substratal agencies which modify, to some extent at least, the mental constitution of each of us. The instrument may not decide the *kind* of its operations, but it does affect the *quality*. The body may not give direction to volition, nor map out the pathway of conduct; but its condition may, and often does, affect, to a considerable extent, their force and extent. In disease, this statement needs no illustration. Each person knows how much thought is affected by a restive stomach, by a disordered liver, by a splitting headache, or by nervous prostration: so in health our minds are affected by physical conditions. The bodily medium in which, by which, and through which, are all our mental processes, cannot be ignored in judging of varieties of thought. No two persons think alike on any subject. We have only to look around among our neighbours and enter into discussion with any one of them on any

speculative subject to verify this fact. The leading politicians range themselves in parties according to beliefs. The rank and file who follow each may seem unanimous when guided by personal motives, party-pride, party-success, class interests, or it may be solely love of country. These bonds may give apparent accord, yet, each individual of the millions of the electorate will differ in detail when he breaks loose from these bonds, and frankly gives his individual opinions.

Among those who study the exact sciences, this diversity is also met with where least expected.

The scientists cannot well differ about phenomenal facts, which appeal to the senses for confirmation, but they will run into extremes of diversity in drawing conclusions from these undisputed data. The moment they theorize, that instant they diverge in opinion. All scientific books are a standing evidence of this statement. The pupil may follow the master implicitly if the student walk by faith alone; but when he has thought for himself, and gained possession of new facts, he at once speculates for himself, and applies the scalpel to dissect his teacher's scientific creed. His faith is rudely shaken, and under new light disappears, to be supplanted by the latest accepted theory. This hankering after new fields of exploration; this desire to add to our knowledge; this 'biggin' castles in the air;' this cackling over the hatching of new ideas, are often all commendable, if

regulated by judgment and supported by incontrovertible evidence; yet, they point to the ever-changing nature of human knowledge and opinion, based upon idiosyncrasies.

It may seem a contravention of this law when one observes great social, political and religious upheavals in which the many are often led by a few restless, impetuous spirits, in which is a ceaseless desire for change, with the firmness and genius to bring these revolutions to a successful issue. This condition of all-pervading enthusiasm never is enduring. No sooner has the full tide of fervour and excitement overleaped the usual barriers and reached the utmost boundaries, than the ebb sets in at once. The power of the united volume is expended, and each particle of personality asserts its right to quietness and rest; in other words, it assumes its normal condition. In the same way, no sooner do the agitations excited by wrongs, despotisms and intolerance come to an end, than the individual purpose comes into play and schisms, sects, personal ambitions and egotistic ascendancies come to the front: thus the normal condition returns. In the circumscribed area of small communities one master-mind may, by its influence, control and consolidate heterogeneous elements; but no sooner is this binding element removed than disintegration sets in. The units isolate themselves, according to the law of each. The family traits, natural perversity, education by precept and example, wilfulness uncurbed, vicious license unrestrained, and the inherited tendencies so different in each, show how much one man has to contend against more than another to resist crime, and to what extent the judgment and moral sense of each is warped by these underlying forces.

'I have been fighting all my life against these secret vices, and have only partially succeeded. I was born in the midst of vice and crime, and drew in my badness with my mother's

milk,' was the piteous wail of despair which fell upon the ear of the writer from the lips of a young man who longed for a better life. Good habits are of slow growth, and bad tendencies continually assert themselves. There is too often an unequal strife between a desire for good, with a weak will on the one hand, and an active vice on the other. The house must be occupied by some tenant, if not by 'the better angel of our nature,' it will be by its evil spirit. Inherent motives, passions and desires are as varied as the human face. Thought, feeling, desire, and action are all present, but in ever-changing proportions. In chemistry a very few elements in slightly different combinations form compounds, not only dissimilar in physical appearance, but widely apart in their inherent properties. Starch, sugar, alcohol and vinegar have the same constituent elements, but no sane man would say that beyond the radical atoms they have anything in common: so the few elements in the psychical man in varied proportions do produce such individual types as would make it impossible to measure humanity by a common standard. He is like the few fundamental notes of music which can be arranged in endless melodies; or like the letters of an alphabet to whose myriad words there is no end.

In heathen countries, where a blind faith prevails, reasoning in religious matters seldom comes into play, and, as a consequence, differences seldom arise. In so ignorant a state of society a hearty allegiance to mere matters of detail might be expected; yet, if historians are to be believed, when individual differences arise, it is astonishing what variety of opinion crops up. The more enlightened a community becomes, the more striking are these contrasts. It is interesting to study this matter in the light of physiology, and to try to discover how much religious opinion may share the fate of secular knowledge, by being, to some

extent at least, affected, if not determined, by physical conditions. The emotional man will never look at all things in precisely the same light as the cool, clear-headed thinker. His intellect is dominated in a greater or less degree by his feeling. The hysterical female, who seems to be wholly a bundle of nerves, is led by them into the reception of vagaries, which another, with a better balanced mind, and a less susceptible organization, would laugh at, as being evidence of the wild imaginings of a disordered mind. One man has been born with a bilious temperament, which tinges every thought and incident of his life with melancholy. The most strenuous efforts can but partially shake him at times out of this slough of despond, only to sink again into it when the stimulus is removed. Another man has from childhood been full of buoyant spirits. He always looks upon the sunny side of everything. He is the life of every party and the centre of fun, merriment and every kind of enjoyment. He cannot help himself, for it is as natural to him, and as indispensable to his physical and mental health, as is the air he breathes. We all know him; and, like the former, he is in every community. The first is always apprehensive of trouble, and goes about the world with a whine, and with his head bowed like a bulrush. He sees the judgments of an avenging fate ever impending on his head, or hears the anathemas of an angry Deity following him throughout his life. The sunshiny type of a man takes misfortune, trouble, and disaster with a patience and good humour a Turk might envy. Both may have been educated alike in religious and secular knowledge, but the one has his whole life jaundiced and beclouded, because of the temperament he has inherited, and the other has his every thought and feeling infiltrated with that hopefulness which he received as a legacy at his birth. One man finds no pleasure in certain indulgences, such as drunk-

eness and lasciviousness. He may never have had any taste or inclination for excesses of any kind, and hence, such offer no temptation to him. Another is continually fighting against his appetites or his lusts, and has been so warring—it may be—from childhood, because of a brutish longing implanted in his nature, consequent on his physical organization. He may fall after a struggle against this downward tendency, or his dominant will may control his constitutional defects. If not, on the other hand, being judged by his external acts, he is held up to public scorn and contempt. His fights and conquests are not counted to him, and his neighbour, who has no such ball and chain of physical degeneracy to contend against, is judged to be a model of propriety. Public opinion is not to blame, for the real hero, who has conquered a thousand inward foes in an every day struggle, is never known, because the irrepressible conflict is carried on in the inner citadel of his being. The writer, in an official document, has put this fact in another form, thus:—‘It may be supposed that three culprits were selected at random for committing like crimes, under precisely similar circumstances. Were it possible for us to get behind the external acts and see the motives and tendencies which impelled each, it would be found that no two did the unlawful deeds under exactly similar impulses. Assuming 100 to be the standard of a normal man, it might be found that the inherited propensity, or the natural aptitude to do evil, might be put hypothetically 82, 76, 40. The resisting power of each against the doing of certain things, and the impelling momentum of volition goaded on by desire or passion to act in a particular direction, might be supposed, for illustration, to stand in some such proportion. It follows, then, that the crime of him who was influenced by the most powerful motives for good, and had the least constitutional strength to deter, would, in the eyes of Omniscience,

be much more guilty than the poor creature whose volition would be so largely dominated and environed by hindrances no mortal may know. This inequality needs no argument to prove it, for in a greater or less degree it enters into the experience or observation of every one in some form or other. Their actual responsibility and guilt are comparatively very unequal. For the last year or two an epidemic of murder and other atrocities has been sweeping over the Dominion, and any one who has inquired into the history of these transgressors of the law will be struck with the different circumstances by which each has been surrounded, as given in his history, anterior to the perpetration of the crime.

The slow and cautious man is typical of another class. He may be of a languid temperament, and as a natural consequence lacks energy. It takes time for him to gather and put into practical shape his plans. No one is better aware of his habitual inertia than himself. In the battle of life, he feels that he must rouse himself from his characteristic indolence if he expect to succeed. Need, greed, or ambition may excite him to put forth efforts either spasmodically, or by continuous mental stimulation, thus to rouse the flagging powers. He needs no one to tell him of his constitutional lethargy, and how necessary it is to overcome it. To some extent he succeeds, but he glides easily into his natural groove when he lets his inclination have full play. The stubborn man is a somewhat different character. Right or wrong he is hard to convince. This is doubly true, should he happen to be egotistic as most stubborn men are. His love of his own opinions, his apprehended chagrin, should he confess his mistakes in respect to his conceptions of men and things, or it may be his honest convictions, lead him to hold out with great tenacity against his opponents. From childhood this has been his trait, and were it not that it might be looked upon as a photograph

of some one in particular, his physical appearance might be readily sketched. A change of base in many such might be looked upon as an example of a modern miracle. Did the occasion arise such a man would be a martyr for right or wrong. Martyrdom only implies that a man believes he is right, and has the courage of his convictions. Had he lived in the days of Mahomet, when converts were outwardly made by giving them the alternative of accepting the Koran or the sword, the stubborn man would have chosen the latter and have been thankful for the opportunity of becoming a martyr to his convictions. Such a man is a great contrast to the weak, vacillating creature who has no opinion of his own. His poor life is mostly automatic. He is almost as passive as a looking-glass, which reflects images passing before it, but can originate none of its own. He is the pliant wax ready at any time to receive impressions from every impinging stamp. The last impression remains only until a successor displaces it. He may be good-natured and agree with everybody from pliability or sheer indifference; led by the present, the influences of the past are lost upon him. He is a waif tossed upon the surf of opinion. Having neither sail nor rudder, this fickle craft drifts helplessly about on the ocean of life, the sport of circumstance and the plaything of every passing breeze. He was always of this manner and remains so in spite of warning, education, or of experience. We all know such among either kinsmen or acquaintances. Some men again have a naturally sensitive moral nature. From childhood upwards their moral judgments are so commendable that it is said of them that they are too good to live long. A child, born next door, shews from the earliest years of life bad propensities. The badness crops out with every year's growth, and in everything he does. Time, good example, a wholesome education, do

not eradicate the innate wickedness. Bluntness is seen in the sense of moral obligation. He is selfish, cruel, crafty, with low instincts; although he may behave himself, having respect to the punishment of crime in a law-abiding country, yet his conscientious scruples are of the faintest kind. Selfishness and its interests guide all his actions. From the cradle to the grave—as a juvenile specimen of depravity, or as a hoary-headed sinner and hypocrite—he is full of all manner of ingrained evil, and it seems utterly beyond human effort to straighten the crooked moral nature. He is the Pariah of society, to whom precept, example and education bring no change of propensity. Let the Christian philanthropist study these sad unfortunates in the haunts of vice, in the homes of charity, and in the prisons of any land. How far such are responsible for conduct or belief lies with Infinite Wisdom. In many such deplorable cases the generous and loving nature will see that it is pertinent to ask, as was done before on a memorable occasion: “Did this man sin, or his parents?” and the answer will be to all of us, “Our fathers have sinned and are not, and we have borne their iniquities.” Can it not often be said that this downward tendency is the fulfilment of a hereditary law which “visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation?”

The next typical class is too often seen in this nervous and excitable age, in which men trot through life and gallop into the grave.

The impetuous man is continually running headlong into difficulty. He jumps at conclusions without due deliberation. He passes through life in the work of continually making mistakes and correcting them; or, as Sydney Smith has phrased it, in continually passing empty buckets down into an empty well and then drawing them up. If experience have any effect upon him, it is only by continually watch-

ing himself and standing guard over his natural bent of mind. He is a perpetual blunderer, unless on the alert to check his heedlessness in forming half-thought-out opinions and plans, then acting upon them without due forethought and circumspection. Usually of a nervous temperament, he either enjoys life hugely, or is suffering more acutely than his phlegmatic brother. If sanguine, he is anticipating with pleasure the fruition of some ill-digested scheme; or failing in that he is immediately in hot pursuit after another chimera. He, doubtless, has a mission to fulfil, but few can find it out. His schemes are of short duration, and have the spice of variety—one at a time, but nothing long.

Intellectual activity does not always mean will-strength. Mozart was a musical prodigy, not simply in the execution of music, but also in its creation; yet he had no strength of character. Coleridge had his imagination not only active but also under the control of the intellect, as is evidenced in the weird rhyme of ‘The Ancient Mariner.’ In decision of character he was a weakling. Poe was a man of undoubted genius and great mental activity; but was as unstable as water, being driven to and fro in the most vacillating manner by every tempest of desire and passion. His will was the slave, not the master: he wanted equilibrium. Byron has shown in his poetry the highest genius combined with keen powers of analysis; yet he was the veriest child of impulse and emotion. Cowper, in his poems and letters, shows keen discrimination, deep pathos, and rare humour, yet he was so weak-willed that his moods might have been taken like degrees on the thermometer, to indicate his mental condition, ranging from zero to fever heat. His volition was the weakest part of his being, and so he was a child of circumstance. In none of these was one faculty a counterpoise or complement of the other to constitute a well balanced mind.

Such men can be culled by the dozen out of every community. They cannot help the unpleasant fact that they have nervous, irritable, and impulsive temperaments. This typical organization is to a great extent characteristic of all true poets, musicians, and children of art, great or small. They are strung to a greater degree of tension than are ordinary mortals. At the same time, there is much force in what John Stuart Mill says ('Autobiography,' p. 169): 'I saw that though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape these circumstances; and that what is really inspiring and ennobling in the doctrine of free will is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character; that our will by influencing some of our circumstances can modify our future habits or capacity of willing.'

Certain aptitudes are obviously natural to many, hence the juvenile love of certain playthings; yet perfection is acquired by practice, and so it is in all our efforts of thought and volition. The tendency of physical bias may obstruct desires, but its restraining power is made somewhat inoperative and partially powerless by a new direction being given to bodily and psychic force. In this way a new governor keeps rebellion down in the domain of potentiality and energy. This is a most prominent influence which is brought to bear to curb a natural and malign disposition, or to intensify a good propensity. These, and such as these, are correctives or exciting agents to keep in abeyance or lead in a contrary direction the individual, yet the innate tendency, temperament, or physical condition is constantly cropping up in spite of these deterrents or directors. All proper training must take into account the aptitudes of the mind, have in view the natural bias, and incite the latent faculties. Disposition is a natural growth, and cannot be a manufactured product. Every character will assert itself according

to its own laws of development, just as much as the oak or the rose. We can train them, but we cannot change their nature.

The men of keen intellect and low emotional qualities, such as Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer, could never look upon matters of speculation or faith, except by miracle, in the same light as gentle and loveable Melancthon, genial and sympathetic Wesley; soul-stirring Chalmers; kindly and attractive Pio Nono; or long-suffering, patient and brotherly Livingstone. In these men, the vehicles of emotion, affection, intellection and volition were widely varied, and, as a consequence, so were their modes of thought and conduct. It is seldom this earth is visited by men who excel in all their receptive and active powers. Even those of moderate capacity lack in symmetry of nature. If one faculty or trait towers above its fellows, it is too often at their expense. We may find the man of keen and commanding intellect low in emotion and affection. He is like a wintry sky, very clear but very cold. Intense feeling, passion, excitability and nervous impressibility are not often found with a towering intellect; yet humanity thus varied is threatened with ostracism if it give not unanimous assent to trifles in belief. We all know what reception awaits any man in society who cannot in honesty accept any of the Christian creeds in their entirety.

In discussing this matter, it is not to be forgotten that many influences are brought to bear to counteract these physiological tendencies. Constant effort to overcome bad propensities and to cultivate moral conduct, at length form a habit which becomes a rule or law of nature, and to some extent, at least, dominates over natural bias. There is a spontaneity in every person, which, in its constant exercise, is increased in potency for good or evil. The more good a man does, the more easily is it performed; and the

converse is true in respect to evil. The handiwork of the deft craftsman, which, at first, is clumsily done, becomes, by constant practice, perfect, and his fingers, arms and brain are, by exercise in a uniform direction, almost automatic in their movements. The expert needle-woman, the patient knitter, or the plodding pedestrian can let the mind wander fancy free, while the fingers and feet, by repeated uniformity of motion, do their work without special mental effort, such as was needed in the days of apprenticeship.

Example is a powerful incentive to modify natural qualities of character. Without endorsing the theory of Descartes, it is evident we are *monkeyish* in the desire to copy after some human ideal. If we are in the company of any person we admire, we almost intuitively make such our pattern, to some extent, in modes of speech and action. This is particularly seen in budding orators, in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the forum. The low habits of an associate are soon found to be contagious, especially if we admire any qualities he may possess, such as courage, constancy or kindness.

A second counteracting agent is education. A child can be taught to believe any faith, either of theology or metaphysics, if inculcated by those it can trust. Brahminism, Parseeism, Mahomedanism, Catholicism, Protestantism, are all evidences of the abiding power of early training. The difficulty of eradicating even the least absurd of the dogmas, which have found a lodgment in the mind in early life, shows how tenacious are first impressions. So well-known is this fact, that denominational teachers put forth every effort by means of literature or by word of mouth to instil into the young and plastic mind, not only moral and religious precepts, but also to teach implicit faith in sectarian creeds and beliefs. The latter gain such a hold on our minds, when thus engrafted with zeal and earnestness, that it is only

by considerable effort that we are able to shake ourselves loose from their grasp, so as to be able to look at the grand fundamentals of the Christian religion, or to detect specious error, with an unbiassed judgment.

All kinds of literature now so widespread in its influence, is only another form of making mental impressions by a written power.

The press, the exponent of public opinion, is no exception to this rule. Every issue of the various newspapers is full of contradictory conclusions drawn from common sources of information. This diversity is manifest when no extraneous influences could modify opinions. It is an educator of a very successful kind. Not only is this true in the dissemination of general news, and in the expounding of social questions, but also in being both the leader of public opinion and its reflector, where the general judgment of a community crystalizes into definite form. At the present day, both the secular and sectarian press is each of necessity a special pleader. The party organs plead, as a counsel does in court, for their clients, either as plaintiffs or defendants. Both sides hold with great tenacity, that the principles each enunciate, are necessary to the salvation of the country. The sectarian press is brought into existence mainly for the special purpose of formulating and defending religious dogmas. Public opinion is largely moulded by these potent auxiliaries, and at the same time by a sort of reflex action, it in return often controls them in their apologies, defences, doctrines and assertions. Thus the two forces act and react upon one another. The influence of the press to mould and direct individual thought, is very great. The reader, who from year to year, peruses the same religious or political newspaper or periodical, is almost invariably led into accepting all that these assert. Human credulity in persistent and reiterated assertions, be they true or false, is wonderfully prevalent. It is not surprising then, that

the aid of the press is so eagerly desired by parties, sects, or corporations seeking to mould the opinions of the public. The press, in its many ways and means, is the most active proselytizer of the age.

Differences of opinion are to my mind evidences of higher attainments than is unanimity. Independent conclusions attest research, while general accord on mere matters of speculative thought—not containing self-evident truths—implies that the many have not investigated for themselves. Debateable ground is to be found over all the fields of mental enquiry. The exact sciences, including mathematics, are as full of argumentative principles, in some of their branches, as are the doctrines of perception or of the unconditioned in metaphysics. Theories and abstractions are as full of the elements of wordy warfare, as are the dogmas of Biblical interpreters. The fact is, we are directly certain of nothing beyond our own consciousness; all other knowledge is inferential; hence the room for doubt, difference, induction, and it may be delusion. This being the case, it would be surprising if all could agree on details in either secular or sectarian matters. Nothing short of implicit faith in an infallible interpreter, who could think for us, would be able to produce accord in any system founded on faith, more than on evidence. As a matter of fact, a large majority of mankind thinks by proxy. An otherwise busy life, indifference, laziness, or ignorance, each or all lead to concordance in much, where intelligent enquiry would necessarily give scope to analysis and dissent, or to enlightened acquiescence. We accept conclusions, as children take a dainty morsel, having implicit faith in the logician who lays down the premises. We reason with ourselves, that life is too short to permit us to make the least enquiry into the *why* and *wherefore* of even matters of vital importance to us now and hereafter, so we while our brief day away by attaching

our faith on a something which may be true, or which in our condition may be the gravest error. Nothing short of a mental earthquake can shake such a mind out of its natural or acquired lethargy. Native-born inertia and mental freedom are hereditary foes.

This charge is not true of a large portion of an educated nation. Taking into consideration how differently constituted we are, the wonder is that we agree so thoroughly as we do, even in regard to radical and cardinal matters. Perhaps there is no subject of thought in which there is so much variety and antagonism of opinion as in religion. Here speculation runs riot. What is called free-thought is not confined to what are conveniently designated non-essentials, for every man constitutes himself a free lance to run tilt against one phase or another of even the fundamentals. It is true that believers in certain creeds can be found everywhere by the million. The wise maxims of Confucius, the philosophic abstractions of the disciples of Brahma—the fantasies of Mahomet—the fetish orgies of African magicians—the astronomical delusions of the Parsees—and the multifarious creeds of Christendom, represent the religious beliefs of a large majority of the world's inhabitants, who give a general assent to the expressed or implied doctrines of each, even when formulated on mere tradition. The exceptions prove the rule. The extremes taken in religious revolutions show that intermittently whole communities are swept away in an enthusiasm, not always according to knowledge. Church History is full of these evidences of ecclesiastical upheaval. Outward forms, gorgeous ceremonials, and unpalatable exactions are rebelled against, as a tyranny, not to be tolerated; and in their place are put severe simplicity and emotional manifestations, equally extreme, if not so apt to dwarf intellectual appreciation of spiritual necessities. One class of pious thinkers gave external expression to religious fervour in the erection

of magnificent temples, models of taste, beautiful in outline and fair in proportions. Another class equally enthusiastic with iconoclastic fury made them a mass of ruins or looked upon them with contempt, and as a standing testimony of their detestation worshipped in structures, with no more architectural taste than is displayed in a match-box or an oyster can. These hideous erections were meant as an emphatic protest against the æsthetic tastes of the former, and undoubtedly they were a remonstrance in caricature, as far as stone and mortar could embody indignation. One class worshipped with grand oratorios, wailing chants, and stirring anthems, in which is the highest style of harmony and melody. The other in marked contradistinction, must sing their uncouth rhymes to simple music. The latter were in dead earnest, but honest purpose found no rhythmical expression. The one had an elaborate ritual, the other must eschew it as an abomination: the one kneel in prayer, the other enter a *standing* protest. In the one form magnificent instrumental music assisted at worship; therefore the other must have nothing more complicated and melodious than an *instrumental* tuning-fork. Organs, fiddles, flutes, cornets, and such like were agencies of Satanic device. The one must attach great importance to stoles, surplices, genuflexions, and divers postures, the other, in strong Anglo Saxon, anathematized the use of these and the introduction of forms as sacrilege and pride, and then took equal *pride* in going to the other extreme. These tidal waves of thought are seen ebbing and flowing in one generation after another. Christianity pure and simple is followed by a showy medievalism. Protesting heretics surge to the surface, and with trenchant billows of argument maintain the ascendancy for a time, until their doctrines become heresy no longer. Prelacy is followed by Puritanism. Moderatism is submerged in Emotionalism. Now, it is natural-

ism against supernaturalism, or more properly, natural theology against revealed theology. Scientific truth is forced into an unnatural conflict against speculative dogma: the phenomena of nature against the evidences of Christianity. The two citadels are really one, and when the clouds of combat clear away, it will be seen that they have one common foe in *Nihilism*. The warfare will doubtless accomplish this result, that religious thought will turn to the future with its grand possibilities, and not to the past with its imperfect knowledge and halting interpretations. Few take much interest in the controversies between Augustine and Pelagius, Luther and Calvin, Wesley and Whitfield, or between High and Low Churchism.

The issues of to-day are between natural and revealed religion. Both have the same author, but multiform reasoning puts too often upon each different and divergent interpretations. The mere scientist defies the antiquated theologian, and points to history as evidences of his blunders and errors in Biblical hermeneutics. He flings at his head the opinions of the early fathers, in respect to cosmography, astronomy, physiology and in latter times, the science of geology and natural history. He shows how the mere dogmatic theologian has been forced to change his ground to meet the requirements of undisputed scientific facts. Within the last quarter of a century, the Christian Church has advanced in intelligent thought far beyond the old camping ground. Many creeds remain on the ecclesiastical statute books, but as far as belief in them is concerned they are virtually obsolete and inoperative. Even the most dogmatic laggard in the onward march is inclined to give a broader and more rational scope to individual thought. For example, this is especially seen in the *materialistic* views formerly held in respect to future punishment. The horrible word picturings of the physical sufferings of the

lost are scarcely ever heard now from any pulpit. The same is true in respect to many of the views held of the Divine attributes, such as those of justice and mercy. A latitude of opinion is given now, which, but a few years ago, would have led to acrimonious discussion, trials for heresy and ostracism from church organization, and even from society. The personal is asserting itself against cast iron rules in minor matters of faith. The nature of God, and that of man and his destiny, are being discussed with a freedom which indicates, not disaster to scriptural truth, but an assurance of a more abiding hold on mankind's intellect and conscience. Untrammelled judgment will gain the ascendancy in spite of edicts, canons or discipline. In view of this fact, it is well to remember that latitude is not license, any more than political freedom is unbridled passion, let loose to the utter perversion of law and order.

If creeds are infallible as are the Scriptures interpreted by them, then are they permanent, unchangeable, and above revision. If their authors are finite men, with limited knowledge, then is it clear as noonday, that some time or another, their formulated interpretations must be revised, corrected, and abridged in details, as surely as have been the scientific deductions of centuries ago. The Old Testament is dim, shadowy, typical and incomplete. The New Testament is more full and integral. The latter is evolved from the former in interpretation and fulfilment. More light through man's experience and in natural religion will still be thrown upon its pages, and the minor matters in the creeds of to-day will look as absurd as many of those which were received as gospel truth in the early ages of Christianity. The recent bolt of the able and conscientious ministers of Scotland from the sharp lines of the Westminster Confession of Faith to the other extreme of the widest latitudinarianism, is only another evi-

dence of the desire of the individual to insist upon his right to private opinion. In the volume entitled 'Scotch Sermons,' these divines play shuttlecock and battledore with the old landmarks of Biblical interpretation. One of them asserts that there is no reason to impute divine authority to those portions of Scripture which treat of matters which belong more properly to science and history than to religion. Another says miracles belong to the 'poesy of religion ;' a man can disbelieve them and still be a very good Christian. The chief interest the Church now has in the signs and wonders recorded in the Gospels is a scientific one, lying in the direction of the philosophy of religion, in the field of historical speculation.' The Dutch Covenant Theology, as evolved by the Synod of Dort—with its solemn bargainings between God and Adam, and between God the Father and God the Son—appears 'a fashion as quaint and artificial as the Dutch landscape gardening, which, along with it, came into vogue in the British Islands.' By one fell swoop they attempt to destroy the creeds of Augustine and Calvin. They reject the dogmas of the descent of man from the Adam of the Book of Genesis ; the fall of Adam by eating the forbidden fruit ; the imputation of Adam's guilt to all his posterity ; the consequent death of all men in sin ; the redemption in Christ of an election (or body of elect persons) according to grace ; the quickening in the elect of a new life ; and the eternal punishment and perdition of those who remain unregenerate. This is a pretty thorough weeding out of what we have been led to believe were Gospel truths. The God of this new school is the Eternal Reason, the Everlasting Intelligence, the Infinite Love, the Only True Substance of which is this Material Universe as the phenomenal manifestation. The existence of God is assumed, and rests in obscurity and ultimate mystery. The editor (Prof. Caird) uses no figure

of speech when he says, 'he who lives nobly and wisely, who rises above the narrow life of sense to identify himself with that which is universal and infinite, is sharer in a life of humanity that is never arrested, and shall never die.' He speaks of a personality which comprehends within it the life of nations as well as of individuals. These emancipated preachers warn their hearers and readers against dogmatism, sacerdotalism, ecclesiasticism, sectarianism, and Pharisaism. These discourses are a mixture of rationalism, pantheism, and pure positivism, which ought to delight the soul of Auguste Comte. They are, doubtless, an attempt to give the moral aspect of the doctrine of Evolution, to meet the doubts of those who see no solution of a scientific nature in the old creeds. They are unsatisfactory because they put a poor substitute in place of the comforting system they would abolish.

It is well to urge man to do what is in accordance with moral government, for his own sake, as well as that of his evolved posterity; but it needs a very little knowledge of ourselves and our condition to feel that self-effort, at its best, is a poor substitute for the Cross and all the truths which cluster around it. It may be true, in an analytical sense, that religion has to do with the spiritual or moral in man, and the theological with the intellectual. As a matter of fact, the former depends on the latter. The idiot, the insane, the temporary delirious from fever, alcohol, or any toxic agent, are irresponsible, because of the permanent or temporary dethronement of the intellect. There can be no conscience where there is low intellectual capacity. The oft-quoted expression of our moral nature being 'God's Vice-gerent on earth,' is only a poetic fiction. The most atrocious crimes, and the most abominable practices, have been committed by those who in sincerity thought they were doing God's service. Our moral judgments depend on an enlightened understanding for correct knowledge.

If the evidence furnished to conscience by the intellect be false, then is the moral verdict also false. The knowing and the judging are Siamese twins which cannot be dissevered by any metaphysical or theological process of reasoning; hence to speak of the purely spiritual being religion, and the purely intellectual being theological, is a fantastic distinction which these theological evolutionists have no proof of in their own consciousness, nor in the evidence educed in the conduct of others. Religion is that which brings man into proper relation with both God and man. It is not even certain routine duties and certain pious modes of thought, however good these may be at proper times and in certain places. Worship, charity, and devout aspirations are deluding if looked upon as the sum total of religion. Daily toil, recreation for mental and physical health, or even needed amusements are, in a sense, by no means less religious than are singing hallelujahs, or leading a prayer-meeting. All good and proper in themselves apart from one another, but all necessary to a Christian. A lazy man is told that, whatever his other religious qualities may be, if he do not provide for his family, he is worse than an infidel. The verdict of the world is the same. There is no denying the fact that Christianity, in its multiform aspect, has done much to improve the morals and heighten the aims of the nations where it has taken root. All sectaries seem to have aimed at this, whatever their watchwords may have been. This catholic feature makes it unique in nobleness among all the religions of the earth. The fulcrum idea of an Almighty Helper, of spotless purity, and the Golden Rule, have no parallel in any system of ethics or religion the world has ever, or will ever see, because of the perfect adaptation of these trustful relations and neighbourly requirements to all the conditions of our race. No cold abstract speculations can ever meet the require-

ments of an immortal being, seeking after and hungering for righteousness. This is an intuition of our being ; it is a golden thread which runs through the warp and woof of our nature. Why, then, should a strait-jacket of dogma be put on personal beliefs, which have in them no elements of morality, or even religion, to which reasonable objection could be taken ?

‘What is truth?’ was anxiously asked at the most momentous trial this earth has ever seen. The Christian world might be able to answer it in one short sentence : so could the sectarian world were the definition to the inquiry given on the common basis on which they all agree. Such would not likely be the case, however, for it would be alleged that the *whole* of truth consists of as many elements as there are creeds. This divergence goes further where religious freedom and secular education exist. In such communities mental diversity must compel individuals to accept as many creeds, written, verbal or implied, as there are persons. The outward assent of the multitude is no evidence of unanimity in matters of detail, and in speculative thought. It is possible for the enlightened and earnest Christians of the world to formulate a few essential articles of Faith, which may meet all the requirements of humanity, and at the same time not shackle the many whose natural and constitutional mentality must rebel against minute, and in many cases, absurd forms, ceremonies and faiths to which they are asked to subscribe. Millions of good Christians stand in the outer temple because of these adventitious obstacles. The most religious and able of the teachers of theology, at the present time, are looking for more satisfactory grounds of Biblical interpretation than are to be found in the musty tomes of the past ; and in those more enlightened investigations, excrescences are being lopped off, and general principles are taking the place of unimportant details. This tends towards the eman-

cipation of the individual from the thralldom of a coercing infinitesimal system of tenets. The knowledge of to-day and to-morrow must, of necessity, expunge much of the errors of yesterday. It is ever thus and shall be forever more, until infallible men are found to promulgate an infallible exposition of Divine procedure.

It must be borne in mind that in the past the greatest moral movements have been initiated, as a rule, outside of the Christian Church. Laymen asserting their individual opinions have revolutionized and purged the Church and society in many momentous epochs of the world's history. This is also true at the present time, only their influence is in this age more keenly felt and acted upon, because of increased general intelligence. The caged intellectual and moral nature within the Churches is pluming its wings for grater flights, and the danger is that wild imagination will carry the impetuous too far away from the realm of reason into that of wild speculation. Within the last few months, the Athanasian creed has found its critics inside the churches. Dean Stanley is so heterodox as to say : ‘The Father is God in nature ; The Son is God in history ; and the Holy Ghost is God in individual experience.’ The doctrine of total depravity is not insisted on with that positive vehemence with which it once was asserted. It is now often put in an apologetic way, with a tendency to give a poor sinner or heathen credit for disinterested acts of natural goodness and benevolence. There is little need of citing the changes daily occurring in religious thought. Its direction is towards finding a key to unlock the mysteries of natural law, and in this way account for much that was heretofore considered supernatural. Miracles, the resurrection of the body, demonology, visions, and such like, are being looked upon as normal or abnormal manifestations of physiological or pathological laws of our natures in manifest operation. If satis-

factory solutions can be found through the working of such laws, our faith gives place to knowledge of facts in natural religion. The Divine Author is the same, only the miracle-worker is changed to the law-giver. At one time tempests, earthquakes, epidemics, hobgoblins, ghosts, witches, fairies, spells, talismans and omens were looked upon as being direct and potent agents, manifestations or charms outside of natural solutions. These views now no longer are found where a knowledge of physical science exists. The many diseases which were thought to be direct judgments of God have their causes in violations of sanitary laws. The poor maniac who was supposed to be possessed of the devil, is now known to have the demon in a diseased portion of brain, and the kind of imps can be determined, to some extent, by the physical results. The same radical changes of belief are taking place in the religious world. A large section of the religious community may agree in believing that sin universally prevails, without giving credence to the dogma that *temporal* death is a consequence of it, and the result of one disobedience. Many millions may not dispute that there is a moral government in the world, without assenting to the belief that *eternal* punishment is a necessary consequence of evil. The doctrine of a vicarious atonement can be readily accepted, with our knowledge of a sin-stricken world to account for its necessity; but it is not a corollary of that doctrine to accept the idea that its efficacy extends to all without distinction of moral character. Morality teaches our duty to one another. Piety is our proper relation to our Maker. The Ten Commandments and the unparalleled Sermon on the Mount cover these two classes of duties and relations. These are believed in and acted upon by countless myriads to whom the minor and unmeaning Shibboleths are an abomination. All the faiths of Christianity and of Paganism might

be classified into essentials, on the one hand, and insignificant dogmas on the other, to show that such general principles may not be matters of unanimous disagreement, even when affected by the physical ground of differences of constitution. Thought dependent on physiological conditions finds, in generalization, a common factor. The greater the area of ground, the more numerous can be its occupants, but the nearer the multitude climbs to the top of a conical hill the more contracted is the elbow-room. Radical truths may not be gainsaid, because of their wide significance and application. The unimportant may not be agreed to by any two of the community, if left to their own cogitations and reasonings.

Human reason, in healthful exercise, revolts against the acceptance of these non-essentials *en bloc*; yet, a belief in the worship of God, in the deity of Christ, in rewards and punishments, and in the law of love, would be accepted by millions outside of any church organization.

Let us suppose each religious community to be represented by a circle. If these circles are placed so as to intersect and interpenetrate one another to such an extent as that parts are common to all, it will be seen that all cover a certain uniform area. In this neutral ground of identical faith, all the Christian churches might inscribe the articles of a common creed. This might be comprised in three words—Repentance, Faith, and Godliness. These comprehend the three central ideas of all. If these are held fast, the odds and ends in the outlying segments are of little vital moment in the interests of humanity. All the *isms* may put their distinctive creed marks on these unimportant areas, only let us be free to accept or reject them as seemeth best to the earnest seeker after the cardinal truths of Christianity. Missionaries to the heathen adopt this plan, and herein do they show wordly wisdom and catholicity of spirit, such as actuated their Master in his mission

work. As a rule, religious communities are made up of those who have many traits in common. A law of selection operates here. To use physiological terms for want of better, any observing person can see one class distinguished by conscientiousness, firmness and self-esteem. These give force, pertinacity and earnestness to their views on religion. Another is marked by courtesy, credulity, refinement, culture and reverence. Order and doctrines inculcated by their religious teachers have great weight with them. A third is characterised by the social, ideal and emotional. Feeling is paramount, and ancient traditions have no effect on such organizations. A fourth has great veneration, marvellousness, ideality and firmness, a good deal of energy, and not much personal accountability. A fifth has a good deal of intellectuality, benevolence, little veneration, and small respect for forms and ceremonies. These typical classes might be extended, and each marked with a sectarian brand. This sort of evolution from among the masses and this law of selection are constantly going on in the religious world. This grouping is seen also among the sectaries of heathendom.

The unanimity of classes is largely brought about by extraneous influences. The majority of differences can often be traced to natural bias. This is continually cropping up in all mental action. Example, education and surroundings may over-ride, to some extent, the peculiarities of mind as far as external assent is concerned. Beneath this apparent *consensus* of belief, there are varieties of faith as distinctive as are the expressions and features of the human face. No two tools of steel have the same temper; no two instruments of music have the same tone; no two creatures have the same kind of vocal notes. So it is mentally and physically impossible, as men are constituted, for two rational persons to think alike. No example and no system of education, secular

or sacred, can obliterate these radical distinctions, which, for wise purposes, are implanted in our natures. Even hereditary tendencies are no exception to this rule. The reason of this is plain to any observer. Thought is affected by the body as music is affected in tone and melody by the kind of instrument which produces it. The player or composer has no control over its quality and scope of execution. Practice and skill may elicit the best notes of which it is capable, but there his power ends. A penny whistle and an organ may produce the same notes in unison, but there is no comparison in volume, scope and intensity. The colour of the prism will affect the sun's rays which pass through it. So does the body affect thought. The relation of body and mind is the battle ground of to-day. The attempts of the free-thinkers are towards bringing under one general law of development our physical, emotional, intellectual, and moral natures. The Evolution theory, promulgated by Darwin, Hæckel and that school of thought, is often held up to ridicule by those who have no other argument to offer. With superficial thinkers, irony, sarcasm, invective and cynicism take the place of refutation. Whether their arguments, based on observation, be true or not, these weapons alone are as harmless as Chinese gongs. Their research must be met by like assiduity. It will be conceded that the gap between the lowest specimens of humanity and the highest forms of the next lower creation is not very wide—in fact very close—physiologically or mentally. The distance widens very much if the average man be taken as a standard. Even were the doctrine of Evolution true, man, with his exalted powers of mind, might well be called a new creation. His greater capacity of reasoning—his keener susceptibilities—his grasp of abstract ideas—and his moral nature, all, are so transcendently above any other creature found on this terrestrial ball,

that let him be created *de novo*, or evolved in the past ages from lower organisms, still he is the crowning work in the animate creation of earth, and points more conclusively than aught, in sea or earth or sky, to his Divine origin. The lower forms of animal life, *plus* these additional capabilities and powers, virtually make man a new being, into whose nostrils was breathed the breath of life. While this is true, it is equally beyond contradiction, that if we compare our nature with that of the *quadrumana*, it will startle us to find how much we have in common. This school of thinkers do not deny a creator, but only join issue in respect to the number of creations beyond the primordial germs of life. In the same way there is really nothing alarming in materialism rightly understood and defined, yet, people go into hysterics over a caricature of this dogma of scientists. These explorers know of nothing but matter in its various forms, and hence infer that it is all that exists in the wide universe. We go to the other extreme, and deny a material existence, to much which may be found to come under that class of substances.

No doubt that subtle fluid called electricity is a form of matter. As far as we know, there is nothing in nature apparently more unsubstantial, unless we except the ubiquitous ether which pervades space. Suppose that entity called spirit, soul, mind, *psyche* or any other name, could be demonstrated to be matter, but infinitesimally more refined than any known material substance. Endow this sublimated indetectable and circumscribed matter with all the qualities, faculties, and active powers attributed to that substance called mind, and there is not an objectionable feature in the thought outside of fanciful sentiments and educational bias. In that sense this substance could have in it that which is involved in the Lucretian idea of being endowed with 'the promise and potency of life.' It would even then be a living and immortal personality. This need not wed us to the Agnostic doctrine of Shelley, which defiantly says :

'There is no God;
Infinity within, infinity without, belie crea-
tion !
The inexterminal spirit it contains
Is Nature's only God.'

OFF PELORUS.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

CRIMSON swims the sunset over far Pelorus ;
 Burning crimson tops its frowning crest of pine ;
 Purple sleeps the shore and floats the wave before us,
 Eachwhere from the oar-stroke eddying warm like wine.

Soundless foams the creamy violet wake behind us ;
 We but *see* the creaking of the laboured oar ;
 We have stopped our ears—mad were we not to blind us,
 Lest with eyes grown drunken sail we hence no more.

See the purple splendour o'er the island streaming,
 O'er the prostrate sails and equal-sided ship ;
 Windless hangs the vine, and warm the sands lie gleaming,
 Droop the great grape-clusters melting for the lip.

Sweet the golden calm, the glowing light elysian !
 Sweet were red-mouthed plenty mindless grown of pain !
 Sweeter yet behold a sore bewildering vision :—
 Idly took we thought, and stopped our ears in vain.

Idly took we thought, for still our eyes betray us :—
 Lo the white-limbed maids with beckoning arms divine,
 Throbbing bosoms bare, loosed hair, soft hands to slay us,
 Throats athrob with song across the charmed brine.

See the King ! he hearkens,—hears their song—strains forward,—
 As some mountain snake attends the shepherd's reed ;
 Now with urgent hand he bids us turn us shoreward :—
 Bend the groaning oar now, give the King no heed !

Mark the wondrous music by his eye's wild yearning,
 Eager lips, and mighty straining at the cords.
 Will we guess the song, the subtle speech and burning,
 Sung to him, the subtle king of burning words :—

‘ Much-enduring wanderer, honey-tongued, come nigher,
 Wisest Ruler, bane of Ilion's lofty walls,
 Hear strange wisdom to thine uttermost desire,—
 Whatsoe'er in all the fruitful earth befalls.’

So we rise up twain and make his bonds securer,
 Seethes the startled sea now from the surging blade ;
 Leaps the dark ship forth, as we, with hearts grown surer,
 Eyes averse, and war-worn faces made afraid.

O'er the waste, warm reaches drive our prow sea-cleaving,
 Past the luring death, into the falling night :—
 Home shall hold us yet—and cease our wives from grieving—
 Safe from storm, and toil, and flame, and clanging fight.

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING: THEIR GROWTH AND MEANING.*

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

THERE can be little doubt that, by 'The Idylls of the King,' rather than by any other of his works, posterity will measure the greatness of their author. To the mass of the reading public, notwithstanding all that critics have said about its merits, 'In Memoriam' is as unreadable as 'The Anatomy of Melancholy,' its persistent obscurity and the narrow range of feelings, and interests to which it appeals, being in themselves faults and bringing their own reward. But beyond this, in his Arthurian poem, its author has taken higher ground. He has challenged comparison with Homer and Virgil; with Milton and Tasso. He has realized the dream of Milton and Dryden, and fulfilled the promise of the long years of English literature, by enriching the language with an Epic taken from the History of England. Far then from dating, with Mr. Buxton Forman, the decadence of Tennyson from his writing the Idylls, we fully agree with the American critic, Mr. Stedman, in calling them their author's master-work — the greatest narrative poem since 'Paradise Lost.'

The greatness of the Arthuriad is two-fold. It is great from an artistic as well as from a moral point of view, for the artistic and moral purposes of their author are in equal prominence. Tennyson's perfection as an artist, when at his best, has never been doubted, and he is never greater than in the best parts of the Arthuriad. But

no one can read the poem without being touched more deeply than he would be by mere artistic perfection. Much credit is due to the dexterity with which Tennyson has selected and recast his materials; but by far the hardest part of his task was to give to his reconstruction of the Arthurian legend an ideal moral unity. How far he has succeeded in this part of his task must be allowed to be an open question. Moral unity is very hard to attain; and, where Milton has failed, we must not be too rigorous with others. Yet the attempt had to be made. If he had merely told again the tale of Malory, he might have written a series of interesting narrative poems of the kind that charm our leisure in the 'Earthly Paradise'; but he would not have taken his place among those poets, who have reconstructed our views of the past, by giving an ideal reality to that background of mingled fact and legend, which is at once the picture that we dwell upon, and the curtain that conceals what is lost to us.

The Achæans became a subject race, or lurked in obscure corners of Hellas; the feudal grandeur of the Highland clans is no more; the dominion of Puck and the fairies is over; yet the glories of their past still linger among us, owing to the genius of Homer, Shakespeare and Scott. What they did for their subjects, Tennyson has done for the British King who resisted the English invaders. The Arthurian legend is, in fact, one of many similar formations, that the time spirit,

* Read before the Athenæum Club, Montreal.

as it were, by way of compensation, has allowed to grow about what is past; so that what inexorable nature with its death-struggles and eventual survival of the fittest has banished from the world of fact, survives as a new creation, and a fit representative in the ideal world of fiction. Like the canopy of vapours above, like a ruin in the world about us, this and like tales of the past have taken different shades from the rays of the rising and the setting sun; variously viewed by different ages, the historical has been re-coloured, and an unhistorical element added. History is baffled, and the work of fancy triumphs over the critical instinct of the inquirer.

In the case of the Arthurian legend,* this has been a work of time. At first a reality in the writings of the Welsh poets, Arthur soon became a tradition. This tradition, magnified and distorted, is found in the work that goes by the name of Nennius. From a tradition, nominally historical, the story of Arthur was changed to a mere romance by Geoffrey of Monmouth; from this point it began to grow, attracting to itself fragments from different sides, taking colour from the periods in which these additions were made, from the institutions among which the tangled web was spun, from the countries of the writers, from their beliefs and modes of life. Among the additions that were made to the original romance, none was of greater importance in determining the ultimate fate of the story than the element contributed by Walter de Map. 'The Church, jealous of the popularity of the legends of chivalry, invented as a counteracting influence the poem of the Sacred Dish, the "*San Graal*.'" Walter de Map made this a part of the Arthurian cycle, and in doing so, takes his place as the first of the allegorizers.

The legend, in its latest shape, was re-written by Sir Thomas Malory, and printed by Caxton, as a work valuable historically, as well as for its moral tendency. Thus the allegoric turn, given to the legend by Walter de Map, was confirmed, Caxton's preface holding up the character of Arthur as an example for imitation. The hint thus given was taken by Spenser, who treated Arthur as an embodiment of the Aristotelian virtue of magnificence. From Spenser, in whom the moralizing tendency is confirmed, to Tennyson in our own days, the position of the Arthurian cycle in men's minds may be described as that of an episode, regarded as more or less historical, but as a fair subject for expansion, and most valuable as illustrating the play of the virtues and the passions. Still, all early writers regarded Arthur and his knights, as part of their secular faith, just as Milton regarded the story of the Creation and the Fall as a religious belief. To us, Arthur and Guinevere are, if anything, more real than Adam and Eve; to Milton, who actually thought of writing a great poem upon the subject,* they were only less so. It is not proposed to examine the various additions to Arthurian literature made, between the days of Spenser and Tennyson, by Blackmore, Dryden, Lytton and others; but as a preparatory step to the chronological study of the *Idylls*, it will be well to notice the main points, in which the treatment of Tennyson differs from that of the earlier writers.

The leading differences between Tennyson and his predecessors lie in their aspect with regard to Arthur's mission. By all of them he is regarded as a great king, the creator of an order of knights with a high ideal, the personification of an early chivalry. But in Geoffrey and his followers, it is his success which is brought into prominence; while in Tennyson the pathos of the whole poem lies in his failure. The

* The gradual development of the Arthurian legend, from its beginning to the days of Spenser, is the subject of a paper contributed by the writer to the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, Dec. 1880.

* See the Latin poems entitled '*Mansus*' and '*Epitaphium Damonis*.'

earnful beauty of decline, which is imaged by the dying year, and the sympathy that the magnificent failure of Arthur excites, are, so to speak, the ground tone of the *Idylls*; while the triumphant glory of success pervades the earliest writers. What was incidental with them has become essential in Tennyson.

Solon bade us call no man happy till we have looked to his end, and these early writers adopted the maxim. They gave their hero a glorious life, and he leaves it by the most glorious of all deaths—death in battle. Dunlop has noticed this point in his ‘*History of Fiction*.’ ‘It appears strange at first sight, that Arthur and his knights should be represented in romance, as falling in battle, as well as Charlemagne with all his peerage, at a time when success in war was thought necessary to complete the character of a warrior. But the same fate has been attributed to all the fabulous chiefs of half-civilized nations, who have invariably represented their favourite leaders as destroyed by a concealed and treacherous enemy. . . . This has probably arisen from poets and romancers, wishing to spare their heroes the suspicion of having died in bed by the languor of disease, to which any violent death is preferred by barbarous nations.’ But what was incidental, because inevitable in early writers, has become the chief point in Tennyson. We have, it is true, two *Idylls* devoted to Arthur triumphant, but the interest of the poem is centred in the decline and fall. The notes of approaching ruin sound more loudly as the tale proceeds, and the interest of most of the *Idylls*, as well as of the *Arthuriad* as a whole, clearly culminates in the catastrophe.

The world, like the individual, as age advances, becomes more sensible to the beauty of pathos; it has not the same contempt for the unsuccessful. Our admiration may be excited by the career of a successful man, but our

sympathy lies with the struggle of the doomed. Though Homer is a greater poet than Virgil, it is the Trojans rather than the Greeks, who have our love and pity; our favourites in fiction, and history are the advocates of a fallen cause—Hector and Turnus, Demosthenes and Hannibal, Montcalm and Lee. Life presents a constant paradox. The world has pronounced a cynical maxim about success, and its is the shrine at which our worship is offered up. So far our practical instincts take us; but imagination, constantly in antagonism with the facts of the world, sides against our reason. What has failed is idealized; success is left to rest upon its merits. Thus the aspect of the whole story of Arthur has been changed; the romance writers described the glorious king, Tennyson enlists our sympathy for an unsuccessful reformer, and a falling cause.

The form that this idealization of failure assumes, is also distinctive and important. Living in an age, when industrialism and the commercial spirit were beginning to feel their strength, while the influence of chivalry, though fast declining, was not yet extinct, Spenser, as his model of a perfect man, took Prince Arthur, an ideal embodiment of the chivalric feeling. A similar tendency has influenced Tennyson in the process of writing the *Idylls*, and in the colouring he has given to them. Many writers have read in the character of Arthur an allegory, and Tennyson himself lets us into the secret, that his object was to shadow forth sense at war with soul. It is not inconsistent with this to see, in the gradual dissolution of Arthur's order, a symbolic account of the decline of supernaturalism, a regretful picture of the growing disregard of miracles, and of the lessening hold of Christianity upon the world—the partial rejection of which has been a marked result of the movements of the thought of late years. Fifty years have passed since Carlyle described the ‘Temple now

lying in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures.* What was so long ago apparent to the philosopher has been brought more strikingly home to us all since. The last decade has been a period of rapid growth of thought; of large expansion, during which, if not Christianity itself, yet various doctrines and ways of thinking that were generally associated with Christianity, have been discarded and sent to join 'all things transitory and vain' in the wilds of the Miltonic Limbo. These have been years of intense mental effort and strivings of spirit, and have for the present ended in a kind of world-weary Pessimism. And this period has left deep traces on the ideal of Arthur created by Tennyson. From this point of view, as well as from many others (e. g. the characters of Æneas and Arthur), it would be instructive to compare Tennyson with the writer of the Æneid. Just as Virgil, while describing the coming of his hero to Italy and the foundation of the Trojan kingdom, is constantly thinking of the fortunes of the Julian family in his own day, and of the Empire that was being founded while he wrote; so Tennyson depicts the decline of the Round Table, and the general laxity of its morals in language that would be equally appropriate to what was going on while he wrote, and is still continuing—the Religious Revolution of the nineteenth century. In the following pages it will be shown that the Arthuriad, from first to last, faithfully reproduces the political and moral atmosphere of the period during which it was taking shape, in just as marked a manner as the feelings that most Englishmen entertained with regard to the Manchester Peace Party, at the time of the Crimean War, are mirrored in our author's 'Maud.' One of the special marks of Tennyson's workmanship is the manner in which he introduces into an apparently for-

eign subject matters of contemporary interest and significance. A striking thought in a book, published at the time when some poem of his may be supposed to have been in the process of construction, will often be found echoed quite naturally in the strange context. But though this feature is very marked in Tennyson—a poet, it must be remembered, whose originality, like Virgil's lies far more in his style than in his manner, in the turn he gives a thought, rather than in the thought itself—it is a feature that is to a greater or less extent common to most poets.

The poet is one possessed of nicer feelings; quicker sensibilities than ordinary men. Hence he is the first to perceive the changes in the tone of public opinion. He is like a thin-skinned animal, with an animal's quickness of instinct, an animal's sensitiveness to what is external and atmospheric in nature. When, however it is said that a poet is more quickly affected than the ordinary individual, it must not be forgotten that all he sees, he sees as a poet, and not exactly as the rest of us do. The lens of his mind is a coloured medium, and so everything appears to him coloured and reflected. Imagination and artistic proprieties affect his impression of external nature and of events. He cannot see the thing as it is, or at least he cannot see things exactly as they appear to the rest of the world. To illustrate this will be unnecessary to those who remember how constantly Scott's pictures of scenery are mediavalised, and how Wordsworth fills his descriptions with religious thought. And this is not only true, when it is external nature, that the poet is studying. The emotions and feelings, the religious and political beliefs of the poet, are after all, those of the poet, and not those of the ordinary man, and so perhaps are felt in a sense less deeply. This qualification has to be made and must be illustrated.

A political landmark or a church,

* Sartor Resartus, 1831.

let us say, is doomed. It is invested with the love and veneration, the countless feelings so hard to analyze which go to make up the ordinary conservative frame of mind. To part with it is a sore blow to the ordinary individual; it is a strain to his feelings, and he deeply regrets the loss. The poet, too, feels this to some extent; but then he is a poet, and he has also another point of view. The collapse appears to him as a ruin, and the artistic beauty of the ruin is some compensation to him for the melancholy fact. He feels the loss less deeply, because he does not look at the facts as clearly—or, perhaps, we should say, because he takes in their *import* more thoroughly. His eyes are fixed alike on the present and the past; he sees institutions rise and fall, and the present loss is to him no new one. He is able to grasp more clearly than others the permanent, that is unchangeable and that will last, when time has done its work with what is mutable and evanescent. Thus the poet is a kind of spiritual Captain Cuttle, with his gaze turned into the distance, even when he is considering what is present before him. Sometimes this feeling is expressed consciously, as by Tennyson in the lines—

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Sometimes it finds unconscious expression, as in the fine lines that end the battle scene in the 'Passing of Arthur,' where the wave is described, creeping over the field strewn with the dead,

And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.*

What then? The poet sees more clearly, we see less clearly: he feels more quickly, we feel less deeply. He

* This is Matthew Arnold's habitual mood. Cf the conclusion of *Sohrab and Rustum*, and of the second part of *Tristram and Iseult*. He has given a description of the feeling, as part of the true poetic nature, in the poem 'Resignation.'

is almost an Hegelian contradiction—that is, he is a poet. It follows that he is more prone than the ordinary thinker to acknowledge facts, for in every fact he has a consolation. And the more of the true poetic nature he has, the more instinctive are his utterances. What he feels forces itself into what he writes. It cannot be kept out. If in one way his view of things is less true because less common-place, in another he is a truer witness because his mind is stronger, being self-sustained by its width of interest. He is a strong man where others are weak. His strength even appears to many to be a lack of feeling, and occasionally, as in the character of Goethe, is capable of producing it. We accordingly find in the *Idylls*, read chronologically, a veracious echo of the tone of public opinion and a test of the average feeling in regard to questions, which it is so hard to gather from the mere party statements of writers and thinkers actively engaged in the contest upon either side. The Round Table symbolizes more or less distinctly the Christian world, at first with an enthusiastic belief in, and full of the feelings of, Christianity, but by degrees falling away and lapsing into immorality and scepticism. Arthur in its midst, an ideal and not a real man, speaks and acts like a modern Christ, passing verdict after the manner of a Greek chorus upon the phases of thought as they are presented to the reader. All this will be shown in further detail, as we examine the poem chronologically.

It has been noticed before now, that the two great sources of Romance that were the glory of the Middle Ages, the Carolingian and Arthurian cycles, took shape under the influence of the story of the Gospels; that Charlemagne and Arthur were pictures of the Christ adapted to the lay life of Christians in general. This is especially the case with Arthur; and the likeness has been increased by Tennyson in his new rendering of the Arthurian legend (e.g., by his striking out

such episodes as Arthur's incest, resulting in the birth of Modred), so that it is impossible to read the *Idylls* without thinking of the Gospels. It is not only that we have points of external similarity, such as the mystery of their life and death, their position as leaders of bands of reformers, their failure brought about by treachery and their immaculate and almost colourless piety. But Tennyson has supplemented all this by making his hero constantly use the words of his prototype. This is a feature of such constant occurrence that it will be unnecessary to illustrate it. Should illustration be needed, it will be found in detached passages in the following pages.

I will now sum up the results at which I have arrived from this part of my study. The story of the *Idylls*, as we have it, is a kind of idealization of failure—the picture of how Arthur came into the world and lived the life of a reformer, founding an order and binding them

By such vows, as is a shame
A man should not be bound by, yet the which
No man can keep.

So the order dissolves internally, and the high ideal of Arthur passes away. In the midst he is a kind of chivalrous Christ; and the decline of belief in Arthur and his vows, and the corresponding dissolution of the society they held together, are a picture, the original of which is to be found, as will be seen, in the sentiments and feelings of the years during which the poet was framing his *Idylls*. Tennyson had before his eyes the decline of orthodox Christianity, while he was occupied in describing the fall of his chivalric ideal, and sometimes his description of the latter reads like a page from the history of the former—to such an extent had the times impressed themselves upon his nature. At the same time, it has been proved by other writers that the poem is an allegory of sense at war with soul, King Arthur being the King within us. Nor shall we find

any difficulty in accepting this duplicate interpretation (remembering how it is certainly true in the case of the 'Fairy Queen') if we realize the comparatively conservative aspect with which Tennyson regards the religious movements of the day. The real inconsistency, as will be seen, arises from the difference of the aim with which he set out from that with which he concluded his *Arthuriad*. Starting in 1832 and 1842 with purely tentative work, which, however, included a poem afterwards a part of the whole, he produced, in 1859, the four original *Idylls*, King Arthur being an 'ideal knight.' As he grew older, the tendency to allegoric meaning increased, and was prominent in his volume of 1869 entitled 'The Holy Grail;' the poem 'Gareth and Lynette,' (published latest of all in 1872), is a pure allegory of the temptations that assail men at different stages of life. After this came the additions and alterations made through the whole series of poems (published in the Complete Edition of 1875)—alterations, which have changed the poem to such an extent that Tennyson was quite justified in at last proclaiming it, in his Epilogue to the Queen, as

'Shadowing sense at war with soul
Rather than that gray king.'

As, however, in no case has Tennyson deliberately destroyed the old work, the series of poems, composing the *Arthuriad*, when analyzed carefully, present the appearance of successive strata of thought contorted and inspissated into one another. I shall now proceed to consider these periods chronologically.

I.

Of the four pieces that make up the early work upon the subject of Arthur, two only deserve attention, the others, Sir Galahad and Sir Lancelot, being interesting merely as showing that the young poet's thought dwelt early

On the dreams of all
Which filled the earth with passing loveliness,
to quote his own words in 'Timbuctoo'
—and that he was specially interested
in Arthurian literature. Of the other
two the 'Lady of Shalott' is an early
treatment of the theme that Tennyson
afterwards turned into the most touch-
ing of all the Idylls, the story of
Elaine. It is quite different in char-
acter from the Idylls being written in
the so-called Pre-Raphaelite manner.

In the 'Morte d'Arthur' we have
the earliest contribution to the com-
pleted series. It was accompanied by
an introduction, relating how Hall
had written an epic on King Arthur
in twelve books, but had destroyed all
but one, because they were 'faint
Homeric echoes.' 'The day is past for
Homeric epics, 'nature brings not
back the Mastodon,' and 'truth looks
freshest in the fashion of the day.'
The remaining book is the 'Morte
d'Arthur.' How far are we to take
this seriously?

At a much later period the Ar-
thuriad became an allegory, and the
lines have been pronounced to be an
early sketch of the plan of the series.
But, if so, the idea was dropped, for
in the first instalment of the Idylls
(in fact, in the case of the only Idylls
properly so called), we have an ideal
picture, but not an allegory; a beauti-
ful quartette of poems, but no hidden
meaning. But it will be quite safe
to say that the lines point to an early
project to write upon a subject, pointed
out by our history, by the romances
of the Middle Ages and by the inten-
tion of Milton and Dryden. The most
natural mode of treatment, the old-
fashioned epic, seemed to the author,
apparently, unsuitable to the times.
It was accordingly left for him to write
a narrative poem, with more or less
application to his own day; and this
he has done.

With the words of Hall before
them, critics have agreed in noticing
how much more Homeric the 'Morte
d'Arthur' is than any other part of

the completed poem. This must strike
everybody. As a rule, Tennyson's
manner is more that of Virgil (whom
he constantly imitates and translates,
doing so even in the poem before us)
than that of Homer, but here it is not
so. We may say then generally, in
regard to Tennyson's early essays upon
the Arthurian legend, that we have
two inconsiderable pieces and two of
more account—one in the Pre-Raph-
aelite, another in the Homeric style,
the latter differing so little from the
Idylls that next followed that it was
worked into the body of the complete
poem. And when we compare the
calm dignity of the 'Morte d'Arthur'
with the world-worn mystical tone
pervading the latest written poems of
the series, we feel that it was fortunate
that the Laureate wrote when he did
the conclusion of his modern epic.
His feelings were probably more hope-
ful with regard to the future, he had
more belief in the ideals of the re-
forming spirit, with which the times
that preceded the Reform Bill of 1832
were informed.*

It is instructive to compare Arthur's
parting-speech with the original in
Malory. 'Comfort thyself,' said the
king, 'and do as well as thou mayest,
for in me is no trust to trust in. For
I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal
me of my grievous wound. And if
thou hear never more of me, pray for
my soul.' It will be seen that all by
which we best remember the speech is
Tennyson's work. The imagery of
the passage is due to two sources.

Since writing the above, I find this differ-
ence of tone noticed by Mr. Swinburne in an
article upon 'Tennyson and Musset' in the
February number of the *Fortnightly Review*.
The following is the characteristic comment
passed on the lines:

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May he within himself make pure!

'If this be taken as the last natural expres-
sion of a gallant, honest, kindly, sinful crea-
ture like the hero of old Malory, it strikes
home at once to a man's heart. If it be taken
as the last deliberate muffle of "the blame-
less king," it strikes us in a different fashion'
—a merciless but acute piece of criticism.

The description of Avilion is almost a literal translation from the 'Odyssey' (VI. 43-6). The idea of the 'round world bound by gold chains about the feet of God,' comes from the 'Iliad' (VIII, 19), read by the light of Bacon's words, 'when a man passeth on further, and seeth the dependance of causes, and the works of Providence; then, according to the allegory of the poets, he will easily believe that the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair.' ('Advancement of Learning' I. 1. 3.)

To come to what is more relative to the present study, the thoughts of the passage, we are struck by two leading ideas—Arthur's hopefulness about the future, and his discourse upon prayer. For the origin of these we must look to the times. As to the former, the celebrated lines, 'the old order changeth,' &c., are quite in keeping with the 'times, when reforms were begun with a young hopefulness of immediate good which has been much checked in our days.* Now in all Tennyson's early works he appears to us as a moderate Liberal, full of sympathy with the progress of the day. For the origin of the lines upon prayer, we have to look to the Oxford Movement, then in its first decade. With rigorous logic the efficacy of prayers for the dead was insisted upon, if the efficacy of prayer at all was to be a part of the belief of Christians. It was pointed out that prayers for the dead had been left an open question in the Thirty-nine Articles of 1571, while the doctrine was expressly condemned in the previous Forty-five. In view of this we can better understand Tennyson's motive for adding the lines—

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of, &c.

It is not necessary to tie our author down to a belief in the fashionable doctrine. All that need be said is,

that the doctrine was 'in the air' at the time when the poem was in process of gestation; that it was historically in keeping with Arthur and his times; and that Tennyson was thus led to insert the lines as we have them.

If, then, we are to sum up the impression derived from the earliest instalment of the *Idylls*, we shall say that it is an Homeric picture of the passing of a great king, suggesting two thoughts as uppermost in the mind of the writer—the efficacy of prayer for the dead, and belief in the future to be brought about by progress.

II.

The next contribution to the story of Arthur was made in the year 1859. The volume, entitled '*Idylls of the King*' and containing Enid, Vivien, Elaine, and Guinevere, was prefaced by a Dedication to the memory of the Prince Consort. This, the motto of volume '*flos regum Arthurus*,' and its title, sufficiently indicate the nature of the work, as a series of pictures from the court of Arthur. But what was Arthur? He was not, as perhaps Tennyson originally intended him to be, the hero of an Homeric epic, nor was he an allegorical character, as he has since become. The dedication tells us that he was intended as an 'ideal knight.' Now an ideal character must be kept distinct in thought, on the one hand from an allegorical personage, on the other from a study from real life.

The history of fiction, and especially of poetry, shows a constant action and reaction from Realism to Idealism, from nature painting to typical representation; and in accordance with this there are two distinct theories of poetry—Aristotle defining it as a process of imitation, Bacon as one of creation or, we may say, of idealization. Meanwhile, as poetry becomes ideal, as it tends to describe types rather than the realities of nature, in so far it ap-

* George Eliot's '*Middlemarch*.'

proximates to allegory. So that, as in the case of Tennyson, we find the same mind at different periods producing three different kinds of work—Realistic, Idealistic, and Allegorical—great minds naturally falling into allegorical writing as age comes upon them. This is manifestly the case with Goethe, as may be seen by comparing the different parts of 'Faust' and of 'Wilhelm Meister'; it is even true in the case of such a master of realistic painting as Shakespeare. In some of his early work, he is so far from allegory, or from having 'moral purpose' in what he writes, that he is not even Realistic. The best instance of this is the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—a mere work of fancy, without an after-thought in it, except as an illustration of the wonder-working poet's eye. By degrees his plays become more realistic, the perfection of this branch of art being attained in his two plays of 'Henry IV.' From this point his art changes into something higher, into the creation of ideal concretes—the character of 'Hamlet' being an illustration of this stage. At last his work becomes distinctly allegorical in the 'Tempest.' I accordingly view ideal representation as the connecting-link between Nature-painting and Allegory.

To this intermediate stage belong the four original Idylls, four pictures of Arthur's court, four attempts to give an ideal representation of chivalry or the Christianised heroic from a modern point of view,—

Arthur's wars in weird devices done,
New things and old co-twisted, as if Time
Were nothing,

as Tennyson wrote, when his work became more self-conscious. These four pictures, to which unity is given by the sin of Lancelot and the Queen, a thread that runs through all, have accordingly nothing but the traditionally miraculous about them—nothing, I mean, of the supernatural introduced, the justification for which is found in the hidden meaning that is conveyed by it. As an instance of

this the description of the gate at Camelot, given in Elaine,—

The strange-statued gate,
Where Arthur's wars were render'd mystically,

may be compared with the later description in 'Gareth and Lynette,' of the 'Lady of the Lake,' with her arms stretched 'like a cross'—

And drops of water fell from either hand;
And down from one a sword was hung; from
one

A censer, either worn with wind and storm;
And o'er her breast floated the sacred fish.

Nor is there anything in the four beautiful poems which cannot be said to tell simply the tale apparent on the face of it, though there is a single passage that calls for attention. In a soliloquy, after Arthur has left her, Guinevere speaks of him in the following terms,—

Ah, great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights.

This is in perfect keeping with the Arthuriad in its latest phase, and shows that Tennyson had thus early conceived the idea of Arthur, as Soul warred upon by Sense, with the difference, however, that in the earlier poems, Arthur is a concrete ideal of this sentiment; in the later, Soul is the prominent notion and the King the allegory under which it is typified. The line between the two is, perhaps, hard to draw, but in the absence of other allegorical indications, I am justified in drawing it. We may, in fact, look on this as the point where Ideal and Allegory meet. In the earlier work the character is the chief point, and the simile is introduced to illustrate the religious sentiment, so common in the Middle Ages, of which the Arthur is the ideal; yet he lives and moves like a man among other men. He has not yet passed into the company of allegorical phantoms, such as the Stars and Death in 'Gareth and Lynette.'

Having ascertained the precise nature of the poems with which we are concerned, our next task will be to see to what extent they reflect the

years in which they were composed. The special bearing of 'Maud,' published in 1855, upon the times has been noticed; we have to ask what are the prominent religious or political ideas that are illustrated by the volume of *Idylls*, published in 1859? In what colours is the back-ground painted before which the characters move? What impression of the mental state of the writer do the poems convey? The answer, that most people would naturally give, would be that from a political or theological point of view, the poems are without special significance, that there is nothing in them to indicate any disturbance of faith on the writer's part, nothing to mark them as the product of an age of mental or moral disturbance.

I will bring this point out by a piece of negative criticism. Every one must remember the plaintive beauty of the death of Elaine, her calm resignation to fate. Had Tennyson written the poem in 1871, could he have resisted the hint of a quite different death-scene, given by Malory (xviii. 19), 'then she shrived her clean and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon Sir Lancelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then she said, Why should I leave such thoughts? am I not an earthly woman? and all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is I do none offence though I love an earthly man' The poem is perfect as it is, but it would have been different, had it been written twelve years later. There is nothing in it of the turbid passion that marks the *Last Tournament*. Thus, as far as poems of this nature can be taken as indicative of beliefs of their author, we should say that his out-look into life was hopeful. There are no approaches to the fatalism of despair, that is reflected in the latest poem of the series, 'Man is man and master of his fate.' Fortune and her wheel, 'are shadows in the cloud.' Heaven is not yet 'the dream to come'

of Tristram, but 'that other world,' 'where we see as we are seen,' 'where beyond these voices there is peace,' the place of general restitution. The belief in divine judgment ('he hears the judgment of the King of kings') is undisturbed. The preface points to a period of contented loyalty to the constitutional monarchy, and the poems to a satisfied acquiescence in the powers that be. The guilty Guinevere is made an abbess 'for the high rank she had borne,' and Lancelot 'reverences the king's blood in a bad man.' Nor is there, on the other hand, any overstrained pietism. The great knights do not yet take refuge from an evil time in cloistered gloom; and nunnery life is regarded as ignorance of the world. It is from this source only, from the garrulousness of the little novice, 'closed about by narrowing nunnery walls,' that we gather an inkling of the supernatural halo that shrouded the birth and early days of Arthur.

In this manner, in the absence of anything striking in their thoughts from a controversial point of view, these poems are in keeping with the times in which they were written. The years that followed the Crimean war were a period of lull in political history (there being changes of Administration but for trivial causes), a decade of Whig rule conducted in a Conservative spirit, culminating in the long and comparatively uneventful dominion of Lord Palmerston. If from the political we look to the religious annals of the times, we read the same story. Justin McCarthy has remarked that the literature of Queen Victoria's reign divides clearly into two periods, and that 'it was in the later period that the scientific controversies sprang up, and the school arose which will be, in the historian's sense, most closely associated with the epoch' (ch. 29). The *Idylls* are the natural product of the earlier period, and of the calm, as regards controversy, which was broken in the very year of their

publication, by the appearance of Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' This absence of controversial spirit is, in reality, one of the charms of the poems. Their interest lies rather in the field of every day life, in the loves and hatreds that agitate the breasts of ordinary men, than in the considerations of the high problems with which later poems, such as the 'Holy Grail,' and 'Gareth and Lynette,' are concerned. Jealousy between husband and wife, and self reformation, are the theme of Enid; the guilty love of Guinevere, the pure love of Elaine, and the remorse of Lancelot, distracted between the two, are the subject of the third poem; the pathos of a ruined life and life purpose is ennobled in Guinevere.* In the second of the series the tale is different, and the feelings and emotions to which it appeals are not so obvious. Yet neither has it a theological bearing. It seems to be the tale of one 'lost to life, and use, and name, and fame,' through the baneful influence of a woman. But this, which is the impression produced by Vivien, in its original shape, has been altered by the additions which Tennyson subsequently made to the poem.

In his rendering of this episode, our author has changed the story as we find it in Malory (Book iv., chap. 1). Merlin 'was assotted and doted on' Nimue, and 'would let her have no rest,

* Enid is taken, with very little alteration, from 'Geraint ab Erbin,' translated by Lady Charlotte Guest, in her 'Mabinogion.' Elaine and Guinevere come from Malory's 'Arthur.' In the case of the former, Tennyson had two tales of love to work upon. By one Elaine, Lancelot becomes the father of Galahad, and this story is alluded to in the 'Holy Grail.' The other Elaine is Tennyson's heroine. She has, however, been somewhat toned down in the change from Malory to Tennyson. It is interesting to remark that the celebrated scene in the oriel window between Lancelot and the Queen, occurs in both episodes. In the story of Elaine, the mother of Galahad, the Queen and Lancelot are at the window (Malory xi. 8); in the story of Elaine of Astolat, the King is with the Queen at the window when the dead Elaine passes up the river below (xviii. 20). It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say, that the other Elaine does not die in the story.

but always would be with her . . . to have her love, and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him, for she was afraid of him because he was a devil's son, and she could not put him away by no means. And so on a time it happed that Merlin shewed to her in a rock whereas was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, that went under a great stone. So by her subtle working, she made Merlin to go under that stone to let her wit of the marvels there, but she wrought so there for him that he came never out for all the craft that he could do. And so she departed and left Merlin." Tennyson's poem is the reverse of this, Vivien feigning love for Merlin, who flies from her to Broceliande. There he tells her the dream that drove him from the court, a dream of a wave ready to break—

You seem'd that wave about to break upon
me,
And sweep me from my hold upon the world,
My use, and name, and fame.

Thus, in the original edition, it was a personal fear that drove Merlin away; but, in the new Merlin and Vivien, besides the long passage describing her migration from Mark's court to that of Arthur, and her stay there, seven lines are introduced to explain Merlin's 'great melancholy.' This passage, which begins with the words 'He walk'd with dreams,' and alludes to the 'battle in the mist,' gives a more general turn to the seer's melancholy, and adds a theological touch that was wanting in the first edition.

There is another point of view from which 'Vivien' demands our attention. The years immediately preceding the publication of these Idylls will be recollected as the time when the English public first began to interest themselves in table-turning, spirit-rapping and other ghostly doings. These phenomena and others, falling under the head of Spiritualism, had interested Americans ever since the year 1848; but though reports of marvels crossed

the Atlantic, they excited, for some time, little attention in England, and were received with ridicule and contempt. The first thing that drew any considerable degree of attention to them was the coming to London of Mrs. Haydon, the American medium, in 1854. She was visited by several scientific men. Mr. D. D. Home, another medium, came to England in 1855, and the manifestations which occurred in his presence soon aroused newspaper controversy. 'Vivien' must have been written in the midst of this; and we at once have the reason why Tennyson was attracted to this special subject rather than to any other. It admitted of his giving it a turn suited to his genius. Merlin was mesmerised—for so may we interpret the account given by our author of 'woven paces and of waving hands.' Tennyson must have been thinking, too, of Spiritualistic phenomena when he wrote of Enid:—

So she glided out,
Among the heavy breathings of the house,
And, like a household Spirit, at the walls
Beat till she woke the sleepers.

Another such touch comes in the lines:

And then from distant walls
There comes a clapping as of phantom hands.

As well as in the following,

In the dead night, grim faces came and went
Before her, or a vague spiritual fear—
Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors,
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house.

This again is an illustration of Tennyson's way of working. He does not necessarily feel sympathy with Spiritualists and Table-turners; but the phenomena attracted attention at the time, and, by a natural process finding their way into his mind, are preserved, like flies in amber, in the pages of his immortal poem.

III.

We may now pass to the next period of Tennyson's work. All his latest contributions to the Idylls might be classed together as belonging

to the allegorical and didactic period, but it will be convenient as well as more in accordance with chronology to consider by themselves the volume published in 1869 and the 'Last Tournament,' which first appeared in the 'Contemporary Review,' in the year 1871. 'Gareth and Lynette,' the 'Epilogue,' and the alterations made in the completed poem, will form a supplement to the rest.

Reforming England of 1869 had strangely changed from England of the year 1859. The difference of the two periods is sufficiently well shown by the political leaders—Palmerston, the popular statesman who gave his people rest, and Gladstone, the master-spirit of Reform. Since the year 1865 politics had become a very serious matter. For three years England had been agitated by the Reform Bill, Disraeli had educated his party, and the Fenian troubles had brought up the Irish question. With the advent of the Liberal party to power, an era of great changes seemed at hand. If, turning from politics, we look to the literary and religious annals of the times, we shall find a corresponding advance. The awakening had been earlier here. The 'Origin of Species' had been published in the same year as the first volume of Idylls. In 1862, appeared Maurice's 'Claims of the Bible and of Science,' and Colenso's 'Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Examined.' In 1863, came Huxley's 'Evidences as to Man's Place in Nature,' and in 1864, the 'Papal Syllabus,' and, what testified to the troubled state of moral and religious thought, Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon.' The 'Fortnightly Review' was established in 1865, as an organ of extreme opinion, and Dixon's 'Spiritual Wives' followed in 1868. This list is the best test of what people were thinking about.

It would be natural in the case of Tennyson, no cloistered poet, or one self-centred in the Palace of Art, which he had tried and abandoned

that his new poems should bear the impress of the times. The volume entitled the 'Holy Grail' contained the Higher Pantheism, which, if it means anything, seems to indicate a changed point of view.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills and the plains
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Such are the lines in which he returns, though from another point of view to the opinion of the 'the flowing philosophers,' who had been the subject of a spirited little poem published in 1830, but omitted in late editions:—

All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams are true,
All visions wild and strange;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change:
All men do walk in sleep, and all
Have faith in that they dream:
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.

How the changes in the atmosphere of thought affected and still affect the moral tone, we all know. The years 1868-9 were specially tainted by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's publication of Lady Byron's confessions about her lord, and by the strange perversion of moral sentiment, that the discussion in the public press exhibited. I will quote by way of illustration a solemn protest made by the *Saturday Review*, the appropriateness of which struck me forcibly at the time. 'The old and manly protests against the immorality and turpitude of Byron's life and works are now silenced. The traditional representatives of that part of the press which used to arrogate to itself special claims to be the guardian of religion and morality, have gone over to the other side. The *Tory Quarterly*, and *Blackwood*, and *Standard*, uphold the Satanic School and its Coryphæus. It is announced to be a kind and good deed to introduce Don Juan to family reading; and an epi-

grammatist congratulates the world and himself, that at last the sinner—and such a sinner as Byron, a deliberate and inveterate offender against everything that has been held to be true, and pure, and good—has been canonised. And we are simply scorned and sneered at, because we think that it is a duty to confront an author, who is always a teacher, with his life, and we are told that it is simply "ludicrous to test genius by morality," and we are forbidden to object to the authority of Sterne or Rousseau, on the plain and homely ground that their lives were foul and licentious. This is the present aspect of the popular mind towards Byron, and it is of evil omen . . . Not only must we not utter word or protest against the shameless immorality of "the noble poet," but we must accept the man Byron as more sinned against than sinning. His wife is a moral Clytemnestra, a moral Brinvilliers, but the man who could and did violate every sanctity of life, every truth, and every honour, is the spoiled child of England, and our national darling and idol. This, we again assert, is of no good omen. We must, with all sorrow and indignation, confess that the popular verdict is with Byron. But what then? "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; and the prophets prophesy falsely, and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?" (Jan. 29, 1870.)

It is now time to turn to the consideration of the poems. I must again utter a word of caution relative to Tennyson's own position. Because he is the mouthpiece of certain sentiments, it is by no means necessary to look, upon them as his. He is often like Hamlet's actor, but the abstract and brief chronicle of the times—his poems, from this point of view, being mainly valuable as telling us, not what we should think or what he thought, but what he saw and what people said. In reviewing the poems of this period we find three tendencies illustrated.

First, Arthur becomes more allegorical; the poems as a whole running to mysticism and double meaning. This is due to change in the author himself, and is especially marked in the 'Coming of Arthur,' the 'Holy Grail,' and the additions to the 'Morte d'Arthur.' Secondly, the spirit of the times is reflected in two ways: (1) The time was distinctly theological: points in relation to theology, suggested by the advance of science and by criticism, were discussed openly in the Press and the Pulpit. As a contribution to these questions the 'Holy Grail' was added to the series. (2) Side by side with this, a laxity had come over morals, and a tendency had shewn itself to drift from the moorings of Christianity and Christian morals. Of this, 'Pellás and Ettarre,' and the 'Last Tournament,' are distinctly illustrative.

These three tendencies, once remarked, will be recollected by all who have studied the poems, but it will be well to illustrate what has been said by a few points, and first by two contrasts which are suggested by the 'Holy Grail.' The superhuman power of knowledge is there associated with intensity of religious feeling in the person of the holy nun. In 'Vivien,' it had been identified with intellect in the 'little, glassy-headed, hairless man,' who 'read but one book.' The similarity of language in the two passages shows us, as such similarity does in Shakespeare, that their author intended us to contrast them. There is no inconsistency between them but there is clearly a change of view. With regard to Lancelot's sin, the 'Holy Grail' may be compared with 'Elaine.' In the earlier written poem its moral aspect is prominent, 'his honour rooted in dishonour stood;' in the later work we have the theological point of view, 'in me lived a sin.' As before, there is a marked similarity of language with contrasts of thought. In the 'Holy Grail' we have probably more of Tennyson's own thoughts than

elsewhere. It is doubtless the author's commentary upon the religious questions of the day, and specially upon the miraculous. One is reminded of Hegel's summary of the spiritual results of the Crusades. As these wars were the logical result and culmination of Christianity, so were they the *reductio ad absurdum* of the old view of the Catholic Church. Somewhat similarly does Arthur look upon the Holy Quest. In the early days of innocence, heaven, symbolised by the Holy Cup, had touched earth.

But then the times
Grew to such evil that the Holy Cup
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd.

The saintly Galahad catches a glimpse of higher things, 'but one hath seen, and all the blind will see.' In Malory, Arthur welcomes the incentive given by Galahad. 'Sir, ye be welcome, for ye shall move many good knights to the quest of the Sanegreal, and ye shall achieve that never knights might bring to an end.' (B. xiii. ch. 4.) In Tennyson, Arthur looks upon the quest as 'a sign to maim this order which I made.'

In reading the poem, we cannot help thinking it a distinct failure, taking it, as it was doubtless intended, as a contribution to the religious question. If Arthur believed in the sign he should not have blamed his knights for following it; if it was an hallucination, the whole poem is a mistake. That Tennyson himself does not feel this, is another proof of the comparatively superficial view—superficial because poetical—that he takes of religious questions. We can expect no new revelation just yet; we are still in what has been aptly called the period of dormant anarchy, the second period of all revolutions. If we did expect one, Tennyson is hardly one who is able to give it. Still he felt imperatively drawn to take up the theological question; and in doing so, in working out his allegory of the quest after holiness, he was compelled to use me-

taylor and imagery that were hardly novel, just as the writer of the Apocalypse had to draw upon the Books of Daniel and Enoch. His allegory has sometimes a meaning underlying it and sometimes is mere imagery. At the conclusion, Arthur pronounces beatitudes, clearly imitated from those of the Sermon on the Mount, 'Blessed are Bors, Lancelot and Percivale,' the different characters brought before us in the poem, representing five types of holiness at the present day. Whether the five correspond to the meek, to those that hunger and thirst, to the pure in heart, to the peacemakers who are pure in spirit, and to the merciful, I cannot feel certain. Some sort of correspondence, it is probable, Tennyson intended, adapting the ideas of Scripture to the requirements of an ideal Christian chivalry. These ideas are brought out by Galahad, the type of sanctity, that lives in a higher world; by the pure and great Percivale, who, lacking humility only attains holiness by effort. Bors, is a type of mundane goodness: Ambrosius, of mechanical religion, without much spiritual exaltation. In Lancelot we have a noble, passionate nature, that would make religion beget purity, and not purity holiness. With all of these there is contrasted the low voluptuous nature of Gawain.* Arthur's concluding harangue gives, to my mind, a very uncertain sound. It would be hard to imagine a more unpoetical theme than the confessions of an half-hearted believer.† Dante and Shelley, Keble and Swinburne, Wordsworth and Mat-

thew Arnold, have each of them a poetical justification; but what has Tennyson in this unlucky passage? Still, it is redeemed by the power of style, and is interesting too, as being characteristic of the average beliefs of the day, and of Tennyson, their born exponent. Arthur first rebukes the age that will not see miracles, adding a *qualified* acceptance of the miraculous and of the higher life. Then follows a regret for those who have determined to act upon their beliefs, and adopt a mere life of religious seclusion. The conclusion follows, that a man should do his work here, and after death, he shall see—what he will see; yet, even here, we are occasionally visited by higher visions.

In reviewing the allegorical work of this period, it will be unnecessary to notice the account of Arthur's birth at any length: so much has been written by others upon this point. That the coming of the Soul into being is conveyed under the type of Arthur's birth, is sufficiently apparent, through the passage, that brings this view most unmistakably before us, comes from the subsequently published 'Gareth and Lynette:'

For there is nothing in it as it seems
Saying the King: tho' some there be that hold
The King a shadow and the city real.

It is clear too, that the varying accounts of the manner of birth represents the comments of different schools upon the origin of being. At the same time the whole story, and especially Leodogran's Dream, reminds us of the Gospel History and of the reluctance of his own people to recognise the Christ as king upon earth.

As another piece of distinctly allegorical writing, I may point to the last battle scene. The original in Malory is as follows:—'Never was there seen a more doleful battle in no Christian land. For there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke.

* It may be remarked, in passing, that Tennyson has done great violence to tradition in the character of Gawain. In the Welsh triads, Gwalchmai is one of the three learned Knights, and by no means deserves the rank given him in the Idylls.

† Of Tennyson's early poem of 1830, since omitted by our author, upon the 'Confessions of a second-rate sensitive mind not in unity with itself,' with its three emphatic lines:

'Oh, weary life! oh, weary death!
Oh, spirit and heart made desolate!
Oh, damned vacillating state!'

It is an easy step from this to the testimony given by these poems, to the waning influence of Christianity in the world, its cause and effects. Absolute truth is unattainable,

Truth is this to me, and that to thee:
The sacred fire of Christianity is confessedly low,

Poor men, when yule is cold,
Must be content to sit by little fires.

The advance of knowledge has caused faith to wither, 'seeing too much wit makes the world rotten'; yet this faith, while it lasted, was a potent means of good,

My God, the power
Was once in vows when men believed the King!
They lied not then, who swore, and thro' their
vows
The King prevailing made his realm.

But the causes, that kept alive a vivid Christian enthusiasm, are over,

Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,
The life had flown, we sware but by the shell.

We are in times of change and the religion of Christianity, of monastic Puritanism, of self-denial, self-repression, is over, and we are free to act as we will, 'the days of frost are o'er'; 'thou nor I have made the world.' We must take facts as we find them,

Can Arthur make me pure
As any maiden child?
Bind me to one? The wide world laughs at it.
We are not angels here
Nor shall be.

Thus in the midst of a standard of morals that is disregarded, and of rampant hypocrisy, there is a tendency, as with Rousseau before the French Revolution, to cast aside the restraints of civilization, to follow the instincts of animal nature.

further illustration be needed, we have one ready to hand in Carlyle's description of his father's death. 'That last act of his life, when in the last agony, with the thick ghostly vapours of death rising round him to choke him, he burst through and called with a man's voice on the Great God. . . . God gave him strength to wrestle with the King of Terrors, and as it were even then to prevail' (*Reminiscences*).

Live!—we be all alike: only the King
Hath made us fools and liars. O, noble vows!
O, great and sane and simple race of brutes
That own no lust because they have no law.

These are a few passages in which these Idylls reflect the mood of thought current at the time of their production. Antinomianism, that constantly tends to burst out in times of revolution, when 'the gloom, that follows on the turning of the world, darkens the common path,' had openly shown itself in the England of the day. Any one, who would seek for illustration of the state of things I have described, should turn over the pages of three forgotten publications, in which a lax morality and cynical indifference to proprieties is coarsely exhibited. These writings, which appeared as Christmas Annuals for the edification of the prurient taste of the age, were entitled the 'Coming K—,' 'Siliad' and 'Jon Duan.' Tennyson on his side, though his utterances as we have seen upon points of dogma are of rather an uncertain, fluctuating nature, keeps before the minds of his readers, the presence of the ideal ignored on earth, but bright in the heavens. The harp of Arthur unseen by Tristram

Makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I, and Arthur, and the angels hear.

We may now turn to the latest additions to the Arthuriad.

IV.

The last written portions of the work are the poem of 'Gareth and Lynette,' published in 1872, the 'Epilogue to the Queen, and the alterations introduced throughout the entire series of poems. In the political and religious state of England a slight change had taken place, for while on the one hand the same tendencies that were noticed before continued—the Descent of Man' appearing in 1871, and Tyn-dal's 'Belfast Address,' the so-called 'high water-mark of materialism,' being delivered in 1874; on the other,

the Conservative reaction, which in the hands of Lord Beaconsfield took an Imperialistic turn, occurred in the early part of 1874. Now, the author's edition of the poems in their latest shape was issued in 1875. We should, therefore, naturally expect little change in the texture of religious thought of which the tales are composed, while if we found something that betokened political reaction, we should be able to account for it. Perhaps we may read an indication of this feeling in the lines,

Ye are over fine
To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies.

So, too, the Epilogue, alluding to Canada, takes for a moment the tone that a few years afterwards was exaggerated by coarser spirits into the bray of Jingoism.

The song of Arthur's knighthood before the king has, to my mind, somewhat of the hollow ring of the so called Conservative reaction, brought on by the combined forces of Beer and Bibles, by harrassed interests and fear of Roman Catholicism :

Shall Rome or heathen rule in Arthur's realm ?
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon
helm,
Fall battleaxe and flash brand ! Let the King
reign.

Meanwhile the allegory is more pronounced. Arthur is now 'the Sun of Glory.' The hero of 'Gareth and Lynette' no longer fights with flesh and blood, but with Death and other symbolical personages :

He seem'd as one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life.

The words with which Lancelot hails the young knight are scriptural :

Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth ! Knight art thou
To the King's best wish.

What small belief we may have had in the reality of Camelot is rudely dispelled by the beautiful lines, which reveal its mystical and allegoric nature :

The city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever.

The religious belief inculcated by the poems has more of a Pantheistic tendency. 'In Memoriam' spoke of

The great *Intelligences* fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate.

We now read of 'the *Powers* who walk the world.' Two lines freshly added to the poems, taken together, bring this strain of thought clearly before us. 'Man's word,' Arthur says, and the words have a didactic sound about them, 'is God in man.' This is illustrated by a fresh charge added to the list in 'Guinevere,' 'to honour his own word as if his God's.' Tennyson's first great teacher, it would seem, had come to be his last. We recognise in these lines a recollection from him, the strength and dignity of whose verses, when most inspired, is unsurpassed even by Milton, and who spoke of his God as 'a presence,'

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Duty, too, which the master had seen as the stay of the stars and of the most holy heavens, is thus attributed to a cataract :

Thou dost His will,
The Maker's, and not knowest.

In considering the additions and alterations made to the poems, for the benefit of those who have not compared them, I may say that the original Dedication, 'Gareth and Lynette,' and the 'Holy Grail,' are unaltered. One verbal alteration only occurs in the 'Last Tournament,' and several of more account in Geraint, Elaine and Guinevere. To the 'Coming of Arthur,' Pelleas and Ettarre, the 'Passing of Arthur,' and especially to 'Vivien,' considerable additions have been made. Some of these changes have been noticed in previous parts of this study. None of them is more striking than the verses that give the moanings of

the King in his tent before the battle. These twenty lines begin with the words, 'I found him in the shining of the stars,' and are of great significance; for, First of all, the whole scene reminds us of the scene of the passion in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was obviously in our author's mind when he wrote them.

Secondly, the confusion of Pantheism, Duodæmonism and general hopelessness in Arthur's mind is significant at once of the times and of their exponent.

Thirdly, the contrast between the despair embodied in these lines, and the calm hope that marks Arthur's concluding speech, is noticeable, if not actually amounting to inconsistency. 'The last line,' I have written elsewhere,* 'is obviously added to clear the speaker from inconsistency, but it does not clear the poet.' The key to this is the fact that, though the two passages come in the same poem, they were written at the interval of more than thirty years.

Lastly, the thoughts of this passage are easily traced to their source. J. S. Mill's 'Autobiography' was published in 1873. No one can forget the excited discussions that this book provoked. There were two passages especially that were the subject of frequent reference. One was James Mill's opinion, given by his son, which, though not a new remark, struck the people with a novel force, that 'human life was a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by.' The other was his opinion that Duodæmonism was, as a theory of the world, a more tenable view than the current Monotheism. 'He found it,' writes his son, 'impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness.

The Sabæan, or Manichæan, theory of

a good and an evil principle struggling against each other for the government of the universe, he would not have equally condemned, and I have heard him express surprise that no one revived it in our times.' To this passage, and to the discussion it produced, I should trace part of the thoughts of Arthur's speech. The feeling of hopelessness as to individual effort, a disappointed feeling that aided in bringing on the Pessimism of our day, was widely felt at the same time, and it, too, finds expression in this passage. As a striking embodiment of the same thoughts, I may quote an obituary notice of Earl Stanhope, written by S. R. Gardiner in the *Academy* (December, 1875). 'Instead of carrying into literature,' he writes, 'the heat of political battle, he seems to have regarded politics with the sober judgment of a student who has become aware how very little effect is produced by the best-intentioned actions of the ablest men.'

The long passage introduced at the beginning of 'Vivien' calls for special remark. It is the account of Vivien's coming to the court at Camelot from the tainted atmosphere that surrounded King Mark in Cornwall. Here she settled, creating scandals and polluting the air where she lived :

Thro' the peaceful court she crept
And whisper'd: then as Arthur in the highest
Heaven'd the world, so Vivien in the lowest,
Arriving at a time of golden rest,
And sowing one ill hint from ear to ear,

Heaven'd his hall.

The special appropriateness of these lines to the time in which they appeared must be obvious to those who remember a leading feature of the era of Lord Beaconsfield's administration. It was not one, perhaps, of the faults of Imperialism; but it happened to coincide in time with the period of its sway. These years were the times in which the papers dealing with petty personal scandal, such as 'Vanity Fair,' 'The World' and 'Truth,' played a leading

* 'Modern Pessimism,' CANADIAN MONTHLY, December, 1879.

part. 'Vanity Fair' was of earlier birth, its literary ancestor having been the 'Tomahawk' (now extinct); but the other papers will be specially remembered as having their palmiest days in this period of underhand politics and intrigue. The disreputable series of the 'Coming K——' and its successors in part also coincides with this period.

The series of poems upon Arthur is appropriately closed by the 'Epilogue to the Queen.' The passage in which the writer points out the true nature of the poems, as an allegory, has been quoted before. With what limitations we may accept this has been shown. In this Epilogue, Tennyson recurs to the underlying subject of the whole series, the hopes and fears, the political and religious prospects of the day. He expresses his trust—

That Heaven
Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thine and ours: for some are seared,
 who mark,
Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm.

And, in the lines that succeed, these signs were enumerated—political instability, infidelity, luxury, cowardice, licentious art, and ignorance supreme. It may not be unnecessary to remind the reader that, about the time that Tennyson published these lines, there appeared 'The Warnings of Cassandra,' by Mr. W. R. Greg. These warnings, which excited no small share of public attention, insisted on many of the points here specified. The Epilogue ends with the belief that the

'crown'd Republic's common-sense' will bring England safe through her troubles.

Thus wisely, with hope for the future, has Tennyson closed his series. His last word shall be mine. In this Study much has been omitted. I have not attempted to show what has been shown before, the meaning of the allegory in each individual case, or the correspondence of season from the birth of Arthur on 'the night of the New Year' to his Passing just before 'the new sun rose bringing the New Year.' Much, doubtless, that would have fittingly made a part of this Chronological Study, has been neglected also. But I cannot close without a remark on the interesting comment upon the age and its difficulties that the Arthuriad will afford to posterity. Not with less certainty, than that with which we recognise the utterances of extinct theories of science, the religious belief of the Puritan, and the influence of the classical Renaissance in the majestic roll of 'the organ voice of England': will a future age listen in the haunting music of Tennyson's lyre to the last and noblest hopes of Old-World Christianity, mingling with the daring thoughts of new-born Science, with the Scepticism and Melancholy Unrest of this our Nineteenth Century. The poem is a distinctive product of the age; to it with its mingled stream of Art and Science, of moral earnestness and intellectual perplexity it belongs.

AFTER THE STORM.

*(On the presentation of the daughter of a friend from a perilous danger.
Toronto, March, 1881.)*

BY C. P. M.

AS the fresh sound of the fountain
In the desert parched and bare,
When noon is high on the hot blue sky
And the still unmoving air.

As the first glimpse of his homeland
To the sailor boy must be,
Which the glad eyes strain to behold again
Over the heaving sea!

As amid the work-day tumult
Of the City's noise and din,
Where men know nor care which is greatest there,
The misery or the sin.

I have sometimes strayed a moment
Into some cathedral old,
Where the windows expand like rainbows, grand
With purple light and gold:

And have heard the solemn music
Peal through the incensed air,
Till I could forget the toil and fret
And my heart was hushed in prayer!

Even so that gentle courage
In form so frail as thine,
While thus I view the dark hour through,
I make its lesson mine.

Pain comes to all, comes soonest
To purest, gentlest, best;
And each home's cheer has cause to fear
One dark unbidden guest!

Yet we who know and worship
The Power that could supply,
To form and face so fair, such grace
Of courage, calm and high.

For such as thee unfearing
May see the tempest lower;
Its stress that broke the forest oak
Falls harmless on the flower.

GEORGE FOX AND QUAKERISM.

BY W. R. G. MELLENS.

THE new life which came in with the Reformation, quickening so wondrously the human intellect, and stirring so deeply the human heart, was not to be restricted within pre-ordained limits. It was as when long pent and slowly rising waters are given vent under the impression that they can be easily checked or directed; but which soon pass utterly beyond control, rushing rapidly far and wide, and sweeping away all barriers in their progress to the sea. Many of the immediate results of the new movement, accordingly, were as surprising to those who had initiated as to those who had resisted it. Yet what more natural, after the rupture with Rome, and the impetus imparted to intellectual and moral life, than disagreements among the Reformers themselves? What more natural than that many, released from irksome restraints, and puffed up with a little knowledge and a great deal of vanity, should become victims of silly vagaries, and rush to hurtful extremes? The rise of numerous and conflicting sects around certain prominent ideas or prominent persons, therefore, was to be anticipated—could, in fact, be hindered only by a more stupendous miracle than has yet been reported. Both on the Continent and in England such sects sprung up with mushroom rapidity, and had a scarcely more protracted than mushroom existence. Out of this general ferment came Anabaptists and Pedobaptists, Muggletonians and Brownists, Fifth-Monarchy Men and Independents, and heaven knows what, most of which are now known

only by name, and many of which are known by that only to the antiquarian.

But while any, or all, of these are interesting only to a few, and to them mainly as illustrative of the temper of the times and the idiosyncrasies of the human mind, there arose about the same period a very different body of Christian believers which has not only maintained its separate existence until now, but which from its peculiar ideas and customs, its intrinsic worth, and its large contributions to human welfare, is well deserving the careful study of the philosophic and the sincere regard of the humane. Reference is made to the people popularly designated 'Quakers,' but who themselves have chosen the much more significant and appropriate title 'Friends.' Indeed, the former name—whether originating in their trembling or *quaking* in their more exciting worship,* or in the response of the judge who, on being summoned by George Fox to *quake* before the word of God, answered by terming him a *Quaker*†—seems to have been first bestowed on them in contempt; though the spirit and character of the persons who bore it long since relieved it of all odium and made it honourable the world over. If, therefore, the terms 'Quaker' and 'Quakerism' be hereinafter more frequently used than their equivalents, it is not from disrespect for the body, or the principles for which it stands, but simply because they are more popular and convenient.

* Barclay's 'Apology,' 359.

† Clarkson's 'Portraiture of Quakerism,' vol. i., Introd. vii.

The founder of this Society—for it has never styled itself a church or a sect—was George Fox, a peculiar, if not a unique, personage, and some account of whom is indispensable to a comprehension of either the origin or the character of Quakerism. Fox was born in Drayton, Leicestershire, in July, 1624—a little less than four years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. His father, Christopher Fox, a weaver by trade, seems to have been in better circumstances than his calling might imply; since he was able to relieve his son at an early age from the necessity of toil, and enable him to prosecute, unhindered by pecuniary considerations, his itinerant missions at home and abroad. He was, moreover, of so good repute for integrity that his neighbours termed him ‘righteous Christer.’* George Fox’s mother, Mary Lago, was a woman of some education and reading for one in her position. Her prominent characteristic, however, was a deep and intense religiousness, in part, doubtless, inherited from martyr-ancestors, which the deepening life of the times contributed to strengthen, and which she was glad to transmit to her grave and thoughtful boy.† Thus, out of the hot hearts of men of low degree, who knew nothing of the learning of the schools or of the amenities of polite society, who had little eloquence of speech and no personal influence, came what its contemporaries branded as Quakerism, and feared as anarchy; but what posterity has been pleased to recognise as a movement for mental freedom, moral purity, and spiritual completeness. Perhaps only among the common people, having everything to gain and nothing to lose, could such a movement then, or at any other time, have arisen. Be that as it may, the Quakers cheerfully accepted their humble origin, saying with stout-hearted

William Penn, ‘Poor mechanics are wont to be God’s greatest ambassadors to mankind,’* or, with the gentle Robert Barclay, ‘He hath raised up a few despicable and illiterate men to dispense the more full glad tidings reserved for our age:’† which was only echoing what the veteran Apostle long before affirmed, ‘That God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.’‡

Of Fox’s childhood and early youth we know little beyond what he has recorded in his ‘Journal.’ He there tells us that he had in his ‘very young years an unusual gravity and stayedness;’ so that when he ‘saw old men carry themselves lightly and wantonly,’ he said within himself, ‘If ever I come to be a man I shall not do so.’§ This is the same as to say, what he so often implies, that he had no boyhood of bounding animal spirits, gratified with mere innocent hilarity, but was a moody, introspective, abnormal child. In further confirmation of his youthful gravity, he says, ‘When I was eleven years old I knew pureness and righteousness;’‡ while a little later, and when in the service of one who trusted him largely, he records, ‘While I was with him he was blest; but when I left him he broke and came to nothing. Yet in all that time, I never wronged man or woman. In my dealings I often used the word Verily; and it was a common saying among those that knew me, “If George says *verily* there is no altering him.”’|| Whether these accounts of his early life be not somewhat tinctured with vanity; and whether it would not have been wiser to let another man praise him, and not his own mouth are

* Bancroft’s ‘Hist.’ vol. ii., 330.

† Bancroft, ii., 330.

‡ 1 Cor. i. 27.

§ ‘Journal,’ vol. i., 49.

|| *Ibid.*

‘Journal,’ i., 5.

* Fox’s ‘Journal,’ vol. i., 42.

† *Ibid.*

questions which will naturally occur to many minds.

Observing his unusual gravity, some relatives urged that he should be trained for the Church. This project, however, seems to have met with little favour; for the youth was soon after placed with one of those factotums, frequently found in small communities, who combine several occupations. This man was shoemaker, grazier and wool-dealer; though it was much less with the first employment—as Carlyle supposes,* picturing Fox as stitching leather-breeches while meditating highest themes—than with the last two that the young man had to do, and in which, as partaking somewhat of a pastoral nature, some of his followers have found a ‘just emblem of his after-ministry and service.’ Yet the care of flocks and herds could not wholly engross him. So strong and preponderant was his meditative temper, increasing with years, that it ere long made him seem very unsocial and churlish, so that such young associates as he had made him the butt of many a joke and gibe. But ‘I let them alone,’ says he, ‘and went on my own way; while people generally had a love to me for my innocency and honesty.’†

When eighteen or nineteen years old, his mind was greatly exercised on religious subjects. Going home one night from market, where he had witnessed much dissipation, he was so keenly distressed that he could not go to bed; but spent the night walking up and down, thinking of the condition of those about him, and how to improve it. Then in the still watches of the night, ‘the Lord said unto me,’ he records, ‘thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth: thou must forsake all, keep out of all, be as a stranger unto all.’‡ To hear what he believed to be the voice of God speaking

within was for Fox to obey. Very soon thereafter, accordingly, he quaintly remarks, ‘At the command of God, on the 9th of the 7th month, 1643, I left my relations, and broke off all familiarity or fellowship with young or old.’*

Having thus, at nineteen years of age, sundered all restraining business and social relations, this thoroughly earnest soul sought first of all the mental peace which comes from right relations with God. To this end he requested clerical advice; but only to find himself at the end of each interview more perplexed and doubtful than before. One jolly old parson, pretty correctly diagnosing his condition, ‘bid him take tobacco and sing psalms,’ thinking, doubtless, that some soothing and cheering influences would drive away the blue devils that were torturing him. But tobacco he did not love, and sing psalms he could not.† Another, of some reputation, advised to ‘bleed the young inquirer, and give him physic,’ as though the debilitation of the body were the best medicine for the soul. But not a drop of blood could they get from the pale and over-anxious youth;‡ and he was forced to say, as one of old, to friends who came to console him in sore anguish, ‘Miserable comforters are ye all.’

Unrestful and tormented, Fox roamed from place to place, tarrying where the fancy seized him, or where he heard of some person with whom profitable conversation seemed possible. He affected lonely and solitary places, preferring the society of Nature, of his own thoughts, and of the Unseen Spirit to that of man. Walking alone in a field on a First-day morning, he clearly perceived that merely to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge did not make a man a priest. Then, to the great distress of relatives, he refused to go to church and listen to the

* *Ibid.*

† *Journal*,* vol. i., 52.

‡ *Ibid.*

Ibid., 53.

* ‘Sartor Resartus,’ 164.

† *Journal*,* vol. i., 50.

‡ *Journal*,* vol. i., 50.

priests, whom he had found so incompetent to deal with his difficulties, turning for a little toward some dissenters who were making a stir in the neighbourhood. These he soon found to be equally shallow and unsatisfactory; and, turning his back on them, he resorted more earnestly to his Bible, and questioned more deeply his own soul.* At length, hope being well nigh gone, and his heart sinking in despair, he heard a voice, saying, 'Jesus Christ can speak to thy condition;' and then his heart leaped for joy. Soon after this experience, and while dwelling much alone, spending whole days in solitary walks, sitting through other days in a hollow tree, studying the Bible, and pondering the great problems of life, Fox had numerous revelations, or, in other words, worked himself clear of his principal difficulties. He 'saw' that though it was customary to call houses of worship 'churches,' 'holy places,' 'temples of God,' and the like, yet 'God did not dwell in temples made with hands, but rather in the hearts of his people.† He 'saw' the unscripturalness and unreasonableness of many current dogmas, as Original Sin, Tri-personality of the Godhead, Vicariousness of Atonement, and Imputed Righteousness.‡ He saw the baselessness and wrongfulness of hierarchies and priestly orders; that, under the Christian dispensation, all true believers are 'kings and priests unto God;' and that all have equal right to preach the word as the Spirit may move, and natural gifts enable.§ He 'saw' the 'great love of God and was filled with admiration of it,'|| and that 'Christ died for all men, and was a propitiation for all, and enlightened all with his divine and saving light.'¶ And

still more, and as lying at the foundation of Quakerism, he 'saw' that every soul is illumined by Divine Truth, and quickened by Divine Power according to its capacity, and needs only to obey the light it has to attain a complete harmony with God.*

Having this clear sight of truth, and being filled with inexpressible peace and joy, he could not be silent. As well might water refuse its level, or the sun to shine. Especially, as he saw the monstrous errors, the superficial religious life, and the fearful moral corruption that prevailed, did he feel himself resistlessly summoned to break every hindering tie and go forth, proclaiming to all who would listen the truth revealed to his inner consciousness. Now, therefore, began that missionary work which lasted more than forty years, and ended only with his life. Through all these years it is neither possible nor desirable to follow him in detail. Briefly, it may be said, he went up and down the land, visiting all places and all sorts of people; preaching by the wayside, in private houses, and parish churches, and wherever he could find men to hear. Nor did he limit his travels to England, but extended them to Scotland, Ireland, Germany, the West Indies, and what are now the United States—spending about two years in his visit to this continent. Of course, he soon became a thorn in the side of the clergy and the churches, shocking them by his irreverence for many things which they esteemed holy, and shocking them still more by his astounding heresies concerning the equality of all Christian believers, and concerning the Inward Light. His burly form, his sing-song speech, his unmovable hat, and his leather-breeches—"one perennial suit"—soon attained a wide notoriety; the report that 'the man in leather-breeches' was coming being enough to throw many a rural community into great

* 'Journal,' vol. i., 54.

† *Ibid.*, 60.

‡ Janney's 'History of the Friends,' a very able work.

§ 'Journal,' vol. i., 109, 182, 195.

|| 'Journal,' vol. i., 57.

¶ 'Journal,' vol. i., 71.

* *Ibid.*, 71, 307, 308, &c.

excitement. Nor shall we wonder at this when we recall the language and methods he employed. For he was no amateur reformer, coquetting with truth, and insinuating reproof of evil. In the strongest Saxon words he could command, and with a sincerity and vehemence equal to those of the old Hebrew prophets, whom he seems to have taken as his models, he hurled anathemas at the follies, falsehoods and crimes of his day. He denounced the clergy as blind leaders of the blind, hireling shepherds caring for nought but the fleeces of their flocks, sordid mercenaries, trafficking in the free Gospel of Jesus Christ. Nor did he do this merely to people who came, of their own accord, to hear him, at meetings of his own appointment. He entered parish churches, interrupted the regular service, ordering the priest to come down from the pulpit, while he himself attempted to harangue the assembly.

The results were what might have been anticipated. He was often very roughly and cruelly handled; here assailed with clubs and stones, and then knocked down and mauled with Bibles, and almost smothered in the press of enemies; now having his clothing torn to tatters, and then being driven out of town when scarce able to stand, with threats of death if he dared to return. In various places he was set in the stocks, and in others thrown into prison; having been incarcerated no less than nine times, and on some occasions with most vile and abandoned creatures, and in most dismal horrors. But still he persisted, bearing testimony by the spoken word not only to the common folk and ecclesiastical dignitaries of his own land, but to Cromwell, and both the Charleses, and by his writings to several foreign potentates and the Pope of Rome. And that these testimonies were effective with some of high position and large culture, as well as many in humble condition and of little learning, is evident from such facts as that Cromwell

on parting with him once, caught his hand, and, with moistened eyes, exclaimed 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour a day together, we should be nearer one to the other,' adding, he wished him no more harm than he did his own soul;* and that several members of Cromwell's family, as did Robert Barclay, and William Penn, and the princess Elizabeth Palatine,† grand-daughter of James I., were among his converts and followers. At the age of forty-four, he found time to marry Mrs. Margaret Fell,‡ a placid creature, ten years his senior, herself a minister amongst the Friends, once the widow of one Judge Fell, who had befriended him in earlier times; but he married with the express understanding that the new relationship should not interfere with his missionary wanderings. Thus he lived and laboured, till, at the age of 66, and while away directing the work so dear that he could not leave it even to go home to die, the messenger that comes to all, overtook him, and all that was mortal of the Leicestershire weaver's son, followed by a large concourse of fellow-believers and friendly admirers, was laid to rest in Bunhill Fields, near London.

In studying Fox's character, one of the first things to arrest attention is its *many and marked angularities*. Certainly it was not rounded out on all sides, as though cast in a perfect mould, and having all its little projections ground away by the best culture, and its surface polished by the finest society of his age and country. It was a jewel of no mean magnitude and brilliancy: but it was a jewel in the rough, and would have borne no little cutting and burnishing to its manifest improvement. For, if its excellencies stand prominently out, challenging the respect and admiration of all right-thinking persons, equally manifest are

* 'Journal,' vol. i., 186.

† 'Journal,' vol. ii., 180.

‡ 'Journal,' ii., 75.

its imperfections, repelling many, and requiring of all frequent qualification, and considerable abatement of regard. Certainly, whatever the case with others, Fox's was not the type of character to abash criticism, and to be held aloft for all men's imitation. Yet every historical student knows that, with rare exceptions, the men providentially appointed to initiate and carry forward any great undertaking—the emancipation of bondmen, the organization of nobler ideas into corresponding institutions, and the authoritative summoning of men to a worthier life—have been of very similar character, seeing very clearly in some directions and very dimly in others, feeling profoundly certain realities while comparatively indifferent to others just as essential and urgent. They have been men of tremendous moral intensity, compelling everything to yield, or to become tributary to their purpose—like Peter the Hermit, preaching the crusade; like Savonarola laying bare the corruption of the Church; like Garrison, thundering at the door of the American conscience against slavery.

Nor have many men whom history mentions, been more largely characterized by moral earnestness than George Fox. Perhaps this may be said to have been his most marked peculiarity—the ruling trait of his nature. He was quite as profoundly dissatisfied, as destitute of all patience with shams and pretences, and quite as destitute of respect for any who accepted or deferred to them, as our late modern apostle of sincerity and reality, Carlyle—between whom and himself in this respect, there is a striking similarity. He would dig to the foundation of things; would put his feet on the eternal rock. Let him once recognise the truthfulness of a principle, or the utility of a custom, and no bribes could allure, and no threats drive him from either one or the other. Let him perceive the falsity of a doctrine, or the perniciousness of a custom, and no more could he be induced to accept

the former or sanction the latter, than a stone can be kept in the air without support, or the vapour that exhales from the lake can be confined to its surface. From an early period, his soul was unreservedly consecrated to what seemed to him true and just. Hence his abandonment of—if indeed he ever participated in—the sports and pastimes of the rural youth of his class, and which appeared to him useless and hurtful. Hence the rupture of all business, social, domestic, relations which threatened interference with his inward life, and his devotion for more than two score years to the work of deepening the religious experience of his countrymen. And surely this was no trifling undertaking, no child's play, to be accomplished by no dilettante reformer. It was planting Christianity anew in the world. And as the early disciples took their lives in their hands, and went up and down the old Roman world, preaching the then new gospel of Jesus Christ, so this sturdy English yeoman, with equal moral earnestness, met the exigency of his day. In the voice which summoned, and the spirit which impelled him, he recognised the voice and the spirit of the Almighty. This was enough. Unhesitatingly he set forth, taking neither purse nor scrip for his journey, premeditating not what he should say in any emergency, assured that the Heavenly Father would provide, and the Holy Spirit would speak through him. His, if ever a man's were, was the temper of the unsophisticated African, who, should God command him to jump through a stone wall, would instantly obey; since jumping at it belonged to him, while jumping *through* it belonged to God.

Through this moral earnestness came the clearness of his moral vision. For no man of his time saw so clearly, and few men of any time have seen more deeply into things divine than George Fox. In him was strikingly verified the saying, 'If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light.' He put, and he

kept, himself in a receptive attitude before God. He listened, constantly and reverently for the Divine Voice. He watched, more than they who watch for the morning, for the dawnings of heavenly light. He seldom attempted to reason out a conclusion, or to justify a position by argument. It may be doubted if he could do so very effectively. Like all great religious teachers, he was essentially a *seer*, telling what he 'saw,' and leaving men to accept it as they could, or reject it as they must. And this singleness of aim, docility to the teaching of the Spirit, and faithful following of the Inner Light, were what made him the leader and prophet he was.

Intellectually, Fox was far from being a great man. Of culture, in the ordinary sense, he had none. His knowledge of the English tongue, while sufficient to enable him, when mentally excited, to express himself orally with a certain rude and trenchant vigour, was yet so slight as to render it impossible for him to write with either ease or correctness, saying nothing of perspicuity or force. The style of his composition, in fact, is wretched beyond description; it being often difficult, and sometimes impossible to make out what he means. His 'Journal' was rendered somewhat less unreadable by having been revised by some of his more scholarly followers. His 'Testimonies' on various subjects, gathered into a huge folio, though the writer has several times dipped into, he confesses to have never read. He greatly doubts if there be a score of persons living that have ever read them all. So obscure, dry, uninteresting do they seem, that to compel one to read them for whatever offence might well be objected to as a cruel and unnecessary penalty. Not unfrequently Fox scoffed at human learning as unnecessary to a Christian minister, and as leading its possessors to disobey the monitions of the Spirit.

The outcome of this intense moral

earnestness and deplorable lack of culture was a corresponding intellectual and spiritual narrowness. For while Fox saw some things—and very important things they were—more clearly than any of his contemporaries, he yet saw scarcely anything not directly before him. What lay beside, and greatly modified the truths he discerned most plainly, he often failed to recognise, and therefore to appreciate. His intensity was purchased at the expense of breadth and catholicity. Hence his insensibility to the measure of truth held by the Anglican establishment, and to the really great good that it was in various ways accomplishing; deriding its churches as 'steeple-houses,' berating its clergies as 'dumb dogs,' and often interrupting its service in most unseemly ways. Hence, also, the great importance which he attached to many essentially very insignificant things. He not only thought it a grievous offence to drink an acquaintance's health,* but almost an equal sin to bestow any other title upon one than 'Friend,' basing his opinion in this respect on the expression in one of John's epistles, 'The friends salute thee.' To him it was adulation and falsehood to use the second person plural when addressing a single individual; and so he would *thee* and *thou* every man and woman without distinction. To bid people 'Good morning,' or 'Good evening,' was highly censurable; since it implied that God had made bad days and bad nights. To take off the hat to any person was so great a humiliation that it were better to die than to submit to it. 'Even the Turks,' he said, 'never show their bare heads to their superiors; and shall not Christians exhibit a virtue at least equal to a Turk's?' 'This hat-honour,' he exclaimed again, 'is an honour from below, which God will lay in the dust.' He likewise disapproved of bowing when two persons met in the street or elsewhere; regard-

* Journal, i. 50.

ing it as in some way related to Sæmantic influence, because the woman in the Gospel was *bound* together while she had the spirit of infirmity, and stood erect as soon as she was emancipated from the Evil One. The use of the ordinary names of the months and the days he would not tolerate, because to employ them was to render idolatrous homage to the heathen deities, or the heavenly bodies, after which they were named. January was *first* month, and Sunday *first* day, and so on through the circle of the year and the week. All variety of colour, all beauty and taste in dress, were proscribed as tending to vanity and vice;* as though God had robed the world in drab, and framed the universe on principles of coarsest utility, instead of having adorned it with strange and innumerable tints, and making every wayside bloom with beauty. So far, indeed, did Fox's eccentricity—or, speaking plainly, *fanaticism*—carry him, that he sometimes, on approaching a town, in imitation of the old Hebrew prophets, pulled off his shoes and walked barefoot through its streets, crying, 'Woe, woe, to the bloody city;†' while still stranger, he applauded the zeal, though he did not imitate the example of those disciples, one of whom walked *naked* through the streets of Skipton, another of whom was divinely impelled to visit market-places, and the houses of gentlemen and clergymen in the same pristine condition. Recalling these things, we can scarcely wonder that Fox often found himself in very disagreeable positions—now pelted by the mob, then thrust into the stocks, and anon shut up in prison; or that Macaulay, lacking sympathy for Fox and the society which he founded, notwithstanding the historian's Quaker origin on one side, should have declared that 'his intellect was in the most unhappy of all states; that is to say, too much

disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam.*

But let us not do injustice to Fox, as we certainly should, by forgetting that there was another side to his character. With all his earnestness and narrowness, pushing him sometimes to so foolish and lamentable excesses, he was, in many respects, greatly superior to his time. He summoned men's attention from forms and ceremonies to essential and everlasting verities. He asserted, with all the strength and vehemence of his nature, the reality of Truth; the fact of a *living* God. How much also, does the world owe to his doctrine of the *Inner Light*—that there is in every soul what, enlightened and quickened by the Divine Spirit, is the ultimate test of truth, and the final authority of the soul. Certainly this is the tap-root of all the better theology of to-day. To those in any way interested in what is called the Woman movement, which is now assuming so commanding an aspect, it will be grateful to learn that one of the first 'odd notions' that George Fox publicly combatted was that 'women have no souls; while in †the Friends' society, woman has from the first stood on a perfect equality, teaching, preaching, voting, and holding office, with man. Fox was also greatly interested in Prison Reform, having himself experienced the abuses and horrors of the existing system, and, in the names of humanity and decency, demanding their abolition.‡ Clarkson, in his 'Portraiture of Quakerism,' declares that 'George Fox was probably the first person who publicly declared against African slavery; for nothing that could be deplored by humanity seems to have escaped his eye.§ For the poor and suffering, few men have manifested a tenderer compassion, or laboured more assiduously according to

* 'Journal' i., 193.

† 'Journal' i., 100.

* 'History of England,' iv., 21.

† 'Journal' i., 55.

‡ 'Journal,' i., 96.

§ Quoted in 'George Fox and Early Baptists,' p. 167.

their opportunities. The amiability and gentleness of his disposition in later life—for it seems to have melted with age—are attested by numerous Friends; while his domestic affections, if not demonstrative, were constant and strong. His marriage with good Margaret Fell, though undertaken in as unromantic a way as one would set about the purchase of a house or a horse, was one of genuine, though sober affection, and productive of no inconsiderable happiness to both parties. And what was very honourable in him in regard to it, and what will commend him still more strongly to the advocates of woman's equality with man, he insisted that all her property should be settled on herself, and not a dollar of it come to him—an almost unheard-of thing in those days.

In person, George Fox was large and of dignified bearing. His friend and disciple, William Penn, says, that 'his very presence expressed a religious majesty. The inwardness and weight of his spirit, the reverence and solemnity of his address and behaviour, and the fewness and fullness of his words have often struck even strangers with admiration, as they used to reach others with consolation. The most awful, living reverend frame I ever beheld, I must say, was his in prayer. And truly it was a testimony that he knew, and lived nearer to the Lord than other men, as they that know him most will see most reason to approach him with reverence and fear.*

Such, as well as he can easily be pictured, was this Leicestershire shepherd boy; this inspired prophet of the Inner Light; this founder and patron saint of the Society of Friends—strong, brave, earnest, uncultivated, often rushing to fanatical extremes, and yet of so great shrewdness and self-command as to enable him, on the whole, to shape his course with remarkable success; and endowed with so much good sense that he, sooner or later,

swung round from, or worked himself clear of, his worst vagaries; not eloquent, so far as the tricks of rhetoric are concerned, yet often, says Penn,* 'going to the very marrow of things,' exerting, not unfrequently, as we know, a strange power over the vilest and most insusceptible, and, by his tremendous personality, impressing his ideas and spirit upon whomsoever he came in contact with. A true man, a devout man, a heroic man in his way, without whom the world would have been poorer, and religions less spiritual and catholic than they are.

A few words now in regard to the religious system whose foundations this man laid. Is it, in any just sense a system? It neither is nor has a *formulated creed*. Very early and clearly did Fox recognise the vast difference between theology and religion; that while there may be innumerable theologies, there is and can be but one religion; or that while thoughtful minds do and must differ in their intellectual opinions, they need not, and they do not widely differ concerning the essentials of religion—purity, integrity, devoutness. The basis of his Society, therefore, Fox made practical and not doctrinal; precluding by one of his first public utterances, not only all desire, but all possibility, of forcing upon men a creed, or of testing their opinions by the letter of the Bible. For on hearing a clergyman affirm that all doctrines, opinions, and religions are to be tried by the Holy Scriptures, Fox arose, and exclaimed, 'O, no! it is not the Scriptures, but the Holy Spirit by which all opinions and religions are to be tried; for it is the Spirit that leads into all truth, and gives the knowledge of it.† Accordingly he refrained, the Society has ever refrained, from setting up any formal, doctrinal, test of membership. Not that certain tolerably well-defined opinions do not prevail amongst the Friends, and that

* *Ibid*, 158.

† *Journal* i., 75. See also *Journal*, i., 96, 0, 132; ii., 141, 133, &c.

* *George Fox and Early Baptists*, p. 145.

pronounced hostility to them would not be regarded with great disfavour ; but that a formulated, dogmatic symbol, Quakerism has not, and has never had. Such a creed seems necessarily barred by its grand principle of the Inner Light, by which every man is to be guided, but which can hardly shine with equal brilliancy in, or be used with equal success by, any two minds. This central and formative element of Quakerism has, perhaps, already been sufficiently described. Yet, at the risk of some repetition, and with the hope of greater clearness and impressiveness, let it here be said that this assumes not only that every human being is a child of God, endowed with somewhat of his precise nature, but that the avenues of every soul are more or less open to the Divine Spirit ; that an inward illumination, independent of scholastic culture or personal refinement, directs the docile and obedient soul, no less of the untaught rustic than of the profound and well equipped philosopher, into the radiant path of eternal life. Not that this principle ignores the Written Word ; or forgets the teachings of Nature ; or is indifferent to the processes of reason ; or despises the experiences of the saintly ones that have gone before ; but that it affirms that God is just as living and active a Reality to-day as ever ; is as near to the reader and writer of these lines as he was to Moses, Isaiah, Jesus ; speaks as clearly on our hill-slopes, and by our lake-shores, and through the sweet and holy souls that walk among us, as He did on Tabor, by Genesareth, and through the souls of John, and Peter, and Paul—yea, just so much clearer as our circumstances are better, and our hearts more receptive. It affirms that inspiration is not an abnormal and capricious fact of the past, whose melodious echoes linger in the world, as ‘in the shell ripples the by-gone freedom of the sea,’ but a natural, present, constant Reality, known and felt by every open and up-looking soul ; and

that the words of Jesus, ‘The Holy Spirit shall guide you into all truth,’ are, to his disciples, its complete and everlasting justification.

This, then, the doctrine of the Inner Light, lighting every man that cometh into the world ; to which Jesus appealed when He said : ‘Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right ?’† to which every argument for truth, every illustration of beauty, and every influence for worthy living is necessarily addressed, is the fundamental principle of Quakerism. But though brought into so great prominence by the Friends, this principle was no *discovery* of theirs. It is so true ; it has always lain so near the human heart, that, in all ages, under all civilizations, and in the domain of all religions, more or less distinct glimpses of it have been caught. Thus Buddha, ‘originally the most thoroughly human and self-dependent among the founders of religions,’ says Max Muller, ‘appeals only to what we should call the Inner Light.’ ‘Mendicants for the attainment of these unknown doctrines,’ exclaims the sage, ‘the eye, the knowledge, the wisdom, the clear perception, the light are developed within us.’ So Pythagoras talks of a ‘Domestic God,’ which Penn identifies with the ‘interior voice of God.’‡ Of the Socratic demon, checking wherever the philosopher was tempted to wrong, everybody has heard ; while the ‘Divine Principle’ of which Plotinus so often speaks, the early Quakers were fond of identifying with the Inner Light.§ This too, in their judgment, was the Comforter which Jesus promised his disciples ; was the *Spirit* of which John so often speaks, and by which so profound and inexpressible a peace was imparted to the soul. The same thing may be recognised also in St. Bernard, Eckart, Tauler, Behmen, and all the other mediæval mystics ; and in those

* John xvi. 13.

† Luke xii. 57.

‡ Bancroft’s ‘Hist.’ ii. 344.

§ *Ibid.*

of later times, outside the domain of Quakerism, as Fenelon, Madame Guion, John Wesley, and him whom Goethe calls 'the holy Novalis.' Indeed, what soul in any age or realm, touched with the awful mystery of being, and looking up for light and help, has not been more or less deeply conscious, not merely of a brooding, quickening, comforting presence, but of the indwelling and sanctifying God? Whoso has had no such experience is not to be reasoned with about the Inner Light, any more than a blind man is to be reasoned with about colours, or a deaf man about sounds. He is to be pitied, and his spiritual faculties, if possible, are to be summoned into activity by a process analogous to that by which the oculist couches the blind eye, or the aurist opens the closed ear.

Of course, this doctrine of the Inner Light is a very radical doctrine. It strikes at ; it tears up the last root and vestige of the notion that religion is in any sense a dogma ; puts all dogmas, however true, in a very subordinate position. For who has now to be told the utter impossibility of any considerable number of persons *thinking alike* on any theme, and especially on the transcendent theme of theological truth. It also brings all dogmas to the searching test, not of tradition, or any written word merely, but of reason, conscience, affection, affirming that to its own master, God, every human soul standeth or falleth, and that one is not only at liberty, but is bound to pass, as it can, upon whatever opinions challenge acceptance. Nor had some of the *results* of this principle to be long waited for. The current orthodoxy of the time was very soon subjected to this test ; and while not, of course, altogether rejected, was very greatly modified by the founder of Quakerism and his immediate followers. The term 'Trinity,' Fox rejects as unscriptural and misleading. From some expressions in his writings he seems to have rejected the idea of the Divine Tri-personality ;

while elsewhere he seems to have held it in a somewhat modified form. Possibly he was not altogether clear in his own mind in regard to it.* The awful dogma of Original Sin 'whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil,'† was quickly put aside.‡ That the salvation of one soul can be purchased by the merits of another was also found to be preposterous.§ If the doctrine of the final salvation of all souls were not accepted by Fox, as it is by many modern Friends who think they find it in his teachings, it is certainly difficult to tell what he means when he says, 'I saw that Christ had died for all men, was a propitiation for all, and had enlightened all with His divine and saving light ;|| or when he writes, 'Do not think anything will outlast truth, which standeth sure ; for the good will overcome the evil, the light the darkness, the life the death, virtue vice, and righteousness unrighteousness ;' or when in reply to some objectors he exclaims, 'You say God hath ordained the greatest part of men for hell, and that they were ordained so before the world began ; but doth not the Scripture say, God will have all men to be saved ?¶ But whatever the meaning these and many similar expressions were intended to convey, the writer has found no pronounced utterances of Fox, or of any prominent early Friends in favour of the doctrine of eternal punishment. As the final indication of the extent to which the current orthodoxy was

* Janney, whose 'History of the Friends' an 'orthodox' writer pronounces a 'most thorough and accurate review of George Fox's doctrines,' has shown that the apparently 'evangelical' tone of some of Fox's writings, as the letter to the Governor of Barbadoes is the *exceptional*, rather than *general* characteristic of his theology. See Tallack's 'George Fox and the Early Baptists,' p. 61.

† 'Westminster Confession,' Ch. vi. s. 4.

‡ 'Journal' i. 311.

§ Tallack, p., 61.

|| 'Journal,' i., 70 ; ii., 814.

¶ 'Journal,' ii., 72.

soon questioned there may be mentioned the fact that William Penn, the ablest and best educated of all the primitive Quakers, published about the year 1668, and soon after his entrance upon the ministry of the Society, a tract bearing this title : 'The Sandy Foundation Shaken, or those generally believed and applauded doctrines—One God subsisting in Three distinct and separate persons—The Impossibility of God's pardoning Sinners without a Plenary Satisfaction—The Justification of Impure Persons by Imputative Righteousness—confuted from the Authority of Scripture and right Reason, by William Penn, a Builder on that Foundation which cannot be moved.* How far Fox agreed with Penn, or how far the latter represented the general sentiment of the body, it might be difficult to say ; though of the negative opinions of this eminent Friend and founder of the great State of Pennsylvania, this and other like testimonies leave little doubt.

Not that there was little interest in, or entire unanimity concerning, theological matters among the primitive Quakers. Their central principle, to which they clung with a tenacity stronger than life, would, as we have already seen, have prevented both indifference and concord in regard to them, as history attests that it did. Still, it was a considerable period before the dogmatic spirit largely affected the body, and the questions which, in latter times, have so greatly disturbed its harmony, rose into prominence. It was only within the present century in fact, and after some of the English Quakers had been educated at the great universities, and considerably infected with the spirit of the Establishment, that the dogmatic temper began strongly to assert itself in the Society. This went on increasing, begetting violent animosities, and bitter hatreds—for passion can exist under a drab

coat and poke-bonnet, as well as a black coat and a Parisian hat—until, in 1828, there occurred the complete severance of the body into what are now known as the Orthodox and Hicksite branches, which have scarcely more communion with each other than had the Jews with the Samaritans ; between the leading members of which the feud was so fierce that Elizabeth Fry, so celebrated for her labours in Newgate Prison, would not pass a night under the same roof with gentle, saintly, but inflexible Lucretia Mott. Yet some most candid writers on both sides concede that the Hicksite branch of the Society has more faithfully adhered to the principle, if not the spirit, of early Quakerism.*

But the Society of Friends, though nearly two and a half centuries old, has made very little progress in the world, so far as *numbers* are concerned. Its entire membership has never much, if any, exceeded two hundred thousand souls ; while now it is probably somewhat less. During the last generation some more than hitherto zealous efforts have been made to increase its adherents—missionaries having been sent to various unchristian lands, as Hindostan and Australia, New Zealand and Madagascar, Iceland and Greenland. Yet spite of these, and kindred endeavours in Europe and America, it can hardly be denied—is not denied by some of its members—that the Society is slowly waning. Its trifling growth and now manifest decline are, doubtless, due to various causes, such as plain language and dress ; its long-cherished and pronounced hostility to amusements, as though they were not a legitimate demand of human nature ; its banishment of musical instruments and music from its public worship and homes ; its disowning of members for marrying outside the Society ; its opposition to a trained ministry, since whatever the possible objections to it, it is patent that whoso, in this age of

* 'Christian Examiner,' vol. li., p. 321.

* Tallock's 'Fox and the Early Baptists.'

intense mental activity, would interest and instruct a congregation from week to week, must devote every energy of the heart and brain to the work; and, still more than all, probably, to the great progress of its principles outside its own borders, and the elevation of its spirit above the popular mind and heart. But a comparatively small part of mankind has been able to appreciate it.

But though Quakerism has been small and insignificant numerically, it has not escaped persecution, even to the shedding of blood. Its very name was given it in opprobrium. All through Fox's 'Journal' are scattered references to their many and cruel sufferings. 'At one time,' says old Sewell, 'there were upwards of 4,000 Quakers, men and women, crowded into English prisons; sometimes in such numbers that there was not room to sit down; amidst outcasts and felons of every sort.' Some of them suffered almost every indignity before incarceration; having their clothes torn off them, being cruelly beaten with knotted scourges; having their ears cropped, their noses bored, and their bodies branded in sundry places. In New England, however, it was worse than in Old; and of all places in New England the persecution was hottest in Boston. The first Quakers that arrived in the harbour of that town were taken from the vessel in which they came and sent away with threats. Laws were enacted against their coming; banishing all who should set foot on the sacred soil, and denouncing the penalty of death against those who, having been once transported, should presume to return. And so when one Elward Wharton, in spite of the statute, ventured into Boston to visit a sick friend, he was arrested, and punished, at the cart's tail in the market place, with thirty lashes well laid on to his naked back. And when Mary Dyer, after banishment, returned—somewhat fanatically courting martyrdom—she was condemned and executed on Bos-

ton Common, where Marmaduke Stephenson and William Robinson had suffered before her, and where William Leddra suffered soon after, 'whose brave, serene, and joyful death,' says a recent writer, 'finds a modern parallel only in that of old John Brown.'

But how often in human history have the prophets been stoned, and the inspiration of the Almighty taken for new wine! Are the true prophets of humanity and the apostles of righteousness, therefore, not to be honoured? How poor a test of the worth of an organization, or a movement, is the number of those who throw up their caps and shout their huzzas in its behalf! How little a peninsula is Greece—only about two-fifths the size of the State of New York—and having in its palmiest days probably not more than two millions of souls, yet whose subtle thought, whose matchless art, and whose wondrous feats of arms have tinged all modern civilization, and the threads of whose influence will be traceable while time shall last. A narrow strip of land on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean is Palestine—contemptible in dimensions and in population, but out of which has come the power which, more than any other, is shaping the world's destiny, and making it to every reverent soul the Holy Land of earth. Besides these petty provinces, and petty peoples, what are the immense territories and the immense hordes of the ancient Syrian, or the modern Russian empire? Had neither of the latter ever been, can we say in what respect the world would have been essentially poorer? Had Hellas or Judea never been, what, comparatively, would our life, our prospects, our hopes of the eternal future be? So though Quakerism is, and always has been, small, it has been mighty. It has laid the world under immense obligations. It has illustrated the possibility of a Christian church without a dogmatic basis—without priest and without ritual. It has demonstrated that one man on the side

of God is a majority against the world. It has exemplified the subtlety, pervasiveness, and power of truth and love, and so strengthened all men's faith in their reality and ultimate victory.

In theology, it is true, Quakerism has accomplished nothing. So far as is known it has produced not a single work in this department that has had any considerable effect upon the course of thought, or is worthy a moment's notice. Its grand principle, however, affords the only hope of a better theology than the world has yet seen. In Art it has not yet only done nothing, but been a positive hindrance, adhering with strange tenacity to a vulgar utilitarianism, and almost wholly ignoring the principles of fitness and beauty. In literature it has few conspicuous names; and these not standing in the foremost ranks. For, take away those of William and Mary Howitt, and of America's impassioned lyrist, Whittier, and none others are recalled that men will care to remember long, or that they care much for now. But in social amelioration and practical philanthropy, who have been more active, more unselfish, more successful than the Friends? It is believed the instance is yet to be known of a Quaker's having been an inmate of a public almshouse, or charity hospital. While to the grand and Christian enterprises of modern times—Universal Freedom, International Peace, Penal

Amelioration, Sanitary Improvement, Temperance, Protection of the Aborigines, Protection of Dumb Animals, and last, though by no means least, the Reclamation of Fallen Women, and the Elevation and Enfranchisement of the whole sex—to all these how large their contributions. As each of these is mentioned what names—as Penn and Barclay, Sturge and Bright, Fry and Gurney, Benezet and Hopper and sweet-souled Lucretia Mott—arise, to memory dear, to be forever cherished by the world.

Be it that the Quakers have their faults. Who have not? What Christian body, on the whole, can show a better record? Be it that the Society is now languishing and threatening to become extinct. How noble the work it has done! How ample the justification it has given of its existence! But its great principles, and its divine temper can never die. And if the organization be passing away, it is because there is no longer need of it; because its ideas and spirit have been so largely taken up by other bodies, and put into forms more in harmony with modern life and thought. It is because the world is in some measure obeying the injunction of the Quaker preacher, 'We should so live that the garment which fits to-day will be too small to-morrow.' If it thus die, it will be with honour. 'If its *parque* thus sink, it will be to a noble sea.'

PRAISE OF SPRING.

VIOLET scent and verdure fair
 Sky-lark's carol—thrush's lay—
 Shower in sunshine,—balmy air—
 When such words as these I sing,
 Needs there any greater thing
 Thee to praise, O sweet Spring Day.

—From the German of Uhlan.

CANADIAN IDYLLS.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY W. KIRBY.

'Victoria!—may you rule us long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say:
"She wrought her people lasting good."

TENNYSON.

PRELUDE.

A CALM of days had rested on the broad
Unruffled waters of Ontario,
Which in their bosom all night held the stars
Now vanishing before the morning beams.
Forerunners of the day, like Uhlan spears,
Chasing the night's dark shadows far away.
The sun was rising seaward of the point
Of a low promontory thick with trees,
Which, like the sacred bush by Moses seen
Were all ablaze with unconsuming fire.

A smooth horizon cut with clear divide
The sky above it from the sea below,
Each touching other, save one spot of white
Where stood a glistening sail caught by the sun
And held becalmed upon the distant verge.
Landward the orchards were in bloom, the peach
In red and pink, the apples white and red,
While every bush, after its kind, in flower,
Wrought once again the miracle of spring
And showed God's wisdom, love and power divine

A breezeless night had filled the trees and grass
With heavy dew that sparkled in the sun,
Like summer snow so thick and white it lay—
A barefoot lad brushed through it singing blythe,
Leaving a track behind him as he ran,
And drove the lowing kine full uddered home,
Where stood a rosy maid in shortened gown
That showed a foot elastic as the fawn's—
With dimpled arms across her milking pail—
She called her favourite cows by soft pet names
Which each one knew, and gently breathing came
And round the maiden stood with great calm eyes.
Waiting their turn to fill her snowy pail.

The glorious waters lay serene and blue—
Some white winged gulls flapped lazily the air,
Showing their under pinions as they wheeled
In circuit round and round, keen eyed to see
The luckless fish they seize and bear away—

While far and near, the kaweens clanging shrill
 In spattering flocks cry out incessantly
 Word of denial in Algonquin tongue,
 The spirit taught them as the legends say ;
 An Indian maid wooed by a chief unloved :
 ' No ! no ! indeed ! *Ka-Ka-ween !* ' cried in grief
 Until she died, drowned in Ontario,
 Where these wild birds caught her despairing cry,
 And still repeat it as they swim or fly
 In screaming thousands o'er her watery grave,
 From sharp mid winter till return of spring—
 And then fly screaming it to Arctic seas.
 Upon the bushes, trees, and on the wing,
 The maddening black birds formed a noisy choir—
 While thrush and oriole and robin pipe
 In softer strains their vernal roundelay
 Heard in the pauses.

'Twas a morn to feel
 The heavens unladen, and on earth poured down
 The treasures of the inner world, where are
 Things in their essences. The flood of life
 That sometimes overflows its bounds, and fills
 The earth with loveliness, supernal, rare ;
 As sunrise fills with light the ambient air,
 This morning seemed to make all things anew,
 Retouched afresh, by the Creator's hand
 With brightness as of Eden. He who made
 The earth so beautiful and Heaven so near,
 Each touching other with harmonic chords,
 Like music in the night, by wind harps played,
 Reveals at times, to pure of heart and eye,
 Just for a moment of ecstatic vision,
 A moment and no more—the abyss of light
 Behind the veil ; gives us to feel the breath
 Of angels on our face and airs that fan
 The tree of life and flowers of Paradise.

Beneath the lake's steep banks of marl and clay,
 Furrowed with winter frosts and summer rains,
 With many a boulder fast embedded—stretched
 Long beaches of grey sand, earth's ancient rocks—
 The grinding of a thousand æons past.
 God's mills are winds and waves, and heat and frost,
 That change all things to other—old to new—
 And new to newer, that are still the old ;
 Returning on their circuits ever more,
 Slow it may be as cycles of the stars,
 But sure as God's great purposes, that work
 Unceasingly all change for sake of man.

A group of fishers stood upon the beach,
 Strong hardy men with neck and face and hands
 Tanned to a brownness—else as fair of skin
 As any born of purest English race.
 Their shapely boat was laden with their nets
 Ready to launch into the lake that swarmed
 With shoals and myriads of the silvery fish
 Migrating slowly round the sinuous shores.
 The fishers' voices mingled with the morn
 In cheerful talk or song, and by and by
 Sent up a cheer—nay three—to greet the day
 Which was Victoria's, and a holiday.

That royal name revered in every clime
 The round world knows, is honoured to the height
 Of chivalry beneath the clear blue skies
 That cope the boundless plains of Canada—
 The home of loyalty from days of old—
 Fought for and kept!—a crowned Dominion fit
 For freest men to live the noblest lives!

The sturdy fishers cheered with one accord,
 Threw up their hats and swore with kindly oaths,
 So full of frank good nature, that in sooth
 None frowned who heard them, that her natal day
 A holiday of holidays they'd keep
 In honour of her Majesty.

Upspake

An old deep-chested carl, whose hands and arms
 Corded with sinews, bare and brown, seemed fit
 To drag Leviathan with hook ashore.
 His ruddy face was honest, frank and bright
 With shrewd intelligence, and eyes that straight
 Beneath his shaggy brows looked deep in yours.

'Well spoken men!' said he, 'This is the day
 The brightest in the royal month of May!
 The flags are up! I hear the belfry ring
 A joyous peal, and booming o'er the lake
 Toronto's guns with glad salute awake
 The loyal city to the festival.
 We too will pass the day in gaiety
 And, as our Queen would wish it, soberly—
 With wives and children, friends and neighbours all.
 Whatever differences may else befall,
 We are as one for country and for her,
 Whose crown imperial is our bond and pride.'

They greeted him with cheers. 'And now,' said he,
 'The fish shall have a holiday and swim
 Free as they will—only the tribute due
 Our feast, claim we from them—one haul—no more!
 And then will reel our nets, and don our best,
 And go with baskets laden to the grove,
 Beneath the old French thorns, or round the boles
 Of spreading oaks just flushed in early leaf,
 Sit down and hear the dancing music play—
 Eat, drink, tell tales—I have a book full—till
 The games of afternoon bring out the crowds,
 Which seated on the slopes of old Fort George,
 As on an amphitheatre survey
 The athletes stripped to struggle on the plain,
 Who drive the ball like lightening at Lacrosse,
 Or run, or ride, or leap—and win or lose,
 With grace and gaiety, cheered by the throng
 Who make the green old common like a fair.'

So said, so done! And now the sun was up,
 And shining on the grey square tower that stands*
 Above the place of landing nets—its walls
 Thick as a feudal keep, with loopholes slashed
 Contain the wreck and ruin of a town:

Fair Newark once, gay, rich and beautiful,
 By ruthless foes, when flying in retreat,
 Burnt down to blackened heaps of bricks and stones.
 The fragments of its walls and hearths were built
 Into that stern memorial of a deed
 Unhivalrous, in days of war, gone by.

The fishers launched their boat, laden with nets,
 Threw out their oars, and rounded in the lake
 A mighty semicircle with their seine.
 A hundred fathoms, and a hundred more,
 Ran out behind them as they stoutly plied
 Their ashen oars—then leap to land—' Haul in !'
 Cries the old master—see the lines are taut
 To point of breaking with the mighty draught
 Of one good thousand white fish in the net !—
 All leaping, struggling, flashing like a mass
 Of quicksilver—and brighter, they will lie
 Heaped on the sand a pile of life and death—
 The treasure of the lakes ! The fisher's wealth !—
 Enough of them, he cares for none beside !
 The glittering silver ones ! rose-gilled, with mouths
 Too small for aught but water dainties ! and
 Themselves of all that swim the daintiest,
 Most beautiful and best ! yea ! *Catius* missed *
 The choicest thing e'er lay in golden dish—
 The Addikameng of Ontario !

There is a grove called Paradise—well named,
 With leafy lanes, to love and musing dear ;
 It overlooks the high and abrupt banks
 Of cliffs and land slides, wooded at their base,
 And filled with wild flowers, that, save by the bees,
 Unrifled, bloom all summer.

Underneath

Like a great opening in the world, the broad
 Majestic river sweeps above—below—
 Its silent course, serene, and brimming full
 Of captive seas it bears away, despite
 Their Titan struggles in the whirlpool's depths,
 And leads them forth, as on God's Appian way :
 Two nations on its banks look on, and see
 The grand triumphal march that never ends !
 Whether in summer calm, twixt banks of green,
 It smoothly flows, or rough in winter's gloom,
 With formless ice-flakes filled from shore to shore,
 It bears the burthen—nor a moment halts
 In its sublime, resistless, onward flow—
 Niagara the grand and world renowned !

That pleasant grove of intermingled glades
 And shady walks, thick carpeted with leaves
 Under the footstep yielding, gently draws
 The loiterer on and on till to the brink
 It leads him of a jutting precipice,
 That overlooks the river's grandest sweep
 Before it mingles with Ontario.
 A clump of doddered oaks, with roots half-bared

* Vide Horace, Lib. 2. Sat. 4.

In air, look down the cliff. A level plot
Of greenest sward, behind it, holds to day
A crowd of merry makers, seated round
In careless ease, listening with eager ear,
The master fisher from a manuscript
Of faded ink and yellow paper, read
An old Canadian Idyll of the past.

'Read, Uncle Clifford !' cried a rosy maid,
The same who waited with her milking-pail,
In russet gown and kerchief ; but who now,
In style and stuff of fashion's newest mode,
Was dressed like any lady of the land,
As is the wont of our Canadian girls,
Bearing themselves with native grace and ease,
The old refinement of an epoch rare
Of honour, loyalty and noble deeds,
Which gifted them with beauty's heritage
And all the charming ways of lady-hood.

Her hand lay on his shoulder, as she bent
Her rich locks mingling with his steel grey hair,
And overlooked the pages, turned and fixed
One with her finger, which she begged him read.
He smiled, looked up, and caught her eye. The maid
Flushed quick, like summer lightning in a cloud
It makes transparent ; so her face betrayed
Some latent warmth and longing of the heart,
Such as a woman hides and yet reveals.

The old man spoke—' My darling May ! be sure
Of your own self before I read this tale !
If rashness ever tempt—be wise, nor give
Your love for asking—caught by fancy, face,
Or fortune it may be, before you know
His worthiness who asks your yes or no ! '

' Nay Uncle ! ' answered she, with sunny smile,
That brought a dimple to both cheek and chin,
' 'Tis why I choose this tale ' and then she laughed,
Sweet as the chime of old St. Mark's that rang
Most musical in honour of the day—
For she had read the old book through and through,
Wept, laughed, and dreamed of it, and often played
Its heroines in fancy all day long—
Giving her heart in lavish gift away
To some fair prince of dreams, in woman's way.

' I would be wise in all things, and in that
Which most becomes a girl like me to know,
Wisest of all,' said she, ' So Uncle read
This old true story for the good of all—
And my good in especial ! ' whispered she—
Kissed his bluff old cheek and skipped away
Beside her young companions, all aglow
To hear the tale of love that's always new
Making or marring lives forever. Then
Sat down upon a broad flat boulder stone
Mossed thick and soft, love's choice of many seats

In that fair grove, a stone of witness too—
Of vows or kept or broken, smiles and tears,
Kisses and curses—it remembers all—
That silent witness of the former years !

‘ First tell us of the book ’ continued she —
‘ And him who wrote it—and who in it poured
His very soul, which wrought into his lines
Left him alive in them—even when he died !
Pray tell us of him.’

‘ Well ! ’tis briefly told
What I know of his story ’—answered he—
‘ He came among us from the mother land
In search of health, for he was thin and pale,
From overstudy or some deeper cause—
A youth, yet grave enough to be a man,
Than most men wiser—pensive, somewhat shy,
A gentleman with hands unused to toil,
A student, poet, painter and what not—
That makes a man of mark in woman’s eyes,
As he had been in yours, my pretty May !
Who love the thrice-told tale that tells of him—
Had you lived then, who knows what might have been ?’

May blushed, ‘ Who knows indeed what might have been ?
A poet, pensive, sick and needing sore
A woman’s sympathy akin to love
To ease his life or smooth his way to death !
Had I lived then, who knows what might have been !’

‘ Yea, he had won you in full measure, May !
All loved who knew him, for his kindliness,
While some admired his looks, and some his lore.
He came in summer with the swallows—Why ?
None learned, I think, but one—a secret told
Your mother, May ! my sweetest sister, she !
As like to you in face and fancy too
As rose to rose that grow upon one tree—
Then in her freshest youth—a girl to see !
And none alive is like her, only you !’

The girl looked up and laughed to hide a sigh—
‘ Thanks Uncle !’ said she, ‘ for your flattery,
But I delight in mother’s praise from you—
I know when young as I, she pitied him,
And might have loved at last, had he not died.’

‘ Well so it chanced,’ replied he, ‘ that the youth
Though not uncheerful, oft was melancholy
Enough to draw a woman to his side—
And soon drew one who pitied him indeed !
To her he told his story—showed the grief
That preyed upon him—he had loved and lost,
His hope in life had broken like a reed—
By frost or frailty—said she not, but shook
Her head and wondered that such things could be ;
As lack of love for one so debonaire
So worthy of a woman’s life and care.

' What more she learned I know not, for she kept
 His secret safe, but did herself grow sad,
 Silent and pale as one who over much
 Broods on unspoken thoughts—as still he led
 His solitary life. In woods and lanes
 He used to wander—or upon the shore
 Of the loud lake when waves came rolling in,
 Or watched the cold stars as they rose at night
 Above the east horizon, wet with dew ;
 As if he waited one, that bore for him
 Some message from the under world.

Then home—

And in his room he wrote and read till dawn,
 For he was sleepless and refused to drink
 The syrups which we made for him, of balm
 And poppies mixed with honey, good for sleep
 Unless the heart be wakeful. Then in vain
 Our simple medicines ; and so with him.

' Our help thus failed him, but he used to smile
 As if to cheer us, and with thanks and words
 That sounded like farewells, we saw with pain
 His cheek grow thinner, with a fever flush
 That came and stayed. His brilliant eyes enlarged
 As if they caught a glimpse of death not far,
 That solemn glimpse we all get ere we die !
 That warning once or twice which strikes us mute
 With premonition like a second sight
 Of that last hour of life, when on our couch
 With feeble hands we reach, to grasp the staff
 That through the valley of the shades of death,
 Will lead our doubtful steps to shores unknown.
 As darkness from within beclouds our eyes,
 The lights grow dimmer till they vanish quite ;
 Appeals of love sound fainter on the ear,
 Unheard, unheeded on the silent bourne
 Of life and death—love's kiss without response,
 The clasp of some dear hand, the last thing left
 Ere comes the wrench, and the unconscious soul
 Sinks helpless in the everlasting arms
 Outstretched beneath it, as a mother lifts
 Her drowning child from waves that overwhelm !

' Thus sickened the pale student, until came
 The swallows back, bringing new summer in—
 New life to many, but new death to him.
 The cycle of his time on earth was run.
 He died amid the sunshine and the flowers,
 And prayed it might be thus. The summer seemed
 More like the land he longed for, and he left
 This faded memory of a poet's life,
 This book then freshly writ, now old and sear,
 Its leaves like those of Autumn dropped and dry—
 Tear stained and thumbbed by readers like my May.

' A troop of friends who loved him, bore him to
 The old Churchyard, that in the spring runs wild
 With strawberries and violets, just where,
 Upon the greenest spot, St. Mark's grey tower
 Points like a dial at the hour of eve.

The tall trees rustled round him, full of leaves,
 While aromatic shrubs, acacias,
 And flowering currants loved by humming birds,
 Which haunt them all day long, their perfume shed
 Across the fair God's acre, where at rest
 Lies many a brave old patriarch of the land,
 And many a loyal soldier's honoured grave.
 We buried him beneath a nameless stone,
 Which those who loved him know, and oft a wreath
 Of freshest flowers is found at eve or morn,
 Where bluest violets grow, and strawberries
 Most thickly overrun the poet's grave.'

The old man's story ended mid soft tears
 That dimmed his listeners' eyes ; fair May's the most.
 She came and sat beside him on the grass,
 Holding his strong brown hand in hers, and turned
 For him the pages of the faded book.
 He read as not unlettered— clear his tones,
 Not harsh but facile, and his accent pure,
 As our Canadians speak their mother tongue,
 In its refinement over-passing all
 The wide world round who claim it as their own,
 And thus he read this tale of other years.

SPINA CHRISTI.

PART I.

There is a thorn- it looks so old
 In truth you'd find it hard to say
 How it could ever have been young—
 It looks so old and grey.

—WORDSWORTH.

The city walls of Avignon are built of stone, and high
 The houses stand with balconies above the streets that lie
 Around the old cathedral, whose sweet bells were ringing clear
 A merry tune, one day in June
 Of seventeen hundred year,
 And half a hundred years beside, while crowding far and near,
 Beneath the flags and tapestries, the people loudly cheer—
 The regiment of Rousillon is ordered to the war,
 A thousand strong, the pick among
 The mountaineers of Var.

The great Church portals open wide, the crowd goes surging in,
 The soldiers tramp with measured tread—the services begin,
 A blessing is invoked upon the King's Canadian war—
 Beyond the seas there is no ease,
 And all things are ajar—
 The English in America do boldly break and mar
 The peace they made ; but we will keep the treaties as they are !
 And now the Royal Rousillon take up the route with joy,
 And march away while bugles play—
 Mid shouts of 'Vive le Roy !'

There lives a lady beautiful as any Provence rose,
 The chatelaine of Bois le Grand who weepeth as she goes—
 For sleep has left her eyelids on the banks of rapid Rhone—
 'But three months wed ! alas !' she said,
 'To live my life alone !'

Pining for my dear husband in his old chateau of stone,
While he goes with his regiment, and I am left to moan,
That his dear head so often laid at rest upon my knee,
No pillow kind, but stones, shall find—
No shelter but a tree !'

'Weep not dear wife !' replied the count, and took her in his arms,
And kissed her lovingly and smiled to quiet her alarms—
They stood beneath the holy thorn of the old Celestine,
Pope Clement brought with blessing fraught .
And planted it between
The wall and wall beside the cross, where he was daily seen
To kneel before it reverently. It came from Palestine,
A plant from that which cruelly the crown of thorns supplied,
Christ wore for me, when mocked was He
And scourged, and crucified.

'I'll take a branch of it,' he said, 'across the stormy sea
That roars between New France and Old, and plant it solemnly
In that far country where I go campaigning for the King.
It will remind and teach mankind
Of pains that blessing bring.'
Above his head he plucked a spray acute with many a sting,
And placed it on his plumed chapeau, in token of the thing
Alone can turn the sinful man—the piercing of the thorn—
The healing smart—the contrite heart—
Of penitence new born.

Despairingly she kissed his lips : 'O welcome sharpest pain,
That cuts the heart to bleeding and bids hope revive again !
O Spina Christi ! to my heart I press thee wet with tears—
If love outlast as in the past
Each parting that endears !
Our sky has been so bright and filled with music of the spheres,
So gloomy now in sad eclipse it suddenly appears !
For joy dies out in silence like sweet singing that is done,
If men forget their sacred debt
To women they have won.

'But I will have no fear,' she said, 'although in our New France
They say the fairest women live, and eyes the brightest glance.
In all the King's dominions else, are no such sunny smiles,
From beauty's lips, such honey drips
In sweetness that beguiles—
There's no escape forever from the witchery of their wiles—
They win all hearts and keep them from Quebec through all the isles,
And rivers, lakes and forests, to the setting of the sun—
And he is blest above the rest,
Whose heart is soonest won !

My husband dear ! last night I stood alone by Laura's tomb,
Where Petrarch laid the laurel wreath that crowned his head in Rome,
The polished marble sweated cold in token of some ill,
Befalling me, befalling thee,
As I do fear it will ;
For out of it arose a mist that struck me with a chill ;
I could not move—I dared not speak—but prayed in silence, till
I heard a feeble voice within, that disembodied said :
"His love was tried and magnified
While living—mine, when dead !"

‘O, Laura never knew nor felt the might of love,’ said he—
 ‘And Petrarch sang away his life in vain—so cold was she.
 Perfect in all proprieties of virtuous disguise,
 The poet’s need—the poet’s greed
 For woman’s love, to rise
 On wings of immortality that bear him to the skies ;
 She never knew the joy of it with him to sympathize ;
 And all his glorious raptures did but minister to pride
 When he had done—’twas all he won—
 A smile—and nought beside.

‘O, care not for such omens, love ! for Laura’s words were naught
 But echoes to the ear of what was fancy in thy thought—
 A soldier serves the King with life or death, without rebate,
 And gaily goes to fight the foes
 That dare assail the state,
 And yet will melt when women crowd about the city gate,
 With faces pale and wet with tears, embracing each her mate,
 And kissing him as if for death—nor cares who sees or knows,
 While far away the bugles play ;
 “Farewell, my Provence rose !”

Adieu ! my wife and chatelaine ; keep safe my house and land,
 Should God so will that I return no more to Bois le Grand.
 My heart is thine forever, and so pierce this holy thorn,
 And stab it through, if e’er untrue,
 I leave my wife forlorn—
 New France may boast the fairest and the sweetest women born,
 And the chateau of St. Louis laugh the continent to scorn—
 I would not give these eyes of thine, and tresses falling down
 Upon my breast—to be possessed
 Of sceptre and of crown.’

Then beat the drums a gay rappel—the fifes and bugles ring—
 As rank on rank the mountaineers march out with martial swing—
 They pass the city gate and walls of old Avignon.
 Mid parting cheers and women’s tears
 The Royal Rousillon,
 Commanded by brave Bois le Grand upon his prancing roan,
 Are fairly on the march towards Bordeaux on the Garonne—
 Where ships are waiting to transport them far from kith and kin,
 Beyond the seas, where victories
 Are ripening to win.

From fair Bordeaux they sailed, and soon with crowds upon the deck
 Cast anchor in St. Lawrence ’neath the walls of old Quebec.
 To welcome their debarking all the city seemed alive,
 And thronged the quays as thick as bees,
 When swarming from their hive.
 With waving hats and handkerchiefs, both men and women strive
 To greet the gallant Rousillon becomingly—while drive
 The Governor and Intendant along in royal state
 With halberdiers and musqueteers,
 And those who on them wait.

(To be continued.)

JOHN PASTON'S FUNERAL.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, B.D., TORONTO.

ON the 21st or 22nd day of May, 1466, in the sixth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, died John Paston, of Paston Hall, in the County of Norfolk. Though not of noble birth or great wealth, yet as the son of one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, himself also a man of law, and partly by inheritance, partly by bequest and marriage, possessed of considerable land, he had been able to take rank among the gentry of his neighbourhood. His business habits and thorough knowledge of the world, as well as his hopeful elasticity of spirit, though combined with a sober and almost humorless temperament, had done him good service in his battle of life; while his desire of increasing his family position, and of maintaining his rights in those troublesome times, if not by fair means then by any other that came within his reach, had made him ever ready to avail himself of the mistakes and misfortunes of those with whom he had to do. In this object he had been ably assisted by the practical and loving devotion of his wife, who as a true and affectionate helpmeet, always anxious to defend and further her husband's interest, is worthy of being placed among the first of noble matrons. But now all was over; the active and acquisitive mind, and the stout, bold heart were at rest, and the wedded life which had lasted for a quarter of a century was at an end. The master of Paston Hall was dead.

He had died in London soon after his release from an imprisonment of several months in the Fleet. The envy

and covetousness of others, perhaps in a measure, incited by his own unyielding and grasping proclivities, had for the third time in the course of five years procured his incarceration upon charges connected with his possession of the castle at Caistor and the lordship of Cotton, which had been bequeathed to him by the historic Sir John Fastolf, into which we need not at this time enter. Suffice it to say, that after his death it was determined to bury him in his native county, and to give to his funeral that magnificence which he seems in his efforts to obtain the means, to have despised during his life, but which was thought necessary and proper for one of his wealth and rank.

Paston is a little village, situate in a remote corner of the County of Norfolk, about twenty miles to the north of Norwich, where no railway has as yet penetrated, and where few travellers ever come. The country around is low and flat, while, at a little distance, the sea breaks upon the sandy shore. About a mile from Paston is Bromholm Priory, now a heap of ruins, but in the times of which we write among the most celebrated of the monasteries of that part of England. Its fame was only second to that of Walsingham, for among its treasures was a holy rood, brought from Constantinople, some two hundred years before, and composed of a portion of the wood of the true cross. The Priory which was dedicated to St. Andrew, was under the authority of the Abbot of Cluny, and in common with all the houses of the Cluniac monks, observed, or was

supposed to observe, an extraordinary discipline. The rule was that the monks should every day join in two solemn masses, that they should observe rigid silence before the hour of prime, and that when at work they should recite psalms, and this besides enforcing the ordinary monastic rules of fasting and self-denial and poverty. But in the fifteenth century the order had decayed, the discipline had relaxed, and the black-robed fathers had departed very far from their primitive habits. The close proximity of Bromholm to the home of the Pastons, gave that family a lively interest in all that concerned the Priory. Nor do we find that their relations to the monks were anything but satisfactory and cordial. John Paston, though a selfish man, was not tardy in his duties to the Church. He attended its services and replenished its coffers. The priors of Bromholm were his warm friends and earnest supporters in all the troubles that his acquisitions brought upon him. They looked upon him as their patron and benefactor, and when he died it was within their walls the funeral rites were to be observed and the body deposited.

Great preparations were made in anticipation of the event. Such a funeral must have been a rare thing in the annals of Norfolk. It must have been an important break in the monotonous lives of the priests and country-folk. From far and near people wended their way to the centre of attraction, and monks and friars left their convents to be present at the grand services in Bromholm. The dependents of the Pastons must at this time have numbered several hundreds, not only of tenants and labourers, but of servitors and armed men, for these were days when might was right, and actual possession could bid defiance to the mandates of the court. Many of these retainers, besides a priest and his waiting men, a hired woman and twelve poor men bearing torches, accompanied the corpse from London. The indica-

tions we have suggest a large procession, a procession that would be remembered for many years in the towns and villages through which it passed. Churches and monasteries on the way, and there were many, vied with each other in their offerings of respect. The last notes of one tolling bell no sooner died than the sad burden was taken up by another, while at each resting place solemn masses were offered for repose of the soul of the departed.

At last the City of Norwich was reached. Here the Pastons were well known and in high repute. The advowson of St. Peter's Church belonged to them, and they had been frequent benefactors to the many priories and convents with which the city abounded. On one occasion when John Paston was sick, his mother besides giving to Walsingham his weight in an image of wax, gave to each of the houses of friars in Norwich, a noble, that they might pray for his recovery, and his wife vowed to go on a pilgrimage to St. Leonard's Priory in the same place. The famous preacher, John Brackley, a brother of the Grey Friars, had been an intimate acquaintance of the Pastons, though he was now dead, and many other ecclesiastics had been their guests and received of their bounty. It was therefore fitting, and so much the more so since the family could afford to pay for the expense, that a grand reception should be given to the remains as they passed through Norwich. Accordingly the body was borne in a magnificent hearse, and followed by a long procession to St. Peter's Church, where services were held upon a most extensive scale. The four orders of friars were there, and thirty-nine children in surplices, and twenty-six clerks, besides thirty-eight priests who sang the solemn dirge. Alms were given with a lavish hand. The friars received eight pounds, the Sisters of Normandy eight shillings, the Prioress of Carrow six shillings and eightpence, and an anchoress, forty pence; forty-six yards of broad-cloth were bought for gowns,

etc., which with the dyeing cost about seventy shillings; and to the priests, clerks, children and bell-ringers, were paid over twenty-one shillings. The fee for wax burned in candles was twentypence; for wine for the singers twenty shillings, and to the parson of St. Peters, was given six shillings and eightpence, and to the clerk twelpence. Considering the high value and purchasing power of money in those days compared with the same sum now, it will be seen that these amounts were anything but small.

Two days after, the bearers of the dead beheld the towers and turrets of Bromholm, and the long journey was at an end. The body was laid out in state in the Abbey church, and the candles, which but dimly lighted up the place, so heavily was it hung with black drapery, were placed beside the bier. In silence the brethren watched through the long night hours, and then ere the first rays of the sun fell upon the painted windows, the mass was sung and prayers were said that he who rested now within those sacred walls might be vouchsafed a speedy entrance into Paradise. The chant of the monks was rendered still more strange and weird by the low moaning of the sad sea waves as they died upon the beach outside. But when the time for the interment came round then all that the Church could do to give solemnity and grandeur to the proceedings was done. Parsons and priests and friars from the churches and religious houses around were present in large numbers. Near the body were children clad in surplices, and monks in the habits of their various orders. At the high altar the Prior of Bromholm sang the *requiem*, the assembled multitude answering back with measured notes. Throughout the church, flaming torches shed a lurid light upon the assembled multitude, and indeed caused a smoke so great that panes of glass had to be taken out of the windows. And thus amid the pomp and magnificence of those

medieval times, the funeral rites were celebrated, and soon the deep tolling bell proclaimed that all was over, and the dead squire was lying in his grave. Surely he had received a burial befitting a Paston, and the honour of his family was vindicated. Such services and such a gathering of spectators, the quiet Abbey had rarely, if ever before, witnessed. Whatever John Paston's faults may have been, men forgot them now, and had he been the Church's choicest saint, nothing more could have been done to give him rest.

But living men as well as dead have wants, and when the *misse* was pronounced, the people hastened to the funeral feast. This was held in the Priory Hall, and what a feast! Besides the friars and priests and monks, there were nearly a hundred servitors and fourteen ringers, as well as hosts of poor people and dependents. The provisions provided for this and the other three or four days of the funeral were abundant. The roll of the expenses contains accounts for 135 dozen of eggs, 54 geese, 70 ducks, 27 chickens, 48 pigs, 49 calves, 33 lambs, 22 sheep, 10 'nete,' 20 gallons of milk, 8 gallons of cream, and 4 pints of butter, and £20 besides for beasts, etc. Herrings, mackerel and salt fish, were bought in large quantities. Thirteen barrels of beer, and one of the greatest assize, 4 barrels and 38 gallons of ale, and a runlet of red wine of 15 gallons, were supplemented by the brewing of 5 coombs of malt on one occasion, 10 more on another, and 20 quarters on a third, besides a hundred and fifty shillings spent on beer, wines and spices. All this was in addition to the board and lodging of distinguished visitors and servitors, paid to various outside parties, the Priory's accommodation being necessarily limited. Such a glimpse at the preparation speaks for itself. To say the least, our forefathers' hospitality and love of feasting were boundless, and the good Cluniac fathers of Bromholm must have strangely departed from the rule of their founder,

in allowing such revelry to be held within their borders.

Nor were these all the expenses. Two men were employed for three days in killing and dressing the beasts, a carpenter for the same time, and for five days a barber to shave and dress the monks. The butlers, porters and bakers of the abbey also received wages, and twenty pence was paid the prior for eight pieces of pewter lost during the feast. The wax used for candles to burn at the grave and in the church cost more than 120s. The sumptuous hearse cost £22 9s. 8d., for the making, besides £6 16s. 2d. for grey linen cloth and silk fringe to put upon it, and £9 3s. for cloth to one draper, and 33s. to another. A cope 'called a frogge of worsted,' was given to the Prior of Bromholm, ten yards of black cloth to the vicar of Dalling, and cloth for a riding cloak to a Master John Loveday. Heavy fees were of course paid the priests for their services on the dirge-day, forty shillings to our friend the prior, and half a mark to each of his monks. Presents were also made to the parish churches in the neighbourhood, and large doles to the poor. At one time forty pounds were given away in small money. Twenty-five householders at Caistor received three pence each, and 75s. were sent to the Austin Friars in Yarmouth. Altogether I calculated from the roll the total expenses connected with the funeral, including gifts and alms, to have amounted to over £236. Even then, there were Trentals and the Year-day, which involved more masses and more expense. On the Christmas Day after the interment, the four orders of friars got another 10s. each, and to the vicar of Dalling 'for bryngnyg home of a pardon from Rome to pray for ale our frends sowles,' was given 8s. 4d., and a black gown worth 8s. The enormous amount thus expended can be better realized when we are told that the eggs cost but about three farthings a dozen, milk a penny a gallon, a quarter

of wheat six shillings, a quarter of oats two shillings and eight pence, a quarter of malt eight pence, a cow nine shillings, a sheep less than two shillings, and a pig three pence. Red wine was ten pence a gallon, ale less than two pence a gallon, and beer a half-penny a gallon. A horse's hire for the day was four pence, a barber's three pence, a labourer's from one penny upwards, and a butcher's five pence. The fee of six shillings and eight pence to a priest for one mass was therefore no small sum. Compare these prices with present prices, and the immense expense is at once apparent.

With this feast the funeral observances came to an end. The friends and dependents of the late squire, having expressed their respect for him and sympathy for his family by their presence, and by their participation in the good things so lavishly provided, departed to their several homes, and the monks were left to their old quiet dreamy life. It would seem, however, that the family felt that they had exhausted themselves by the extravagant display, for many years passed and the tomb was still unfinished. Nine years after the prior complained of the cloth that lay over the grave as torn and rotten, and 'not worth two pence,' and in 1478, Dame Paston writing to her son, spoke of the great shame it was that no gravestone had been erected. So also said the people throughout the whole country side, and yet the monument they would have raised, would have been of little use, for among the first of the monasteries dissolved by Henry the Eighth, was the Priory of Bromholm, and now a few ruined walls alone remain to remind us of men who played their part in life and have passed away. The breaking waves chant the same song as of old—that is all, the masses and the monks have gone; the candles and the incense burn no more, and amid the dead grandeur in quiet and peace, rests all that is left of John Paston.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY E. C. K.

A WOMAN with a gentle face,
And hair as white as snow,
Sat silent by a glowing fire,
Thinking of long ago.

The dusk had gathered, 'twas the time
T'wixt afternoon and night ;
The room would have seemed dark and drear
Save for the fire's light.

And as she thought, she seemed to see
A shining light to grow ;
And in its midst she saw herself
Just fifty years ago.

And as she gazed, she sighed and thought
How changed her face was now ;
Her glorious golden hair was white,
And lined with care her brow.

How careless was her spirit then,
Her youthful heart how light ;
What compliments were paid to her
That well remembered night.

How proud her parents seemed to be
To know it was their child
Whose face was fairest in the room,
On whom the noblest smiled.

One voice alone she still doth hear
In accents soft and low ;
Which took her maiden heart by storm
Just fifty years ago.

T'was Allan's, pleading for her love ;
She could not well say "no ;"
So she became his happy bride
Just fifty years ago.

And then the vision died away,
And dark became the room,
The fire seemed struggling faintly now
To chase away the gloom.

But soon a figure came in sight
 With feeble step and slow ;
 Who would have thought it was the lad
 Of fifty years ago ?

Yet it was Allan, aged grown,
 His hair, too, white as snow ;
 How straight and stalwart was the youth
 Of fifty years ago.

And o'er his wrinkled brow there shone
 A kind, benignant light,
 As eagerly was told to him,
 The vision of the night.

He heard it all and then a smile
 O'er his old face did glow :
 He whispered you're more lovely now
 Than fifty years ago.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

BY A LIBERAL.

THE Session of 1881 is over, and one is reminded by the figures that the present House of Commons has but two sessions more to live. It is not then too early to begin to forecast the future, with a view to prognosticating the political complexion of the next House—the question being whether the Liberal party can win back the suffrages of the electors which they lost in 1878. My answer to this is that, in my opinion, they cannot, unless they will be guided by the stern logic of facts, and leave the abstract discussion about free trade and protection to those impracticable doctrinaires out of whose hands it never should have been taken.

To discuss intelligibly the present position and prospects of the Liberal party, it is necessary to go back to

1877 and 1878, when they were in power, supported by a large majority of the members of the House. The Liberal leaders at that time committed a great, and I fear an irretrievable, blunder. We often read that 'a blunder is worse than a crime,' and that the saying is true politically was never better illustrated than in recent Canadian history.

The Government of Mr. Mackenzie, in those years, had a golden opportunity which, in their obstinate adhesion to a supposed principle, they blindly threw away ; and the consequences are that they have lost power and place, that the country has the claws of a protective tariff securely fastened upon it, and that the authors of the old Pacific Scandal have been enabled to perpetrate a new Pacific Scandal, com-

pared with which the old one completely pales its ineffectual fires.

Let us look back at that time for a moment.

There had been several years of hard times ; there had been a series of annoying deficits in the budgets ; there had been a good deal of interference with the regular business of our manufacturers caused by the large importations from the United States, the Government had raised the duties on manufactured articles two-and-a-half per cent. ; there was a very general demand for a further increase of the duties ; there were many of their own most influential supporters who urgently pressed for an increase in certain branches of manufacture which were clearly suffering from the 'slaughtering ;' and the Government themselves were seriously thinking of making the increase. They wanted more revenue badly. They could have had it by raising the tariff another two-and-a-half per cent., or more, on some articles, without violating any principle of political economy, and without departing from the precedent laid down by themselves but a short time before.

If the Opposition had declared such a Policy to be the entering of the thin edge of the wedge of Protection, as they had done before, Mr. Cartwright could have answered with the most perfect truth, 'Not at all, gentlemen. I am by principle a free trader, but I must have so much revenue ; and I think the people of Canada would prefer to pay their taxes in such a way, that in paying them they may give incidental protection to their fellow countrymen engaged in manufacturing industries.' He might have said : 'I want to have as few restrictions upon trade as possible, but the people are not prepared for direct taxation, nor do they want a principal part of the taxation to be levied upon their tea, sugar, coffee, and other things, which must in any case be imported ; I can't get any more out of whiskey and tobacco : I must

have the money, and therefore I will raise it from these other imports.'

He might have left their raw material free to manufacturers, and they would have been better satisfied than they are to-day. He might have left coal free to tens of thousands in Ontario, who are cursing the coal tax to-day. He might have left flour free, to the great relief of the Maritime Provinces ; and he might have omitted all, or almost all, the unpopular and oppressive incidents of the 'National Policy' tariff, which owe their existence to its having been framed as a purely protective one. Why did he not do so ? I suppose Mr. Mackenzie and others thought they would be violating some principle if they did, and that they chose to go down into the cold shade of opposition, rather than appear to give way to what they must have considered to be a baseless clamour. The result was what many of us expected. During the contest, the Reformers generally adhered to their party leaders, and those who saw the blunder they had been guilty of on the tariff question, preferred to remain silent upon it rather than do anything to bring back the unrepentant Pacific Scandal Minister to power. But the demand for some measure of protection was too strong, and too many were willing to overlook the old delinquencies of the Tories, for the sake of getting that protection which our party had, upon principle, denied them. The people, in short, overlooked the crime of one party in order to punish the blunder of the other.

And that blunder has been, unfortunately, persisted in from month to month and from year to year, so that the Liberal leaders have been under the necessity of appearing to rejoice at every supposed evidence of a lack of prosperity, and to belittle and dispute every indication of the return of good times. They had to argue with one breath that the National Policy, inasmuch as it was a protective tariff, would destroy the revenue from the

customs, and with the next that, as the duties were not prohibitory, it was a protective tariff that would not protect.

And whilst the revenue has largely increased, and the former deficits have been changed into surpluses, we have seen a great impetus given to manufactures of various kinds. Nor have the prices to the consumer, except in certain lines, increased so largely as to give rise to any considerable discontent. So that Mr. Cartwright, when he thinks of these facts, must say within himself, 'All these things are against me. Until hard times come again, I shall have no chance of getting the people to listen to me.'

What a position for a politician or a statesman to be placed in!

It could have been nothing else but the attitude of the Reformers on this tariff question, for the last three years, and at the present time, that saved the Government and the Syndicate during the recent Session of Parliament.

There can be no doubt, I think, that the great majority of the people, and probably a majority of their representatives in Parliament, really disapproved of the terms of the Contract, especially after the proposal of the Howland Syndicate; and under other circumstances, they would never have supported Sir John as they did. But they reasoned in this way—Sir John is committed to this Contract, he must stand or fall by it, if we turn him out, the Grits must come in, and then they will reverse the National Policy, and turn the affairs of the country upside down.

This was the true reason why so many Conservative members were prepared to vote for so monstrous a sacrifice of the interests of their country, and why they braved the indignation of the people as they did.

And they may make use of the same argument when the next contest before the people comes on. The people will be disposed to condemn the conduct of the present Govern-

ment in forcing through the contract with the St. Paul Syndicate. Beyond all doubt, they will. But the Tories will say, 'If you put us out the Grits will come in, and where will your protection be? Are they not pledged to reverse the National Policy at the first opportunity? And will you allow your manufacturing industries to be crushed; the Pacific Railway to be abandoned, or indefinitely postponed, and everything to be put into confusion merely for the sake of punishing us for what is past and for what cannot be undone?'

To such an appeal there can only be one response, and therefore I say that, to my mind, it is perfectly clear that, unless the Liberal party changes its platform on the tariff question very considerably, it will be beaten at the next election.

Those who have followed me thus far, may ask what changes I would suggest in the platform of the Liberal party on this question. The changes I have to suggest are all founded upon this, that the true fiscal policy for Canada is—a REVENUE TARIFF, so adjusted as to give INCIDENTAL PROTECTION.

A certain large sum must be raised every year from the customs and excise duties, for no one seriously urges the imposition of direct taxation. Certain articles of general consumption can be advantageously produced in the country and certain others cannot.

Suppose we were a purely agricultural people, and had no manufactures whatever, but imported everything that we used except the actual produce of the field, forest and stream. If such were our condition, we might as well pay our taxes on one class of imports as another. Some things must be rendered dearer to the consumers in order that a revenue may be raised. Well then, would it be economical folly for a Finance Minister to lay the highest taxes on such imported articles that a few simple manufactures would be encouraged into life? I

think the most rabid free-trader would not say that.

I am neither a manufacturer nor a protectionist; but I have no objection to paying a portion of my share of the taxation of the general government every time I buy a suit of clothes, merely because *thereby* woollen manufactures are encouraged and assisted. That this latter is the *incidental* result does not injure me, and I might as well pay in that way as on tea or sugar, which cannot be produced here.

Again, if it was politic to levy $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on certain manufactured articles of import, as Mr. Cartwright insisted in 1874; is there any charm in that particular number, or any relation between that particular number and the divine fitness of things?

If one is constructing a calendar, he must provide for exactly 365 days in a year and 366 in leap-year; or, if one is making a glove, he must ordinarily provide four fingers and a thumb, but if $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was not a base pandering to protectionist clamour in 1874, why should 20 per cent., or 25 per cent., of necessity be wrong in 1877 and 1878, when more revenue was needed to meet current expenditure, and some old established industries were languishing for want of it?

In levying our tariff, I think the geographical relations of the different Provinces should be taken into account. The other Provinces should not be specially taxed for the benefit of an industry, which can only flourish in one Province. Therefore I think it will be not only a popular, but a statesmanlike policy, to advocate the abolition of the coal tax, which bears hardly upon Ontario, and the flour tax which bears hardly upon the Maritime Provinces. Coal and flour, it should be remembered, are both necessities of life to the poor, and a wise policy would leave them untaxed on that account if possible.

Again, in adjusting a revenue tariff

so as to afford incidental protection, it should be the aim of the minister to leave the manufacturers' raw material as free as possible. Of course what is raw material to one manufacturer may be the manufactured product of another, and in such cases there should be a gradation of duties, so as not to press unduly on any one industry, and to give some assistance to all.

Duties which are purely protective, and which are higher than the necessities of the revenue call for, should be reduced. And in deciding what industries should be thus incidentally protected, regard should be had to the suitability or otherwise of each particular industry to the natural and geographical capabilities of the country.

Starting with a few such general principles, let me indicate briefly the outline of a tariff policy, which in my humble judgment is the true policy for Canada, and the only one with which the Opposition can expect to achieve success at the next Dominion Elections.

Restore coal and flour to the free list.

Restore pig-iron to the free list (at least until there are signs of the establishment of some more blast furnaces. At present the duty on pig iron is a heavy tax upon the manufacturers, and I do not know of more than one place in the Dominion where it is made).

Decrease the heavy duties upon certain lines of imports, which are not needed for protection, and now only enable rings to rob the people by unjust combination.

But in other matters leave the present tariff very much as it is, whenever that can be done consistently with the cardinal principle of 'a revenue tariff adjusted to give incidental protection.'

In such an adjustment it should be borne in mind, that not all industries are the proper subjects of protection. We are told that protection is needed for certain industries, because

without it the products of those industries can be imported so cheaply, that the native manufacturer cannot *at first* compete with the foreign, but may be enabled eventually to do so. Take axes for instance. If they had been always on the free list, there might be no axes made in Canada to-day, whereas it is likely that, even without the duty, we would now be making most of our own axes. But can the agricultural industries be crushed out by foreign importations? Did our farmers cease to till their fields and reap their harvests when there was no duty on grain? Will apples and strawberries cease to grow if they are put on the free list again?

An import duty on the necessities of life is an unfortunate one, because in time of plenty it does not benefit the farmers; whilst in times of scarcity it is positively unjust to the poor. It was in securing the abolition of the Corn Laws that the free-traders of England achieved their great victory, and, so far as provisions go, we would do well to follow their example here. But when we try to imitate them in other matters we are very apt to forget the essential difference in the industrial conditions of the two countries.

The English manufacturing industries are now so strong that they do not require protection any longer; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would get very little revenue indeed

from such a tariff as ours is. Therefore, he has to raise his revenue in other ways, and partly by direct taxation, so that we may be as good theoretical free-traders here as they are in England, and yet be unable to follow in their footsteps very closely, at least for many years.

Some such policy as I have indicated would, I believe, *have* to be adopted by Mr. Cartwright if he were appointed Finance Minister to-morrow. He could not go back to the old tariff of 1878 if he wanted to, because he must have all, or nearly all, the revenue produced by the present tariff to carry on the Government, and to fulfil the enormous obligations now resting on the country.

If this is true, surely the best policy for the Liberals to adopt is to come out boldly, and tell the people what their policy will be.

Such a policy as I have very roughly outlined would be popular with the farmers, with the importers, with the coal consumers of Ontario, with the flour consumers of the Maritime Provinces, and with consumers generally; whilst it would please the manufacturers just as well to have less protection if they could get their raw material more cheaply.

It remains to be seen whether the Liberal Leaders will have the wisdom to catch the popular breeze, and to turn it in the right direction.

CARLYLE

(Buried in the place of his birth, February, 1881.)

BY GARET NOEL.

BACK unto thy childhood's meadows
 They have borne thee, mute, unheeding,
 Prophet heart, that midst life's shadows
 Spoke the truth with earnest pleading:
 Once men feared thy scorn of error,
 Now the meanest knows no terror.

Dead, they say no trace remaineth
 Of the power that thrilled our labours ;
 Him no more our weakness paineth,
 He is quiet like his neighbours :
 Hast thou not a word of scorning
 That will shame their idle mourning ?

Dead, like common weak hearts, creeping
 From the world as some disaster,
 Folded hands and quiet sleeping,
 Will that suit thee, fiery master ?
 Can that rugged heart no longer
 Teach us truth and make us stronger ?

Can it be the voice is ended
 That rang out in early morning,
 When we sat with bright dreams blended,
 Like a clarion note of warning ?
 ' Rouse thee, on such sloth is madness,
 Work is thine and human sadness.'

Can it be his heart grew weary,
 In the end, of hotly beating
 'Gainst the baser lives and dreary
 That we labour in completing ?
 That the brave eyes missed the yearning
 'Neath our outward falseness burning ?

Not so, on, his voice is calling
 From the heights far on before thee,
 Where the purer light is falling
 And the shadows melt in glory :—
 There the true for which he panted
 Leads him on through realms enchanted.

On, he is not dead nor sleeping ;
 He has dropp'd but human weakness ;
 Age that held him in its keeping,
 Grief that taught the proud heart meekness ;
 And his feet are strong for running.
 He hath finish'd life's atoning.

But we dumbly stand and palter
 Where he passed in swift pursuing ;
 And our footsteps shrink and falter
 From his path of earnest doing.
 Let us rise from idle dreaming ;
 Learn his scorn of outward seeming.

Let us wake, 'tis *we* who slumber,
 And our dreams oft hold us downward,
 Turn like him from things that cumber,
 And with braver hearts press onward ;
 Till we grasp him through the stillness
 Walking free from human illness.

SIR EUSTACE DE RIBEAUMONT.

A BALLAD FROM FROISSART.

[In the year 1348, during a truce between the English and French, and while the former were withdrawn from the Continent, an attempt was made to procure the surrender of Calais. Sir Amory de Valence, the English Governor, having feigned acceptance of the offered bribe, sent word to King Edward who equipped a small expedition, which sailed under Sir Walter Manny in time to reach Calais secretly on the appointed day.

The French, who marched from St. Omer, were admitted by the Governor, but were at once attacked by Sir Walter Manny, under whom the King served as a private knight. The interlocutor in the following ballad is Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont who relates the incidents of the French defeat.]

THE little town was very dull,
 Slowly the weeks slipped by
 Without a sign upon the earth
 Or omen in the sky ;
 I ween it was a twelvemonth since
 I raised my battle-cry.

The little town of St. Omer
 The truce had left to France,
 And many an archer harboured there
 And many a sturdy lance,
 And many a knight who fretted for
 The order to advance.

There was no noise of champing bit,
 No ring of metall'd heel,
 No sound of clarion in the ear
 No rasp of sharp'ning steel ;—
 The hilt grew stranger to the grasp
 It once was wont to feel.

You heard the tinkling sacring bell
 Pass down the noontide street,
 Or marked the dog turn out and bay
 The noisy peasant's feet ;
 Beyond the wall, across the stream,
 You heard the yearlings bleat.

* * * *

The key of France is Calais town,
 And bitter shame it were
 That England's King that golden key
 Should at his girdle bear
 And, like a jailor, turn the lock
 On all our kingdom fair.

This truce,—God's malison upon
 The men who swore it through !—
 How say you friends, is't binding now
 On either me or you ?
 And may we not be false to that
 Yet to our country true ?

Then came a post from Calais town
 And strange word did he bring,
 That Amory de Valence holds
His oath a slender thing,
 And names the price that tempteth him
 E'en to betray his king.

I ween it is a sorry act
 To grasp a traitor's hand ;—
 But there are other things as hard
 For men to understand ;
 And good and evil in this world
 Are tied up in one band.
 * * * *

Unbar your gate, Sir Amory,
 Let your portcullis down !
 Within this bag the price is laid,—
 It lacketh not a crown
 Of the round sum you bargained for,
 The price of Calais town.

Unbar the gate, Sir Amory !
 The sea fog gathers chill,
 It tarnishes our armour plate
 It clings to blade and bill.
 St. Denis !—is the knave distraught
 To keep us waiting still ?

Sir Amory undid the gate
 With cautious hand and slow,
 A moment poised the heavy bag
 Then it aside did throw ;
 ' We'll count the tale at break of day '
 He said, in accents low.

With that he steppéd on one side
 As if to give us way ;
 We heard a whistle, long and shrill,
 I saw a glimmer, gray
 And rough with point of pike and spear
 That right before us lay.

' O welcome, welcome ! sons of France !
 Right welcome are you here,
 Although you thought to buy too cheap
 A town we hold so dear !
 Full many a league of sea we've crossed
 To mend your Christmas cheer.

' A Manny to the rescue,—ho ! '
 —Then did we know right well
 That silver crowns no more availed,
 They were as weak a spell
 To buy the gates of Calais town
 As pave a road from hell !

But steel may win where silver fails,
 And 'tis the fairer way ;—
 We told down drops of blood for gold
 Until the east was gray ;
 'Twixt inner wall and barbican
 The tide of fight did sway.

And three times in the hurtling press
 I met the self-same knight,
 Whose manhood shone o'er all the rest
 With far exceeding might ;
 And once I struck him to his knee
 —Then lost him in the night.

Pledge we a cup to all brave knights
 Whether they lose or win !
 Though we banged sore the city gates
 In nowise got we in.
 And in the early morning light
 Our scattered ranks showed thin.

When one has fought from dirk midnight
 Until the rising day,
 And half one's blood and all one's strength
 Have slowly oozed away,—
 I trow it is no shame one's sword
 Upon the ground to lay.

I yielded mine to that same knight
 With whom I thrice had fought ;
 Right frankly as a brother would
 My hand in his he caught
 ' I wis' said he, ' thou art a man
 Made after my own thought !'
 * * * *

A hall, a hall ! the feast is done,
 The knights come flocking in,
 The minstrels to the right and left
 Keep up their merry din
 As the king's jester marshals them
 With courtly jape and grin.

In a fair weed of seemly silk
 The king himself appears,
 His face does wear the trenching marks
 Of troublous warlike years :
 Each wrinkle on his brow cost France
 A wealth of blood and tears.

Yet does he smooth his face to me
 While thus he smiling says,
 ' Sir Eustace, no such knight as thou
 I've met these many days,
 And I am bent thy hardihood
 Shall have deserved praise.

' Wear thou this chaplet of fair pearls
 Which from my brow I take ;
 But pledge me first thy knightly word,
 For English Edward's sake
 To all who ask its history
 A true accompt thou'll make !'

With gifts of price he sent me thence
 Honored and ransom-free ;
 It was a happy stroke of mine
 That brought him to his knee,
 And brought me out of Calais town
 With these fair pearls ye see ! F. R.

ROUND THE TABLE.

REJOINDER TO A. B. C.

I AM most happy to afford A. B. C. all the light I can on the subject of Mrs. Oliphant's story, referred to by me in a former number. I gave the story, *exactly as I got it*, from a friend, now far distant, who had read the article in *Fraser's Magazine*. I tried to procure the Magazine myself, as I would rather in any such case give the *ipsissima verba*, but not being able to do so, I gave it as it was told to me, relying on my friend's intelligence and accuracy. Moreover, we are supposed to be 'round the table' here,—not in a witness box,—and may venture, as people habitually do round the mahogany, to tell a story on hearsay evidence, subject, of course, to the correction of our better informed friends; especially if it is told not in proof of anything, but simply as an illustration of what we frequently see in everyday life.

The only material difference between my version of the story, and what I have no doubt is the correct one, given by 'A. B. C.,' is, that mine had lost (instead of gaining) by transmission, the fact, which I quite admit to be an important fact,—that the 'boarders' in question were *pupils* in the first place. How this fact happened to escape my friend's memory I don't know, but I am certain at least that it was not owing to *animus*. Certainly I understood that Mrs. Oliphant laid stress on the fact that the wife's labour made a very important factor in the accruing income,—as indeed it must do, even in the case of pupil boarders,—though in that case, of course, only as a supplement to the husband's labours. It would have been more satisfactory if A. B. C. had quoted the reference entire from Mrs. Oliphant's article, as he evidently could have done. I should

have much preferred givin the story *entirely in her own words*, to begin with, had it been in my power to do so. So much for the chivalrous insinuation of '*resorting to devices*,' &c. ! I think the guests 'at the table' should not forget the ordinary amenities of social life, or the good old motto '*honi soit qui mal y pense*.' As to the question how far the co-operation of a wife is necessary in making it profitable to take even pupil boarders, I happen to know a case in which a husband, who had made considerable preparation to receive pupils, was obliged to abandon the project because his wife's health failed, and it ran away with too much of the profits to employ an efficient housekeeper. In such a case, is a wife the business partner of her husband, or is she not? If she is—is it not a little out of place for him to talk of his 'buying her a pair of gloves?'

As to the point of the story and its relevancy to the question, I must leave 'A. B. C.' to settle that with Mrs. Oliphant if he likes. She does not usually write nonsense,—and it is at least open to conjecture, that it is A. B. C. who may be mistaken as to what the story 'contains.' Had he given us the whole context, we could have better judged; for disjointed quotations are notoriously misleading. As I take it, she simply told the story—as I did—in illustration of a very common masculine trait,—the underrating by men of the work of women for objects in which both are concerned. It is probably a 'survival' of the contemptuous estimate of women held in barbarous times and still held among barbarous tribes: the traces of which, even under the combined influence of Christianity and civilization, have not yet wholly disappeared.

F.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The English Poets. Edited by THOMAS H. WARD, M. A. [*Third notice.* Vol. 2, Ben Jonson to Dryden.] London & New York : Macmillan & Co. ; Toronto : Willing & Williamson.

ALTHOUGH Donne, with whose works the first volume of these Selections ended, was born in the same year as Ben Jonson, and died a few years before the great dramatist, we cannot but consider that their places should have been reversed. Ben Jonson, in his old age, presents to us just such a colossal figure, grand in its pride of classic isolation, as befits the close of a great period. On all sides he shows the living bands that connect him with the brotherhood of Elizabethan dramatists and poets. In his strength and in his weakness, alike in his highest moments and in his lowest levels, he is one of them ;—the parent of Captain Bobadil could not but be of kin to his ‘beloved Master,’ the creator of Ancient Pistol. How different are the characteristics we find in the poetry, nay in even the life, of Donne ! The full, surging tide of human action no longer wells up, irrepressible, in dramatic representations ; a smaller, and more courtly spirit deals in less exalted strains, and Donne, the fit inaugurator of a transition school of poetry finds his external life cast in the narrow circle of the Anglican priesthood instead of burgeoning out among the robust surroundings which Ben Jonson enjoyed to the last. We do not wish to disparage Donne, who in many respects was vastly superior to the crowd of feeble imitators who followed him, but his deeper earnestness was in no small degree due to his greater proximity to the school of poets which he was the first to leave. In the quaintness of his conceits, in the distance from which his metaphors and allusions are often brought, and in the curious involution of his thought, Donne is not unfrequently to be paralleled by his immediate predecessors. But he cannot upon this score claim to belong to their

company, any more than Carew, Suckling or Lovelace can claim to rank with the man who wrote ‘Sigh no more, ladies,’ because of the few admirable love songs they have left to us. The distinction in both cases is complete. The Elizabethan poets indulged in affectations, in humours and quips ; they also interspersed throughout their works some of the most exquisite lyrics in our tongue. But neither this beauty nor this blemish formed their chief claim to attention. They have purchased the love and gratitude of succeeding ages by a vast mass of work, mainly dramatic, which displays the most consummate knowledge of human nature, and the most varied command of those metrical forms in which such knowledge is best exhibited. It speaks volumes for the true greatness of such work, when we reflect how small a portion of the pleasure we derive from it is attributable to the occasional songs it contains. Gloriously beautiful as are the songs in Shakespeare’s plays, their entire removal would make no appreciable difference in the estimate we form of him as a poet.

To such men succeeded a race of poets who very successfully imitated and even occasionally exceeded the exaggerated and affected style into which the Elizabethan had ever been too ready to slip, and who (to their honour be it said) also caught up the strain of lyric sweetness and power which was so soon to become a lost note among the woods and copses of fair England. In these two points of similarity alone lies the connection between the school of the early Stuarts and that of their predecessors. With a blindness that seems to our eyes infatuation, their contemporaries exalted them to the highest rank and credited them with having improved and carried forward a literature, of which, as we have seen, they were incapable of assimilating more than a structural blemish and an accidental ornament. Much as we may and must admire Herrick and Herbert, and the

others we have named above, it is impossible to refrain from asking ourselves where are the great, the really important works, which they produced, and how much would be left for their fame to rest upon if we put on one side a number of their songs equal to those we have just supposed might be removed from Shakespeare's pages without shaking his position?

Ben Jonson having written more occasional and non-dramatic poems than any other of his fellows, it was to him that the succeeding generation of poets more closely allied themselves. So narrowly did they scan his verses that their imitations at times put on all the appearance of plagiarisms. The last verse of *Charis' Triumph*, commencing with the exquisite lines

'Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?'—

appears to have been an especial favourite with Ben Jonson's poetic progeny, as the Cavalier Wits were proud to dub themselves. Sir John Suckling (in a selection quoted at p. 179) contents himself with copying the form while reversing the idea:

'Hast thou seen the down in the air
When wanton blasts have tossed it?
Or the ship on the sea
When ruder winds have crossed it?' &c.

but Thomas Carew (at p. 122) coolly appropriates the original thought down to the veriest detail of its imagery, and seeks to hide the theft by changing the metre!

The poetry of the dramatists had been distinctly devoid of any religious element, the province of human action seemed to absorb even their vast power and grasp of mind. No doubt this is in part attributable to the fact that the machinery of the drama, in the hands of a master, does not lend itself at all to didactic teaching. But there appears to be more in it than can be thus explained, when we reflect that the Shakespeare, whose plays we ransack in vain for evidence that his sympathies were with Catholic or Protestant, also used the sonnet, the form of which is peculiarly adapted to that introspective analysis which so surely discloses the inner thoughts of the heart when it is allowed its full scope. The general explanation is that England was imbued with the

hearty paganism of the Renaissance, which took a firmer hold upon the national mind than it would otherwise have done, owing to the unsettlement of opinion during the slow and vacillating overthrow of the State religion. During Elizabeth's reign we must turn to the persecuted Jesuit, Southwell, if we are in search of distinctively religious poetry, but as the curtain falls upon the last of the great dramatists we are conscious of a national movement which, in the literary no less than in the political world, tends towards the subordination of earthly things to a heavenly polity. Many of the poets became clergymen after having been courtly wits, and they devoted their art to that new service in much the same spirit as that in which Loyola laid his stained earthly feelings of chivalry at the feet of a Lady purer than any for whom Roland had laid lance in rest.

The newly-created English Church was making, under the auspices of Laud, the first of those desperate struggles to lay hold of Catholicity and an unbroken antiquity, which have since then almost periodically convulsed her frame, and the fervour of which has brought to the front whatever poetic afflatus breathed within her fold upon the lips of a Herbert or a Keble. In the former we find child-like simplicity mixed with passages of great force, which must have owed their power to severe conflicts of inward emotion. No man could have written *'The Collar'* (p. 200), who had not experienced an inward revolt against the constraints of a morally well-regulated life with all its petty galling annoyances.

In some thirty broken lines of marvellous power, the poet declares his freedom and his determination to enjoy it;—
"There is fruit, and thou hast hands."
He encourages himself to "recover all his sigh-blown age on double pleasures," and desperately exclaims:

'Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears!
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.'

Then comes the soft answer to all this wrath:—

'But as I rav'd, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "child!"
And I reply'd, "My Lord!"'

Whither, Herrick, Herbert, Sandys, Crashaw and Vaughan represent the right wing of this movement towards an alliance between poetry and religion, the wing that pointed in the direction of prescriptive authority embodied in an Anglican or Roman Catholic hierarchy. The corresponding wing which led to independent thought in matters of Church and State is represented practically by Milton alone; but one book of his great poem far outweighs the religious verse of the others put together. We do not propose to touch upon the vast subject of Milton here,—he alone formed the school of Puritanic poetry, and it died out with him, for we cannot count for much the weak echo afforded by Marvell, his 'satellite, paler yet bright,' as Professor Goldwin Smith aptly describes him in his biographical notice attached to the selections from his works.

Space will not allow us to devote much attention to the poems of Cowley and of Waller, and in our opinion they do not merit much. We cannot help thinking that Cowley wrote with very great ease, and cordially agree with Mr. Ward's opinion that he is now 'unread and unreadable.' Pope himself asked 'who reads Cowley?' a question which two lines in the poem, '*On the Death of Mr. Crashaw*,' enables us to answer. Pope read him at any rate:

'His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the
right.'

These verses have a familiar sound to students of Pope, which can hardly be accidental. The searcher for designed or undesigned coincidences will also note down the parallelism between a well-known hymn and the following lines from Dryden's '*Hind and the Panther*':

'The gospel sound diffused from pole to pole
Where winds can carry and where waves
can roll.'

While on the subject of Dryden, we notice that Mr. A. W. Ward quotes Wordworth's remark that his works do not contain a single image from Nature. The criticism was perhaps a hardy one, but the Editor might have noticed that it was originated by an earlier critic, no less a man than Dryden himself, who, in one of his prologues, declares that he finds:

'Passion too fierce to be in fetters bound
And Nature flies him like enchanted ground.'

There are several errors in this volume we should like to see corrected. 'Ere' and 'e'er' are doubly confounded at pp. 84 & 187. At p. 101 the putting a capital letter to the word 'master' spoils the sense of Wither's hymn. Throughout, the Editor has no fixed rule to go by in noting triplets, they are sometimes bracketted and sometimes not. Surely this-disfiguring mark is no longer needed and should be dismissed to follow the old custom of printing at the foot of the page the first word you will come to over-leaf; both were mere contrivances to prevent bad readers from stumbling.

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The Consolation, a Poem: By GEORGE GERRARD. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.; 1881.

Among the many poetical productions which have marked the present period of returning prosperity, the handsome volume before us is one of the best. It treats of some of the most serious and momentous topics; but it is written in a style of sustained power, and has a freshness that imparts interest even to metaphysics. The writer of such a book deserves the thanks of all interested in our National literature. We regret that space only allows us to give a scanty extract from a volume which we commend to all lovers of poetry:

'When some fond mother sees upon her breast
The first-born infant quietly at rest,
What happy thoughts fleet inward as she
lies,
And oft escape half formed, in gentle sighs:
She thinks not of the past, for he has none,
On future years alone does sweetest fancy
run.'

— — —
Studies in the Mountain Instruction, by GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

As its title indicates this work is an exposition of the Sermon on the Mount by the learned pastor of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia. He takes as his central idea the words of the Master: 'Be ye perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect,' and shews that Jesus Christ came to save men from the evil in and around them and raise them to God's standard of moral perfection. This standard is presented in the Sermon on the Mount. In so far as its teaching is appropriated and carried out in this life will men be perfect and redemption

complete. He regards it as a system of the noblest philosophy or of Christian ethics, containing principles worthy of being made the foundation of all true society and, with a deep reverence for the authority of the Great Teacher, the author proceeds to explain and illustrate those principles in their relation to, and practical bearing upon, the lives of men. Though from time to time Mr. Boardman gives utterance to opinions and interpretations with which all may not agree, yet the work as a whole may be

read and studied with profit. The exposition was first given as a course of lectures, fourteen in number, treating of Christ's teaching concerning blessedness, the church, fulfilment, reconciliation, asceticism, words, perfection, worship, prayer, wealth, sonship, society and character. One cannot well rise from the perusal of these lectures without having added something to the store of one's ideas bearing upon the great Mountain Instruction.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. Hunter, Rose & Co., in anticipation of the early completion of the story in this magazine, have brought out in book form Mr. Wilkie Collins' new novel, 'The Black Robe.' The author, after his usual manner, which was also that of Mr Charles Reade, constructs his story and designs his plots with a purpose—that of the present work being to expose the subtle machinations of Jesuitism and to hold up to public obloquy priestly intrigue and the Church's covetousness. Like all of Mr. Collins' stories, this new one fastens itself upon the reader's attention, and, with the art of which he is such a master, carries him intently along with him to the end of the book. This Canadian edition is published by arrangement with the author, and is issued uniform with his previous novels copyrighted by the publishers.

A complete and elaborately indexed Catalogue of the Library of the Ontario Parliament has just been issued by the Librarian, with the assistance of his brother, Mr. John M. Watson. The work on every page manifests intelligence and industry in its compilation, the classification and detailed enumeration of the contents of the library being only surpassed by the facilities for reference which the catalogue affords. Mr. Watson has done a special service to the student of Canadian history in citing the contents of the forty-six volumes of Canadian pamphlets, and in supplying a list of the Canadian newspapers, from 1830 to the present time, which are among the treasures of the Library.

We are in receipt of the eighteenth annual issue, for 1881, of Mr. Martin's *The Statesman's Year Book*, a statistical and historical summary of the various countries of the civilized world. The volume, we acknowledge, is of much utility as a reference book, particularly to him who makes acquaintance with it for the first time. To make it a profitable investment each year to the purchaser, however, the revision of the several countries should be undertaken by some competent person in each of the localities from whence the official returns are drawn. This strikes us as being specially necessary in the case of Canada, where the information, statistical and general, might be more ample and of later date than appears in the work. To give the population of the cities of the Dominion as it was in 1871, for instance, and to repeat this, with much of a similar kind, every year, is not to show the most commendable enterprise. The information under 'Church and Education,' moreover, is absurdly meagre and inconsequential. In many respects the book could be improved and made of greater value, did the compiler not rely so much, as he seems to do, on official blue-books and, as is often the case, on antiquated works of reference. The space given in the volume, annually, to the enumeration of the sources of information, we also think, might be turned to a more useful purpose. The publishers are Macmillan & Co., London and New York; the Canadian agents, Willing & Williamson, Toronto.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

MAY, 1881.

ONTARIO FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW :

A CONTRAST.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, TORONTO.

THE settlement of Ontario, known as the Province of Upper Canada, or Canada West, up to the time of Confederation, began in 1784, so that at the date I propose to make a brief survey of the condition and progress of the country, it had been settled forty-six years. During those years—no insignificant period in a single life, but very small indeed in the history of a country—the advance in national prosperity, and the various items that go to make life pleasant and happy, had been wonderful. The muscular arm of the sturdy pioneer had hewn its way into the primeval forest, and turned the gloomy wilderness into fruitful fields.

It is well known that the first settlers located along the shores of the River St. Lawrence, the Bay of Quinté, Lake Ontario, and Lake Erie, and that, at the time of which I speak, this coastline of a few hundred miles, extending

back but a very short distance, a long narrow strip cut from the serried edge of the boundless woods, comprised the settlement of Canada West as it then existed. Persistent hard-work had placed the majority in circumstances of more than ordinary comfort. Good houses had taken the place of log cabins, and substantial frame barns that of rude hovels. Hard fare and scanty raiment had given place to an abundance of the necessaries of life, and no people, perhaps, ever appreciated these blessings with more sincere thankfulness and hearty contentment. The farmer was a strong hardy man, the wife a ruddy, cheerful body, careful of the comforts of her household. One table sufficed for themselves and their servants or hired help. Meat was provided twice and often thrice a day ; it being more a matter of taste than economy as to the number of times it was served. Fruit was abundant and

every matron prided herself in preserving and putting away quantities of it for home use, and dispensed it liberally, so that at this time the world was moving smoothly with the people. The changes that had been brought about by their industry during these years were marvellous: an immense tract of wilderness had been reclaimed, and waving fields and fruitful orchards occupied its place. It may have seemed to them, and indeed I think it did to many, that the sum of all they could expect or even desire in this world had been attained; while we who remember those days, and look back over the changes of fifty years, wonder how they managed to endure life at all.

It is true that the father, more from the force of habit than necessity, perhaps, continued to toil in the field, and the mother, moved by the same cause, and her maternal anxiety for the well-being of her family, still spent many a long hour at the loom. The son, brought up to work, followed the plough, or did battle with the axe, making the woods ring with his rapid strokes, and pictured as he reared a nest for himself in the unbroken forest behind the homestead, where the girl of his choice figured as the central charm, and the daughter who toiled through the long summer's day to the monotonous hum of the spinning wheel, drawing out and twisting the threads that should enter into the make-up of her wedding outfit, were all contented and happy. The time and circumstances in which they were placed presented nothing better, and in their estimation, the world had little more to offer than they already possessed.

It is more than probable that if we, with our modern notions and habits, could to-day be carried back into a similar condition of life, we would feel that our lines had fallen in anything but pleasant places. The flying years, with their changes and anxieties, like the constant dripping of water on a stone, have worn off the rough edges that wounded and worried during their pro-

gress, and only the sunny spots, burned in the plastic memory of younger days, remain.

The old homes, as I remember them in those days, were thought palatial in their proportions and conveniences, and so they were beside the old log houses, which often still remained as a reminder of other days, but had been converted into the base use of a cow stable, or a shelter for waggons and farm implements during the winter. They were, with very few exceptions, wooden structures, clap-boarded, and were painted either yellow or red. The majority, however, never received any touching up from the painter's brush, and as the years rolled on became rusty and gray with the beating of winter storms and the heat of the summer's sun. The interior rarely displayed any skill in arrangement or design. The living rooms were generally of goodly size with low ceilings, but the sleeping rooms were invariably small, with barely room enough for a large high-posted bedstead, and a space to undress in. The exterior was void of any architectural embellishment, with a steep roof pierced by dormer windows. The kitchen, which always seemed to me like an after-thought, was a much lower part of the structure, welded on one end or the other of the main body of the house, and usually had a roof projecting some distance over on one side, forming what was called 'the stoop.' In very many cases, the entrance to the spacious cellar where the roots, apples, cider, and other needs of the household were kept, was from this through a trap door, so that in summer or winter the good wife had actually to go out of doors when anything was required for the table, and that was very often. It really seemed as though the old saying of 'the longest way round is the soonest way home' entered not only into the laying out of highways, but into all the domestic arrangements. Economy of time and space, convenience, or anything to facilitate or lighten labour, does not ap-

pear to have occupied the thoughts of the people. Work was the normal condition of their being, and, as we see it now, everything seems to have been so arranged as to preclude the possibility of any idle moments. At the end of the kitchen was invariably a large fire-place with its wide, gaping mouth, an iron crane, with a row of pothooks of various lengths, from which to suspend the pots over the fire, and on the hearth a strong pair of andirons, flanked by a pair of substantial tongs and shovel. During the winter, when the large back-log, often as much as two men could handle, was brought in and fixed in its place, and a good forestick put on the andirons with well-split maple piled upon it and set ablaze with dry pine and chips, the old fireplace became aglow with the cheerful fire, and dispensed its heat through the room. But in extremely cold weather, it sometimes happened that while one side was being roasted, the other was pinched with cold. At one side of the fireplace usually there was a large oven, which when required, was heated by burning dry wood in it, and then the dough was put into tin pans and pushed in to bake. Sometimes the ovens were built on frames in the yard, and then in wind or storm the baking had to be carried out doors and in. Every kitchen had one or more spacious cupboards; whatever need there were for other conveniences, these were always provided and were well filled. The other rooms of the house were generally warmed by large box stoves. The spare bedrooms were invariably cold, and on a severe night it was like undressing out of doors and jumping into a snow-bank. I have many a time shivered for half-an-hour before my body would generate heat enough to make me comfortable. The furniture made no pretensions to artistic design or to elegance. It was plain and strong, and bore unmistakable evidence of having originated either at the carpenter's bench or at the hands of some member of the family, in odd

spells of leisure on rainy days. Necessity is axiomatically said to be the mother of invention, and as there were no furniture makers with any artistic skill or taste in the country, and as the inclination of the people ran more in the direction of the useful than the ornamental, much of the domestic needs were of home manufacture. I have a clear recollection of the pine tables with their strong square legs tapering to the floor, and how carefully they were scrubbed. Table covers were seldom used, and only when there was company, and then the cherry table with its folding leaves was brought out and the pure white linen cloth, most likely the production of the good wife's own hands, was carefully spread upon it, and then came the crockery. Who can ever forget the blue-edged plates, cups and saucers, and other dishes whereon indigo storks, or something approaching a representation of them, and mandarins glided airily over sky-blue hills in their pious way from one indigo pagoda to another. These things, I have no doubt, would be rare prizes to Ceramic lovers of the present day. The cutlery and silver consisted mostly of bone-handled knives and iron forks, iron and pewter spoons. On looking over an old inventory of my grandfather's personal effects not long since, I came across these items: 'two pair of spoon moulds,' and I remembered when quite young, of melting pewter and making spoons with these moulds. Cooking was done in the oven and over the kitchen fire, and the utensils were a dinner pot, tea-kettle, frying pan and skillet. There were no cooking stoves. The only washing machines were the ordinary wash tubs, soft soap, and the brawny arms and hands of the girls, and the only wringers were the strong wrists and firm grip that could give a vigorous twist to what passed through the hands. Water was drawn from the wells with a bucket fastened to a long slender pole attached to a sweep suspended to a crotch. Butter was made in upright

churns, and many an hour have I stood with mother's apron pinned around me to keep my clothes from getting spattered, pounding at the stubborn cream when every minute seemed an hour, thinking the butter would never come. When evening came, we were wont to draw around the cheerful fire on the hearth or at the kitchen table, and read and work by the dim light of 'tallow dips,' placed in tin candlesticks, or, on extra occasions, in brass or silver ones, with their snuffers, trays and extinguishers. Now we sit by the brilliant light of the coal oil lamp, or gas. Then coal oil was in the far off future, and there was not a gas jet in Canada, if indeed in America. The making of tallow candles, before moulds were used, was a slow and tiresome task, and like the churning, though it came much less often, yet when it did come, it was trying to the arms and patience. Small sticks were used, about two feet long, upon each of which, six cotton wicks, made for the purpose, were placed about two inches apart, each wick being from ten to twelve inches long. Then a large kettle was nearly filled with hot water, upon which melted tallow was poured. Then two sticks were taken in the right hand, and the wicks slowly dipped up and down through the melted tallow. This process was continued until the candles had attained sufficient size, when they were put aside to harden, and then taken off the sticks and put away. It required considerable practical experience to make a smooth and even candle in this way, and to have them burn evenly—a sputtering candle was an abomination! The cloth with which the male members of the family were clad, as well as the flannel that made the dresses and underclothing for both, was carded, spun, and often woven at home, as was also the flax that made the linen. There was no sewing or knitting machines, save the deft hands that plied the needle. Carpets were seldom seen; the floors of the spare rooms, as they were called, were painted almost

invariably with yellow ochre paint, and the kitchen floor was kept clean and white with the file and sanded. The old chairs, which, for comfort, modern times have in no way improved, were also of home-make, with thin round legs and splint-bottomed seats, or what was more common, elm bark evenly cut and platted. Many a time have I gone to the woods in the spring when the willow catkins in the swamp and along the side of the creek turned from silver to gold, and the clusters of linwort nodding above the purple-green leaves in the April wind, and taken the bark in long strips from the elm trees to reseat the dilapidated chairs.

If the labour-saving appliances were so scanty indoors, they were not more numerous outside. The farmer's implements were rude and rough. The wooden plough, with its wrought-iron share, had not disappeared, but ploughs with cast iron mould boards, land-sides and shares, were rapidly coming into use. These had hard wood beams, and a short single handle with which to guide them. They were clumsy awkward things to work with, as I remember full well, and though an improvement, it was impossible to do nice work with them. Indeed, that part of the question did not receive much consideration, the principal object was to get the ground turned over. They were called patent ploughs. Drags were either tree tops or a square wooden frame with iron teeth. The scythe for hay and the cradle for grain, with strong backs and muscular arms to swing them, were the only mowers and reapers known. The hand rake had not been superseded by the horse rake, nor the hoe by the cultivator; and all through the winter, the regular thump, thump of the flails on the barn floor could be heard, or the grain being trampled out by the horse's feet, and then the rattle of the fanning mill announced the finishing of the task. Threshing machines and cleaners were yet to come.

It will be seen from what I have said that both in the house and out of it work was a stern and exacting master, whose demands were incessant, satisfied only by the utmost diligence, and it was simply by this that so much was accomplished. It is true there were other incentives that gave force to the will and nerve to the arm which enabled our forefathers to overcome the numberless arduous tasks that presented themselves and demanded their attention daily throughout the year. All the inventions that have accumulated so rapidly for the last twenty years or more, to lighten the burden and facilitate the accomplishment of labour and production, as well as to promote the comfort of all classes, were unknown fifty years ago. Indeed many of the things that seem so simple and uninteresting to us now, as I shall have occasion to show further on, were then hidden in the future. Take for example the very common and indispensable article, the lucifer match. Its simple method of producing fire had never entered the imagination of our most gifted sires. The only way known to them was the primitive one of rubbing two sticks together and producing fire by friction—a somewhat tedious process—or with a flint and bit of punk, a fungous growth, the best of which for this purpose is obtained from the beech, and a heavy jackknife. Gun flints were most generally used. One of these placed on a bit of dry punk, and held firmly in the left hand, while the knife with its closed blade, the back of which brought in contact with the flint by a quick downward stroke of the right hand, produced a shower of sparks, some of which falling on the punk would ignite, and a fire was produced. In the winter, if the fire went out, there were but two alternatives, either this or a run to a neighbour's house for live coals.

There were many superstitious notions current among the people in those days, and many an omen both for good

and evil was sincerely believed in, which even yet in quiet places finds a lodgment where the schoolmaster has not been much abroad. But the half century that has passed away has seen the last of many a foolish notion. A belief in omens was not confined to the poor and ignorant, for brave men have been known to tremble at seeing a winding sheet in a candle, and learned men to gather their little ones around them, fearing that one would be snatched away, because a dog outside took a fancy to howl at the moon. And who has not heard the remark when a sudden shiver came over one, that an enemy was then walking over the spot which would be his grave, or noticed the alarm occasioned by the death watch—the noise made by a harmless little insect in the wall resembling the ticking of a watch—or the saying that if thirteen sit down to table, one is sure to die within a year. Somebody has said there is one case when he believes this omen to be true, and that is when thirteen sit down to dinner and there is only enough for twelve. There was no end to bad omens. It was bad luck to see the new moon for the first time over the left shoulder, but if seen over the right it was the reverse. It is well known that the moon has been supposed to exercise considerable influence over our planet, among the chief of which are the tides, and it was believed also to have a great deal to do with much smaller matters than this. There are but few who have not seen on the first page of an almanac the curious picture representing a nude man with exposed bowels, and surrounded with the zodiacal signs. This was always found in the old almanacs, and indeed they would have been altogether unsaleable without it, and the weather cast. How often have I seen the almanac consulted as to whether it was going to be fair or stormy, cold or hot, and the mother studying the pictures when she wished to wean her babe. If she found the change of the moon occurred when

the sign was in Aries or Gemini or Taurus, all of which exercised a baneful influence on any part of the body above the heart, she would defer the matter until a change came when the sign would be in Virgo or Libra, considering it extremely dangerous to undertake it in the former case. The wife was not alone in this, for the husband waited for a certain time in the moon to sow his peas, that is if he expected a sure crop. He also thought it unlucky to kill hogs in the wane of the moon, because the pork would shrink and waste in the boiling. The finding of an old horse shoe was a sure sign of good luck, and it was quite common to see them nailed up over the door. It is said that the late Horace Greeley always kept a rusty one over the door of his sanctum. To commence anything on Friday was sure to end badly. I had an esteemed friend, the late sheriff of the county of —, who faithfully believed this, and adhered to it up to the time of his death. May was considered an unlucky month to marry in, and when I was thinking of this matter a number of years later, and wished the event to occur during the month, my wish was objected to on this ground, and the ceremony deferred until June in consequence.

It is said that the honey bee came to America with the Pilgrim Fathers. Whether this be so or not, I am unprepared to say. If it is true, then there were loyalists among them, for they found their way to Canada with the U. E.'s, and contributed very considerably to the enjoyment of the table. Short-cake and honey were things not to be despised in those days, I remember. There was a curious custom that prevailed of blowing horns and pounding tin pans to keep them from going away when swarming. The custom is an Old Country one, I fancy. The reader will remember that Dickens, in 'Little Dorrit,' makes Ferdinand Barnacle say 'you really have no idea how

the human bees will swarm to the beating of any old tin kettle, &c.'

Another peculiar notion prevailed with respect to discovering the proper place to dig wells. There were certain persons, I do not remember what they were called, whether water doctors or water witches, who professed to be able, with the aid of a small hazel crotched twig, which was held firmly in both hands with the crotch inverted, to tell where a well should be sunk with a certainty of finding water. The process was simply to walk about with the twig thus held, and when the right place was reached, the forked twig would turn downwards, however firmly held, and on the strength of this digging would be commenced in the place indicated. A curious feature about this was that there were but very few in whose hands the experiment would work, and hence the water discoverer was a person of some repute. I never myself witnessed the performance, but it was of common occurrence.

The people of to-day will no doubt smile at these reminiscences of a past age, and think lightly of the life surroundings of these early pioneers of the Province, but it must not be forgotten that their condition of life was that of the first remove from the gaping bush and the log cabin. Luxuries in the higher sense of the term there were none; but there was abundance, and it was so widely different from the struggle of earlier years that they were contented and happy. No people on earth, says Mr. Talbot, in 1823, 'live better than the Canadians, so far as eating and drinking justify the use of the expression, for they may be truly said to "fare sumptuously every day." Their breakfast not unfrequently consists of twelve or fourteen different ingredients, which are of the most heterogeneous nature; green tea and fried pork, honeycomb and salted salmon, pound cake and pickled cucumbers, stewed chickens and

apple-tarts, maple molasses and pease-pudding, gingerbread and sour-crout, are to be found at almost every table. The dinner differs not at all from the breakfast, and the afternoon repast, which they term "supper," is equally substantial.'

The condition of the Province in 1830 could not be otherwise than pre-eminently satisfactory to its inhabitants. That a people who had been driven from their homes, in most cases destitute of the common needs of ordinary life, should have come into a vast wilderness, and, in the course of forty-six years, have founded a country and placed themselves in circumstances of comfort and independence, seems to me to be one of the marvels of the century. The struggles and trials of the first settlers must ever be a subject of deepest interest to every true Canadian, and, as an illustration of the power of fixed principles upon the action of men, there are few things in the world's history that surpass it. It must be remembered that many, nay most, of the families who came here had been, prior to and during the Revolutionary war, men of means and position. All this they were forced to abandon, and they came into this country with empty hands, accepted the liberality of the British Government for two years, and went to work. Providence smiled upon their toils, and in the year of which we speak they had grown into a prosperous and happy people.

The social aspect of the people had changed but little. The habits and customs of early days still remained. Their position, as well as the laborious and active lives which they led, was one of exigency. The absorbing desire to succeed kept them at home. They knew but little of what was passing in the world outside, and it is more than probable that they cared less. Their chief interest was centred in the general welfare, and each contributed his or her share of intelligence and sagacity to further any plans that

were calculated to promote the general good. Every day called for some new expedient in which the comfort or advantage of the whole were concerned, for there were no positions save those accorded to worth and intellect. The suffering or misfortune of a neighbour, as well as his enjoyments, were participated in by all. Knowledge and ability were respectfully looked up to, yet those who possessed these, seemed hardly conscious of their gifts. The frequent occasions which called for the exercise of the mind sharpened sagacity and gave strength to character. Avarice and vanity were confined to narrow limits. Of money there was little; dress was coarse and plain, and was not subject to the whims or caprices of fashion. The girls, from the examples set them by their mothers, were industrious and constantly employed. Pride of birth was unknown, and the affections flourished fair and vigorously, unchecked by the thorns and brambles with which our minds are cursed in the advanced stage of refinement of the present day.

The secret of their success, if there was any secret in it, was the economy, industry and moderate wants of every member of the household. The clothing and living were the outcome of the farm. Most of the ordinary implements and requirements for both were produced at home. The neighbouring blacksmith made the axes, logging-chains and tools. He ironed the waggons and sleighs, and received his pay from the cellar and barn. Almost every farmer had his work-bench and carpenter's tools, which he could handle to advantage, as well as a shoemaker's bench; and during the long evenings of the fall and winter would devote some of his time to mending boots or repairing harness. Sometimes the old log house was turned into a blacksmith shop. This was the case with the first home of my grandfather, and his seven sons could turn their hands to any trade, and do pretty good

work. If the men's clothes were not made by a member of the household, they were made in the house by a sewing girl, or a roving tailor, and so also were the boots and shoes by cobblers of the same errant stripe. Many of the productions of the farm were unsaleable, owing to the want of large towns for a market. Trade, such as then existed, was carried on mostly by a system of barter. The refuse apples from the orchard were turned into cider and vinegar for the table. The skins of the cattle, calves and sheep that were slaughtered for the wants of the family, were taken to the tanners, who dressed them and returned half of each hide. The currency of the day was flour, pork and potash. The two first were in demand for the lumbermen's shanties, and the latter went to Montreal for export. The ashes from the house and the log heaps were either leached at home and the lye boiled down in the large potash kettles, of which almost every farmer had one or two, and converted into potash, or became a perquisite of the wife, and were carried to the ashery, where they were exchanged for crockery or something for the house. Wood, save the large oak and pine timber, was valueless, and was cut down and burned to get it out of the way.

I am enabled to give a list of prices current* at that time of a number of things, from a domestic account

	1830	1880
*A good horse.....	\$80 00	\$120 00
Yoke of oxen.....	75 00	100 00
Milch cow.....	16 00	30 00
A hog.....	2 00	5 00
A sheep.....	2 00	5 00
Hay per ton.....	7 00	12 00
Pork per bbl.....	15 00	12 00
Flour per cwt.....	3 00	3 00
Beef.....	3 50	6 00
Mutton.....	3 00	6 00
Turkeys, each.....		1 50
Ducks, per pair.....		1 00
Geese, each.....		80
Chickens, per pair.....		40
Wheat, per bushel.....	1 00	1 08
Rye.....	70	85
Barley.....	50	1 00
Peas.....	40	70

book, and an auction sale of my grandfather's personal estate, after his death in 1829. The term in general use for an auction then was *vendue*.

Vegetables were unsaleable, and so were many other things the farmer finds a ready market for now. The wages paid to a man were from eight to ten dollars, and a girl from two to three dollars per month. For a day's work, except in harvest time, from fifty to seventy-five cents. Money was reckoned by £. s. d. Halifax currency, to distinguish it from the pound sterling. The former was equal to \$4 00, and the latter, then as now, \$4 87.

Clocks were not common. It is true in most of the better class of old homes a stately old time-piece, whose face nearly reached the ceiling, stood in the hall or sitting-room, and measured off the hours with slow and steady beat. The most common time-piece was a line cut in the floor, and when the sun touched his meridian height his rays were cast along this mark through a crack in the door, and thus the hour of noon was made known. A few years later the irrepressible Yankee invaded the country with his wooden clocks and supplied the want. My father bought one, which is still in existence (though I think it has got past keeping time), and paid ten

	1830	1880
Oats.....	\$37	\$36
Potatoes.....	40	35
Apples.....	50	50
Butter, per pound.....	14	25
Cheese.....	17	17
Lard.....	5	12
Eggs, per dozen.....	10	25
Wood, per cord.....	1 00	5 00
Calf skins, each.....		1 00
Sheep skins, each.....		1 00
West India molasses.....	80	50
Tea, per pound.....	80	60
Tobacco.....	25	50
Honey.....	10	25
Oysters, per quart.....	80	40
Men's strong boots, per pair.....	3 00	
Port Wine, per gallon.....	80	2 75
Brandy.....	1 50	4 00
Rum.....	1 00	3 00
Whiskey.....	40	1 40
Grey cotton, per yard.....	14	10
Calico.....	20	12
Nails, per pound.....	14	4

pounds for it; a better one can be had now for as many shillings.

The kitchen doors, which were very often divided in the middle, so that the upper part could be opened and the lower half kept closed, were the general entrance to the house, and were usually provided with wooden latches, which were lifted from the outside by a leather string put through the door. At night, when the family retired, the string was pulled in and the door was fastened against any one from the outside. From this originated the saying that a friend would always find the string on the latch.

Carriages were not kept, for the simple reason that the farmer seldom had occasion to use them. He rarely went from home, and when he did he mounted his horse or drove in his lumber-waggon to market or to meeting. He usually had one or two waggon-chairs, as they were called, which would hold two persons very comfortably; these were put in the waggon and a buffalo skin thrown over them, and then the vehicle was equipped for the Sunday drive. There was a light waggon kept for the old people to ride about in, the box of which rested on the axles; the seat, however, was secured to wooden springs, which made it somewhat more comfortable to ride in. A specimen of this kind of carriage was shewn by the York Pioneers at the Industrial Exhibition in this city. I have a clear recollection of the most common carriage kept in those days and my first ride in one. I was so delighted that I have never forgotten it. One Saturday afternoon, my father and mother determined to visit Grandfather C——, some six miles distant. We were got ready, that is to say, my sister and self, and the 'yoke' was put to. Our carriage had but two wheels, the most fashionable mode then, and no steel springs, neither was the body hung upon straps. There was no cover to the seat, which was unique in its way and original in its get up. Neither was there

a well-padded cushion to sit on or back to recline against. It was nothing more nor less than a limber board placed across from one side of the box to the other. My father took his seat on the right, the place invariably accorded to the driver—we did not keep a coachman then—my mother and sister, an infant, sat on the opposite side, while I was wedged in the middle to keep me from tumbling out. My father held in his hand a long slender whip (commonly called a 'gad') of blue beech, with which he touched the off-side animal, and said, 'haw buck, gee-long;' the 'yoke' obey and bring us safely to our journey's end in the course of time. Many and many a pleasant ride have I had since in far more sumptuous vehicles, but none of them have left such a distinct and pleasing recollection.

The houses were almost invariably inclosed with a picket or board fence, with a small yard in front. Shade and ornamental trees were not in much repute. All round them lay the

'Boundless contiguity of shade,'

but it awakened no poetic sentiment. To them it had been a standing menace, which had cost the expenditure of their best energies year after year to push further and further back. The time had not come for ornamenting their grounds and fields with shrubs and trees unless they could minister to their comfort in a more substantial way. The gardens were generally well supplied with currant and gooseberry bushes. Pear, plum and cherry trees and the orchard were close at hand; raspberries and strawberries were abundant in every new clearing; the sap-bush furnished the sugar and maple molasses, so that most of the requisites for good living were within easy hail.

The first concern of a thrifty farmer was to possess a large barn, with out-houses or sheds attached, for his hay and straw, and in which to protect his stock during the cold and stormy

weather of fall and winter. Lumbercost him nothing save the labour of getting it out; there was therefore but little to prevent him from having plenty of room in which to house his crops; and as the process of threshing was slow it necessitated more space than is required now. The granary, pig-pen and corn-crib were usually separate. The number and extent of buildings on a flourishing homestead, inclosed with strong board fences, covered a wide area. But the barns, with their enormous peaked roofs, and the houses, with their dormer windows looking out from their steep sides, have pretty much all disappeared or have been transformed into more modern shape.

It would be difficult to find much resemblance between the well-ordered house of a thriving farmer of to day and that of half a century ago. In the first place, the house itself is designed with an eye to convenience and comfort. There is more or less architectural taste displayed in its external appearance. It is kept carefully painted. The yawning fireplace in the kitchen, with its row of pots, has disappeared, and in its place the most approved cooking-stove or range, with its multifarious appendages, is found. On the walls hang numberless appliances to aid in cooking. Washing machines, wringers, improved churns, and many other labour-saving arrangements render the task of the housewife comparatively easy, and enable her to accomplish much more work in a shorter time than the dear old grandmother ever dreamt of in the highest flights of her imagination. Her cupboards are filled with china and earthenware of the latest pattern. Pewter plates and buck-handled knives have vanished, and ivory-handled cutlery taken their places. Britannia metal and pewter spoons have been sent to the melting-pot, and the iron forks have given place to the nickel and silver ones. The old furniture has

found its way to the garret, and the house is furnished from the ware-rooms of the best makers. Fancy carpets cover the floor of every room. The old high-posted bedsteads which almost required a ladder to get into, went to the lumber heap long ago, and low, sumptuous couches take their places. The great feather tick has been converted into the more healthy mattress, and the straw tick and cords have been replaced by spring bottoms. It used to be quite an arduous undertaking, I remember, to put up one of those old beds. One person took a wrench, kept for that purpose, and drew up the cord with it as tight as he could at every hole, and another followed with a hammer and pin which was driven into the hole through which the end passed to hold it, and so you went on round the bed until the cord was all drawn as tight as it could possibly be. Now a bedstead can be taken down and put up in a few moments by one person with the greatest ease. The dresses of both mother and daughters are made according to the latest styles, and of the best material. The family ride in their carriage, with fine horses, and richly-plated harness. The boys are sent to college, and the girls are polished in city boarding schools. On the farm the change is no less marked. The grain is cut and bound with reaping machines, the grass with mowing machines, and raked with horse rakes. Thrashing machines thrash and clean the grain. He has machines for planting and sowing. The hoe is laid aside, and his corn and root crops are kept clean with cultivators. His ploughs and drags do better work with more ease to himself and his team. He has discovered that he can keep improved stook at less expense, and at far greater profit. In fact, the whole system of farming and farm labour has advanced with the same rapid strides that everything else has done; and now one man can accomplish

more in the same time, and do it better, than half a dozen could fifty years ago.

Musical instruments were almost unknown, except by name. A stray fiddler was about the only musician that ever delighted the ear of young or old in those days. I do not know that there was a piano in the Province; if there were any their number was so small that they could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Now, every house in the land with any pretension to the ordinary comforts of life, has either a piano or a melodeon, and every farmer's daughter of any position, can run over the keys with as much ease and effect as a city belle. Passing along one of our streets not long since, I heard some one playing in a room adjoining a little grocery store. My attention was arrested by the skill of the player, and the fine tone of the instrument. While I was listening, a couple of ladies passed, one of whom said, 'I do wonder if they have got a piano here.' 'Why not,' said the other, 'the pea-nut-man on — street has one, and I don't see why every one else shouldn't have.'

I think all who have marked the changes that have taken place during the half century which is gone will admit that we are a much faster people than our fathers were. We have jumped from change to change with marvellous rapidity. We could never endure the patient plodding way they travelled, nor the toil and privation they went through, and it is a good thing for us, perhaps, that they preceded us. Would it not be well for us occasionally to step aside from the bustle and haste which surrounds us, and look back. There are many valuable lessons to be gathered from the pages of the past, and it might be well, perhaps, were we to temper our anxiety to rise in the social scale with some of the sterling qualities that characterized our progenitors. Our smart boys now-a-days are far too clever to pursue the paths which their fathers trod, and

in too many cases begin the career of life as second or third-rate professional men or merchants, while our daughters are too frequently turned into ornaments for the parlour. We know that fifty years ago the boys had to work early and late. West of England broadcloths, and fine French fabrics, were things that rarely, indeed, adorned their persons. Fashionable tailors and young gentlemen, according to the present acceptance of the term, are comparatively modern institutions in Canada. Fancy for a moment one of our young swells, with his fashionable suit, gold watch, chain, and rings; patent leather boots, kid gloves, and topped off with Christie's latest head-gear, driving up to grandfather's door in a covered buggy and plated harness, fifty years ago. What would have been said, think you? My impression is that his astonishment would have been too great to have found expression. The old man, no doubt, would have scratched his head in utter bewilderment, and the old lady would have pushed up her specs in order to take in the whole of the new revelation, and possibly might have exclaimed, 'did you ever see the beat?' The girls, I have no doubt, would have responded to the mother's ejaculation, and the boys, if at hand, would have laughed outright.

My remarks, so far, have been confined altogether to the country settlements, and fifty years ago that was about all there was in this Province. Kingston was, in fact, the only town. The other places, which have far outstripped it since, were only commencing, as we shall see presently. It was a place of considerable importance, owing to its being a garrison town; and its position at the foot of lake navigation, gave promise of future greatness. The difference between town and country life as yet was not very marked, except with the few officers and officials. Clothes of finer and more expensive materials were worn, and a little more polish and refine-

ment noticeable. The professional man's office was in his house, and the merchant lived over his store. He dealt in all kinds of goods and served his customers early and late. He bartered with the people for their produce, and weighed up the butter and counted out the eggs, for which he paid in groceries and dry goods. Now he has his house on a fashionable street, or a villa in the vicinity of the city, and is driven to his counting house in his carriage. His father, and himself, perhaps, in his boyhood, toiled in the summer time under a burning sun, and now he and his family take their vacation during hot weather at fashionable watering places, or make a tour in Europe.

We have but little to complain of as a people. Our progress in the last fifty years has been such as cannot but be gratifying to every Canadian, and if we are only true to ourselves and the great principles that underlie real and permanent success, we should go on building up a yet greater and more substantial prosperity, as the avenues of trade which are being opened up from time to time become available. But let us guard against the enervating influences which are too apt to follow increase of wealth. The desire to rise in the social scale is one that finds a

response in every breast ; but it often happens that as we ascend, habits and tastes are formed that are at variance not only with our own well-being, but with those who may be influenced by us. One of the principal objects, it would seem, in making a fortune in these days, is to make a show. There are not many families in this Province, so far, fortunately, whose children can afford to lead a life of idleness. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the richest heir in our land cannot afford it. Still, when children are born with silver spoons in their mouths, the necessity to work is removed, and it requires some impulse to work when there is no actual need. But, fortunately, there are higher motives in this world than a life of inglorious ease. Wealth can give much, but it cannot make a man, in the proper and higher sense, any more than iron can be transmuted into gold. It is a sad thing, I think, to find many of our wealthy farmers bringing up their children with the idea that a farmer is not as respectable as a counter-jumper in a city or village store, or that the kitchen is too trying for the delicate organization of the daughter, and that her vocation is to adorn the drawing-room, to be waited on by mamma, and to make a brilliant match.

(To be continued.)

WOMANHOOD.

BY ESPERANCE.

FROM childhood into girlhood,
 But still the skies are fair ;
 Then girlhood grows to womanhood
 And carelessness to care ;
 And spots are on the Summer sun,
 And shadows everywhere.

The laugh is just as ready,
The smile is just as sweet,
The cadence of the ripened voice
Is harmony complete ;
But in the steady, serious eyes
Both joy and sorrow meet.

The glitter of the sunlight
Upon the dancing waves,
The wild rush of the waters
Within their ocean caves,
These do the little children see,
But not the hidden graves !

The sunshine has its shadow ;
The waters have their moan,
And all things in Creation
Are fashioned to a groan ;
The children hear the melody,
But not the undertone !

And this is God's provision—
How wise we surely know !
For little brains and bodies
Must wiser, stronger grow
Ere they can bear the common lot :
Man's heritage of woe.

From girlhood into womanhood,
From dreamland into life ;
From visions to realities,
From idleness to strife ;
From planning to a woman's lot
As mother, maid or wife.

The years have taught their lesson,
Nor taught it all in vain ;
The minor key of sorrow
Is heard in every strain ;
And many a careless laugh is read
As hiding bitter pain.

But e'en as pain is keener
And shade is darklier cast,
So is the sun more welcome
When once the storm is past,
And every joy is dearer held
Because it may not last.

For those same years that quickened
The shrinking nerves of pain
Made joy a deeper passion,
And needs it to explain ;

For is it not *one* heart that bears,
Or welcomes, loss or gain ?

The children's hearts are happy
Because devoid of care ;
A woman's heart sings o'er the joy
With reverence guarded there ;
And negative with positive
Can *surely* not compare ! .

The children's joys are prattled
To all ; both young and old,
With joyous interjections, and
Dilations manifold ;
A woman's joy is far too dear,
Too sacred to be *told* !

Aye, childhood had its pleasures ;
Pure, shadowless and free !
Girlhood its possibilities
Of all that is to be ;
But *womanhood* must pluck the fruit
In ripe maturity !

Then leave to youth its freedom—
For surely that is blest !
Leave maidenhood its visions,
Its plannings unconfest ;
But woman's is the noblest lot,
And woman's life is best !

MADEMOISELLE DE CARABAS.

BY BLANCHE L. MACDONELL, MONTREAL.

IT was rather a peculiar title for a handsome, stately Canadian girl of twenty ; a girl with level black brows, calm gray eyes, and a firm mouth, without the slightest trace of girlish coquetry or affectation ; a being so absorbed by the one engrossing object of her life that she was as unconscious of her surroundings as the most visionary enthusiast.

The name had first been bestowed upon her by a group of young artists

in the small German town in which Berenice Ormerod was pursuing her musical studies under the direction of a celebrated Italian Maestro, who had settled there for no reason that any one had ever been able to discover. The young men, who were representatives of several different nations, had at first been inclined to show themselves very enthusiastic over the girl. Her handsome face, her unwearied devotion to her art, and, above all, her

exquisite voice, had, from her first appearance in Kleinstein, attracted universal attention; but the most skillfully contrived attempts at making her acquaintance always resulted in exasperating failure. Her mother's timid suspicions, Miss Ormerod's own calm, maidenly dignity, were strong safeguards against intrusion, and a year of artful scheming had produced no effect. for not one of their number had established even a bowing acquaintance with the object of their admiration, and the artists were obliged to own themselves defeated. She was haughty—she was cold as stone—she was devoted solely to her art—she was English, which accounted for all her eccentricities, they protested hotly, as they discussed the matter together.

'Tiens, Mademoiselle must really be the eldest daughter of Madame la Marquise de Carabas,' shouted, with a burst of laughter, a young Frenchman, a new arrival, as he listened to an animated recital of his friends' complaints. So, partly in derision, partly in playful malice, they fell into the habit of calling her Mademoiselle de Carabas, and the name clung to her until many of those who met her daily knew her by no other title. The Maestro declared that never had pupil of his equalled Miss Ormerod, not only in the strength, beauty and richness of her voice, but also in docility, perseverance and untiring industry; and he had certainly some claims to be considered a judge, as he had already trained several singers whose enchanting strains had charmed the world. He prophesied a glorious future for the girl, and as she listened to his words in silence, for she was singularly undemonstrative in manner, her cheek flushed and her eyes glowed with a soft fire, which, for the moment, rendered her radiantly beautiful. Few could have guessed that this quiet, reserved girl, with her statuesque face and stately air, was consumed by an ambition as ardent as any which ever inspired a hero or a

conqueror. What mattered it that her fare was plain, her garments worn and shabby, that with unwearied energy she toiled from early morning until late at night? By the power of that divine gift of song, she was destined to rise from obscurity—she was eventually to reign like a queen over an enchanted kingdom, to achieve vague heights of grandeur, which imagination refused to paint in definite colours.

Mrs. Ormerod and her daughter, who always went about together, and appeared to be all in all to each other, came to be very well known by sight to the inhabitants of Kleinstein during their four years' sojourn in the little town, and every fact of their secluded existence was familiar to everyone in the small community. They passed about the streets, never exchanging a word with any one except upon business, the little woman hanging confidently upon the arm of her tall daughter; the girl silent and impassive, the mother, who was nervous, fidgety and garrulous, always chattering volubly. Noting Mrs. Ormerod's petulant insistence, a stranger would have concluded that hers was the governing spirit; in reality it was Berenice, who originated all their plans, leaving to her mother only the trifling details of execution. The older woman waited upon her as though she were a child, and the girl simply accepted all without question, as unconscious of the care and tenderness lavished upon her as though they did not exist. All her senses were absorbed by the passion which held possession of her; she was unconscious of the charms of affection, the joys of youth, the delights of nature. Her self confidence was as perfect as her self-control; yet so strong was the habit of reserve that, even to her mother, she never shaped her thoughts in words. It was Mrs. Ormerod who erected airy castles and never wearied of dwelling upon her child's future splendour, yet she was sometimes disturbed by pangs of soul-crushing doubt

to which Berenice was an entire stranger.

The only friend they made in Kleinstein, with the exception of the Maestro, was Robert Howe, a young artist and a countryman. Chancing to lodge in the same house, accident placed it in the young man's power to render the ladies a slight service, which eventually enabled him to make their acquaintance. After satisfying herself that his character and antecedents were irreproachable, Mrs. Ormerod, who was suspicious as well as timid, allowed him to achieve a certain degree of intimacy. An orphan, with no near connections, and having had but little experience of feminine society, Robert Howe was almost extravagantly grateful for Mrs. Ormerod's notice, and before long that lady had adopted the shy, sensitive lad as a *protégé*. To her Robert's friendship was in reality a boon, though she always persisted in ascribing to his side all the advantages of the alliance. Mrs. Ormerod was wont to declare that she was Canadian to the backbone, and Robert was an ally to whom she could express her unmitigated contempt for everything foreign, without any reserve. Her residence abroad had always been a purgatory to her; she could not and would not learn French or German, and in her intercourse with the outside world depended solely upon her daughter. Notwithstanding the differences of climate and customs, she made it a point of conscience to cling tenaciously to all her New World household ways, and was not sorry to have secured a friend who was willing to listen to her complaints. Robert delighted in believing himself an artist, though he had only artistic perceptions and a keen love of the beautiful, without being gifted with any decided power of expression. Having mistaken an appreciative taste for genius, he painted 'prettily,' was a tolerable musician, dabbled slightly in literature, without being able to excel in any art. Having a comfortable in-

come, he was not inclined to use any very violent exertion in order to push his way in the world, and his leisurely *dilettante* pursuit of art, his pleasant, purposeless enjoyment of life, exactly suited his temperament. There was always a great picture to be painted, a wonderful poem to be written, some achievements which, looming mistily in the far future, conferred a flavour of dignity and hopefulness upon an otherwise aimless existence. In the meantime, as a profitable psychological problem, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of his neighbours, and in this case found psychology a most interesting subject, and quite worthy of the undivided attention which he bestowed upon it.

By degrees, through the mother's ceaseless chatter, Mr. Howe learnt the simple history of his countrywomen. Mrs. Ormerod was a pale, wizened-faced little woman, with anxious blue eyes, and thin wisps of straw-coloured hair; it was difficult to realize that she had once been an exceedingly pretty girl, whose pink and white charms had won Gordon Ormerod's heart in a distant Canadian city. Alice Blaine had been a tradesman's daughter, with a small portion and a certain amount of petty ambition; but Gordon was the scrape-grace member of a wealthy and influential family, the only black sheep in the midst of a reputable and prosperous flock. Alice was endowed with wonderful powers of veneration. To her, Gordon was not only a handsome, jovial good-for-nothing, he was also a hero and a saint; his father—good-humoured, worldly-wise old Judge Ormerod—was majestic as Jove, and omnipotent as Caesar; the brothers, sisters, and all the numerous family connections, were superior beings, to be admired and revered at a respectful distance. Adoration so humble is a very subtle incense offered on the shrine of vanity. As the years went on, and the Ormerods learned to know their brother's low-born wife as

the most patient and faithful of victims to the most worthless and profligate of husbands, they condescended to bestow upon her a certain degree of gracious patronage, for which she was pathetically grateful. When Gordon Ormerod died, his widow mourned him with passionate grief, as though she had been deprived of a treasure, instead of being relieved of a burden, and then turned to her only child for consolation. It was the general opinion in the Ormerod family that Berenice was an extraordinary girl, and certainly she differed greatly from her pretty, girlish cousins, not only in the possession of a glorious voice, whose strength, flexibility, and sweetness, astonished all who heard it, but also in a tenacity of purpose and strength of character, rare in one so young. After some hesitation, the Ormerods finally concluded that a veritable swan had found its way into their very commonplace flock. Berenice listened silently, pondered over their comments, and when it appeared to her that the right moment had come, spoke. It was to an old bachelor uncle that she addressed herself. The very best training that the continent could afford would be requisite for the development of her voice; her mother's scanty pittance was miserably insufficient for the purpose; would Uncle Ben advance her the means to carry out her plans? She would repay him, if prosperity crowned her efforts, and no doubt of her ultimate success ever crossed her mind. Shrewd business man as he was, Uncle Ben was impressed by the girl's courage and determination: then what a triumph for the family to count a celebrated *cantatrice* among its members. He finally agreed to allow his niece an income for six years, which would allow her time to complete her studies, and to start fairly in her profession as a singer. 'So you see Berenice's fortune is in her throat,' Mrs. Ormerod would remark, with her nervous hysterical laugh, and Robert Howe always assented, with a sympathetic

fervour which won him favour in the mother's eyes.

Having plenty of time at his disposal, it happened that Mr. Howe spent many hours with his neighbours. Berenice had little leisure, she was unwearied in the pursuit of her art, but at least he could always see her, and sometimes hear her. The conversation was always carried on between the mother and her guest, Mrs. Ormerod, volatile and excitable, Robert languidly interested, the lady passing in swift transition from the heights of exultation to the depths of feeble despair, dwelling upon the glories of the Ormerod family, mourning over her past troubles, or describing, in glowing colours, the splendid destiny of her daughter. The young man sometimes tried to hint at his own hopes, but being modest and, perhaps, over-sensitive, he was easily silenced by Mrs. Ormerod's superior volubility. All her own plans and projects were so much more interesting than those of any other person could possibly be, that she felt no hesitation in cutting Robert short in the midst of his most animated disquisition upon literature or art; and he accepted the rebuff meekly, for did not Berenice sit apart, absorbed in her own thoughts, a being surrounded, in Robert Howe's imagination, by a halo of soft romance and mystery?

It was not until the end of the Ormerods' sojourn in Kleinstein had arrived, and Berenice, accompanied by her mother, acting upon the Maestro's advice, had decided upon proceeding at once to England, that the young man discovered the fact that this girl was the one woman in the world to him. The knowledge awakened him to a fuller consciousness of life than any of which he had ever dreamed, setting all existence to a sound of harmony, sweeter than pleasure, keener than pain. He was naturally sanguine, he perceived that he had no rival; so in silence he cherished his passion, content to breathe the same air, hopeful, yet

asking nothing until the evening before the ladies' departure from Kleinstein, when he was impelled to speak.

Mrs. Ormerod, who had grown more restless and irritable than usual over her packing, had left her daughter and her guest alone together. Berenice sat at the window, her firm, white hands lying idly in her lap, an unwonted flush of colour in her cheek, a curious gleam of emotion in her eyes, which momentarily softened the somewhat stern character of her beauty. Unimpressionable as she was, to ordinary influences, a strange agitation thrilled the girl; she felt that she was leaving the past behind, and advancing into the glorious, uncertain future. She had formed no attachments to any one in Kleinstein; no chord had been struck in her heart to vibrate into consciousness, yet even her unimpassioned nature responded faintly to the sadness of parting. At the thought of separation, a subtle intoxication of feeling overcame Robert, a pleasant tingling ran through his veins, a delightful warmth and brightness mounted to his brain. A sweet, sharp pain shot through him as his passion arose, and mastering his self-control, clothed itself in burning words. Berenice listened like a person reluctantly aroused from a pleasant dream. The amazement and the utter lack of comprehension in her grave eyes daunted him far more effectually than the most bitter words of scorn could have done.

'I am very sorry,' she said, simply, with a sort of white dismay imprinted on her face. Robert would accept of no denial, however, and with tender, imploring eyes, and a shaking, passionate voice, he pleaded his cause. He spoke of a modest home, a happy hearth, a peaceful life. He would be to her mother the most devoted of sons; as his wife he would have power to protect her from the struggle with a harsh and cynical world. He had struck a wrong chord. The girl paled, a faint, scornful smile curved

her lip as she listened. She hesitated; for a second her heart, too, arose to her lips. Should she try to explain to him that the glory of her expectations was more to her than any man's love? that her own dreams had enthralled her with a perilous fascination which she had no power to shake off? But the habit of reserve finally prevailed, and she only told him coldly that she had no love to bestow.

'You have a heart of stone,' the young man cried, looking down with eyes that had suddenly grown misty, 'Only promise that if you ever need a true friend you will trust to me!' Berenice sighed. This ardent, unselfish affection rendered her conscious of a void in her own nature, yet she was not very deeply touched by this exhibition of disinterested devotion. The simple nature possessed by one idea made no effort to comprehend the more passionate and complex one, and there was no place in the life of triumph which she had planned for herself, for Robert Howe's love, or friendship. When Robert suddenly clasped one of the slim, white hands, and covered it with warm, passionate kisses, she tore herself from him as though she had been insulted. She turned an ashy whiteness, and then flushed all over her face, her lips quivered, her eyes flashed through hot scorching tears.

'How dare you? oh, how dare you?' she panted; but when the young man, humbled and penitent, faltered his broken excuses, she turned from him with the dignity of a young queen whose majesty had been outraged. After he had gone, however, Berenice, throwing herself upon her bed, wept long and bitterly. She could scarcely remember when she had ever been moved to tears before. She was only a girl after all, and even a chance, roving fancy may acquire a subtle power over a young heart. New chords had been sounded in her nature, novel discords, instead of harmonies, had been evoked, but with a blush of shame for her own weakness, she assured her-

self that fatigue and excitement were the sole causes of her emotion.

Later, when Robert confided his grief to Mrs. Ormerod, depending upon her sympathy; to his amazement his communication was received with a storm of indignation. That he should raise his eyes to her girl Berenice, who, when once her success as a singer was assured, might aspire to marry a duke! Had not Mrs. Ormerod learned by heart a long list of singers and actresses, who had married noblemen? The resentful little woman scolded the young man roundly for his presumption, then sat down and cried with vexation, and the friends parted in sorrow and anger.

The letters of introduction with which the Maestro had provided Miss Ormerod, secured her friends in England. A little circle of admirers collected around the possessor of this wonderful voice, the organ that was to thrill and enchant the world. The most captious could find no cause for objection in style or method, compass or quality,—critical, delicate, discriminating praise was freely bestowed upon it. Among others, the Ormerods had brought letters to a certain lady of rank, who prided herself upon being the patron of musicians. Lady Mary Murray was a kindly volatile, enthusiastic woman, whose protégé of the moment was always perfect until his or her merits were eclipsed by the rising of a new star upon the horizon of Lady Mary's favour. She now assured herself that she had found a *rara avis*, whose magnificent talent was quite beyond dispute, for Lady Mary had already encountered many disappointments, having found several of the swans for whom she had vouched most enthusiastically, turn out only very commonplace geese. She petted Berenice in a gushing affectionate way, which delighted Mrs. Ormerod beyond measure, and appeared to imagine that the fact of her patronage, constituted Berenice her own personal possession, to be dis-

posed of according to her own fancy, and with the most kindly intentions, managed to render herself most disagreeably officious. She chose Miss Ormerod's dresses, introduced her to her own friends, and insisted upon meddling with the minutest details of that young lady's daily life. Someway Berenice's mock title of Mademoiselle de Carabas reached Lady Mary's ears, and she was immensely impressed by the story.

'It was quite too appropriate, too, for no one could deny that her sweet Berenice had quite *l'air d'une grande dame!*' she gushed, adding to her nephew in a tone that was scarcely perceptibly lowered, 'That that was generally the difficulty with those people, it was so difficult to give them an *air distingué.*' Lady Mary herself was a little, fat, red-faced woman, who wore a gray Ulster and a Derby hat, and appeared infinitely more common than her own lady's maid, and when a moment later, she added that genius levelled all distinctions, Mrs. Ormerod was quite ready to believe her. Lady Mary insisted that Miss Ormerod should appear in public as Mademoiselle de Carabas, the title was so deliciously suggestive, so far removed from anything commonplace; but upon this point the girl stood firm, if she was to win fame it should be in her own name and no other.

It had been settled by Lady Mary that Berenice should make her début at a musical party given by a celebrated artist, at whose house the *élite* of musical and artistic London was wont to assemble. Mrs. Ormerod, restlessly nervous and excitable, worried over her own costume and that of her daughter, was troubled by perplexing questions of titles and precedence, was by turns carried away by exultation, or overwhelmed by bashfulness, but Berenice was perfectly calm. From the first her success was assured. It was years since an organ so perfect had been heard, and this girl, who was so destitute of human sympathy, posses-

sed a voice of rare pathetic power. Men and women, cold and polished as marble, softened at the sound of those marvellous strains, it was in the quivering lip, the tearful eye, that Berenice Ormerod, read the assurance of her triumph, a satisfied sense of power swelled her heart, and her only thought was of the dazzling prosperity which, at last, lay within her grasp. She received the homage offered to her, gravely and sedately, like a young queen. If her brain reeled with the glory of success, if the subtle aroma of flattery was sweet as the breath of life, if the wine of existence tingled warmly through her veins, she at least gave no sign of the intoxication. Her mother was frantic with excitement; at one moment she pushed herself boldly into the most prominent position, only to retire shortly in a panic at the sound of her own shrill voice, and to hide herself in the dimmest corner of the room, in a state of abject humility. Lady Mary's nephew was much impressed, not only by Miss Ormerod's voice, but also by her statuesque beauty, and entire self-possession. Mr. Varleigh was rich and idle, he was known as the author of some rather feeble *vers de société*; like his aunt, he delighted in patronizing talent, and boasted of the acquaintance of every dramatic and artistic celebrity in London. He was very susceptible, very enthusiastic, and not at all accustomed to conceal his sentiments. If Mrs. Ormerod immediately began to erect castles in the air upon the foundation of his ardent manner, it must, at least, be admitted that he had given her some cause. It was a foggy night, with a raw, chilly mist falling as the two ladies drove home through the darkness to their lodgings. Berenice very silent, though her cheeks were flushed like crimson roses, and her eyes shone brilliantly while Mrs. Ormerod after settling the dress in which her daughter should marry Mr. Varleigh, suddenly remembered that Berenice must look higher than any mere

commoner, however wealthy and distinguished, and fell at once into her usual condition of vacillating doubt.

After this Berenice Ormerod lived through her brief period of brilliant triumph. She sang at several select concerts where critical and appreciative audiences hung enthralled upon her notes. The admiration which rewarded her efforts was so hearty and spontaneous, that the sound of criticism scarcely made itself heard. She was the fashion of the hour, and had every prospect of reaping a golden harvest. The newspapers chronicled her movements, great personages noticed her with approbation, invitations poured in upon her; Ralph Varleigh and others of his class, still higher in position, haunted her footsteps. Mrs. Ormerod was tormented by the wildest jealousy of any one who had pretensions to divide public favour with her daughter, but for the time Berenice was blissfully content.

About this time, Robert Howe, impelled by a fascination which he was powerless to resist, followed the Ormerods to England. He had been somewhat doubtful of his reception, but in her delight Mrs. Ormerod appeared to have forgotten their last meeting, and was pleased to find a patient listener to the recital of her daughter's triumphs. While Berenice, softened strangely by prosperity, seemed more simple, girlish, and friendly than she had ever been. The dreams had become realities, and now she lived in the present. With unintentional selfishness, Mrs. Ormerod made use of Robert as she had been accustomed to do in the old days, depended upon his counsel, entrusted him with endless commissions, and even went so far as to confide to him her aspirations regarding her daughter's destiny. The young man was constantly rent by love, jealousy and hopeless yearning. He had no power to tear himself away, though sometimes he rebelled against his fate, deploring the consequences of the affection which had stolen the heart out of his breast.

and robbed his manhood of its strength. No one was so thrilled by Berenice's voice, as the man who loved her, and who endowed it with the pathos of his own suffering.

It happened just then to be wretched weather in London. For weeks the fog hung low over the city, while an east wind, which penetrated the very marrow of one's bones, blew unceasingly. A severe cold, accompanied by slight attacks of intermittent fever, settled upon Berenice. Persevering in all her ordinary habits, with a sort of restless energy, she strove gallantly to cast it off and apparently succeeded, though her face grew thin and her eyes glittered with unnatural brilliancy.

Berenice's training had been especially designed to prepare her for opera, though as yet she had only appeared at concerts. When, however, Mr. Obenstein, the manager of the Royal Opera, expressed a desire to hear this star, who had created a sensation in æsthetic circles, the request was felt to be a decided tribute to Miss Ormerod's power. Mr. Varleigh, priding himself upon his influence with the great man who in his own domain was omnipotent, proposed to bring him to Mrs. Ormerod's lodgings. Robert Howe, having been informed of this momentous interview, brought his friend a quantity of fresh flowers, which he arranged with a grace so artistic, that the shabby lodging-house parlour glowed like a bower of beauty, though both mother and daughter were too much self-engrossed to express any gratitude or even to notice the attention. For the moment, the two women appeared to have changed characters. To Mrs. Ormerod, who had now become habituated to success, this visit merely meant an introduction to fresh fields of conquest; but Berenice, with a deep crimson flush on her thin face, seemed strangely nervous and uncertain. Lady Mary's most gushing rhapsodies awoke no response, and Robert's pleading glances passed unheeded.

The expected guests came in together, Ralph Varleigh entering with an air of tender appropriation, which drove Robert frantic with jealousy. Mr. Obenstein was a keen-eyed little man, with a languid manner, who took in the whole situation at a glance. Not a line of the girl's form, not a movement of her hands, not a fold of her dress, was lost upon him. Beneath the gaze of that cold, calculating eye, for the first time in her life, Berenice's spirits quailed. Every moment of Mr. Obenstein's time being of value, he at once selected the song he wished to hear. Robert Howe sat down to play the accompaniment, the manager standing near, a model of courteous attention. Robert remarked with wonder, that Berenice's hand trembled, it was the first time he had ever detected any trace of nervousness in her. On commencing, she seemed troubled by a nervous contraction of the muscles of the throat; she hesitated, and began again, though only a hoarse, strained sound obeyed her will. Damp drops of moisture gathered on her brow, the music dropped from her nerveless hand, she stood like one paralyzed by sudden dread. Moved by a common impulse, all arose, and with anxious faces surrounded her. Mr. Varleigh uttered some common-place remark in a tone of forced ease, but Robert Howe resented the quietly critical glances of the manager as a personal affront, the dumb anguish of the girl's eyes moved him strangely, he felt a mad longing to shelter her from the curious gaze of the whole world.

'Berenice?' cried the mother, in shrill accents of terror. Berenice stretched out her arms blindly.

'My voice has failed!' she panted, hoarsely. Emotion is infinitely swifter than thought, and there are moments of supreme pain when the most prosaic soul may gain a glimpse of keen, prophetic insight. As she cowered, wild with fear, a vision of the future years, bare and barren, haunted by mocking hopes and memories, passed before

Berenice Ormerod's eyes. She saw herself returning to Canada, a failure, amidst a chorus of pitying lamentations from her relatives, she saw herself a hopeless drudge, toiling for a bare existence. It was only a momentary vision, but it was also a deadly blow, and, with a low cry, the girl fell prostrate at the feet of her mother.

Mr. Obenstein, whose inscrutable manner had never altered, and who was equal to any emergency, bowed himself out, with a profusion of regrets and apologies, accompanied by Mr. Varleigh, who looked grave and shocked.

'That poor girl is done for,' remarked the manager, decisively, as he stopped to light his cigar on the street. 'That is so often the trouble with those very superior voices—they are not to be depended upon. Miss Ormerod's will be of no use to her professionally; it will fail gradually, but surely.' Ralph Varleigh sighed. He knew his companion far too well to doubt his judgment, and he had allowed his fancy to become entangled in a way which might eventually have endangered his peace of mind; but he was young, rich, healthy; the world smiled upon him; he had many interests; his heart was not broken. He immediately composed a copy of verses, containing plentiful allusions to cruel fates and blighted hopes; then he consoled himself by recounting a history of his disappointment to a circle of choice friends at his Club, while he made a very good dinner. The next day Berenice Ormerod's future, in which he had been vividly interested, had already become a thing of the past. After that Miss Ormerod suffered from a severe attack of bronchitis, and when she recovered, her voice had failed completely. The physicians assured her that it might return, but it could never again become the perfect organ it once had been; but in her heart Berenice realized the full extent of her loss. Mrs. Ormerod, after railing fiercely at Fate, settled down into a condition of

passive endurance; but the girl made no moan, shed no tear, and was very stern and silent in the intensity of her despair. People were very attentive and sympathetic to the Ormerods at first, but as the weeks rolled on, bringing no change, it became whispered that Miss Ormerod's voice had failed for ever. Lady Mary found a new prodigy in a negro boy, who played the violin like an angel. Ralph Varleigh went wild over the latest sensation, in the shape of a newly-discovered Irish beauty, who had hair of the genuine golden shade and the most wonderful eyes. Other attractions usurped public interest, and the place which Berenice Ormerod had once occupied in the London world knew her no more.

'Take me away from here. Take me where there will be nothing to remind me of this place,' she implored.

'Shall we return to Kleinstein?' inquired the mother, tearfully.

'No, anywhere but there.' At Kleinstein memory would acquire power to sting like a living thing, the remembrance of her years of labour, hope and self-repression would arise to crush her like a weight. She could imagine the Maestro's look of gentle sorrow, the derision which might greet the failure of Mademoiselle de Carabas. She had once smiled at ridicule with scornful contempt; now she clenched her hands and set her teeth tight to restrain the cry of agony which arose to her lips.

So the mother, always accompanied and waited upon by Robert Howe, the most patient and indefatigable of attendants, carried the invalid away to a sheltered nook in the south of France. Little frequented by English travellers, the small, white town of Amélie-les-Bains lay in a narrow valley, surrounded by lofty, rugged mountains, at the southern foot of Canigon, the third highest of the Pyrenees. When, however, an enterprising party of English tourists penetrated to this retreat, Berenice, who could not endure contact with her kind,

restlessly insisted upon being removed. The Ormerods then found refuge at Palalda, a little Catalan village, perched on the mountain-side, about a mile and a half from Amélie. No foreigner had ever lived at Palalda before, and all the conditions of life were primitive in the extreme. The lanes were merely wide enough for mule-traffic, and some of them were simply flights of rude stairs. They lodged in a cottage clinging to the hill side, owned by a rich peasant proprietor. The view was glorious, and the whole aspect of the place charming. The sky was cloudless; the robins sang incessantly, as though there were not a care in life; the orange-trees glowed with golden fruit; the air was aromatic from acres of lavender growing uncultivated. The sense drunk in the view the warmth, the perfume, the joyous sounds, and through it all Berenice Ormerod lay like a stone which Nature's sweetest harmonies had no power to reach.

Their friendly peasant neighbours never wearied of exhibiting a kindly interest in the invalid. The fat, comfortable Curé dropped in of an evening to beguile the tedium by an hour's chat, the dark-eyed children would pause in their play, to gaze after the pretty English lady, the blooming girls, in their close, becoming caps, brought her offerings of fruits and flowers, the men, with their picturesque red caps and sashes, exchanged courteous greetings with the foreigners; but the old people—so blithe and active they appeared, climbing up the steep steps to their homes on the hill side, with heavy burdens balanced upon their heads—looked wistfully, with a sigh, after the dying girl and her mother. Berenice was strangely grateful for these tokens of sympathy. It was a relief to know that these simple peasants felt no curiosity regarding the woman who had failed, they knew only pity for the girl who was looking her last on love and life. Robert was happier than he had ever been since his

acquaintance with Berenice Ormerod had commenced. She was very sweet and gentle to him; they were constantly together; she depended upon his assistance, he imagined that the invalid improved daily, declaring earnestly that it was easy to see that the clear, pure air was working wonders. If only for a few months he might be permitted to call her his own, he would consider himself amply compensated. A new feeling of hopefulness awoke in the breasts of both mother and lover, as they encouraged each other in the forlorn, desperate hope. With a feeling of relief they fell back from the heights of tragedy to the ordinary level of every-day life. Mrs. Ormerod again recounted amazing tales of the grandeur and consequence of the Ormerod family; Robert worked industriously at sketches, each one of which was to be the groundwork of that famous picture which was to take the world by storm, but they had grown strangely tolerant of each other's weakness, and sometimes paused suddenly in the midst of their occupations, with a poignant pang and a feeling of insecurity for which they dared not account.

The Canadians soon learned to take an interest in all the simple concerns of the village. The pig killing, when horrible cries resounded, and their existed a universal turmoil in the community, all the carnival mummeries, the evening dance in the little 'Place,' where the chief musician played on a pipe, and meanwhile beat time on a tiny drum suspended from his shoulder, while the young people wound through the maze of the Cotillon dance, with a mixture of vivacity and dignity entirely Spanish.

One day there was a wedding in the village. Next door to the Ormerods lived a maker of espadrillos (the sandalled and embroidered white cotton slippers, with hemp soles, worn by the peasants), and his only daughter, the pretty Louison, was to wed the son of a rich farmer in the vicinity. The

church, with Saracen horse-shoes nailed on every available space between the scroll-work of the hinges of its massive doors, stood directly opposite, and Berenice was wheeled in her chair to the window to see the sight. The bridegroom, dressed in a matador's jacket of crimson and gold, had the air of a stage prince; the bride wore a wreath of orange blossoms around the crown of her cap. Old women sat at the church-door, selling artificial flowers to the guests, and stopped the bridal procession by holding a crimson silk sash with gold fringed ends across the steps until the bridegroom placed silver upon the offering plate. As the two came out together, Pierre proud and radiant, the bride with a smile on her lips, though her blooming cheeks were wet with tears, standing upon the threshold of her happy, contentful life, raised her humid eyes to the wasted shadow of the Canadian girl, who stood waiting at the portal of Death. Berenice shivered in the warm sunshine as though with sudden cold.

'Can you understand how terrible a thing it is to realize that you have wasted your life?' she asked abruptly, with harsh strained tones in her voice. Robert's heart was suddenly stilled, its fluttering and throbbing subsided, it sank like lead. It was the first confidence she had

ever extended to him, but Robert Howe stood dumb before her, bound in silence by the weight of his own despair. For the first time, the utter hopelessness of his passion presented itself before him. He was young, his life was strong within him, he recoiled from the inevitable; but the shadow of a life-long affliction had already taught him patience, and he strove bravely to form words of cheer and encouragement.

'I should like to tell you; it may may be a comfort afterwards for you to remember,' she said, speaking slowly, with an effort. 'You asked once to be my friend, and you have proved yourself the best and truest friend that ever woman had. I have taken all and given nothing.' For an instant a new rapture tingled, like strong wine, through the young man's veins; the next the pitying glance of the grave eyes recalled to his memory the heart's martyrdom which lay before him. The next morning, just in the gray dawn of the early day, Mrs. Ormerod awakened, with a start and a shiver, from a troubled, uneasy slumber. She immediately perceived that Berenice had raised herself upon her couch.

'And having failed utterly,' the girl said, in a loud and very clear voice; and with that exceeding bitter cry on her lips, she turned her face to the wall, and died.

O! IF we owe warm thanks to Heaven, 't's when
 In the slow progress of the struggling years
 Our touch is blest to feel the pulse of men
 Who walk in light and love above their peers
 White-robed, and forward point with guiding hand.
 Breathing a heaven around them where they stand!

—JOHN STUART BLACKIE

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Book the Fifth.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. EYRECOURT'S DISCOVERY.

THE leaves had fallen in the grounds at Ten Acres Lodge; and stormy winds told drearily that winter had come.

An unchanging dulness pervaded the house. Romaine was constantly absent in London, attending to his new religious duties, under the guidance of Father Benwell. The litter of books and manuscripts in the study was seen no more. Hideously rigid order reigned in the unused room. Some of Romaine's papers had been burnt; others were imprisoned in drawers and cupboards—the history of the Origin of Religions had taken its melancholy place, among the suspended literary enterprizes of the time. Mrs. Eyrecourt (after a superficially cordial reconciliation with her son-in-law) visited her daughter every now and then, as an act of maternal sacrifice. She yawned perpetually; she read innumerable novels; she corresponded with her friends. In the long dull evenings, the once lively lady sometimes openly regretted that she had not been born a man—with the three masculine resources of smoking, drinking, and swearing placed at her disposal. It was a dreary existence, and happier influences seemed but little likely to change it. Grateful as she was to her mother, no persuasion

would induce Stella to leave Ten Acres and amuse herself in London. Mrs. Eyrecourt said, with melancholy, and metaphorical truth, 'There is no elasticity left in my child.'

On a dim gray morning, mother and daughter sat by the fireside, with another long day before them.

'Where is that contemptible husband of yours?' Mrs. Eyrecourt asked, looking up from her book.

'Lewis is staying in town,' Stella answered listlessly.

'In company with Judas Iscariot?'

Stella was too dull to immediately understand the allusion. 'Do you mean Father Benwell?' she inquired.

'Don't mention his name, my dear. I have re-christened him on purpose to avoid it. Even his name humiliates me. How completely the fawning old wretch took me in—with all my knowledge of the world, too! He was so nice and sympathetic—such a comforting contrast, on that occasion, to you and your husband—I declare I forgot every reason I had for not trusting him. Ah, we women are poor creatures—we may own it among ourselves. If a man only has nice manners and a pleasant voice, how many of us can resist him? Even Romaine imposed upon me—assisted by his property, which in some degree excuses my folly. There is nothing to be done now, Stella, but to humour him. Do as that detestable priest does; and trust to your beauty (there isn't as much of it left as I could wish) to turn the scale in your favour. Have you any

idea when the new convert will come back? I heard him ordering a fish dinner for himself, yesterday, because it was Friday. Did you join him at dessert-time, profanely supported by meat? What did he say?’

‘What he has said more than once already, Mamma. His peace of mind is returning, thanks to Father Benwell. He was perfectly gentle and indulgent—but he looked as if he lived in a different world from mine. He told me he proposed to pass a week in, what he called, Retreat. I didn’t ask him what it meant. Whatever it is, I suppose he is there now.’

‘My dear, don’t you remember your sister began in the same way? *She* retreated. We shall have Romaine with a red nose and a double chin, offering to pray for us next! Do you recollect that French maid of mine, Stella—the woman I sent away, because she would spit when she was out of temper, like a cat? I begin to think I treated the poor creature harshly. When I hear of Romaine and his Retreat, I almost feel inclined to spit myself. There! let us go on with our reading. Take the first volume—I have done with it.’

‘What is it, Mamma?’

‘A very remarkable work, Stella, in the present state of light literature in England—a novel that actually tells a story. It’s quite incredible, I know. Try the book. It has another extraordinary merit—it isn’t written by a woman.’

Stella obediently received the first volume, turned over the leaves, and wearily dropped the wonderful novel on her lap. ‘I can’t attend to it,’ she said. ‘My mind is too full of my own thoughts.’

‘About Romaine?’ said her mother.

‘No. When I think of my husband now, I almost wish I had his confidence in Priests and Retreats. The conviction grows on me, Mamma, that my worst troubles are still to come. When I was younger, I don’t remember being tormented by presentiments

of any kind. Did I ever talk of presentiments to you in the bye-gone days?’

‘If you had done anything of the sort, my love (excuse me, if I speak plainly), I should have said, “Stella, your liver is out of order;” and I should have opened the family-medicine chest. I will only say now, send for the carriage; let us go to a morning concert, dine at a restaurant, and finish the evening at the play.’

This characteristic proposal was entirely thrown away on Stella. She was absorbed in pursuing her own train of thought.

‘I almost wish I had told Lewis—’ she said to herself absently.

‘Told him what?’ my dear.

‘Of what happened to me with Winterfield.’

Mrs Eyrecourt’s faded eyes opened wide in astonishment.

‘Do you really mean it?’ she asked.

‘I do, indeed.’

‘Are you actually simple enough, Stella, to think that a man of Romaine’s temper would have made you his wife, if you had told him of the Brussels marriage?’

‘Why not?’

‘Why not! Would Romaine—would any man—believe that you really did part with Winterfield at the church door? Considering that you are a married woman, your innocence, my sweet child, is a perfect phenomenon! It’s well there were wiser people than you to keep your secret.’

‘Don’t speak too positively, Mamma. Lewis may find it out yet.’

‘Is that one of your presentiments?’

‘Yes.’

‘How is he to find it out, if you please?’

‘I’m afraid, through Father Benwell. Yes! yes! I know you only think him a fawning old hypocrite—you don’t fear him as I do. Nothing will persuade me that zeal for his religion is the motive under which that man acts, in devoting himself to Romaine. He has some abominable ob-

ject in view, and his eyes tell me that I am concerned in it.'

Mrs. Eyrecourt burst out laughing. 'What is there to laugh at?' Stella asked.

'I declare, my dear, there is something absolutely provoking in your utter want of knowledge of the world! When you are puzzled to account for anything remarkable in a clergyman's conduct (I don't care, my poor child, to what denomination he belongs), you can't be wrong in attributing his motive to—Money. If Romaine had turned Baptist or Methodist, the reverend gentleman in charge of his spiritual welfare would not have forgotten—as you have forgotten, you little goose—that his convert was a rich man. His mind would have dwelt on the chapel, or the mission, or the infant school, in want of funds; and—with no more abominable object in view than I have, at this moment, in poking the fire—he would have ended in producing his modest subscription list, and would have betrayed himself (just as our odious Benwell will betray himself) by the two amiable little words, Please contribute. Is there any other presentiment, my dear, on which you would like to have your mother's candid opinion?'

Stella resignedly took up the book again.

'I dare say you are right,' she said. 'Let us read our novel.'

Before she had reached the end of the first page, her mind was far away again from the unfortunate story. She was thinking of that 'other presentiment,' which had formed the subject of her mother's last satirical inquiry. The vague fear that had shaken her when she had accidentally touched the French boy, on her visit to Camp's Hill, still from time to time troubled her memory. Even the event of his death had failed to dissipate the delusion, which associated him with some undefined evil influence that might yet assert itself. A superstitious forewarning of this sort was a weakness

new to her in her experience of herself. She was heartily ashamed of it—and yet, it kept its hold. Once more the book dropped on her lap. She laid it aside and walked wearily to the window, to look at the weather.

Almost at the same moment, Mrs. Eyrecourt's maid disturbed her mistress over the second volume of the novel, by entering the room with a letter.

'For me?' Stella asked, looking round from the window.

'No, ma'am—for Mrs. Eyrecourt.'

The letter had been brought to the house by one of Lady Loring's servants. In delivering it, he had apparently given private instructions to the maid. She laid her finger significantly on her lips when she gave the letter to her mistress.

In these terms Lady Loring wrote: 'If Stella happens to be with you when you receive my note, don't say anything which will let her know that I am your correspondent. She has always, poor dear, had an inveterate distrust of Father Benwell; and, between ourselves, I am not sure that she is quite so foolish as I once thought. The Father has unexpectedly left us—with a well-framed excuse which satisfied Lord Loring. It fails to satisfy Me. Not from any wonderful exercise of penetration on my part, but in consequence of something I have just heard in course of conversation with a Catholic friend, Father Benwell, my dear, turns out to be a Jesuit; and, what is more, a person of such high authority in the Order, that his concealment of his rank, while he was with us must have been a matter of necessity. He must have had some very serious motive for occupying a position so entirely beneath him as his position in our house. I have not the shadow of a reason for associating this startling discovery with dear Stella's painful misgivings—and yet there is something in my mind, which makes me want to hear what Stella's mother thinks. Come and have a talk about it as soon as you possibly can.'

Mrs. Eyrecourt put the letter in her pocket, smiling quietly to herself.

Applying to Lady Loring's letter the infallible system of solution which she had revealed to her daughter, Mrs. Eyrecourt solved the mystery of the priest's conduct, without a moment's hesitation. Lord Loring's cheque, in Father Benwell's pocket, representing such a liberal subscription that my lord was reluctant to mention it to my lady --there was the reading of the riddle as plain as the sun at noonday? Would it be desirable to enlighten Lady Loring as she had already enlightened Stella? Mrs. Eyrecourt decided in the negative. As Roman Catholics, and as old friends of Romaine, the Loring's naturally rejoiced in his conversion. But as old friends of Romaine's wife, they were bound not to express their sentiments too openly. Feeling that any discussion of the priest's motives would probably lead to the delicate subject of the conversion, Mrs. Eyrecourt prudently determined to let the matter drop. As a consequence of this decision, Stella was left without the slightest warning of the catastrophe which was now close at hand.

Mrs. Eyrecourt joined Stella at the window.

'Well, my dear, is it clearing up? Shall we take a drive, before luncheon?'

'If you like, Mamma.'

She turned to her mother as she answered. The light of the clearing sky, at once soft and penetrating, fell full on her. Mrs. Eyrecourt, looking at her as usual, suddenly became serious; she studied her daughter's face with an eager and attentive scrutiny.

'Do you see any extraordinary change in me?' Stella asked, with a faint smile.

Instead of answering, Mrs. Eyrecourt put her arm round Stella with a loving gentleness, entirely at variance with any ordinary expression of her character. The worldly mother's eyes rested with a lingering tenderness on

her daughter's face. 'Stella!' she said softly—and stopped, at a loss for words for the first time in her life.

After a while, she began again. 'Yes; I see a change in you,' she whispered—'an interesting change which tells me something. Can you guess what it is?'

Stella's colour rose brightly, and faded again. She laid her head in silence on her mother's bosom. Worldly, frivolous, self interested, Mrs. Eyrecourt's nature was the nature of a woman—and the one great trial and triumph of a woman's life, appealing to her as a trial and a triumph soon to come to her own child, touched fibres under the hardened surface of her heart, which were still unprofaned. 'My poor darling,' she said, 'have you told the good news to your husband?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'He doesn't care, now, for anything that I can tell him.'

'Nonsense, Stella! You may win him back to you by a word—and do you hesitate to say the word? I shall tell him!'

Stella suddenly drew herself away from her mother's arm. 'If you do,' she cried, 'no words can say how inconsiderate and how cruel I shall think you. Promise—on your word of honour, promise you will leave it to me?'

'Will you tell him, yourself—if I leave it to you?'

'Yes—at my own time. Promise!'

'Hush, hush; don't excite yourself, my love; I promise. Give me a kiss. I declare I am agitated myself!' she exclaimed, falling back into her customary manner. 'Such a shock to my vanity, Stella—the prospect of becoming a grandmother! I really must ring for Matilda, and take a few drops of red lavender. Be advised by me, my poor dear, and we will turn the priest out of the house yet. When Romaine comes back from his ridiculous Retreat—after his fasting and flagellation, and Heaven knows what besides—*then* bring him to his senses; *then* is the

time to tell him. Will you think of it ?

‘ Yes ; I will think of it.’

‘ And one word more, before Matilda comes in. Remember the vast importance of having a male heir to Vange Abbey. On these occasions you may practise with perfect impunity on the ignorance of the men. Tell him you’re sure it’s going to be a boy !’

CHAPTER II.

THE SEED IS SOWN.

SITUATED in a distant quarter of the vast western suburb of London, the house, called *The Retreat*, stood in the midst of a well-kept garden, protected on all sides by a high brick wall. Excepting the grand gilt cross on the roof of the chapel, nothing revealed externally the devotional purpose to which the Roman Catholic priesthood (assisted by the liberality of ‘the Faithful’) had dedicated the building.

But the convert privileged to pass the gates left Protestant England outside, and found himself, as it were, in a new country. Inside *The Retreat*, the paternal care of the Church took possession of him ; surrounded him with monastic simplicity in his neat little bedroom ; and dazzled him with devotional splendour, when his religious duties called him into the chapel. The perfect taste—so seldom found in the modern arrangement and decoration of convents and churches in southern countries—showed itself here, pressed into the service of religion, in every part of the house. The severest discipline had no sordid and hideous side to it in *The Retreat*. The inmates fasted on spotless table cloths, and handled knives and forks (the humble servants of half-filled stomachs) without a speck on their decent brightness. Penitents who kissed the steps of the altar (to use the expressive Oriental phrase) ‘eat no dirt.’ Friends, liberal

friends, permitted to visit the inmates on stated days, saw copies of famous Holy Families in the reception room which were really works of Art ; and trod on a carpet of studiously modest pretensions, exhibiting pious emblems beyond reproach in colour and design. *The Retreat* had its own artesian well ; not a person in the house drank impurity in his water. A faint perfume of incense was perceptible in the corridors. The soothing and mysterious silence of the place was intensified, rather than disturbed by soft foot-steps, and a gentle opening and closing of doors. Animal life was not even represented by a cat in the kitchen. And yet, pervaded by some inscrutable influence, the house was not dull. Heretics, with lively imaginations, might have not inappropriately likened it to an enchanted castle. In one word, the Catholic system here showed to perfection its masterly knowledge of the weakness of human nature, and its inexhaustible dexterity in adapting the means to the end.

On the morning when Mrs. Eyre-court and her daughter held their memorable interview by the fireside at *Ten Acres*, Father Benwell entered one of the private rooms at *The Retreat*, devoted to the use of the priesthood. The demure attendant, waiting humbly for instructions, was sent to request the presence of one of the inmates of the house, named Mortleman.

Father Benwell’s customary serenity was a little ruffled on this occasion, by an appearance of anxiety. More than once, he looked impatiently towards the door ; and he never even noticed the last new devotional publications laid invitingly on the table.

Mr. Mortleman made his appearance—a young man and a promising convert. The wild brightness of his eyes, and the premature emaciation of his cheeks, revealed the incipient form of brain disease, which begins in fanaticism, and ends not infrequently in religious madness. His manner of greeting the priest was absolutely ser-

vile. He cringed before the illustrious Jesuit.

Father Benwell took no notice of these demonstrations of humility. 'Be seated, my son,' he said. 'Mr. Mortleman looked as if he would have preferred going down on his knees—but he yielded, and took the chair.'

'I think you have been Mr. Romaine's companion for a few days, in the hours of recreation?' the priest began.

'Yes, Father.'

'Does he appear to be at all weary of his residence in this house?'

'Oh, far from it! He feels the benign influence of The Retreat; we have some delightful hours together.'

'Have you anything to report?'

Mr. Mortleman crossed his hands on his breast, and bowed profoundly.

'I have to report of myself, Father, that I have committed the sin of presumption. I presumed that Mr. Romaine was, like myself, not married.'

'Did I tell you that he was not married?'

'No, Father.'

'Then you have committed no sin. You have only made an excusable mistake. How were you led into error?'

'In this way, Father. Mr. Romaine had been speaking to me of a book which you had been so good as to send to him. He had been especially interested by the memoir therein contained of the illustrious Englishman, Cardinal Acton. The degrees by which his Eminence rose to the rank of a Prince of the Church seemed, as I thought, to have aroused in my friend a new sense of vocation. He asked me if I myself aspired to belong to the holy priesthood. I answered that this was indeed my aspiration, if I might hope to be found worthy. He appeared to be deeply affected. I ventured to ask if he too had the same prospect before him. He grieved me indescribably. He sighed and said, "I have no such hope; I am married." Tell me, Father, I entreat you, have I done wrong?'

Father Benwell considered for a

moment. 'Did Mr. Romaine say anything more?' he asked.

'No, Father.'

'Did you attempt to return to the subject?'

'I thought it best to be silent.'

Father Benwell held out his hand. 'My young friend, you have not only done no wrong—you have shown the most commendable discretion. I will detain you no longer from your duties. Go to Mr. Romaine, and say that I wish to speak with him.'

Mr. Mortleman dropped on one knee, and begged for a blessing. Father Benwell lifted the traditional two fingers, and gave the blessing. The conditions of human happiness are easily fulfilled, if we rightly understand them. Mr. Mortleman retired perfectly happy.

Left by himself again, Father Benwell paced the room rapidly from end to end. The disturbing influence visible in his face had now changed from anxiety to excitement. 'I'll try it to-day!' he said to himself—and stopped and looked round him doubtfully. 'No, not here,' he decided; 'it may get talked about too soon. It will be safer in every way at my lodgings.' He recovered his composure, and returned to his chair.

Romaine opened the door.

The double influence of the conversion, and of the life in The Retreat, had already changed him. His customary keenness and excitability of look had subsided, and had left nothing in their place but an expression of suave and meditative repose. All his troubles were now in the hands of his priest. There was a passive regularity in his bodily movements, and a beatific serenity in his smile.

'My dear friend,' said Father Benwell, cordially shaking hands, 'you were good enough to be guided by my advice, in entering this house. Be guided by me again, when I say that you have been here long enough. You can return, after an interval, if you wish it. But I have something to say

to you first—and I beg to offer the hospitality of my lodgings.’

The time had been when Romaine would have asked for some explanation of this abrupt notice of removal. Now, he passively accepted the advice of his spiritual director. Father Benwell made the necessary communication to the authorities; and Romaine took leave of his friends in The Retreat. The great Jesuit and the great landholder left the place, with becoming humility in a cab.

‘I hope I have not disappointed you!’ said Father Benwell.

‘I am only anxious,’ Romaine answered, ‘to hear what you have to say.’

CHAPTER III.

THE HARVEST IS REAPED.

ON their way through the streets, Father Benwell talked as persistently of the news of the day as if he had nothing else in his thoughts. To keep his companion's mind in a state of suspense was, in certain emergencies, to exert a useful preparatory influence over a man of Romaine's character. Even when they reached his lodgings, the priest still hesitated to approach the object that he had in view. He made considerate inquiries, in the character of a hospitable man.

‘They breakfast early at The Retreat,’ he said. ‘What may I offer you?’

‘I want nothing, thank you,’ Romaine answered, with an effort to control his habitual impatience of needless delay.

‘Pardon me—we have a long interview before us, I fear. Our bodily necessities, Romaine (excuse me if I take the friendly liberty of suppressing the formal “Mr.”)—our bodily necessities are not to be trifled with. A bottle of my famous claret and a few biscuits will not hurt either of us.’ He rang the bell, and gave the necessary directions. ‘Another damp day!’

he went on cheerfully. ‘I hope you don't pay the rheumatic penalties of a winter residence in England? Ah, this glorious country would be too perfect. If it possessed the delicious climate of Rome!’

The wine and biscuits were brought in. Father Benwell filled the glasses, and bowed cordially to his guest.

‘Nothing of this sort at The Retreat!’ he said gaily. ‘Excellent water, I am told—which is a luxury in its way, especially in London. Well, my dear Romaine, I must begin by making my apologies. You, no doubt thought me a little abrupt in running away with you from your retirement at a moment's notice?’

‘I believed that you had good reasons, Father—and that was enough for me.’

‘Thank you—you do me justice—it was in your best interests that I acted. There are men of phlegmatic temperament, over whom the wise monotony of discipline at The Retreat exercises a wholesome influence—I mean an influence which may be prolonged with advantage. You are not one of those persons. Protracted seclusion and monotony of life are morally and mentally unprofitable to a man of your ardent disposition. I abstained from mentioning these reasons, at the time, out of a feeling of regard for our excellent resident director, who believes unservedly in the institution over which he presides. Very good! The Retreat has done all that it could usefully do in your case. We must think next of how to employ that mental activity which, rightly developed, is one of the most valuable qualities that you possess. Let me ask, first, if you have in some degree recovered your tranquillity?’

‘I feel like a different man, Father Benwell.’

‘That's right! And your nervous sufferings—I don't ask what they are; I only want to know if you experience a sense of relief?’

‘A most welcome sense of relief,’

Romayne answered, with a revival of the enthusiasm of other days. 'The complete change in all my thoughts and convictions, which I owe to you——'

'And to dear Penrose,' Father Benwell interposed, with the prompt sense of justice which no man could more becomingly assume. 'We must not forget Arthur.'

'Forget him?' Romayne repeated. 'Not a day passes without my thinking of him. It is one of the happy results of the change in me that my mind does not dwell bitterly on the loss of him, now. I think of Penrose with admiration, as of one whose glorious life, with all its dangers, I should like to share!'

He spoke with a rising colour and brightening eyes. Already, the absorbent capacity of the Roman Church had drawn to itself that sympathetic side of his character, which was also one of its strongest sides. Already, his love for Penrose—hitherto inspired by the virtues of the man—had narrowed its range to sympathy with the trials and privileges of the priest. Truly and deeply indeed had the physician consulted, in bygone days, reasoned on Romayne's case! That 'occurrence of some new and absorbing influence in his life,' of which the doctor had spoken—that 'working of some complete change in his habits of thought'—had found its way to him at last, after the wife's simple devotion had failed, through the subtler ministrations of the priest.

Some men having Father Benwell's object in view would have taken instant advantage of the opening offered to them by Romayne's unguarded enthusiasm. The illustrious Jesuit held fast by the wise maxim which forbade him to do anything in a hurry.

'No,' he said, 'your life must not be the life of our dear friend. The service on which the Church employs Penrose is not the fit service for you. You have other claims on us.'

Romayne looked at his spiritual ad-

viser with a momentary change of expression—a relapse into the ironical bitterness of the past time.

'Have you forgotten that I am, and can be, only a layman?' he asked. 'What claims can I have, except the common claim of all faithful members of the Church on the good offices of the priesthood?' He paused for a moment, and continued with the abruptness of a man struck by a new idea. 'Yes! I have perhaps one small claim of my own—the claim of being allowed to do my duty.'

'In what respect, dear Romayne?'

'Surely you can guess? I am a rich man; I have money lying idle, which it is my duty (and my privilege) to devote to the charities and necessities of the Church. And, while I am speaking of this, I must own that I am a little surprised at your having said nothing to me on the subject. You have never yet pointed out to me the manner in which I might devote my money to the best and noblest uses. Was it forgetfulness on your part?'

Father Benwell shook his head. 'No,' he replied; 'I can't honestly say that.'

'Then you had a reason for your silence?'

'Yes.'

'May I know it?'

Father Benwell got up and walked to the fireplace. Now there are various methods of getting up and walking to a fireplace, and they find their way to outward expression through the customary means of look and manner. We may feel cold, and may only want to warm ourselves. Or we may feel modestly confused, and may be anxious to hide it. Father Benwell, from head to foot, expressed modest confusion, and polite anxiety to hide it.

'My good friend,' he said, 'I am afraid of hurting your feelings.'

Romayne was a sincere convert, but there were instincts still left in him which resented this expression of regard, even when it proceeded from a man whom he respected and admired,

'You will hurt my feelings,' he answered a little sharply, 'if you are not plain with me.'

'Then I *will* be plain with you,' Father Benwell rejoined. 'The Church speaking through me, as her unworthy interpreter—feels a certain delicacy in approaching You on the subject of money.'

'Why?'

Father Benwell left the fireplace, without immediately answering. He opened a drawer, and took out of it a flat mahogany box. His gracious familiarity became transformed, by some mysterious process of congelation, into a dignified formality of manner. The priest took the place of the man.

'The Church, Mr. Romaine, hesitates to receive, as benevolent contributions, money derived from property of its own arbitrarily taken from it, and placed in a layman's hands. No!' he cried, interrupting Romaine, who instantly understood the allusion to Vange Abbey—'No! I must beg you to hear me out. I state the case plainly, at your own request. At the same time, I am bound to admit that the lapse of centuries has, in the eye of the law, sanctioned the deliberate act of robbery perpetrated by Henry the Eighth. You have lawfully inherited Vange Abbey from your ancestors. The Church is not unreasonable enough to assert a merely moral right against the law of the country. It may feel the act of spoliation—but it submits.' He unlocked the flat mahogany box, and gently dropped his dignity: the man took the place of the priest. 'As the master of Vange,' he said, 'you may be interested in looking at a little historical curiosity which we have preserved. The title deeds, dear Romaine, by which the monks held your present property, in *their* time. Take another glass of wine.'

Romaine looked at the title-deeds, and laid them aside unread.

Father Benwell had roused his pride, his sense of justice, his wild and lavish instincts of generosity. He, who had

always despised money—except when it assumed its only estimable character, as a means for the attainment of merciful and noble ends—he was in possession of property to which he had no moral right; without even the poor excuse of associations which attached him to the place.

'I hope I have not offended you?' said Father Benwell.

'You have made me ashamed of myself,' Romaine answered, warmly. 'On the day when I became a Catholic, I ought to have remembered Vange. Better late than never. I refuse to take shelter under the law—I respect the moral right of the Church. I will at once restore the property which I have usurped.'

Father Benwell took both Romaine's hands in his, and pressed them fervently.

'I am proud of you?' he said. 'We shall all be proud of you, when I write word to Rome of what has passed between us. But—no, Romaine!—this must not be. I admire you, I feel with you; and I refuse. On behalf of the Church I say it—I refuse the gift.'

'Wait a little, Father Benwell! You don't know the state of my affairs. I don't deserve the admiration which you feel for me. The loss of the Vange property will be no pecuniary loss in my case. I have inherited a fortune from my aunt. My income from that source is far larger than my income from the Yorkshire property.'

'Romaine! it must not be.'

'Pardon me, it must be. I have more money than I can spend—without Vange. And I have painful associations with the house, which disincline me ever to enter it again.'

Even this confession failed to move Father Benwell. He obstinately crossed his arms, obstinately tapped his foot on the floor. 'No!' he said. 'Plead as generously as you may, my answer is, No.'

Romaine only became more resolute on his side. 'The property is absolutely my own,' he persisted. 'I am

without a near relative in the world. I have no children. My wife, if I die before her, will be amply provided for. It is downright obstinacy—forgive me for saying so—to persist in your refusal.’

‘It is downright duty, Romaine. If I gave way to you, I should be the means of exposing the priesthood to the vilest misinterpretation. I should be deservedly reprimanded, and your proposed deed of gift would, without a moment’s hesitation, be torn up. If you have any regard for me, drop the subject.’

Romaine refused to yield, even to this unanswerable appeal.

‘Very well,’ he said, ‘there is one document you can’t tear up. You can’t interfere with my making another will. I shall leave the Vange property to the Church, and I shall appoint you one of the trustees. You can’t object to that.’

Even rigorous Father Benwell was now at a loss for any further expression of honourable protest. He could only plead sadly and submissively for an immediate change of subject. ‘No more, dear Romaine—you distress me! What were we talking of, before this unfortunate topic turned up?’

He filled the glasses; he offered more biscuits—he was really, and even perceptibly agitated.

Noticing this unusual expression of feeling, Romaine began to regret that he had not more gently expressed his intentions to his sensitive and excellent friend. If he could have looked into the priest’s mind, he might have become reconciled to his own abruptness.

In offering the hospitality of his lodgings, the Vange property had been the object which Father Benwell kept in view. He had gained the victory for the Church, without (to do him justice) thinking of himself; like Romaine, he cared nothing for money, for its own sake. The necessity that now remained was to make the victory secure. He had resisted the

temptation to accept the deed of gift in Romaine’s lifetime. The restoration in that form—while there remained a possibility of an heir being born to the estate—would, under those circumstances, have led to a public scandal. On the other hand, a testamentary legacy (especially in the absence of an heir) would be an unassailable proof of the testator’s attachment to the Church of which he had become a member. Still, even with those prospective advantages, adverse chances might lead, as things were, to a revocation of the will—unless some serious obstacle could be placed in the way of any future change of purpose on the part of Romaine.

Father Benwell had long since made up his mind as to the choice of an obstacle. The agitation which he betrayed had its origin in his own keen sense of the perils that threatened him, in safely setting the example up. Under astute encouragement, Romaine had become a Catholic, and had pledged himself to restore the Vange property. Under astute encouragement, there remained one more act of submission—serious, and even formidable, in the consequences that it involved—into which it was now necessary to lead the new convert. Even the Jesuit’s steady nerves were shaken by the prospect before him.

Romaine sat looking thoughtfully into the fire. Father Benwell, walking up and down the room, was the first to break the silence.

‘What *was* it I had to say to you?’ he resumed. ‘Surely, I was speaking on the subject of your future life, and the right employment of your energies!’

‘You are very kind, Father Benwell. The subject has little interest for me. My future life is shaped out—domestic retirement, ennobled by religious duties.’

Still pacing the room, Father Benwell stopped at that reply, and put his hand kindly on Romaine’s shoulder.

‘We don’t allow a good Catholic to

drift into domestic retirement, who is worthy of better things,' he said. 'The Church, Romaine, wishes to make use of you. I never flattered anyone in my life; but I may say before your face, what I have said behind your back. A man of your strict sense of honour—of your intellect—of your high aspirations—of your personal charm and influence—is not a man whom we can allow to run to waste. Open your mind, my friend, fairly to me, and I will open my mind fairly to you. Let me set the example. I say it with authority, an enviable future is before you.'

Romaine's pale cheeks flushed with excitement. 'What future?' he asked eagerly. 'Am I free to choose? Must I remind you that a man with a wife cannot think wholly of himself?'

'Suppose you were *not* a man with a wife.'

'What do you mean?'

'Romaine! I am trying to break my way through that inveterate reserve, which is one of the failings in your character. Unless you can prevail on yourself to tell me those secret thoughts, those unexpressed regrets, which you can confide to no other man, this conversation must come to an end. You have found a refuge in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Is there no yearning, in your inmost soul, for anything beyond the position which you now occupy?'

There was a pause. The flush on Romaine's face faded away. He was silent.

'You are not in the confessional,' Father Benwell reminded him, with melancholy submission to circumstances. 'You are under no obligation to answer me.'

Romaine roused himself. He spoke in low, reluctant tones. 'I am afraid to answer you,' he said.

That apparently discouraging reply armed Father Benwell with the absolute confidence of success, which he had thus far failed to feel. He wound his way deeper and deeper into Ro-

maine's mind, with the delicate ingenuity of penetration of which the practice of years had made him master.

'Perhaps I have failed to make myself clearly understood,' he said. 'I will try to put it more plainly. You are no half-hearted man, Romaine. What you believe, you believe fervently. Impressions are not dimly and slowly produced on *your* mind. As the necessary result, your conversion being once accomplished your whole soul is given to the Faith that is in you. Do I read your character rightly?'

'So far as I know it—yes.'

Father Benwell went on.

'Bear in mind what I have just said,' he resumed; 'and you will understand why I feel it my duty to press the question which you have not answered yet. You have found in the Catholic Faith the peace of mind which you have failed to obtain by other means. If I had been dealing with an ordinary man, I should have expected from the change no happier result than this. But I ask you, has that blessed influence taken no deeper and nobler hold on your heart? Can you truly say to me, "I am content with what I have gained; I wish for no more?"'

'I cannot truly say it,' Romaine answered.

The time had now come for speaking plainly. Father Benwell no longer advanced to his end under cover of a cloud of words.

'A little while since,' he said, 'you spoke of Penrose, as of a man whose lot in life you longed to share. The career which has associated him with an Indian mission is, as I told you, only adapted to a man of his special character and special gifts. But the career which has carried him into the sacred ranks of the priesthood, is open to every man who feels the sense of divine vocation, which has made Penrose one of Us.'

'No, Father Benwell! Not open to every man.'

'I say, Yes!'

'It is not open to Me!'

'I say it is open to You! And more—I enjoin, I command, you to dismiss from your mind all merely human obstacles or discouragements. They are beneath the notice of a man who feels himself called to the priesthood. Give me your hand, Romaine! Does your conscience tell you that you are that man?'

Romaine started to his feet, shaken to the soul by the solemnity of the appeal.

'I can't dismiss the obstacles that surround me,' he cried passionately. 'To a man in my position, your advice is absolutely useless. The ties that bind me are beyond the limit of a priest's sympathies.'

'Nothing is beyond the limit of a priest's sympathies.'

'Father Benwell, I am married!'

Father Benwell folded his arms over his breast—looked with immovable resolution straight in Romaine's face—and struck the blow which he had been meditating for months past.

'Rouse your courage,' he said sternly. 'You are no more married than I am.'

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was not a sound in the room. Romaine stood looking at the priest.

'Did you hear what I said?' Father Benwell asked.

'Yes.'

'Do you understand that I really mean what I said?'

He made no reply—he waited, like a man expecting to hear more.

Father Benwell was alive to the vast importance, at such a moment, of not shrinking from the responsibility which he had assumed. 'I see how I distress you,' he said; 'but for your sake, I am bound to speak out. Romaine! the woman whom you have married is the wife of another man. Don't ask me how I know it—I do know it. You

shall have positive proof, as soon as you have recovered. Come! rest a little in the easy chair.'

He took Romaine's arm, and led him to the chair, and made him drink some wine. They waited awhile. Romaine lifted his head, with a heavy sigh.

'The woman whom I have married is the wife of another man.' He slowly repeated the words to himself—and then looked at Father Benwell.

'Who is the man?' he asked.

'I introduced you to him, when I was as ignorant of the circumstances as you are,' the priest answered. 'The man is Mr. Bernard Winterfield.'

Romaine half raised himself from the chair. A momentary anger glittered in his eyes—and faded out again, extinguished by the nobler emotions of grief and shame. He remembered Winterfield's introduction to Stella.

'Her husband!' he said, speaking again to himself. 'And she let me introduce him to her. And she received him like a stranger.' He paused, and thought of it. 'The proofs, if you please, sir,' he resumed, with sudden humility. 'I don't want to hear any particulars. It will be enough for me if I know beyond all doubt, that I have been deceived and disgraced.'

Father Benwell unlocked his desk and placed two papers before Romaine. He did his duty with a grave indifference to all minor considerations. The time had not yet come for expressions of sympathy and regret.

'The first paper,' he said, 'is a certified copy of the register of the marriage of Miss Eyrecourt to Mr. Winterfield, celebrated (as you will see) by the English chaplain at Brussels, and witnessed by three persons. Look at the names.'

The bride's mother was the first witness. The two names that followed were the names of Lord and Lady Loring. 'They, too, in the conspiracy to deceive me!' Romaine said as he laid the paper back on the table.

'I obtained that piece of written

evidence,' Father Benwell proceeded, 'by the help of a reverend colleague of mine, residing at Brussels. I will give you his name and address, if you wish to make further inquiries.'

'Quite needless. What is this other paper?'

'This other paper is an extract from the shorthand writer's notes (suppressed in the reports of the public journals) or proceedings in an English-court of law, obtained at my request by my lawyer in London.'

'What have I to do with it?'

He put the question in a tone of passive endurance—resigned to the severest moral martyrdom that could be inflicted on him.

'I will answer you in two words,' said Father Benwell. 'In justice to Miss Eyrecourt, I am bound to produce her excuse for marrying you.'

Romayne looked at him in stern amazement.

'Excuse!' he repeated.

'Yes—excuse. The proceedings to which I have alluded declare Miss Eyrecourt's marriage to Mr. Winterfield to be null and void—by the English law—in consequence of his having been married at the time to another woman. Try to follow me. I will put it as briefly as possible. In justice to yourself, and to your future career, you must understand this revolting case thoroughly, from beginning to end.'

With those prefatory words, he told the story of Winterfield's first marriage; altering nothing; concealing nothing; doing the fullest justice to Winterfield's innocence of all evil motive from first to last. When the plain truth served his purpose, as it most assuredly did in this case, the man has never yet been found who could match Father Benwell at stripping himself of every vestige of reserve, and exhibiting his naked heart to the moral admiration of mankind.

'You were mortified, and I was surprised,' he went on, 'when Mr. Winterfield dropped his acquaintance with

you. We now know that he acted like an honourable man.'

He waited, to see what effect he had produced, Romayne was in no state of mind to do justice to Winterfield or to any one. His pride was mortally wounded; his high sense of honour and delicacy writhed under the outrage inflicted on it.

'And mind this,' Father Benwell persisted, 'poor human nature has its right to all that can be justly conceded in the way of excuse and allowance. Miss Eyrecourt would naturally be advised by her friends, would naturally be eager on her own part, to keep hidden from you what happened at Brussels. A sensitive woman, placed in a position so horribly false and degrading, must not be too severely judged, even when she does wrong. I am bound to say this—and more. Speaking from my own knowledge of all the parties, I have no doubt that Miss Eyrecourt and Mr. Winterfield did really part at the church door.'

Romayne answered by a look—so disdainfully expressive of the most immovable unbelief, that it absolutely justified the fatal advice, by which Stella's worldly-wise friends had encouraged her to conceal the truth. Father Benwell prudently closed his lips. He had put the case with perfect fairness—his bitterest enemy could not have denied that.

Romayne took up the second paper, looked at it, and threw it back again on the table with an expression of disgust.

'You told me just now, he said, 'that I was married to the wife of another man. And there is the judge's decision, releasing Miss Eyrecourt from her marriage to Mr. Winterfield. May I ask you to explain yourself?'

'Certainly. Let me first remind you that you owe religious allegiance to the principles which the Church has asserted, for centuries past, with all the authority of its divine institution. You admit that?'

'I admit it.'

'Now, listen! In *our* Church, Romaine, marriage is even more than a religious institution—it is a sacrament. We acknowledge no human laws which profane that sacrament. Take two examples of what I say. When the great Napoleon was at the height of his power, Pius the Seventh refused to acknowledge the validity of the Emperor's second marriage to Maria Louisa—while Josephine was living, divorced by the French Senate. Again, in the face of the Royal Marriage Act, the Church sanctioned the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert to George the Fourth; and still declares, in justice to her memory, that she was the King's lawful wife. In one word marriage, to *be* marriage at all, must be the object of a purely religious celebration—and, this condition complied with, marriage is only to be dissolved by death. You remember what I told you of Mr. Winterfield?'

'Yes. His first marriage took place before the registrar.'

'In plain English, Romaine, Mr. Winterfield and the woman-rider in the circus pronounced a formula of words before a layman in an office. That is not only no marriage; it is a blasphemous profanation of a holy rite. Acts of Parliaments which sanction such proceedings are acts of infidelity. The Church declares it, in defence of religion.'

'I understand you,' said Romaine. 'Mr. Winterfield's marriage at Brussels—'

'Which the English law,' Father Benwell interposed, 'declares to be annulled by the marriage before the registrar stands good, nevertheless, by the higher law of the Church. Mr. Winterfield is Miss Eyrecourt's husband, as long as they both live. An ordained priest performed the ceremony in a consecrated building—and Protestant marriages, so celebrated, are marriages acknowledged by the Catholic Church. Under those circumstances, the ceremony which afterwards united you to Miss Eyrecourt—

though neither you nor the clergyman were to blame—was a mere mockery. Need I say more? Shall I leave you for awhile by yourself?'

'No! I don't know what I may think, I don't know what I may do, if you leave me by myself.'

Father Benwell took a chair by Romaine's side. 'It has been my hard duty to grieve and humiliate you,' he said. 'Do you bear me no ill will?' He held out his hand.

Romaine took it—as an act of justice, if not as an act of gratitude.

'Can I be of any use in advising you?' Father Benwell asked.

'Who can advise a man in my position?' Romaine bitterly rejoined.

'I can at least suggest that you should take time to think over your position.'

'Time? take time? You talk as if my situation were endurable.'

'Everything is endurable, Romaine!'

'It may be so to you, Father Benwell. Did you part with your humanity, when you put on the black robe of the priest?'

'I parted, my son, with those weaknesses of *our* humanity, on which women practise. You talk of your position. I will put it before you at its worst.'

'For what purpose?'

'To show you exactly what your position is. Judged by the law of England, Mrs. Romaine is your wife. Judged by the principles held sacred among the religious community to which you belong, she is not Mrs. Romaine—she is Mrs. Winterfield, living with you in adultery. If you regret your conversion—'

'I don't regret it, Father Benwell.'

'If you renounce the holy aspirations which you have yourself acknowledged to me, return to your domestic life. But don't ask us, while you are living with that lady, to acknowledge you as a member of our communion.'

Romaine was silent. The more violent emotions aroused in him had,

with time, subsided into calm. Tenderness, mercy, past affection found their opportunity, and pleaded with him. The priest's bold language had missed the object at which it aimed. It had revived in Romaine's memory the image of Stella, in the days when he had first seen her. How gently her influence had wrought on him for good; how tenderly, how truly she had loved him. 'Give me some more wine!' he cried. 'I feel faint and giddy. Don't despise me, Father Benwell—I was once so fond of her!'

The priest poured out the wine. 'I feel for you,' he said, 'indeed, indeed, I feel for you.'

It was not all a lie—there were grains of truth in that outburst of sympathy. Father Benwell was not wholly merciless. His far-seeing intellect, his daring duplicity, carried him straight on to his end in view. But, that end once gained—and let it be remembered, not gained wholly for himself—there were compassionate influences left in him which sometimes forced their way to the surface. A man of high intelligence—however he may misuse it, however unworthy he may be of it—has a gift from heaven. When you want to see unredeemed wickedness, look for it in a fool.

'Let me mention one circumstance,' Father Benwell proceeded, 'which may help to relieve you for the moment. In your present state of mind, you cannot return to the Retreat.'

'Impossible?'

'I have had a room prepared for you in this house. Here, free from any disturbing influence, you can shape the future course of your life. If you wish to communicate with your residence at Highgate——'

'Don't speak of it!'

Father Benwell sighed. 'Ah, I understand!' he said, sadly. 'The house associated with Mr. Winterfield's visit——'

Romaine again interrupted him—this time by gesture only. The hand that had made the sign clenched itself,

when it rested afterwards on the table. His eyes looked downward, under frowning brows. At the name of Winterfield, remembrances that poisoned every better influence in him rose venomously in his mind. Once more he loathed the deceit that had been practised on him. Once more the detestable doubt of that asserted parting at the church door, renewed its stealthy torment, and reasoned with him as if in words:—She has deceived you in one thing; why not in another?

'Can I see my lawyer here?' he asked, suddenly.

'My dear Romaine, you can see any one whom you like to invite.'

'I shall not trouble you by staying very long, Father Benwell.'

'Do nothing in a hurry, my son. Pray do nothing in a hurry.'

Romaine paid no attention to this entreaty. Shrinking from the momentous decision that awaited him, his mind instinctively took refuge in the prospect of change of scene. 'I shall leave England!' he said, impatiently.

'Not alone,' Father Benwell remonstrated.

'Who will be my companion?'

'I will,' the priest answered.

Romaine's weary eyes brightened faintly. In his desolate position, Father Benwell was the one friend on whom he could rely. Penrose was far away; the Lorings had helped to keep him deceived; Major Hynd had openly pitied and despised him as a victim to priestcraft.

'Can you go with me at any time?' he asked. 'Have you no duties that keep you in England?'

'My duties, Romaine, are already confided to other hands.'

'Then, you have foreseen this?'

'I have foreseen it. Your journey may be long, or your journey may be short—you shall not go away alone.'

'I can think of nothing yet; my mind is a blank,' Romaine confessed sadly. 'I don't know where I shall go.'

‘I know where you ought to go—and where you *will* go,’ said Father Benwell, emphatically.

‘Where?’

‘To Rome.’

Romayne understood the true meaning of that brief reply. A vague sense of dismay began to rise in his mind. While he was still tortured by doubt, it seemed as if Father Benwell had, by some inscrutable process of prevision, planned out his future beforehand. Had the Jesuit foreseen events? No—he had only foreseen possibilities, on the day when it first occurred to him that Romayne’s marriage was assailable, before the court of Romayne’s conscience, from the Roman Catholic point of view. Thus far, he had modestly described himself to his reverend colleagues, as regarding his position towards Romayne in a new light. His next letter might boldly explain to them what he had really meant. The victory was won. Not a word more passed between his guest and himself that morning.

Before post-time, on the same day, Father Benwell wrote his last report to the Secretary of the Society of Jesus, in these lines:—

‘Romayne is free from the domestic ties that bound him. He bequeaths Vange Abbey as a legacy to the Church; and he acknowledges a vocation for the priesthood. Expect us at Rome in a fortnight’s time.’

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

After the Story.

Extracts from Bernard Winterfield’s Diary.

1.—WINTERFIELD DEFENDS HIMSELF.

‘BEAUPARK HOUSE, June 17th, 18—.

‘YOU and I, cousin Beeminster, seldom meet. But I occasionally hear of you, from friends acquainted with both of us.

‘I have heard of you last at Sir Philip’s rent-day dinner, a week since. My name happened to be mentioned by one of the gentlemen present, a guest like yourself. You took up the subject of your own free will, and spoke of me in these terms:

“I am sorry to say it of the existing head of the family—but Bernard is really unfit for the position which he holds. He has, to say the least of it, compromised himself and his relatives on more than one occasion. He began as a young man by marrying a circus-rider. He got into some other scrape, after that, which he has contrived to keep a secret from us. We only know how disgraceful it must have been by the results—he was a voluntary exile from England for more than a year. And now, to complete the list, he has mixed himself up in that miserable and revolting business of Lewis Romayne and his wife.”

‘If any other person had spoken of me in this manner, I should have set him down as a mischievous idiot—to be kicked perhaps, but not to be noticed in any other way.

‘With you, the case is different. If I die without male offspring, the Beaupark estate goes to you, as next heir.

‘I don’t choose to let a man in this position slander me, and those dear to me, without promptly contradicting him. The name I bear is precious to me, in memory of my father. Your unanswered report of me coming from a member of the family, will be received as truth. Rather than let this be, I reveal to you, without reserve some of the saddest passages of my life. I have nothing to be ashamed of,—and, if I have hitherto kept certain events in the dark, it has been for the sake of others, not for my own sake. I know better now. A woman’s reputation—if she is a good woman—is not easily compromised by telling the truth. The person of whom I am thinking, when I write this, knows what I am going to do—and approves of it.

'You will receive, with these lines, the most perfectly candid statement that I can furnish: being extracts cut out of my own private Diary. They are accompanied (where plain necessity seems to call for it) by the written evidences of other persons.

'There has never been much sympathy between us. But you have been brought up like a gentleman—and, when you have read my narrative, I expect that you will do justice to me, and to others—even though you think we acted indiscreetly under trying and critical circumstances. B.W.'

2.—WINTERFIELD MAKES EXTRACTS.

11th April, 1859.—Mrs. Eyrecourt and her daughter have left Beaupark to-day for London. Have I really made any impression on the heart of the beautiful Stella? In my miserable position—ignorant whether I am free or not—I have shrunk from formally acknowledging that I love her.

12th.—I am becoming superstitious! In the Obituary of to day's *Times*, the death is recorded of that unhappy woman whom I was mad enough to marry. After hearing nothing of her for seven years—I am free! Surely this is a good omen? Shall I follow the Eyrecourts to London and declare myself? I have not confidence enough in own power of attraction to run the risk. Better to write first, in strictest confidence, to Mrs. Eyrecourt.

14th.—An enchanting answer from my angel's mother written in great haste. They are on the point of leaving for Paris. Stella is restless and dissatisfied; she wants change of scene; and Mrs. Eyrecourt adds, in so many words:—'It is you who have upset her; why did you not speak while we were at Beaupark?' I am to hear again from Paris. Good old Father Newbliss said all along that she was fond of me, and wondered, like Mrs. Eyrecourt, why I failed to declare myself. How could I tell them of the hideous fetters which bound me in those days?

18th, Paris.—She has accepted me! Words are useless to express my happiness.

19th.—A letter from my lawyer, full of professional subtleties and delays. I have no patience to enumerate them. We move to Belgium to-morrow. Not on our way back to England—Stella is so little desirous of leaving the continent that we are likely to be married abroad. But she is weary of the perpetual gaiety and glitter of Paris, and wants to see the old Belgian cities. Her mother leaves Paris with regret. The liveliest woman of her age that I ever met with.

7th May, Brussels.—My blessing on the old Belgian cities. Mrs. Eyrecourt is so eager to get away from them that she backs me in hurrying the marriage, and even consents, sorely against the grain, to let the wedding be celebrated at Brussels in a private and unpretending way. She has only stipulated that Lord and Lady Loring (old friends) shall be present. They are to arrive to-morrow, and two days afterwards we are to be married.

* * * * *

(An enclosure is inserted in this place. It consists of the death-bed confession of Winterfield's first wife, and of the explanatory letter written by the rector of Belhaven. The circumstances related in these documents, already known to the reader, are left to speak for themselves, and the Extracts from the Diary are then continued.)

* * * * *

Bingen on the Rhine, 29th May.—Letters from Devonshire at last, which relieve my wretchedness in some small degree. The frightful misfortune at Brussels will at least be kept secret, so far as I am concerned. Beaupark House is shut up, and the servants are dismissed, 'in consequence of my residence abroad.' To Father Newbliss I have privately written, telling him that the marriage is broken off; he writes back (good old man!) a kind and comforting letter. It all seems

safe, so far. Time will, I suppose, help me to bear my sad lot. And perhaps a day may come, when Stella and her friends will know how cruelly they have wronged me.

London, 18th November, 1860.—The old wound has been opened again. I met her accidentally in a picture gallery. She turned deadly pale, and left the place. Oh, Stella! Stella!

London, 12th August, 1861.—Another meeting with her. And another, and worse shock to endure.

I went to visit an agreeable new acquaintance, Mr. Romaine. His wife drove up to the house while I was looking out of the window. I recognised Stella! After two years, she has made use of the freedom which the law has given her. I must not complain of that, or of her treating me like a stranger, when her husband innocently introduced us. But, when we were afterwards left together for a few minutes—no! I cannot write down the merciless words she said to me. Why am I fool enough to be as fond of her as ever?

Beaupark, 16th November.—Stella's married life is not likely to be a happy one. To-day's newspaper announces the conversion of her husband to the Roman Catholic Faith. I can honestly say I am sorry for her, knowing how she has suffered, among her own relatives, by these conversions. But I so hate *him* that this proof of his weakness is a downright consolation to me.

Beaupark, 27th January, 1862.—A letter from Stella, so startling and deplorable that I cannot remain away from her after reading it. Her husband has deliberately deserted her. He has gone to Rome to serve his term of probation for the priesthood. I travel to London by to-day's train.

London, 27th January.—Short as it is, I looked at Stella's letter again and again on the journey. The tone of the closing sentences is still studiously

cold. After informing me that she is staying with her mother in London, she concludes her letter in these terms:

'Be under no fear that the burden of my troubles will be laid on your shoulders. Since the fatal day when we met at Ten Acres, you have shown forbearance and compassion towards me. I don't stop to inquire if you are sincere—it rests with you to prove that. But I have some questions to ask, which no person but you can answer. For the rest, my friendless position will perhaps plead with you not to misunderstand me.'

Inveterate distrust in every sentence! If any other woman had treated me in this way, I should have put her letter into the fire, and should not have stirred from my comfortable house.

29th January.—A day missed out of my Diary. The events of yesterday unnerved me for the time.

Arriving at Derwent's Hotel on the evening of the 27th, I sent a line to Stella by messenger to ask when she could receive me.

It is strange how the merest trifles seem to touch women! Her note in reply contains the first expression of friendly feelings towards me, which has escaped her since we parted at Brussels. And this expression proceeds from her ungovernable surprise and gratitude, at my taking the trouble to travel from Devonshire to London on her account!

For the rest, she proposes to call on me at the hotel the next morning. She and her mother, it appeared, differed in opinions on the subject of Mr. Romaine's behaviour to her; and she wished to see me, in the first instance, unrestrained by Mrs. Eyrecourt's interference.

There was little sleep for me that night. I passed most of the time in smoking, and walking up and down the room. My one relief was afforded by Traveller—he begged so hard to go with me, I could not resist

him. The dog always sleeps in my room. His surprise at my extraordinary restlessness (ending in downright anxiety and alarm) was expressed in eyes, and in his little whinings and cries, quite as intelligibly as if he had put his meaning into words. Who first called a dog a dumb creature? It must have been a man, I think—and a thoroughly unlovable man, too, from a dog's point of view.

Soon after ten, on the morning of the 28th, she entered my sitting-room.

In her personal appearance, I saw a change for the worse; produced, I suppose, by the troubles that have tried her sorely, poor thing. There was a sad loss of delicacy in her features, and of purity in her complexion. Even her dress—I should certainly not have noticed it in any other woman—seemed to be loose and slovenly. In the agitation of the moment, I forgot the long estrangement between us; I half lifted my hand to take her's, and checked myself. Was I mistaken in supposing that she yielded to the same impulse, and resisted it as I did? She concealed her embarrassments, if she felt any, by patting the dog.

'I am ashamed that you should have taken the journey to London in this wintry weather——' she began.

It was impossible, in her situation, to let her assume this commonplace tone with me. 'I sincerely feel for you,' I said, 'and sincerely wish to help you, if I can.'

She looked at me for the first time. Did she believe me? or did she still doubt? Before I could decide, she took a letter from her pocket, opened it, and handed it to me.

'Women often exaggerate their troubles,' she said. 'It is perhaps an unfair trial of your patience—but I should like you to satisfy yourself that I have not made the worst of my situation. That letter will place it before you in Mr. Romaine's own words. Read it, except where the page is turned down.'

It was her husband's letter of farewell.

The language was scrupulously delicate and considerate. But to my mind it entirely failed to disguise the fanatical cruelty of the man's resolution, addressed to his wife. In substance, it came to this:

'He had discovered the marriage at Brussels, which she had deliberately concealed from him when he took her for his wife. She had afterwards persisted in that concealment, under circumstances which made it impossible that he could ever trust her again.' (This no doubt referred to her ill-advised reception of me as a total stranger, at Ten Acres Lodge.) 'In the miserable break-up of his domestic life, the Church to which he now belonged offered him, not only her divine consolation, but the honour, above all earthly distinctions, of serving the cause of religion in the sacred ranks of the priesthood. Before his departure for Rome he bade her a last farewell in this world, and forgave her the injuries that she had inflicted on him. For her sake he asked leave to say some few words more. In the first place, he desired to do her every justice in a worldly sense. Ten Acres Lodge was offered to her as a free gift for her lifetime, with a sufficient income for all her wants. In the second place, he was anxious that she should not misinterpret his motives. Whatever his opinion of her conduct might be, he did not rely on it as affording his only justification for leaving her. Setting personal feeling aside, he felt religious scruples (connected with his marriage), which left him no other alternative than the separation on which he had resolved. He would briefly explain those scruples, and mention his authority for entertaining them, before he closed his letter.'

There the page was turned down and the explanation was concealed from me.

A faint colour stole over her face as I handed the letter back to her.

'It is needless for you to read the rest,' she said. 'You know, under his own hand, that he has left me; and (if such a thing pleads with you in his favour), you also know that he is liberal in providing for his deserted wife.'

I attempted to speak. She saw in my face how I despised him, and stopped me.

'Whatever you may think of his conduct,' she continued, 'I beg that you will not speak of it to me. May I ask your opinion (now you have read his letter) on other matters, in which my own conduct is concerned? In former days——'

She paused, poor soul, in evident confusion and distress.

'Why speak of those days?' I ventured to say.

'I must speak of them. In former days, I think you were told that my father's will provided for my mother and for me. You know that we have enough to live on?'

I had heard of it, at the time of our betrothal — when the marriage-settlement was in preparation. The mother and daughter had each a little income of a few hundreds a year. The exact amount had escaped my memory.

After answering her to this effect, I waited to hear more.

She suddenly became silent; the most painful embarrassment showed itself in her face and manner. 'Never mind the rest,' she said, mastering her confusion after an interval. 'I have had some hard trials to bear; I forget things' — she made an effort to finish the sentence, and gave it up, and called to the dog to come to her. The tears were in her eyes, and that was the way she took to hide them from me.

In general, I am not quick at reading the minds of others — but I thought I understood Stella. Now that we were face to face, the impulse to trust me had, for the moment, got the better of her caution and her pride; she was half ashamed of it, half inclined to follow it. I hesitated no longer. The time for which I had waited, the time

to prove, without any indelicacy on my side, that I had never been unworthy of her — had surely come at last.

'Do you remember my reply to your letter about Father Benwell?' I asked.

'Yes — every word of it.'

'I promised, if you ever had need of me, to prove that I had never been unworthy of your confidence. In your present situation, I can honourably keep my promise. Shall I wait till you are calmer? or shall I go on at once?'

'At once.'

'When your mother and your friends took you from me,' I resumed, 'if you had shown any hesitation——'

She shuddered. The image of my unhappy wife, vindictively confronting us on the church steps, seemed to be recalled to her memory. 'Don't go back to it!' she cried. 'Spare me, I entreat you.'

I opened the writing-case in which I kept the papers sent to me by the Rector of Belhaven, and placed them on the table by which she was sitting. The more plainly and briefly I spoke now, the better I thought it might be for both of us.

'Since we parted at Brussels,' I said, 'my wife has died. Here is a copy of the medical certificate of her death.'

Stella refused to look at it. 'I don't understand such things,' she answered, faintly. 'What is this?'

She took up my wife's death-bed confession. 'Read it,' I said.

She looked frightened. 'What will it tell me?' she asked.

'It will tell you, Stella, that false appearances once led you into wronging an innocent man.'

Having said this, I walked away to a window behind her, at the farther end of the room, so that she might not see me while she read.

After a time — how much longer it seemed to me than it really was! — I heard her move. As I turned from the window, she ran to me, and fell on her knees at my feet. I tried to raise her; I entreated her to believe that

she was forgiven. She seized my hands, and held them over her face—they were wet with her tears. 'I am ashamed to look at you,' she said. 'Oh, Bernard, what a wretch I have been!'

I never was so distressed in my life, I don't know what I should have said, what I should have done, if my dear old dog had not helped me out of it. He, too, ran up to me, with the loving jealousy of his race, and tried to lick my hands, still fast in Stella's hold. His paws were on her shoulder; he attempted to push himself between us. I think I successfully assumed a tranquillity which I was far from really feeling. 'Come, come,' I said, 'you mustn't make Traveller jealous. She let me raise her. Ah, if she could have kissed *me*—but that was not to be done; she kissed the dog's head, and then she spoke to me. I shall not set down what she said in these pages. While I live, there is no fear of my forgetting those words.'

I led her back to her chair. The letter addressed to me by the Rector of Belhaven still lay on the table, unread. It was of some importance to Stella's complete enlightenment, as containing evidence that the confession was genuine. But I hesitated, for her sake, to speak of it just yet.

'Now you know that you have a friend to help and advise you——' I began.

'No,' she interposed; 'more than a friend; say a brother.'

I said it. 'You had something to ask of me,' I resumed, 'and you never put the question.'

She understood me.

'I meant to tell you,' she said, 'that I had written a letter of refusal to Mr. Romaine's lawyers. I have left Ten Acres, never to return; and I refuse to accept a farthing of Mr. Romaine's money. My mother—though she knows that we have enough to live on—tells me that I have acted with inexcusable pride and folly. I wanted to ask if you blame me, Bernard, as she does?'

I dare say I was inexcusably proud and foolish, too. It was the first time she had called me by my Christian name since the happy by-gone time, never to come again. Under whatever influence I acted, I respected and admired her for that refusal—and I owned it in so many words. This little encouragement seemed to relieve her. She was so much calmer that I ventured to speak of the rector's letter.

She wouldn't hear of it. 'Oh, Bernard, have I not learned to trust you yet? Put away those papers. There is only one thing I want to know. Who gave them to you? The rector!'

'No.'

'How did they reach you then!'

'Through Father Benwell.'

She started to her feet like a woman electrified.

'I knew it!' she cried. 'It is the priest who has wrecked my married life—and he got his information from those letters, before he put them into your hands.' She dropped into her chair again. 'That was the first and foremost of the questions I wanted to put to you,' she said. 'I am answered. I ask no more.'

She was surely wrong about Father Benwell? I tried to show her why.

I told her that my reverend friend had put the letters into my hand, with the seal which protected them unbroken. She laughed disdainfully. Did I know him so little as to doubt for a moment that he could break a seal and replace it again? This view was entirely new to me; I was startled but not convinced. I never desert my friends—even when they are friends of no very long standing—and I still tried to defend Father Benwell. The only result was to make her alter her intention of asking me no more questions. I innocently roused in her a new curiosity. She was eager to know how I had first become acquainted with the priest, and how he had contrived to possess himself of information which was intended for my reading only.

There was but one way of answering her.

It was far from easy to a man like myself, unaccustomed to state circumstances in their proper order—but I had no other choice but to reply, by telling the long story of the theft and discovery of the rector's papers. So far as Father Benwell was concerned, the narrative only confirmed her suspicions. For the rest, the circumstances which most interested her were the circumstances associated with the French boy.

'Anything connected with that poor creature,' she said, 'has a dreadful interest for me now.'

'Did you know him,' I asked, with some surprise.

'I knew him and his mother—you shall hear how, at another time. I suppose I felt a presentiment that the boy would have some evil influence over me. At any rate, when I accidentally touched him, I trembled as if I had touched a serpent. You will think me superstitious—but, after what you have said, it is certainly true that he has been the indirect cause of the misfortune that has fallen on me. How came he to steal the papers? Did you ask the rector, when you went to Belhaven?'

'I asked the rector nothing. But he thought it his duty to tell me all that he knew of the theft.'

She drew her chair nearer to me. 'Let me hear every word of it,' she pleaded eagerly.

I felt some reluctance to comply with the request.

'Is it not fit for me to hear?' she asked.

'This forced me to be plain with her. If I repeat what the rector told me,' I said, 'I must speak of my wife.'

She took my hand. 'You have pitied and forgiven her,' she answered. 'Speak of her, Bernard—and don't, for God's sake, think that my heart is harder than yours.'

I kissed the hand that she had given

to me—even her 'brother' might do that!

'It began,' I said, 'in the grateful attachment which the boy felt for my wife. He refused to leave her bedside on the day when she dictated her confession to the rector. As he was entirely ignorant of the English language, there seemed to be no objection to letting him have his own way. He became inquisitive as the writing went on. His questions annoyed the rector—and, as the easiest way of satisfying his curiosity, my wife told him that she was making her will. He knew just enough, from what he had heard at various times, to associate making a will with gifts of money—and the pretended explanation silenced and satisfied him.'

'Did the rector understand it?' Stella asked.

'Yes. Like many other Englishmen in his position, although he was not ready at speaking French, he could read the language, and could fairly well understand it, when it was spoken. After my wife's death, he kindly placed the boy, for a few days, under the care of his housekeeper. Her early life had been passed in the island of Martinique; and she was able to communicate with the friendless foreigner in his own language. When he disappeared she was the only person who could throw any light on his motive for stealing the papers. On the day when he entered the house, she caught him, peeping through the key hole of the study door. He must have seen where the confession was placed, and the colour of the old-fashioned blue paper on which it was written, would help him to identify it. The next morning, during the rector's absence, he brought the manuscript to the housekeeper and asked her to translate it into French, so that he might know how much money was left him in "the will." She severely reproved him, made him replace the paper in the desk from which he had taken it,

and threatened to tell the rector if his misconduct was repeated. He promised amendment—and the good natured woman believed him. Two days afterwards the locked door of the cabinet in which the papers had been secured was found open—and they and the boy were both missing together.'

(*To be continued.*)

CELT AND SAXON.

BY MACHAON.

SHALL discord rise to rule the world,
And tumult silence wisdom's tongue ;
Shall sneers at courtesy be hurled ;
Shall honour's flag be basely furled,
And justice in the dust be flung ?

Fair play for England ! let the thought
Of sages who uphold the throne—
The embryo law—in quiet wrought,
To due completion forth be brought,
And let it to the world be known.

Let Celt and Saxon calmly wait
For reason's utterance ere they wage,
'Mid blatant brawls and fierce debate,
A war of faction and of hate,
Staining the land's historic page.

Bound in one cause and side by side,
On many a field they both have dashed
Forward to stem the battle's tide :
Both have the charging hosts defied
When sabres for the Empire flashed.

Whose is the Empire ? It is theirs ;
Let them unite in peaceful form ;
He who his country's glory shares
Must stand by what she nobly dares
In halcyon days, or days of storm.

Let veterans speak whose record pure,
Attested skill, and judgment sound
Fit them to search the wounds and cure
The ills a people may endure ;
Nor be their words in clamour drowned.

Strong is our faith ; unmoved by fears
We smile at slander's senseless cry ;
For on the nation's shield appears
A light, still shining through the years,
The growing light of liberty.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

"I am convinced that the only means of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to enable them to govern themselves."—CHAS. JAMES FOX.

TWO articles have appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, bearing on the future of the Dominion of Canada. The writers differ widely in their views. The one is a Federalist; the other—though an Englishman—an Annexationist. Mr. George Anderson, M. P., fearing that Canada is about to slip from British moorings, would inaugurate a heroic policy to prevent the loss of the premier colony in the Empire; while Mr. William Clarke 'states briefly the case on behalf of the annexation of Canada to the United States. The great and wise man who said he could not bring an indictment against a whole nation would, were he alive to-day, admire the ease with which an essayist hands over four millions of people to a repellent government and an alien flag.

The abler article, Mr. Clarke's brief statement of a stupendous case, has been referred to by the *Globe*, by Sir Alexander Galt, and even in the British Parliament; but it has not been answered either on this or that side of the Atlantic. Any such proposal ought to be discussed, not vaguely, but closely; not rhetorically, but with matter-of-fact logic. The generality monger in politics is a nuisance, hard to abate, because he insists on presenting himself in the form of an Eternal Principle, the paste-board masonry and living rock of stucco being at once concealed as to its character and illusively beautified by floral decorations. There is

something it is not desirable to characterise about a Review of the standing of the *Contemporary*, telling the reading world what Canadian sentiment is, without knowing, or apparently having the means of knowing, anything about the thoughts and aspirations of the people of the Dominion.

The strength of Mr. Clarke's case consists in the fact that he is arguing in favour of Annexation as against Imperial Federation, and on the assumption that the *status quo* cannot continue for any period worth taking into account. That the *status quo* of any country cannot continue for ever, would be an idle truism. Take away this assumption, and look at his arguments, not as directed against a Federationist, but as in favour of Annexation, as the highest good open to Canadians, and the strength of his position vanishes, as Lord Beaconsfield would say, into thin air.

The assertion of Mr. Anderson, endorsed by Mr. Clarke, that the *status quo* cannot, so far as Canada is concerned, be maintained for many years longer is wholly groundless. We are told that there is 'growing discontent' in Canada! Where are the evidences of it? When people are discontented they cry out, as we see in Ireland. The discontent finds voice in newspapers and on the platform. Where is the agitator of Canadian grievances? Where the voice thundering against British connection? Where the organ of the

party determined to overthrow British tyranny? Twenty years ago the proposition that the British North American Colonies could not remain united to England was frequently heard. To-day it is heard from no quarter where the heart beat of the people is felt; and were such a voice to challenge attention, it would evoke neither catastrophe nor echo. We are a happy people. We are a contented people. We are a prosperous people. We are a loyal people. If there is anything old fashioned in being loyal, we are content to be old fashioned. We have a country whose extent and riches it would not be easy to surpass. We have, as Mr. Clarke will find, if he comes and lives for two or three years here, a glorious climate. The winter which terrifies the ignorant, is the most attractive portion of the year. Then, the atmosphere exhilarates like champagne. The snowy landscape is spanned by a canopy of sunny, cloudless blue; frozen stream, ice-bound river, white-flecked forest, glad cities alive with sleigh-bells—all bathed in a sea of most pellucid air. It is a clime in which miasma cannot live. We have the best form of government in the world, at once the freest, the most Democratic and the most Conservative. We have no universal suffrage; we have no aristocracy; we have no agitators, because we have no grievances; and the Canadian sits under the tree of liberty, without inhaling the taint of American corruption, or being disturbed by the death rattle of feudalism in its last gasp.

It may seem inconsistent that I should say we have the most Democratic Government in the world, when I boast that we have no universal suffrage, as they have in the States. When claiming to be more Democratic than the United States, I only follow the late Mr. Caleb Cushing, who pointed this out in his otherwise offensive work on the Alabama Award; and turning my eye to the *New York World*, as I write, I find the following tribute to

the British—that is the Canadian—system of ministerial responsibility:—

‘There are very good reasons for doubting whether our Presidential system, which fastens General Garfield and “his cabinet” on the country, during the next four years, beyond the reach of any human power outside the President and the Cabinet, is as good or as safe as the English plan, which enables the British voters and the House of Commons to grasp “the Cabinet” any day and expel it from power. Certainly there is more real life and continuous interest in public affairs under the English system than under our American system, thanks to which no weight of grievances or vehemence of discussion can within the four years change a Cabinet or a President.’

One may concede many of Mr. Clarke’s propositions, without agreeing with his conclusion. Why should Canada, because she owns enormous territory, with great cities rising to affluence, and possesses certain elements of a vigorous nationality, resent the Colonial status? Her time is not come. After all this is a question of fact. And as a fact, Canada does not resent being a dependency. Nor is it true to say that Canada has no national life. What does national life consist in? Love of country? Pride in the country’s name? A feeling of oneness as a people? Readiness to die for the idea of Canada? All this exists among us, in far fuller development than could have been hoped, when a few years ago, the shaping hand of Sir John Macdonald first brought the scattered Provinces together.

The proposition with which both writers set out is not subscribed to in Canada, and must, I think, from what I have said, be considered not proved. It is of that nature that it cannot be established by any mere logical process. It must have a basis of fact. The assumption that there is discontent is without a shadow of foundation.

Having assumed that the *status quo* cannot continue, of course for any reasonable time, we are told Canada may 'become an independent Republic; or she may enter into some future Britannic Federal Empire; or she may become absorbed in the United States.'

I agree with Mr. Clarke as to the impossibility of a Federal British Empire. The Federalist has only to be brought down from the cloud-land of generalities, and the utter impracticability of Imperial Federation is seen. No one who knows the temper of England, or the temper of the Colonies, certainly of the people of Canada—which is the only Colony for which I can speak—could believe any Federal scheme to be within the domain of the practicable? Any scheme which has been thought out—from 'the Great Game' to Mr. Staveley Hill's High State Council—would hand vital interests of the Colonies over to an Assembly in London, containing a solid body of members from the United Kingdom and representatives from all parts of the world, hardly any three of these last having an interest in common. In all such ambitious plans the Colony is invited to make a bargain with the lion, and is, of course, expected to give him the lion's share. The Pan-Britannic Parliament, according to the author of 'the Great Game,' was to consist of six hundred members, of which three hundred would be chosen in Great Britain, the remaining three hundred to be distributed over the Colonies and dependencies. The number of members Canada was to get could have been stowed, without unpleasant crowding, into the travelling trunk of a New York belle. For this inestimable boon she was to surrender into the hands of the Six hundred control over millions of fertile acres, out of which a few continental countries might be stolen without appreciably impairing our wealth.

It is incredible that even to an Assembly so constituted, or to any

other body, the English Parliament would surrender its Imperial sovereignty. It is certain that to a parliament framed on principles more generous—shall I say more just?—to Colonies, the English people would not give that rule which they claim for their own birth-right as a conquering and colonising nation. One has only to read the way Mr. Anderson and others speak of 'our' Colonies, and to note how deeply imbedded in the minds of Englishmen is the idea that they ought to be able to do very much what they please with us, to see that the Federationist in England and the Federationist in the Colonies are far as the poles apart. Even the *Westminster Review* (October, 1880) could write: 'At the present moment the one great stumbling block is the *questionable license* enjoyed by Colonies of interfering with the commercial intercourse of the Empire.' One of the essayists at the Colonial Institute two winters ago said that England should make an effort to turn the stream of emigration to British possessions. 'We may then fairly claim,' he adds, 'and expect from our own Colonies, the utter abandonment of all protective legislation, and the freest admission of our own products for the use of our own people.' That there should be a Colonial standpoint never enters into the heads of such thinkers—the reading of whose speculations is about as profitable as chewing sawdust. How could we raise a revenue if we let England's goods in free? Our tariff is a revenue tariff, constructed with an eye to protection. Some of us would have preferred a scheme more protective. A bonus for every ton of iron made in Canada for ten years would have brought capital across the Atlantic, and from the United States, for investment in the manufacture of iron and steel; and the rails for the Pacific Railway would have been made in Canadian workshops. But two years ago neither the public mind nor that of our statesmen

was sufficiently advanced for this step.

Some years have elapsed since Mr. Blake at Aurora talked of Canadians being without the rights of Britons, because they have not a voice in the Council of the Empire, and can say no word whether there shall be peace or war. Recently, at a Montreal Banquet he spoke in the same strain. 'But he never gives his plan. In his aspirations in this respect, though a leader of a party, he stands alone; and some who know him well, have, with what correctness I know not, declared that he has chosen to suggest an impossible policy with the object of creating a discontent which does not exist, and suggesting a course at present most distasteful—namely—Independence.

We are now supposed to be reduced to two alternatives—(1) Independence, (2) Annexation.

Independence, we are assured, is out of the question, for the following reasons:—

1. Canada could not maintain her independence.

2. Canadians have not the force and colossal energy of the United States.

3. Canada is stranded among the snow and ice of the North-west, 'separated alike from the historic culture of Europe, and from the heroic aspirations of America.'

4. Canada has no literature, and no national type, while the United States have the beginnings of both.

5. There is no room for two peoples on the North American Continent.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that when I contend that Canada could, if necessary, stand alone, I am not advocating Independence.

1. Four millions of men not able to maintain their independence! Canada, it seems, did any dispute arise between her and her powerful Southern neighbours, must speedily succumb, and be annexed. Now, to begin with, in the United States, as Mr. Clarke admits, there is a large class who have no desire for Annexation. There is

also a large Canadian population which, in case of any warlike dispute, would hasten across the line, and the moment the first bullet whizzed over the Niagara river, the South would spring to arms. Were there no South, does any man suppose the astute Yankee is such a fool as to bring another Ireland into the bosom of the United States? For let there be no mistake about this. No man understands the sentiments of the Canadian people who does not know that when Annexation is talked of, it is not arguments we think of, but fighting. In the war of 1812-13, the numbers were relatively more against us than they would be now. Yet with very little assistance from England, we drove the invaders from our shores.

2. Canadians, says Mr. Clarke, have not the force and colossal energy of the United States. Four millions could not be expected to do as much as forty-nine. But relatively we beat them. They are men of business before anything else. Yet a comparative statement of the aggregate trade of Canada and the United States for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1879, shows that the aggregate trade per capita is \$37.42 for Canada, against \$23.40 for the United States. The imports of Canada for that year amounted to \$81,964,427; exports, \$71,491,255; total, \$153,455,682; against, imports of the United States amounting to \$445,777,775; exports, \$710,439,441; total, \$1,156,217,216; the estimated population being, Canada, 4,100,000; United States, 49,395,000. We are the fourth maritime power in the world; some assert the third. The four millions odd have 884 steamers and 6,587 sailing vessels, as against 519 steamers and 5,915 sailing vessels held by the forty-nine millions. It is right to add that the total net tonnage of the American vessels is 2,411,243, as against 1,332,094. These figures do not include steamers and vessels under 100 tons register. They consequently give no adequate idea of the superiority

of Canada. A relative comparison of railway and canal building will give like results.

3. Canada is stranded among the snows and ice of the North, 'separated alike from the historic culture of Europe and from the heroic aspirations of America; sharing none of the precious traditions of England, and untouched by the breath of democratic freedom which sweeps through the United States.' We can hardly be said to be separated from historic culture when our youth are crowding to universities where a thorough education is given and *no degrees are sold*. We think we do share the precious traditions of England. The breath of democratic freedom must take the form of political discussion in the press and on the platform. Judged by this, our political life is far more democratic, far more enlightened, far more instructive to the people, than is that of the United States. The Canadian people are the most political people in the world. Every man is a politician. The debates in our Parliaments are published fully in all the leading newspapers. When we go on the stump, both sides are heard, and however high political passions rise, there is no violence. We have the caucus, but as yet only a few of its attendant evils. No man can live in Canada without feeling the invigorating breath of democratic liberty.

4. Canada has no literature, while the United States have the beginnings of a new literature. In Canada and the United States the literature is borrowed from Europe, and is European qualified by the influences of a new country, where one man is in all respects the equal of another. We have plenty of literary talent amongst us, both French and English. What we need is an audience. But a literature does not precede, but follows the birth and growth of a nation. To find fault with a new country for not having a literature, is as reasonable as trouncing a boy for not growing a mustache.

Our schools and universities will, in due time, bear their legitimate fruit.

5. As to the statement that there is not room for two peoples on the North American Continent, we think the Canadian type just as distinct as the American—very much better, and more likely to make a noble nation. And why are we not to try our hand at Nation making? Because, says Mr. Clarke, the genius of the American Continent is peaceful! We do not wish to disturb its repose. The nation from which it is as good as admitted the disturbance would come is that to which Mr. Clarke thinks we should join our fortunes. Throughout his essay he assumes that the American Republic will continue—that its future is certain—notwithstanding what we saw at the election of President Hayes and the periodical strain to which the Constitution is exposed. If he travels in the United States he will find few intelligent Americans as sanguine as himself. It is all very well now while still there are practically boundless wild lands to subdue and ample room. How will it be when brother Jonathan wakes up one morning and finds that there are three mouths and only two buns to stop them with?

Even to day there is much of Old World want. The editor of the *New York Sun* wrote during the early days of Christmas: 'Hardly a day passes that we do not receive letters from poor men who cannot find work, and who ask the *Sun* to help them by making their case known to the public. Nearly all these letters are written in perfect good faith, and some of them tell a pitiful story. For instance, here is one from a Brooklyn young man, who writes that he has an invalid wife and two children: that he advertised for work until his money gave out; that he has tramped the streets in vain; that he has sold or pawned everything in his room to procure food, and that he and his family are now face to face with starvation. Now editors have sympathies, as other men have, and it

is not pleasant to say no to a man in such distress as this. But suppose we printed his letter. 'To-morrow we should receive a dozen letters of the same sort, equally pitiable and equally true: and the next day a score, and the day after very likely a hundred.' If these things exist in the green tree, what shall we see in the dry? In some of the cities of the Union, communism has taken root, and even put forth its pestilent fruits.

The delegates who were sent over from England, Scotland, and Ireland, to report respecting the Dominion of Canada as a field for settlement for tenant farmers, were highly respectable men, men of substance, occupying good positions in their respective countries. They were unanimous in their praise of the settled districts of the Dominion. Their remarks regarding the soil of the North-West glow with enthusiasm. They learned to laugh at their previous ignorance respecting the Canadian climate. The editor of the *St. James' Gazette*, who has compared Canada to Siberia, would change his patriotic opinions were he to pay us a New Year's visit. If Siberia has the climate and wealth of Canada, all I can say is, people might go to a very much worse place than Siberia. We have in the North-West a climate more severe than that of Ontario, but not less attractive, and the bright clear air sweeps over two hundred millions of acres as yet untouched by the plough, and all of rich fruitfulness. Winnipeg has grown in a few years to be a city of eleven thousand inhabitants, with schools, churches, universities. Our extent of fertile territory is greater than that of the United States. No word is needed to emphasize the value of our fisheries. On both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts we have immense coal fields, and also on the Saskatchewan. Gold, silver, iron, copper, lead are found in great abundance, as are petroleum and salt. Our lumber limits supply the United States, England and France. No

country in the world has such facilities for communication by water, or a nobler highway to the sea. Our harbours on the Pacific and Atlantic are unsurpassed. When the Pacific Railway is built—and the Syndicate will make short work of that—the nearest route to Asia and Australia will lie through Canadian territory. The area of the Dominion extends over 2,598,837 square miles. All Europe is only 3,811,594 square miles; the United States 2,936,166 square miles. By 1882, the heart of the North-West will have been tapped. The reading public is now well informed regarding the vast extent of fertility of those regions. When in Winnipeg last autumn, I met men from all parts of the United Kingdom, some delegates, others speculators spying out the land; young Englishmen farming hundreds of acres, and already reaping good profits on the investment of considerable capital; scions of the nobility looking out for opportunities to turn their younger son's portions to better account than they could do loafing at home, or marching from one garrison town to another. The interest of the Capitalists who have undertaken to complete the Pacific Railway will cause them to spare no reasonable means to force emigration. The troubled state of Ireland has already directed the attention of the British Government to a scheme of emigration on a large scale, in which they will co-operate with the Canadian Government. To France, Italy, Germany, and even Russia, prosperous immigrants have sent the best advertisements respecting this New Land of Promise, in the shape of letters to friends, describing their new homes, the free government under which they live, their present success and future hopes. It is certain therefore that, in a very few years, an immense population will have crowded on to the fertile shores of beautiful lakes in which herds of wild buffalo drink to-day, and whose yet secluded waters the Indian's canoe claims as all its own. Leaving

the North-West out of account, in the older districts of the Dominion we are increasing at a rate which, in twenty years, will give us a population, at the least, of ten millions. For the purposes of this paper, twenty years is a short distance to look a head. The 'American Year Book' (that is to say the Year book of the United States) of a few years back calculated that, at our then ratio of increase, the population of the Dominion, independently of the streams of immigration, would in 1961 be 79,957,000.

This is the country of growing energies and boundless hopes, which men with the same blood as Raleigh and the New Englanders in their veins are told they cannot raise a nation on! If the time had come to make Canada a Republic, there is nothing to prevent her people accomplishing the task of nation building. Mr. Clarke says we have not the assimilating power of the United States. No colony could have this power to the same extent as an independent country. Were Canada independent to-morrow, we should see immigrants become Canadians with greater rapidity than at present. There are disadvantages as well as advantages in the colonial relation, and one of the disadvantages is that men's ideas and affections continue to revolve around a distant centre, whose inspiring heart-throb they can hardly feel.

What Mr. Clarke says regarding the Imperial rule over Canada is quite true; that rule is almost nominal. Nevertheless, the bond is very real. Nor let any of those who look on all things from a commercial point of view despise it. English trade with the colonies is increasing, while it is decreasing with the United States, and were we independent or annexed to-morrow, a Zollverein with the United States would cut off a great portion of the trade now done with Canada.

The first objection to Annexation is not, as Mr. Clarke seems to think, that the Canadians do not love their neighbours, but rather that there

is no reason for entertaining the idea of such an union; that Canada is content with her present lot, and able and determined, if necessary, to stand alone; that Annexation holds out no advantage which should make us even think of that which he regards as imminent.

But let us see the way he deals with the objection. And here let it be distinctly understood that Canadians have no dislike to Americans, unless they appear in the garb of Annexationists. The legitimate resentment against persons who would denationalize us, rob us of our birth-right as British subjects, for which we care more than we seem to get credit for, will, we are told, disappear before our 'interests.' The tariffs do more to keep the two peoples apart, it seems, than anything else. When considering a proposal for Annexation, it is not dislike merely of the American people which must be discussed. There is another dislike far more important—the dislike of their system of government; and this dislike is much stronger than the other, because, as Lord Dufferin humorously told an American audience, the Canadians are, before all things, a democratic people.

1. When Mr. Clarke comes to enforce his first main argument for Annexation, he strengthens himself by pointing to the weakness of the Federalist position. 'If any one would have us believe that Canada ought to be *permanently* connected with some European country, the *onus probandi* lies with him.' This is no misstatement of the case as against the Federalist or those—if there are any such—who advocate the perpetuity of the Colonial relation. But, instead of the word 'permanently' which I have underlined, read, 'for some considerable time to come,' and the *onus probandi* is at once shifted.

I admit that the geography of the country, could we reduce its size by about one-fourth, would be on the side of the Annexationists. Even then I

would not subscribe to the brutal doctrine that, in fixing the destinies of peoples, we have to think of nothing but the shape of the fields they shall till, or the enclosures where they shall be penned. But on a continent twice the size of Europe, there will infallibly be more than even two nations. No man's imagination glows more warmly than mine at the thought of the American Republic growing in population, and power, and freedom. But I cannot think—even were its public men of a better type than they are—that of all the ships of state ever launched, it alone is destined to weather every storm. More than once, the waves seemed about to overwhelm her.

We know what master laid the keel,
What workmen wrought her ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a fire, and what a heat,
Was forged the anchor of her hope.

But where are the Washingtons, and Hamiltons, and Madisons, and Jays, to-day? Their representatives to-day are 'bosses,' workers of the 'machine,' assassins of the popular will, waiters on the providence of the primaries. When the outlying waste lands shall have been settled, when there shall be no more outlets in the West for restless spirits, when, instead of 49,000,000, there shall be 100,000,000, or 150,000,000 of population, what then? And with the immense distances? Mr. Clarke admits that here there is a difficulty; but no difficulty can make him falter in the belief that the not ignoble aspiration to see this continent under one government, and moving forward in all the arts of peace, is something on which practical people should act in taking the most serious of all steps. Already there are signs that the interests of the people in the centre of the Republic are clashing with the interests of those on the seaboard, and, in fact, if geography points to anything, it is to three or four Republics instead of one.

2. The statement that our absorption into the Union would be easy, is made with reference to the difficulty of working a Federal constitution, with the Atlantic Ocean sweeping between the members of the Confederacy. So made it is unanswerable. But if made in regard to the situation, as it actually is, then the answer is that nothing would be more difficult. Annexation could only be brought about by force. There is not the trace of a sentiment in its favour. The strongest sentiment at present is for holding on to British connexion. Until we can stand alone, and perhaps afterwards, we mean to hold on to that. The idea that it retards our development is no longer true. Mr. Clarke points to the slow manner in which immigration has poured into the country. Since we have had control of our destiny, this reproach has been wiped away, and, as already indicated, all the probabilities point to a tide of immigration reaching a water mark hitherto untouched.

3. Whether our entry into the Union would or would not restrict the possible area of war is hardly a matter which ought to decide our destinies. We do not all belong to the Society of Friends. If the bison were to lie down for a pack of wolves to devour him, he would restrict the possible area of war; but he might be excused did he prefer to take another course. 'The grand aspiration of an American Continent, sacred to peace and concord,' presided over by the men who have dealt out a policy of perfidious war to the poor Indian! Why should not two peaceful republics, or a republic and a British colony make this continent sacred to peace and concord? The only answer is to be found in the ignoble and unjust greed of a people who always want the best of every bargain. They sometimes get the best of it because they know how to play a game of 'bluff.' The Americans would not even fight Canada single-handed, once they

knew what the 'fencing stuff' would cost.

4. It would be hard, I fear, for Mr. Clarke to understand the scorn with which we in Canada receive an assurance that union with the Republic would enlarge our conceptions and increase our dignity. What is there in the Republic to enlarge our conceptions? Dignity of Canada! Why Canada would disappear. Mr. Clarke himself tells us that absorption would be so easy, because each province would become a State of the Union.

5. There can be no doubt that Annexation would introduce a very desirable element into the Republic; but how would our Annexation sweeten the feelings of the American Republic to England? Here let me note that Mr. Clarke sets out by saying our future was to be decided, not in the interests of England, but in the interests of Canada. Therefore this sweetening process must be put on one side. Whether it took place would depend on the causes leading to Annexation (assuming the possibility of Annexation for the moment). If we went in voluntarily, we should take our English sympathies with us; how long we should keep them is another matter. Forced in we could not be; certainly

not unless abandoned by England, and in that case we should be her bitterest enemies. England's real interests are to keep up the present connexion or aid her strong child until he can put on the toga. She may again have to face a world in arms, and in that event unless a most imprudent policy is dealt out to Canada, young Canadians in thousands would be ready to traverse every sea to spill their lives for her safety and honour.

'We' should lose nothing, says Mr. Clarke. It has been shown that England would lose. But that is not the question, as Mr. Clarke admits. The question is what are the real interests of Canada. In considering these, the sentiments of Canadians surely cannot be ignored. Those sentiments are not fed by mere considerations of profit and loss. Canada lives for us as England for Englishmen, as France for Frenchmen, as the Fatherland for Germans,

'On no nymph's marble forehead sits
Proudlie a glad virginity',

and unless the stars in their courses fight against us; unless the immortals have decreed it otherwise; we mean one day to place her among the foremost nations of the earth.

SPRING.

BY M. J. KELLY, M.A., M.D., BRANTFORD.

O TROPIC born, in emerald vesture clad,
Fair daughter of the far off sunny isles!
Our mother, Nature, welcomes thee with smiles,
And even the gay blue heavens themselves look glad.

At thy approach hoar winter flies apace,
 And with a sigh resigns his chilling sway,
 Speeding to polar haunts his cheerless way,
 Fearing thy elfin pranks and sunny face.

The embattled forest, erewhile shorn and bare,
 Now gay with banners flouts the hostile breeze,
 And 'mid the leafy coverts melodies
 Of myriad songsters thrill the ravished air.

The streams that now rejoicing to be free,
 Late mute, enchained, in icy fetters bound,
 Stern winter's captives, with exulting sound,
 Their shackles reft, leap laughing to the sea.

Along the verdant meads the lambkins play,
 Skipping from mound to mound in sportive glee,
 Full-uddered kine explore the upland lea,
 The flow'rets sweet and tender grass, their prey.

O birth of nature, sweetest season, hail !
 From thee this useful lesson let us draw,
 (A time-worn maxim taught of Nature's law,)
 Youth is the time for action, Age is frail.

A GHOST STORY.

BY AGNES E. WETHERALD, FENWICK.

IT was raining : raining fast, raining continuously, raining dismally. We gazed out upon the incessant down-pour from the windows of the pleasant parlour at Edgewood until our hearts were chilled and our ardour dampened by the dispiriting spectacle. We had spent most of the afternoon in making a vain pretence of toiling at our fancy-work, while one of our number read aloud from a book, which looked as though it might be vivacious, because there were an unusual number of paragraphs to the page ; but we soon discovered that stupidity cut off into

paragraphic doses is quite as indigestible as when taken in any other form. Our spirits rose a little when Fred. Carlingsford strolled into the room, because there was in him that vital spark of cheerfulness which nothing—not even the small deluge which was being poured out upon us—could quench. But we were disappointed in him. He sauntered to the window, remarked, ‘There seems to be a good deal of weather to-day,’ and was about to depart, when Lena Sterling detained him a moment by exclaiming :

‘Listen ! Wasn't that thunder ?’

'Very likely,' assented Fred. 'It's a thundering wet day.' And then he took his leave.

So it was with no slight sense of relief that we saw the darkness of the afternoon merge into the still deeper darkness of night. 'No doubt,' we said, 'some days must be dark and sad and dreary;' but it is almost worth while living through them for the sake of the brilliant contrast that evening brings. With a bright fire to dissipate the chill, and plenty of lights to enliven the gloom, the sound of the storm without is an added source of comfort.

We were a pleasant party of guests spending a few days within the hospitable walls of Mr. Carlingsford's home. These little gatherings were of no infrequent occurrence at Edgewood, for our host had apparently taken for his motto, 'It is not good for *families* to be alone;' and, in consequence, he was almost continuously surrounded by groups of merry young people, who—and I can say nothing higher in his praise—liked him as well as they did his beautiful home. But our powers of enjoyment had been severely tested by the rainy weather. On the evening of which I write, in spite of the lamps and the fire, yawns became contagious, in-door games lost their attraction, and conversation went into a decline.

'This will never do!' exclaimed Fred., at last, shutting his book with a resolute bang, which made us all look up.

'Never do what?' inquired his younger brother, who was a sharp little fellow, and liked to ask questions.

'Never do us any good,' replied Fred. tersely. 'We are suffering for a change—what the doctors call an alterative. Won't some good Christian among us perform an act of charity by telling us a story?'

'Yes; a real lively ghost story,' cried little Will., who had recently listened to a narration of this kind

which contained a sham ghost, and which in consequence had produced rather an enlivening effect.

'Dora,' said Kate Carlingsford, 'what was that you once told us about a ghost you professed to see here?'

'Here!' exclaimed we all, startled into sudden interest.

'Oh, no,' returned Kate, carelessly, 'not exactly in this very apartment. It was up-stairs, wasn't it, Dora, in the south room?'

'Yes,' returned Dora; 'but I can't bear to think of it.'

'I can understand that,' said Kate, with sympathetic gravity. 'I remember how oddly I felt when you told me that this house, where I have always lived, was haunted, and what a strange sensation I experienced for weeks afterward, whenever I thought of that room.'

Kate was a tall, lively girl, with a limber, indolent figure and a small head. Dora Stanley, on the contrary, was under the medium height, and so formed that had she been a man she would have been called thick-set. She was prosaic rather than fanciful, and had a sweet sunny temper. The two girls had known each other from childhood, and, being entirely different, were naturally very intimate friends.

'Do tell us all about it, Dora,' entreated Kate. 'Nobody sleeps in the south room, so no one need feel very much roused.'

'And we are all in danger of sleeping in this room,' added Fred., 'unless we are a little roused.'

I think that even after this appeal Dora would have declined to divulge her ghostly experience were it not that a willingness, or rather desire to oblige, was one of the strong traits of her character. Self-denial was one of her pleasures, but it required a great effort to deny others.

'I don't think my story will afford you any entertainment,' said Dora, 'because, from first to last, it is nothing but a frightful mystery. I have often tried to persuade myself that it was

only a ghastly dream or a diseased fancy; but I have never in my life been troubled by dreams or delusions. Strive against it as I may, I was sure then, and I am sure now, that the creature, the apparition, the horror I saw was *something*, and though it does not haunt me still, I never think of it without a shudder.

'It is four years ago this summer, isn't it, Kate, that I accepted your invitation to spend a few weeks with you here at Edgewood? I believe I never discovered till then how large a capacity I had for enjoyment. Given a charming house, perfect weather, a great plenty of books, and a friend after one's own heart, and the very genius of melancholy herself would be forced to sigh no more, unless she gave a sigh of satisfaction. We rowed on the river until our cheeks burned, and read under the trees until our eyes ached, and then we began to take long tramps over the country, visiting places of interest. But the places were not many, and our interest was not strong; so it befell that we brought our attention to bear upon objects of curiosity nearer home. One afternoon Kate and I spent most delightfully in the garret, and the next day we visited the unoccupied rooms in the wing. The south room I found peculiarly fascinating; because in it there hung a large picture with its face to the wall. We turned it with some difficulty, and there was a worn, faded old painting of a young girl, so closely resembling the one beside me that I could not repress an involuntary exclamation. It was dressed in old-fashioned garb, but had Kate's features, and her dark hair and eyes. You explain to us about the picture, Katy?'

'The history of that picture,' said Miss Carlingsford, 'would make a long story by itself. But there is no ghost in it, so I will condense it into a few words. My great aunt, the original of that picture, was, fortunately for herself, unlike me in some respects—that is, in having a charming man-

ner, a great love for society, and a genius for shining therein. Every one thought her a captivating young creature, and one person was sure of it. This was a hot-headed, red-haired youth——'

'That's tautology,' exclaimed Fred.

'Who at once fell so deeply in love that he found it next to impossible to rise out of that pitiable condition. He proposed, she refused him; he entreated, she snubbed him; he supplicated, she laughed him to scorn.'

'In all of which ways,' remarked Fred, 'the elder Kate was very unlike the younger one.'

'That she was!' cried his sister, with a touch of indignation. 'I hope to enjoy the sensation of refusing a decently eligible offer some day, but I'll not treat the poor fellow badly. I think the honest affection of a *dog* ought to be respected. But to continue. The despised young man came here to take counsel and comfort of grandmother. She, thoughtless soul, gave him the south room to sleep in, with Aunt Kate's careless eyes to watch over his slumbers. The sight of them so angered him that he uttered a horrible oath and turned the painting round with its face to the wall. In the same hour that this was done Aunt Kate died. She had met with a severe accident some weeks previous, from the effects of which she was not expected to recover; but grandmother, out of a superstitious regard for the strange coincidence, kept the picture in that position until the day that Dora and I inquisitively changed it.'

'And we did not turn it back again before we left the room,' said Miss Stanley. 'I was younger then than I am now,' and she turned her sweet nineteen-year old face upon us, 'and the story impressed me deeply. A gay and careless coquette, who takes a cruel pleasure in breaking the heart of her ardent young lover, and dies in the hour that he curses her for it, is a subject that wakens into life even so dull an imagination as my own. I

thought of her continually. Neither books, nor work, nor useful play could find place in my heart at that time; for it dwelt always in that historic south room. At last, to break the strange spell that the place exerted over me, I suggested that I should sleep there; for one night only, as the play-bills say. No one had occupied the room since the night on which that poor young fellow writhed under the cold eyes of his heartless lady-love, and my desire to do so was prompted in part by a keen sense of the romance of the situation. What will not one venture for the sake of a new and vivid sensation, especially when one is young and impressible. By the aid of a bright fire and abundant ventilation, the south room was given an appearance of very prosaic cheer. Nevertheless, I had a restless sense that something unusual was going to happen when Kate, after kissing me good-night, and making some mischievous allusion to the possible, though hardly expected, ghost, left me in the romance-haunted solitude. I was very tired, and soon, to my own chagrin, began to feel equally sleepy. Presently I yielded to a slumber profound and dreamless as death itself. A little after midnight I awoke as suddenly and completely as though a strong-voiced bell had been sharply clanged at my ear. But there was no sound. The wan ray of moonlight on the floor, the old-fashioned curtains about the bed, and the sweet face on the wall, looking dimly regretful now amid the weird shadows, all seemed to intensify the stillness. Upon the smooth surface of this profound quietude there arose a single ripple. This was a sigh—an actual, human, long-drawn breath—coming from heaven only knows where. It was a sigh full of sorrow, of heaviness, of remorse, almost of despair. I became conscious of a disturbance at my heart, and of a straining sensation in my ears and eyes. Then, from the dense gloom at the foot of the bed, a figure—a thin, sha-

dowy, impalpable something—took shape, and moved with a slow floating motion across the room to the picture. There was nothing white about the apparition—it was draped in filmy black, as though it were the fearfulness of darkness embodied. A strong curiosity for the moment triumphed over other motions, and I leaned forward. The figure turned toward me, and I saw with horror, except for its ghostly pallor, that the face was identical with the one on the wall. It seemed an eternity to me before I could gather strength to force my trembling hands under the bed-clothes, and draw them over my face. My heart sounded to me like a drum. When I dared to look out again, everything looked as it was when I went to sleep, except that the picture was turned again with the face to the wall. My hair was not white the next morning, and I believe I did not look perceptibly older, but that night's experience made a lasting impression on my mind.'

'Why, you didn't seem to think much of it the next day,' said Kate.

'I did not *say* much about it,' replied Dora. 'One doesn't care to talk about such things.'

Of course we were too well mannered to speak lightly of Miss Stanley's ghost by recital, and equally, of course, we were neither depressed nor excited by it. Nevertheless, it was strange to observe the distrustful glances we threw at the door, which suddenly appeared to open of itself, but which, in reality, was pushed by the approaching house cat.

'I am afraid,' said Miss Stanley, from the vortex of silence into which we had all fallen, 'that I have succeeded in making you rather uncomfortable.'

'Not a bit,' cried little Will., stoutly, but the rest of us said nothing.

'It would be odd,' remarked Fred., with an attempt at his old lightness, 'if we were not under a cloud—it's been such an unusually cloudy day.'

'No,' said his sister, rolling her eyes and clasping her hands with a tragic air, 'it is the terrible phantom of the south room that is casting its black shadow over our affrighted hearts.'

'For pity's sake,' began Fred., seizing her arm preparatory to a shake, but Kate interrupted him with:—

'Let me clear away the mystery. I have a penitent and most remorseful confession to make. You behold in me the guilty wretch, the hardened culprit, the restless ghost that—Oh my injured friend,' suddenly breaking off and looking with eyes of mock supplication at Dora, 'say you forgive me!'

Dora did not say anything for a few moments, during which we showered a chorus of reproachful 'Oh's,' and 'How could you's,' upon our youthful hostess. Then she advanced, and with a kind of bewildered solemnity of manner,

laid forcible hands upon her friend.

'Kate,' she said, 'do you know what I think of you?'

'Yes,' promptly exclaimed the audacious Kate, emboldened by the gleam of a smile upon the lips of her questioner, you think *everything* of me!'

'Well, I can't help it,' said Dora with a sigh. 'I wish I could.' And this remark was the most ungracious we ever heard from her lips.

But in the lapse of time, that is in the course of the next five minutes, she retracted this hastily-made wish. Fred., however, persisted in considering her very deeply wronged. He paid her a great deal of attention during the remainder of her visit, and the latest news we have of her is, that she has, at Fred's urgent request, acknowledged that Kate is not the only member of the Carlingsford family of whom she thinks everything.

A PRESAGE.

BY FIDELIS.

ONLY a winter day,—but the sun lies warm on the snow,
And the air is touched with a softness from the summers of long ago,
And the golden light shows misty through the bare and leafless trees,
And a dream of summer comes wafted from the far-off southern seas.

Only a winter day,—but the cattle, as they go
Drowsily through the sunshine, the hidden presage know
That breathes, like a waft of perfume through the soft and balmy air,
And whispers that Spring is coming and tells us she is fair!

Even so, through Life's long winter, there falleth many a ray
Strayed from th' eternal summer, to glorify the day,
And we were duller than the cattle if we could not recognise
The presence of light that liveth beyond our earthly skies.

OPHELIA AND PORTIA: THE SHAKESPEAREAN AND THE FANCIFUL.

BY D. FOWLER, EMERALD, ONT.

‘ONE who has personated them,’ a lady, formerly known as Helen Faucit, but now *signing herself* Helena F. Martin, is at present in process of giving to the world her impressions of some of ‘Shakespeare’s Female Characters.’ She began with Ophelia, and she has proceeded with Portia. Her object, as might have been expected, is to elevate these characters as much as possible. This, of course, is agreeable to women, as complimentary to their sex. Men have sometimes followed the same course in a spirit of gallantry. But there has perhaps been no subject on which there has been more cant, more following of the bell-wether. If it has been possible to raise Isabella and Mariana, than whose conduct nothing could be more degrading or repugnant to gentlewomen, into models, we need wonder at nothing. Though happily they stand alone in their own way. And, curiously enough, we could hardly desire stronger proof than this very attempt on the part of Lady Martin. She so far admits that she finds the characters of Ophelia and Portia unsatisfactory and incomplete, as Shakespeare left them, that she is driven to the device of filling out her ideal by ‘dreams,’ of her own, of what may have taken place both before and (in the case of Portia) after their appearance on the stage. To such a length does she carry this, that she attributes to Portia, after Shakespeare has done with her, ‘a holier and far more difficult task,’ than another imaginary good action which she ascribes to her, and certainly far ‘holier’ than any-

thing that the real Portia does, for to speak of any action or conduct of her’s as ‘holy,’ would be an absurd exaggeration, and it is this kind of exaggeration, into which Lady Martin has permitted herself to fall, which has been so frequent.

Lady Martin confesses that her Ophelia is very unlike what she hears and reads about her; that she is often spoken of as a ‘weak creature, wanting in truthfulness, in purpose, in force of character, and only interesting when she loses the little wits she has.’ ‘Who can wonder,’ she adds, ‘that a character, so delicately outlined and shaded in with strokes so fine, should often be gravely misunderstood?’ Pity that these fine and delicate strokes and shades are not pointed out to us, so that they may be perceptible to ordinary comprehension!

Lady Martin bemoans the fact, that, in Shakespeare’s time, ‘boys and beardless youths were the only representatives of his women on the stage.’ Now, she says, they are ‘living realities for thousands to whom they would else have been unknown. Think of a boy as Juliet! as “heavenly Rosalind!” &c., &c., “and so on, through all the wondrous gallery!” (I am glad to find that Isabella is not included). ‘How could any youth, however gifted and specially trained, even faintly suggest these fair and noble women to an audience? Woman’s words coming from a man’s lips, a man’s heart—it seems monstrous to think of! One quite pities Shakespeare, who had to put up with seeing his brightest creations

thus marred, misrepresented, spoiled.' This is not a little amusing when we call to mind the slight fact that these very 'woman's words' did come from a man's heart, that these 'fair and noble women,' these 'bright creations' were the productions of 'a man's' genius. This 'wondrous gallery' was 'a man's' work. And it certainly is not unreasonable to suppose that what a man can create a man can interpret. Nay, we may go further. We may say that, if this great diversity really exists between the appreciation of the feminine nature by men and that by women, the creation of female character proceeding from a masculine genius and invention may be *better* understood and *better* represented by the genius of men, because more in sympathy with it, than by that of women. There could not be a more frank admission than that of our present authority, that Shakespeare has penetrated and given to the world the nature and characteristics of women in a transcendent form. Then why not other men in their degree? Even in a degree higher than Shakespeare's. It could be shown that it has been done. Nay, it has been shown. Of course it will be said that women *must*, in the very nature of things, be more competent than men to represent female character. It might certainly with equal justice be said, that women *must* be able to draw female character better than men. But whose was the 'wondrous gallery?' A man's or a woman's? There is another remark to be made. Several of Shakespeare's female characters assume the disguise of men. ('Breeches parts' they used to be called before the present decorous tunic fell to the knees). It does not seem to occur to actresses that their assumption of a man's part must necessarily be a failure. A man's words coming from a woman's lips, a woman's heart! 'It seems monstrous to think of!'

Lady Martin 'dreams' that the motherless baby, Ophelia, was left to the unsympathetic tending of country

folk. That, when her brother, Laertes, went to take his pleasure in France, he was fond of his 'little sister' in a patronising sort of a way. That, when introduced to us, she was 'in her early teens,' an inexperienced, not to say raw, country girl, having been a few months only at Court. Now, part of this is clearly contrary to the play, and all the rest is mere dreaming, for which the piece affords no warrant whatever. What Shakespeare tells, and what we know, is that, when first introduced to us, at the time of her brother's first departure, she is not in her 'early teens,' but a grown-up young lady, deep in a love affair with Hamlet. In this she is not different from thousands of other young ladies, all the world over. But her case is so far peculiar, that she has fixed her affections too high, out of her own sphere. As her character, so much as there is of it, becomes developed, we find her to be gentle, sensitive, submissive. Her qualities are altogether negative. It is a part, not of action, but of suffering. She has hardly any appreciable influence on the progress of the play. Remove her, and the drama would still be complete. She serves to bring out Hamlet's character, but that is all. In this she differs from Desdemona, another pitiable part of little more than suffering, and even worse suffering. But round Desdemona the whole action of the play revolves. Take her away, and 'Othello' has no longer any existence, its *raison d'être* is gone. Our interest in the part of Ophelia consists in its pathos. And this is intense. It could be carried no further. She is shamefully treated by her lover; her father is murdered by him; she loses her reason. We see her come upon the stage a piteous wreck. She is fantastically dressed, with straws stuck in her hair, and shreds and fragments of flowers and herbs in her hands. Her eyes wander with a grievous lack of intelligence. She is mad, very mad. She says and sings some pathetic snatches

of speech and song. These show how completely her mind has been thrown off its balance. She knows nobody. One's heart bleeds for her. Truly her cup is full. To this no touch of art can be added. Not so. She is drowned, and her corpse in her coffin is brought into the grave-yard. You see it, and you hear the bell toll for her burial. All is over. Her love, her happiness, her reason, and her life have been wrecked, and have all gone down together. It is sad of the saddest, but it is not character, it is not action.

It is a prevailing cause of complaint with lady-critics—Lady Martin among them—that Ophelia is a bruised reed from the very outset, that her own brother cannot take leave of her without lecturing her cruelly and coarsely. But this is not Shakespeare. Laertes sees plainly that she is in a very perilous position, and he gives her a warning most amply justified by the event. Read rightly, never was more kindly wisdom wrapped up in so many lines. It exactly befits the occasion. He speaks plainly, it is true. Perhaps somewhat broadly. It was according to the taste and manners of the age. That was the style of talk which was used to and by women in those days. Those who do not object to the conversation which goes on in Portia's presence, and in which it can hardly be said she takes no part, need not be squeamish about Laertes' advice to his sister. It is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. We are not to judge of it by our standards of today. Shakespeare shows us that Ophelia takes it all in perfectly good part. So far from showing any displeasure, she makes her brother a sprightly answer, just as any other sister might have done. She tells him that she will keep his good lesson in her heart; and then she rallies him on his own conduct. She tells him not to preach one thing and practise another. She talks of 'puffed and reckless libertines,' and of 'primrose paths

of dalliance.' Surely this is not the language of a young girl stricken down by cruelty and coarseness. We should then have had her represented as scarcely able to utter a word, her voice inarticulate with sobs, and bursting into tears. No doubt what her brother says may have a chilling effect upon her love, but, like a sensible girl, she is conscious of its truth. She says:

'I shall the effects of this good lesson keep,
As watchmen to my heart.'

Laertes has said to her—

'Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,'

and, as a last leave-taking, he says—

'Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.'

to which she replies—

''Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.'

I have gone the more fully into this that it might be seen how much Lady Martin, and those who follow the same course of criticism are mistaken. No doubt her father speaks to Ophelia more harshly than her brother, on the same subject, but with equal good reason. To him she only replies, 'I shall obey, my lord.'

Here it is that Polonius first exhibits that strange absurdity in his way of speaking which he afterwards carries to such lengths that it is often taken as the cue to his character. But it is not so. He is, in fact, a wise and honourable gentleman, though he may choose only too frequently to assume a different part. This is amply proved by his advice to his son on his departure to the gay capital of France. It would, I think, be impossible to improve a single precept or one word of it. On another occasion, when he is, in a rather Machiavellian fashion, setting a spy upon his son, he finds himself going too far, and pulls himself up suddenly. He says—

'And there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry none so
rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that.'

Then, again, when the King and he are setting Ophelia on to waylay Hamlet, and he has said, 'Ophelia walk you here, read on this book,' he adds,

'We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much proved that with devotion's
visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.'

And this he must say with fervour, for he extorts from the guilty King the following confession:—

'Oh, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering
art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word,
O, heavy burden!'

[*Aside.*]

These instances are not a little curious, and, altogether, Polonius is an extremely inconsistent character. It is equally difficult to determine whether Shakespeare invented such a character, or whether, on the other hand, it is a portrait drawn from a real person.

About the snatches of song that Ophelia sings in the mad-scene it is perhaps as well to be silent. It would be easy to say unpalatable things. It is a pity that they should be there. But Shakespeare thought only of his art, and it is a fine stroke of art. It shows how very mad she is, and how completely she has lost command of herself. Lady Martin accounts for it in her own way. She says it was 'scarcely to be expected from a young and cultured gentlewoman's lips.' I should think not. But, as it forms part of her 'dream,' we need hardly concern ourselves with it. If we are to take to dreaming we shall have as many Ophelias as dreamers, and the number would become burdensome on our hands. For most of us one Shakespeare and one Ophelia is enough. Let us just see what her part in the play amounts to. In Act I., she appears in one scene. She is cautioned by her brother and her father, in their respective ways, about the perils of

her love affair with Hamlet, and she replies to both with such difference as is natural between them. In Act II. she appears once. She describes to her father how Hamlet comes to her apartment and takes a silent, and what he intended should be a last, farewell. The description has very great power and beauty. You see what terrible pangs it cost him, and, no doubt, her too. Beyond that, she tells her father that she has obeyed his commands. That is all. But we may take occasion to admire a very candid and very wise speech of Polonius, in reply to what he hears from her.

'I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quested him; I feared he did but
trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my
jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.'

In Act III. she appears twice. On both occasions she is merely the butt of Hamlet's cruelty and insolence. I doubt whether words less harsh would meet the occasion. But she sees that he is deranged, and is no longer accountable for what he says and does. She tells us so herself in a most pathetic lament. If there were any place for anger in her disposition, it would give place to pity. She bears it all with that meekness and submission which constitutes her character, so far as we are made acquainted with it. But she sinks under the strain. She reverses the old adage, she bends before the storm, and yet she breaks. In Act IV. she is mad. In Act V. she is drowned, and we attend her funeral. It is a heart-rending story, but surely never was there one more simple or told in fewer words. We may, I think, without much arrogance, suppose that we understand it without seeking for lines and strokes so fine, and tints so exquisite, as to elude our vigilance.

Lady Martin is disposed to acquit the Queen. So much the better. Hamlet tells us, of the play within the play, that 'the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian.' I dare say we may take that literally. But I can scarcely doubt that Shakespeare had the murder of Darnley in his mind. Such a presentation would be acceptable to his patroness, Elizabeth. Those who can acquit Mary, will, perhaps, find no more difficulty in absolving Gertrude.

A stronger contrast than Portia affords to Ophelia need not be desired. We have now a lady who was not gentle, submissive and helpless, but very well able to take care of herself. She undergoes no calamities, but arrives at the height of good fortune, and on that summit we leave her. Lady Martin says she is a 'real typical great lady and woman; a perfect piece of nature's handiwork.' That 'her character combines all the graces of the richest womanhood, with the strength of purpose, the wise helpfulness and sustained power of the noblest manhood.' Now, if there ever was such a faultless monster of perfection, she was certainly not, by Lady Martin's own showing, the Portia of Shakespeare. She says, 'for Portia I have always dreamed out a holier and far more difficult task' than anything that Shakespeare's Portia does. The Portia, then, of Lady Martin is made up of two parts, the Shakespearean part and the non-Shakespearean part. Both together can certainly do no more than complete the phenomenon of excellence, which Lady Martin imagines. Take away the non-Shakespearean part, and you have only a residue, a certain portion, left. But a part cannot be equal to the whole, therefore the Portia of Shakespeare *must* fall short of Lady Martin's paragon. As this is severely logical, it would not be fair to expect that Lady Martin would perceive it.

Our attention has to be given, not to any creation of fancy outside of Shakespeare, but to what he has him-

self given us, within the limits of his masterly play, and that play we proceed to follow. We find Portia to be a grand lady, with large possessions and great beauty. Those are not any merits of her own. She is quick, lively, clever, witty, satirical. She speaks extremely well throughout the piece. But this is a quality which Shakespeare lavishes in profusion upon his characters generally. It may be questioned whether the very first speech of Nerissa, the waiting maid, is not quite as good as anything Portia says. I say the 'waiting maid.' That is what Shakespeare instructs me to say. Lady Martin calls her the '*dame d'honneur*' and friend' of Portia. This would denote some one at almost the opposite end of the social scale. A lady of honour is certainly very far removed from a waiting-maid. How Lady Martin came to make so great a mistake is matter of surprise. It may be one way of trying to account for Portia's familiarity with her, inasmuch that she discusses her own suitors with her with more than freedom, which is perhaps a part that we should not assign to a highly born and bred lady. We are, indeed, met by this inconsistency. Gratiano who is a 'friend' of gentlemen, and therefore, we are to suppose, a gentleman himself, marries Nerissa. But any competent reader of the play may see that it is Gratiano who lowers himself to Nerissa's level, and not Nerissa who rises to that of Gratiano.

Portia has rather a sharp tongue. She tells Nerissa that her Neapolitan suitor talks horse, and boasts that he can shoe him himself, and she fears that his mother played false with a smith;—she says of the County Palatine, that she had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than either of them;—of the Scottish lord that he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box on the ear from the Englishman, and said he would pay him again when he was able;—of the young German, that she likes him very vilely in the

morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; that when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast. She also makes the following slip, 'prove it so, let fortune go to hell for it, not I.' From all which (if we are at all disposed to take to dreaming of what might happen thereafter) should there unfortunately arise a war of words between her and her husband (and such things *do* happen) he will be likely to find her what is vulgarly called a tough customer. He might come off something like the young German.

Portia is very frank in her declaration of love at first sight. She avows it to Bassanio as plainly as she can speak. It is very nice play acting, but it is, perhaps, not strictly maidenly, according to existing notions. When Bassanio chooses the right casket, she cries out,—

'O, love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit.'

We shall surely not accuse her of parsimony in her avowals here. Lady Martin exclaims, 'how frankly and nobly she gives herself and her very all' to her lover, that lover of whom she has, this moment, spoken, as we have seen. She has, in fact, by a stroke of great good fortune been put into possession of the indulgence of her own inclinations. She is frank enough, it is true, but this happy position is not generally supposed to require the exhibition of any great nobility. If, indeed, Bassanio had not been agreeable to her, and in compliance with her father's will and the condition on which she held her possessions, she had been compelled, without any choice or inclination of her own, to receive for her husband an unacceptable suitor, like the young German, for instance, there might have been something frank and noble in resigning herself with as good a grace as possible to her fate. As for her giving her 'very all,' that is, her

fortune, that was a matter of course, in those days at least. I observe a great fondness in lady writers for the word 'noble.' But familiarity breeds contempt. If we waste our words and sentiments in this way upon occasions which can make no sort of claim to them, what shall we do when we come upon actions to which they are really applicable. We shall be in the position of the Foolish Virgins. The woman who braves all the horrors of a Small Pox hospital that she may carry relief and spiritual consolation to the sufferers;—the woman who is cast to the lions or bound to the stake rather than bely her conscience;—the woman, who, that she may first rid the world of a monster, lays down her life freely on the scaffold;—the woman who refuses to commit false witness even to save her sister's life, and yet holds that life so dear that she makes an heroic pilgrimage to save it;—what have we for such women as these but that they are 'noble?' If we are to call all the women noble who give themselves and what they have got to the men of their choice, we shall have so many noble women on our hands that we shall not know what to do with them. No. Portia does well enough. She goes through an ordeal, which is by no means light or easy, in a good spirit. She refuses to be 'forsworn.' She does it all with a certain grand air, which sits well upon her. Let her have all praise that is her due. We have no fault to find with her except, perhaps, a little too much 'frankness.' But, in the name of all that is really great, let us hear nothing about nobility. Is this *lèse majesté* to Shakespeare? If it is, let it be so. As there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, so there are better and 'nobler' women in the world than Shakespeare found in it.

No sooner has Bassanio won Portia as his wife, than there comes the news that Antonio's life is forfeited to Shylock by the bond into which he has entered on Bassanio's behalf. Portia,

with all the profuse generosity of a great, wealthy lady, instantly offers any amount of money to pay off the debt. But money will not do it. She then desires Bassanio to set off for Venice without a moment's delay, that he may render to his friend such succour as may yet be possible. She herself, under cover of another declared design, determines to proceed thither herself, that she may, by a device of her own, undertake his defence. This device is neither more nor less than to disguise herself as a doctor of laws (or, as we should say, an advocate or barrister), and plead the cause in open court. It is a most daring design, but she has a just confidence in her own resources. It is much as if she had seen her husband saved from drowning by Antonio, while he is himself in imminent danger of sinking. Confident in her powers of swimming (if Portia was not confident in her powers of legal acumen, she was foolhardy indeed), she jumps into the water and, after great efforts, in which, however, she is in no danger herself, she rescues Antonio from his threatened fate. Let the applause, which is rightfully due to the act, be measured by the act itself. It is great, but not the greatest; far from it.

Portia despatches her servant, Balthazar, to Doctor Bellario, at Padua, for 'notes and garments,' and then she sets out, taking Nerissa with her, to personate her clerk, having desired Balthazar to meet her at the ferry by which she would cross to Venice. She says to Nerissa, 'I'll tell thee all my whole device when I am in my coach.' One would suppose that nothing could be clearer. But Lady Martin conjectures that Portia's object is to meet Doctor Bellario and engage his professional services on behalf of Antonio. She says 'that they do meet is certain,' but that she finds 'her dear old friend grievously sick.' Lady Martin's idea is that *then* Portia forms the sudden resolve to take his place. All this is founded on a (supposed) letter from

Doctor Bellario, which is read in court by a 'clerk,' who, I suspect, is Nerissa. All we hear is, 'Clerk reads.' I believe that it is a 'bogus' letter, and that Doctor Bellario is, in fact, neither sick nor sorry. Two women, capable of such a stratagem, would certainly be capable of concocting such a letter as might be necessary for the carrying out of their plot. We have to ask, if it is not so, why did Portia send Balthazar to Padua for 'notes' and 'garments,' and gave him orders to meet her with them at the Venice ferry; and why she says to Nerissa that she will tell her all her whole 'device' as soon as they are seated in her coach? If there be but one, and surely there is but one, true explanation of it all, we must find Lady Martin's innocently placing implicit faith in the letter, and the earnestness with which she speaks about Doctor Bellario, both here and elsewhere, somewhat amusing.

Portia makes a very good appearance as a doctor of laws. That is, of a Shakespearean doctor of laws. The law is a little shaky, like the Shakespearean geography, which bestows a sea-coast on Bohemia. Antonio is, in fact, got off by two quibbles. Any serious reasoning is thrown away upon the subject. It is a stage play, a piece of performance, and it does extremely well. But we may just say that if a man enters into a bond, he must abide by the consequences, be they what they may. If the execution of the bond involves the shedding of blood, and the court sanctions such a bond, the blood must be shed. Shylock was within his *legal* right. Then the idea that a man cannot accept less than is due to him and give a quit-tance for the whole; that, if he does, 'he dies, and all his goods are confiscate' will not stand, I imagine, at Osgoode Hall, so that I fear we cannot set Portia down as a great lawyer. I am afraid that we cannot assign to her legal studies under Doctor Bellario all the importance that Lady Martin ascribes to them. An astute ad-

vocate, if you please. Her business was to get Antonio off, and she did it. Her famous speech about mercy is beyond praise. It is as fine as can be. But we must remember that that was her cue too. If she had been counsel for the plaintiff instead of the defendant, no doubt Shakespeare would have put a magnificent speech into her mouth about justice. We see that sort of thing every day. Isabella says fine things about mercy also : but, when the tables are turned, she screams for 'justice, justice, justice, justice.' However, let us suppose that Portia really felt, to the full, all she said. Most women, if I am not mistaken, would feel the same, and express it as well if they could.

The strategem of the rings is well carried out. The talk, consequent upon it, is broad and loose enough, Portia's share as well as Nerissa's ; the style of the day. Let it never be forgotten that Shakespeare was no moralist. There are many who will tell you that it would have spoiled his art if he had been ; that morals are one thing and art is another. He was a playwright and a manager. He had

his ends to serve like other men ; his effects to make. He used his superabundance of superb materials as they came to hand. Of all things he was the least 'didactic. Let us listen to Johanson.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally ; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him ; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked ; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate, for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time and place.'

CANADIAN IDYLLS.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY W. KIRBY.

SPINA CHRISTI.

PART II.

ATLANTIC gales come winged with clouds and voices of the sea,
The misty Capes uncap to hear the ocean melody—
In broad St. Lawrence rise and fall the everlasting tides,
Which come and go with ebb and flow—
While every ship that rides
At anchor swings, and east or west the passing flood divides,
Or westward ho ! mid seamen's shouts still onward gently glides,
Tasting the waters sweet from lakes, of boundless solitude
Where thousand isles break into smiles
Of nature's gladdest mood.

Where trees and waters clap their hands as sang the Hebrew King,
 God's voices in them thundering, that to the spirit bring
 Deep thoughts—far deeper than the thoughts that seem, and are not so
 Of men most wise in their own eyes,
 Who vainly toil to know
 The meaning of this universe—life's panoply—a *No!*
 To pride of godless intellect—a *Yes!* to those that go
 With lump alit—the Word revealed—and see amid the gloom
 And labyrinths—the mighty plinths
 Of temples, grandly loom.

A hundred leagues and many more towards the glowing west—
 Amid the forests' silences, Ontario lay at rest—
 Keel rarely ploughed, or paddle dipped its wilderness of blue :
 Where day by day life passed away
 In peace that irksome grew.
 In old Niagara fort, a cross stood loftily in view *
 And *Regnat, Vincit, Imperat, Christus* the words did shew
 Carved on it, when the Rousillon came up in early spring
 To close the port—and guard the fort,
 And keep it for the King.

O ! fair in summer time it is, Niagara plain to see,
 Half belted round with oaken woods and green as grass can be !
 Its levels broad in sunshine lie, with flowerets gemmed and set,
 With daisy stars, and red as Mars
 The tiny sanguinet,
 The trefoil with its drops of gold—white clover heads, and yet,
 The sweet grass commonest of all God's goodnesses we get !
 The dent de lion's downy globes a puff will blow away,
 Which children pluck to try good luck,
 Or tell the time of day.

Count Bois le Grand sought out a spot of loveliness, was full
 Of sandworts silvered leaf and stem—with down of fairy wool,
 Hard by the sheltering grove of oak he set the holy thorn
 Where still it grows and ever shows
 How sharp the crown of scorn
 Christ wore for man, reminding him what pain for sin was borne,
 And warning him he must repent before his sheaf is shorn,
 When comes the reaper, Death, and his last hour of life is scored,
 Of all bereft, and only left
 The mercy of the Lord.

The thorn was planted, leafed and bloomed as if its sap were blood
 That stained its berries crimson which fell dropping where it stood,
 And seeded others like it, as on Golgotha befell,
 An awful sight, if seen aright,
 The trees that root in hell ! *
 Contorted, twisted, writhing, as with human pain to tell
 Of cruel spines and agonies that God alone can quell.
 A cluster like them Dante saw, and never after smiled,
 A grove of doom, amid whose gloom
 Were wicked souls exiled.

* In the centre of the fort stood a cross eighteen feet high with the inscription : *Regn. Vinc. Imp. Chrs.* The interpretation of which admits of as much ambiguity as a Delphic oracle.

A number of these thorns—old and weird of aspect—are still standing on the plains of Niagara near the Grove of Paradise—they were formerly called the 'French thorns'—a designation now nearly forgotten.

' Abandon hope all you who enter here ! ' in words of dread
 Glared luridly above the door that opened to the dead ;
 The dead in trespasses and sins—the dead who chose the broad
 And beaten way, that leads astray,
 And not the narrow road—
 The rugged solitary path, beset with thorns that goad
 The weary spirit as it bears the world's oppressive load
 Up Calvary—to lay it down upon the rock, and wait
 In hope and trust—for God is just
 And pities our estate.

Niagara fort was bravely built with bulwarks strong and high
 A tower of stone and palisades with ditches deep and dry.
 And best of all behind them lay Guienne and Rousillon *
 La Sarre and Bearn, 'neath Pouchot stern—
 A wall of men like stone—
 De Villiers and Bois le Grand of old Avignon,
 And over all the flag of France waved proudly in the sun.
 Prepared for it—they met the war with gaiety and zest
 And every day barred up the way
 That opened to the west.

Discord was rampant now and hate, and peace lay like a yoke
 That galled the necks of both of them, and French and English broke,
 With mutual wrath and rivalry, the treaty they had made ;
 Too proud to live and each one give
 Sunshine as well as shade.
 From Louisburg to Illinois, they stood as foes arrayed,
 And east and west war's thunder rolled—the soldier's polished blade
 Flashed 'mid the savage tomahawks that struck and never spared,
 While fort and field alternate yield
 The bloody laurels shared.

The clouds of war rolled redder from the north, and English pride
 Was stung to desperation at the turning of the tide,
 When Montcalm the heroic, wise in council—struck the blow
 Won Chouaguén, and conquered then
 At Carillon the foe.
 But with his very victories his armies melted slow.
 No help from France obtained he—and his heart sank very low,
 He knew that England's courage flames the fiercest in defeat,
 And in the day she stands at bay
 Most dangerous to meet.

Help us O France ! to save thy fair dominion in the west
 Which for thy sake we planted and have carved thy royal crest,
 Of golden lilies on the rocks beside the streams that flow
 From mountain rills and past the hills
 Of far off Ohio.
 Then down leagues by the hundred where bayous meander slow
 Though orange groves and sugar canes, and flowers that ever blow,
 In fair Louisiana We will take and hold the land
 For Francia's crown of old renown,
 If she will by us stand.'

So spake Montcalm, and message sent—' My armies melt away
 With victories—my beaten foes grow stronger every day—
 In vain Monongahela and Carillon piled with slain,

Portions of the regiments of Rousillon, La Sarre, Bearn and Guienne formed the garrison of Niagara during the memorable siege of 1759.

If France forget to pay the debt
 Of honour without stain,
 She owes her sons who willingly are bleeding every vein
 For sake of her white flag and crown, on fortress and on plain.
 If we can keep Niagara safe that guards the western door,
 Then in the east Quebec may feast
 In quiet, evermore.'

Vain were Moncalm's appeals for aid, Voltaire's cold spirit ruled
 The Court—while noisy doctrinaires a gallant nation schooled
 In selfishness, and unbelief, and cowardice—and ease,
 Which manhood daunt, while women flaunt
 Their idle hours to please.
 Degenerately they drank the wine of life mixed with the lees,
 The Spartan virtues that make nations free and famous—these
 Were mocked—derided, set at nought, while fatuous statesmen stand,
 Whose feeble will potent for ill
 Yields where it should command.

SPINA CHRISTI.

PART III.

Remote amid the trackless woods and waters of the west,
 No enemy had broken yet Niagara's quiet rest.
 The fifth year of the war came in—a change was nigh at hand ;
 The order ran to raise the ban
 And make a final stand.
 Prideaux and Johnson honoured were with new and high command,
 From Albany a hundred leagues to march across the land,
 While Wolfe besieged Quebec, and its defences battered in ;
 So they elate took bond of fate,
 Niagara to win.

But not before June's leafy days, when all the woods are green,
 And skies are warm and waters clear, the English scouts were seen.
 A lull before the tempest fell with weeks of steady calm,
 Of golden hours when blooming flowers
 Filled all the air with balm.
 The garrison were now prepared to struggle for the palm
 To win the wreath of victory or die without a quailm :
 So passed their time in jollity and ease, as if the day
 Of bloody strife with life for life
 Was continents away.

A fleet of swift canoes came up, all vocal with the song
 Of voyageurs, whose cadences kept even time among
 The dipping paddles, as they flashed along Ontario's shore,
 Past headlands high and coasts that lie
 In mistiness—and bore
 A bevy of fair wives who loved their husbands more and more,
 Who could not bear their absence, and defiant of the roar
 Of forests and of waters, came to comfort and caress.
 As women may—and only they—
 Man's solitariness.

In those Capuan days they basked in pleasure's sunny beams.
 The Provence home of Bois le Grand was rarer in his dreams,
 The Chatelaine of his chateau fast by the rapid Rhone,

A memory dim became to him—
 Nor loved he her alone.
 A dame of charms most radiant—the cynosure that shone
 Amid the constellations of Quebec's magnetic zone,
 Drew him with force and held him fast, a captive with her eyes,
 Which dark and bright as tropic night,
 Loved him without disguise ;

And he remembered not the thorn he planted by the grove
 Of Paradise, where he forgot in his forbidden love,
 The Chatelaine of Bois le Grand, the purest wife and best
 Of womankind he left behind,
 And ventured, like the rest.
 To sport with woman's loveliness—as for a passing jest.
 His heart was very lonely, too, while all beside were blest.
 Like Samson in Delilah's lap, his lock of strength was shorn.
 He loved again despite the pain
 And stinging of the thorn.

One day when he a-hunting went in the Norman Marsh * and she
 The dame he loved rode with him as Diana fair to see
 In green and silver habited—and silken bandoleer,
 With dainty gun—by it undone !
 And bugle horn so clear.
 While riding gaily up and down to turn the timid deer
 And meet the joyance of his glance, when she should re-appear,
 She vanished in the thicket, where a pretty stag had flown—
 Saw something stir—alas ! for her !
 She shot her lover down !

Bleeding he fell—' O, Madelaine ! ' his cry turned her to stone,
 ' What have you done unwittingly ? ' he uttered with a groan,
 As she knelt over him with shrieks sky-rending, such as rise
 From women's lips on sinking ships,
 With death before their eyes.
 She beat her breast despairingly ; her hair dishevelled flies ;
 She kissed him madly, and in vain to stanch the blood she tries,
 Till falling by him in a swoon they both lay as the dead—
 A piteous sight ! love's saddest plight !
 With garments dabbled red.

Their servants ran and hunters pale, and raised them from the ground
 Restored the dame to consciousness, and searched his fatal wound.
 They pitched for him a spacious tent the river bank above
 With boundless care for ease and air
 And tenderness of love.
 She waited on him night and day ; plucked off her silken glove
 With self-accusing grief and tears—lamenting as a dove
 Bewails her wounded mate—so she—and in her bosom wore
 A spike of thorn which every morn
 She gathered—nothing more.

She cast her jewels off and dressed in robe of blackest hue,
 Her face was pale as look the dead, and paler ever grew.
 Smiles lit no more her rosy lips where sunbeams used to dance ;
 A withering blight that kills outright
 Fell on her like a trance :

The '*Marais Normand*' so called during the French occupation of Niagara. It is now covered with farms ; but is still called the swamp.

For Bois le Grand was dying, and it pierced her like a lance
 To hear him vainly calling on his Chatelaine in France ;
 And not for her who knelt by him, and lived but in his breath—
 Remorse and grief without relief
 Were hastening her death.

Far, far away in Avignon, beneath the holy thorn,
 The Chatelaine of Bois le Grand knelt down at eve and morn ;
 And prayed for him in hope and trust long witless of his fate ;
 But never knew he was untrue
 And had repented late.
 As caught between two seas his bark was in a rocky strait
 And with his life went down the lives of those two women. Fate
 Bedrugged the love, betrayed them both—and one by Laura's shrine
 Took her last rest—the other best,
 Drank death with him like wine.

Niagara's doom long threatened came—the roll of English drums
 Was heard deep in the forest as Prideaux's stout army comes.
 They sap and trench from day to day, the cannon fiercer roar,
 The hot attack when beaten back
 Again comes to the fore.
 The pallisades are red with fire, the ramparts red with gore,
 Its brave defenders on the walls die thickly more and more,
 Mid rack and ruin overwhelmed—no help above--below,
 The few remain—not of the slain—
 Surrender to the foe.

But not before all hope had fled, when gathered far and wide
 From prairie, forest, fort and field—with every tribe allied
 To France, throughout the west they came, the fatal siege to raise,
 And marched along, a mingled throng,
 Amid the forest maze.
 They halted in the meadows where they stood like stags at gaze,
 The English and the Iroquois confronting them for days,
 Till Brant and Butler wary chiefs, with stratagem of war
 Broke up their host, and captured most,
 While fled the rest afar.

The last day came, and Bois le Grand beheld with misty eyes
 The flag of France run down the staff, and that of England rise.
 It was the sharpest thorn of all that 'neath his pillow lay—
 'O, Madelaine !' he cried ' my men !
 My Rousillon so gay !
 Fill graves of honour, while I live to see this fatal day !
 But not another ! No !' he cried, and turned as cold as clay.
 She kissed his mouth the last long kiss the dying get alone—
 'O, Spina !' cried—fell by his side
 And both lay dead as stone.

L'ENVOI.

The old man ceased his reading, and there fell
 Over his shoulder on the faded page,
 A heavy tear drop, full of sympathy
 And warm with passion, from the eye of May,
 Who overlooked him—flushed and tremulous
 As eager for the crisis of the tale,
 Which struck her like an arrow— now it came.

'Good Uncle Clifford !' said she, winding close
 Her dress as she sat by him, ' I have read
 That story many times ; but only now
 In your recital do I seem to feel
 Its meaning to the full— as one who sleeps
 On some perplexity, and waking finds,
 With morning light, its disentanglement.
 The sequel of the story—tell me pray ! '

He glanced at her with understanding eyes
 That read her thoughts ; but nothing said. He saw
 A gentle turbulence of maiden dreams
 And fancies in a heart, no fowler yet
 Had taken like a bird of woodnotes free,
 And taught to sing one strain of love for him.
 ' I know no sequel to it— lovely May !
 But in my youth have heard, there was a grave
 Made wide enough for two, beneath the thorn,
 The oldest and the inmost of the group
 With memories of evil sore accurst.
 That stand so weirdly there, outlawed, apart
 From other trees in ragged age forlorn.
 It long was visible : and even now,
 An eye that searches may find out the spot,
 With crimson sanguinets like drops of blood
 Much dotted on the grass that greener grows—
 Kind nature's covering for all of us,
 When our life's work is done, and we lie down,
 And sleep our last on earth, to wake in Heaven,
 At sunrise of our new creation's morn !

And so, dear May ! keep well your heart in trust
 For love that shames not, when your turn shall come
 To be sought out and won with all delight
 Of purity and true affection's gift.
 But those who haply sleep beneath the thorns ;
 Search not the mystery of their fatal love,
 Whose final issues none may judge aright ;
 But leave them to the mercy of the Lord,
 Who pardons much where love is much ; for more
 Than man's compassion is the grace of God,
 And his forgiveness greater than the world's,
 By law not love, which judges and condemns.'

NIAGARA, January 1, 1881.

POSITIVISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.

A CONVERSATION.

‘I SEE, Warburton, your *Nineteenth Century* is cut at Frederic Harrison’s “Creeds, Old and New.” Didn’t you find it rather curious reading?’

‘Didn’t *you* find it so, Graham?’ retorted his friend with a smile, throwing himself down into an easy chair for one of the evening talks, in which the two very different men often indulged, while Mrs. Warburton sat by—an interested listener, and occasionally a partaker in the argument.

‘Well yes, I must admit I did, though I really couldn’t read it through. It is curious what nonsense a clever man will some times talk when he is in full chase after a pet idea!’

‘“What is the bearing of astronomy on our general theory of duty?”’ quoted Mrs. Warburton mischievously.

‘Yet, whatever nonsense we may talk occasionally, he is always suggestive, said Warburton;’ ‘there is a method in his madness. What he asks is, in the main, reasonable enough. The trouble is, — he doesn’t see the answer!’

‘Well, extremes meet! Warburton and Harrison! Evangelical and Positivist! But I can guess your explanation. Go on! I suppose you mean that he is right in asking for a complete human synthesis, as he calls it, and that Christianity affords it.’

‘Exactly so! I entirely sympathise with him in his feeling, that the present chaotic state of thought and society cannot be a permanent one,—though it may of necessity belong to those transition periods which seem to come like spiritual cataclysms, or to

take a humbler but truer simile, like the period in the life of some creatures, when old organs slough off because new ones are beginning to form.’

‘The old ones being the old faiths,’ interrupted Graham.

‘Being man’s old conceptions of the true faith,’ replied Warburton. ‘And these may be as different from the right conception as the Ptolemaic view of the solar system was from that of Copernicus or Newton! But the solar system was there, real enough, all the time. And so has Christianity been, as to its essential nature—from the beginning of the world—as it will be, *in secula seculorum*. But the large portion of the thinking world which at present rejects it, because it doesn’t see it as it is, is restless and ill at ease, because, as he says, “we have no real philosophy, no synthesis, no stable basis of harmony between our thoughts and our life.” And religion, as he adds, but uttering the last clause of his sentence, is, “just that entire harmony between the human nature and the life,” our deepest consciousness tells us we *should* lead.’

‘Yes, but *your* deepest consciousness includes many things that other people’s deepest consciousness does not. *Yours* includes faith in Christ, for instance, as a *sine qua non*.’

‘That is true,’ Warburton replied, ‘but when I speak of *our* deepest consciousness, I do not mean that of one individual or another, but the deepest consciousness of that portion of the race in which it has been most fully, freely and intelligently developed. Just

as when you speak of the characteristics of perfect health, you do not mean the comparative health of this or that individual, who may be subject to secret morbid conditions affecting naturally the result, but the collective health, so to speak, of that portion of humanity in which it has been most fully developed. And in the spiritual world, the CONSENSUS of the finest, deepest, purest spirits, "touched to the finest issues," is worth something.'

'What would you make of the Materialist then? A morbid growth?'

'As a MATERIALIST, certainly, and I ask no better proof than the natural result of his system, as Mr. Harrison states it. Here it is. "Materialism asserts that the state of the moral nature is dependent on the state of the nervous system, for this determines the moral condition: in fact, the moral phenomena may be reduced to and studied as phenomena of nerve tissue and the like; not morally but biologically. This theory will land us in all the evils of fatalism; it will deprave our hearts and muddle our heads in the end. But it is a theory; it is the Materialist synthesis; and, consistently worked out, it will effect great things, even if they be evil things." Well, I think we may safely say that a system which consistently carried out depraves our hearts, and effects evil things, cannot be the true one. If the "deepest consciousness of our race is worth anything, it must be a morbid out-growth."'

'Well, if I were a Materialist,' said Graham, 'I suppose I should find something to say for the theory. But as I have no love, certainly, for what seems to me moral suicide, I am quite content to let him go! I rather fancy, however, there are not many thoroughgoing Materialists. The Duke of Argyll points out very well, I think, how they cannot get on without using language, which in itself is contradictory to their theory.'

'Yes, I thought that very well put,' replied Warburton. 'But now having

disposed of the Materialist, in general, let me read next Harrison's estimate of what the Evolutionist, in particular, can do for us—or rather the theory of an all-sufficing, all-explaining, all-pervading Evolution. He admits that it may "stimulate the intellect and give it a central point," and may do the same for the activity, which seems enough to many. It becomes to them a central idea, round which they can imagine a future generation basing its life and thought.'

'Of course, Evolution in that sense is only a variety of Materialism,' remarked Graham.

'Of course. His definition of Materialism is good enough; "any general philosophy of the world and of man, wherein the dominant force is not found in some conception of moral will and the highest sympathy." But this passage concerning what Evolution can do as a substitute for Christianity, is one of the best in the articles. "What can Evolution do to give a basis for the entire man; how can it act on the moral nature and appeal to feeling, to veneration, devotion, love? The heart of man cannot love protoplasm, or feel enthusiastic devotion to the idea of survival of the fittest. Our moral being is not purified and transfigured by contemplating the dynamic potency that lies hid in matter. Was any one ever made purer, braver, tenderer, for the law of Perpetual Differentiation? The scorn which true brains and hearts, that have the root of the matter in religion, launch against this assumption, has been far from unjust or excessive. The dream that on the ruins of the Bible, creed and commandments, in the space once filled by Aquinas, and Bernard, and Bossuet, or by 'Paradise Lost,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the English Prayer Book, there might be erected a faith in the Indefinite Persistence of Force and the Potential Mutability of matter, indeed deserves the ridicule it meets. Evolution will never eliminate the heart out of man so long as man

kind exists, nor will the spirit of worship, devotion, and self sacrifice, cease to be the deepest and most abiding forces of human society."

'But, of course, that doesn't apply to Evolution, looked at merely as a theory,' said Graham.

'Of the mode of creation? Certainly not,' replied Warburton, as he turned over the pages to look for his next quotation.

'Henry,' interposed Mrs. Warburton's soft voice, from her low chair by the fire, 'there is a passage further on that I like so much. At all events, it is a comfort to poor women who have not time to read up all the pros and cons of Evolution, and couldn't come to any decision if they did! Let me find the passage for you——. There it is.'

Warburton read on: 'Very good! Evolution may very likely serve as an intellectual synthesis; but is it a moral and practical synthesis? Can any man pretend to say that he loves, honours, adores Evolution; that the image of it is about his bed and his path; in his down-sitting and in his up-rising; that it touches his heart, rouses him to noble efforts; purifies him with a sense of great tenderness and great self-sacrifice. Can any man, without laughing, thus speak of Evolution, or of the law of Differentiation, or of the survival of the Fittest? These potent generalizations of cosmical science are discoveries of a high order. But the girl or the child whose tender spirit has drunk deep of the fountains which gave us the Morning and the Evening hymn, reaches to heights and depths of human nature, and knows vast regions of truth and power, wherein these potent generalizations can as little enter as a toad or a piece of quartz.'

'Strange, however,' exclaimed Graham, 'that he can't see how little he has to boast of in his own "Human Synthesis," the "great human whole," plus, its environment, the world; plus, the history of the planet and all other

planets in all time; as hopelessly heterogeneous a combination to mould into a unity, a great moral force, as one could well conceive.'

'Yes, but that is his pet theory, which makes the difference! Now let us have what he says about Atheism, pure and simple—though, of course, it was implied—negatively at least, in Materialism and its Evolutionist variety. Atheism, he defines, as "the systematic attempt, first to disprove the existence of God, and then to take that disproof as the basis of a theory of life. Positivism," he tells us, "declines to accept this as a philosophical dogma, and still more emphatically declines to sanction its social consequences"—Nihilism, of course, for one. But this passage is specially worth noting: "Comte says that Atheism is the most illogical form of metaphysics, by which he means that Atheism first busies itself about a perfectly undefinable and insoluble problem, and then gives us the least plausible solution of that problem. If we are to have a hypothesis of the origin of things, he says the hypothesis of Creation is somewhat less violently inconceivable than the hypothesis of Chance. Evolution, it is obvious, gives no sort of answer to the question of ultimate beginning, which it leaves entirely untouched. Who ordained Evolution; or who made the substance of which Evolution is the product?" And so, he tells us, "Positivism condemns, with a reprobation amounting almost to horror, the scheme of men who seek to base their system of human life on a logical puzzle, and a logical puzzle which would root out sentiments and hopes that have so long held together and ennobled human life." That is his verdict on Atheism. Now let us take his verdict on Theism in its various forms, using the word in its largest sense.'

'Yes, that interests me a good deal more,' said Graham. 'I am thoroughly with you as against Atheism and Materialism, you know. So, if an indeterminate nondescript sort of person

like myself comes in any where, it must be under some description of Theism.'

'Well, you shall take your choice! Here is what he says of Pantheism, to begin with: "How will Pantheism or any of those nebular hypotheses about God which now amuse subtle men of letters; how are these to concentrate the activity? How can the imaginative sentiment that everything is God, and God is everything, nerve a man with patience, unbending will, enthusiastic concentration of purpose to work, that is, to change things, to overcome this, to develop that, to assert the supremacy of the human character in the midst of a faulty but improvable world?"

'True enough,' remarked Graham; 'but here, again,—how is he to make out that Positivism is a shade better?'

'We'll come back to that by and by,' said Warburton. 'Next we will take his estimate of Deism and Theism. "Deism," he says, "is not religion, it is a form of metaphysics," and so is counted out. "It is no more a religion than the nebular hypothesis of the universe is a religion, or Mr. Herbert Spencer's Unknowable."'

'But Theism may be a good deal more,' said Graham.

'Well, the term is a rather vague one, you know. As Mr. Harrison says, "Any man calls himself a Theist who thinks that on a balance of probabilities, as a philosophical problem, there is reason to assume that the universe had some kind of First Cause. A decided Theist goes so far as to think that this First Cause may be properly described as a 'Person.' But what then? Is this to have a religion, a scheme of life and duty, and supreme end? In what sense this First Cause is a Person, with what kind of qualities endowed, how formed, how related to man, demanding what of man, all this is left perfectly vague. Each individual Theist has to determine for himself what sort of attributes this First Cause has; and he usually keeps

his fancies to himself. No reasoning about these attributes is possible, except *a priori*: there is no experience, no datum, no scientific or proved ground of any kind, nothing but hypotheses based on hypotheses, cloud piled on cloud. And then, subtle minds, like those of Mr. Matthew Arnold or Mr. Mark Pattison, frankly acknowledging the difficulties which beset any kind of personality, retire into remote regions of impalpable phrases, and talk about 'the Eternal (not ourselves) that makes for righteousness,' and the idea of God being 'defecated to a pure transparency.' All this is mere words. It will hallow no life and enlighten no spirit. Let who will, be it in piety or utter bewilderment, or mere wish to say something, erect altars to the Unknown God. It may be a graceful thing to do; it may be a soothing relief to the feelings. But let no man imagine that it is in any sense to have a religion. To have a religion resting on the belief in God, you must have a deep sense of the reality of His being, an inward consciousness that you can understand His will, and can rest in peace and love upon His heart. *A grand Perhaps is not God*; to dogmatise about the infinite, to guess, to doubt, to fear, to hope there is a future life—this is not to have a religion whereby to live and die." What do you think of that, Graham? A Christian preacher could hardly use stronger language!'

'And yet there are numbers of your orthodox Christians who suppose that these very things are their religion, and who, to judge from what they say, at least, have no better religion to live and die by,' retorted Graham, with more feeling than he had yet shown.

'Most true, my friend, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true!" Nothing is more saddening to one who realizes the glorious privileges of Christianity than to see how many fail to realize them and systematically live below them, and how hard it seems for even what you call

orthodox Christians to believe practically, in all its fulness and wise limitation, a certain terse orthodox statement of the main function of the Holy Scriptures. "The Scriptures principally teach what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man." We should have had fewer of the needless controversies between science and theology if this principle had been more clearly kept in view; that what we are to look for in Revelation is, *not* science, *not* philosophy, or speculative theology, but what we are to believe, for *practical* purposes, concerning God and our relation to Him, in this imperfect phase of life below.'

'But, Harrison himself must take his place as a Theist, if he rejects Atheism,' objected Graham. 'And he certainly talks all through the articles about loving and honouring God, with apparent sympathy.'

Warburton smiled, as he replied, 'Yes, that is one of his curious self-contradictions, which he seems to have some transcendental way of reconciling for himself. There are dark corners in all our minds, I suppose, like the blind spots in our eyes, and certainly Harrison is no exception. But so far as I can understand his position, as regards Theism, it is one of Agnosticism, pure and simple, though he formally rejects Agnosticism, as he does everything else. He tells us expressly that he does not maintain the contrary to any Theistic hypothesis; that he will not deny that it is a plausible hypothesis, if hypothesis there is to be. But, instead of maintaining, as you or I would do, that it must be the foundation of any religion worth having, he puts it aside, true or false, as a "mere problem in metaphysics, a suggestion in cosmogony, a philosophical puzzle." And then he tells us what the business of religion is, and herein I think he is more orthodox than the Christians who talk of "religion" as a set of Articles to be believed, instead of a *life to be lived*. This is what he says

about it: "The first and last business of religion is to inspire men and women with a desire to do their duty, to show them what their duty is, to hold out a common end, which harmonizes and sanctifies their efforts towards duty, and knits them together in close bonds as they struggle onward towards it. That is religion. It explains man to himself and to the world, and on that explanation it inculcates his duty." But, he asks again, "Does the mere *idea* that a first cause is more probable than not—inspire men and women with a sense of duty, teach them their duty, sustain their flagging hearts in search for it?" Assuredly not, I reply,—“He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.” Then, he goes on—“Ask them (Theists, of course) what the First Cause would have them do and be in the practical matters of human life?” “Ask them as to the origin of moral evil, the sense of sin in man’s heart, the conflict of self and not self within us; what is the relation of the First Cause to these things, its ordinance thereon? Oh! there all is mystery; mere hypothesis, perplexity, infinite disputes, pious hopes, optimist ejaculations, or sensible worldly morality, that we could equally well work out with or without a First Cause.” The various world religions, among which he includes Christianity, have, he says, definite rules to give about these things, and in virtue thereof *they are* forms of religion. But mere Theism he calls a merely metaphysical dogma.'

'But,' objected Graham, 'Theism is a great deal more than that to numbers of thinking men. How many find in the simple recognition of God, a real religion for *them*, according to Mr. Harrison's definition of religion.'

'Granted, freely,' replied Warburton. 'And he admits that in what he calls Neo-theism, there is a much more religious form of it, and that, so far as its teachers keep alive, the idea

of a spiritual faith underlying every act of our lives, he regards them with cordial sympathy. He "recognises to the full all that the world would have lost, had it never risen to the magnificent conception of an Almighty, All-good, All-loving God." But how did it happen that the world *did* rise to such a conception, Mr. Harrison? If we have to *rise* to an idea, it is pretty clear it could not have been evolved out of our own consciousness. I, of course, believe that the world never could have risen to such a conception, but for that God's progressive revelation of Himself, culminating in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But, Mr. Harrison, who doesn't believe this, ask Theists who reject revelation, how that conception is to be made "the basis of a purely human and rational religion," or moreover, how, revelation apart, we are to have any other religion?

'Yet *you* must, with St. Paul, believe in "the law written in the heart,"' said Graham, quickly.

'Certainly,' Warburton replied, but 'a law often obscured. And how any heart on which that law is written can refuse to recognise Christ as the fullest possible Incarnation of it is what I *cannot* conceive. I believe it is implied, in any adequate idea of a God, that the all-loving Father would not leave His children without such a revelation as they could receive, and that it is in harmony with all history—of the individual and of the race—that that revelation must have been a progressive one. But what can the Theist who rejects revelation reply, when he is asked how he knows the will of God, or his duty to his neighbour; or what can he object, when he is told that he gets his views about duty as a personal and social problem from mundane sources equally open to the Positivist, or the Materialist, or the Atheist? Mr. Harrison freely admits that the Christian is in a very different position, because he believes in a distinct external revelation. But the non-

Christian Theist has really got most of his views of human duty from Christianity, and when he rejects its Divine authority, and so reduces it to a simple "mundane source," he is like a man who should deliberately begin cutting away the branch which is supporting him; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, like one who should begin to hew at the root of the tree from which he expects to gather the ripening fruit.'

'Well, I can't go so far as that, of course. It seems to me that the ultimate facts of our own nature, recognised in all ages, are a pretty safe standing-ground after all!' responded Graham.

'To a certain extent, I thoroughly agree. But how are you going to limit your ultimate facts. You mean facts of consciousness, of course. But how are you going to accept what is included in the consciousness of a Theist, and refuse what is equally included in the consciousness of a Christian? You may have a way of doing so which will satisfy yourself, but how defend it against those who will tell you that your ultimate facts are only a superstitious outgrowth, like the rest—as Comte would certainly tell you—of Theism. These ultimate facts might stand their ground—did stand their ground—in simple ages, when people, like some described by George Eliot, cared more about *things* than their causes. But in an intensely self-conscious analytic age like this, when men apply analysis to feelings which cannot be analysed, but which shrivel and disappear under the misplaced attempt, I am thankful that, as I believe, God, who "at sundry times, and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by *his* Son." Christianity is not "but one act in the drama," be the drama ever so long. It is the last word of God to humanity—explaining and pointing all that went before.'

As Graham did not immediately reply, Warburton presently went on in a

somewhat lighter tone. 'This age of restless thought is an age of *doctrinaires*; everyone seeing that the world is out of joint, and believing, like M. Comte, that he was born to set it right. Everyone has his nostrum or specific panacea. How are you to defend Theism against Humanism, for instance, on which Mr. Harrison is so severe? Just let me read it, or part of it at least. I am not going to trouble you with many more extracts. He says, "There is a fashion now towards the close of the nineteenth century, as there was a fashion at the close of the fifteenth, and indeed, in part, all through the sixteenth century, to fall back on a vague and rather flimsy Humanism, as a mere spontaneous outlet from the pressure of defective creeds." He defines it as "a spontaneous falling back on Nature, and on human nature, and on man's pre-Catholic life" (he means pre-Christian), "which, with its instinctive return towards the brightness of Hellas, with all the consciousness of its human power, and its passion for reality, for light, for truth, gave us Brunelleschi and Alberti, Leonardo and Michael Angelo. But even in its glorious youth," he says, "it wants solid backbone. It trifles with Philosophy, it has an instinctive horror of Religion, it dreads discipline, it has no moral stamina, it passes easily by mere sympathetic weakness, or mere cultivated indolence, into scepticism, impotent incapacity to come to a decision, and thence on to effeminacy, grossness, unnatural passion or ignoble dreaming. It always had, in its best days, a weak side for the beast in man as well as for the hero." And this Humanism, he says, "with all its breadth, its sympathies, its good-will, is a rotten thing, wholly unable to secure for itself even intellectual emancipation from the dominant superstitions, much less to secure for society a larger share of social well-being, an end, in truth, for which it never

troubles itself. To-day, as it charmed the poets and artists at the birth of the modern world, this Humanism charms us, too, for a moment, by its genius and grace and many-sided feeling."

'True enough,' interrupted Graham. 'Take Swinburne and all his host of admirers and imitators, to wit. I have often been puzzled at the self-complacency and *abandon* with which men throw away the hard-won victories of centuries—of the spiritual over the material—in order to go contentedly back to the animal again!'

'Well, you will approve of what he goes on to say.—"But strong men soon weary of it. Its inward hollowness grows shameful, ludicrous, loathsome to us. And we see to day Culture, which began at the Revolution, with Diderot and Goethe, a hundred years ago, and which has given us some exquisite works of genius and of feeling, now dying away with mere simpering about art, about philosophy—nay, simpering about religion, with its unmanly whining and feminine eagerness about the very fringes of human life, the furniture of our rooms or the cut of our clothes!"'

'Rather hard!' Graham said, laughing, 'on our superfine æsthetic writers, who go into ecstasies over "harmonies" and "arrangements," and spread themselves grandly in cant about "sincere" colour and "immortal" chiaro-oscuro, &c., &c. I must say I think Ruskin, with all deference to you, Mrs. Warburton, is responsible for a good deal of it.'

'Just as much as an honest cloth manufacturer is responsible for shoddy!' replied Mrs. Warburton—'we can't have a good thing without risk of a counterfeit, I suppose, and so I suppose we can't have a Ruskin without—'

'A Mr. Maudle and a Mrs. Cima-bue Brown, as the inevitable result of an overstrained enthusiasm, which, in ordinary British humanity becomes

mere silliness at second hand,' suggested Graham, glancing at *Punch*, as he spoke.

'Well, I must admit that Ruskin is a trifle fanatical sometimes,' said Warburton, 'but I really don't think he is responsible for Mr. Maule and Mrs. Cimabue Brown, any more than for Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns! He breathes in a totally different atmosphere from theirs, which is this very humanistic one that Mr. Harrison on the whole describes so well,—a complete Materialistic reaction—an entire sinking of the higher and spiritual beauty in the mere outward and visible symbols. When men exalt art into a religion, it is not strange that their religion and their art, both, should dwindle down into the very narrowest limits. But we must come back to Mr. Harrison again.'

'I am getting rather impatient,' Graham remarked, 'to hear what you will say of his verdict on Christianity. I was amused, a little while ago, to hear you say that you didn't intend to read many more extracts. You seem, so far, to have found him a "second Daniel come to judgment." But I fancy you will hardly quote him with such relish when he enlarges upon the failures of Christianity!'

Warburton smiled a little. 'No,' he said, 'certainly I cannot! But I think I can justify myself for not doing so. Mr. Harrison has given, to the various theories on which I have quoted him, a fair amount of thought and study, as is seen from the fact that he presents them, on the whole, fairly enough, and would not be accused, I think, of doing to any a glaring injustice. But when he comes to speak of Christianity, the case is different. He never fairly grapples with Christianity, pure and simple, at all. He never even attempts to define it, and much that he says about it would lead any thoughtful Christian to doubt whether he had ever taken the trouble to read for himself its only authentic

exposition, which he could certainly have done in the time he took to write one of his articles.'

'And yet, from some things he says at times, he must have been once a believer,' Graham remarked.

'Possibly enough; and yet, like many a believer, he has missed its essence,—intellectually I mean, for I believe he has caught much of its spirit, which he has unconsciously appropriated to his own—or M. Comte's theory. He has a great deal to say about theology and about theological differences of men. He has a good deal to say about Christian saints and teachers, even about Moses and St. Paul. But, curiously enough, in the matter of Christian teaching, he never once refers to Christ! When he talks of Buddhism he means what Buddha taught. When he talks of Confucianism he means what Confucius taught. But when he speaks of Christianity he means anything and everything rather than the answer to the simple question—*What was taught by Christ?*'

'But the word is used in so many senses,' objected Graham.

'I admit that,' replied Warburton. 'Its meaning has become rather indefinite in popular use. It is at one time made synonymous with certain doctrines, at another with a great moral and spiritual force. Sometimes it is used as a historical term, and at others it is even confounded with theology at large. Harrison so confounds it again and again. But however vaguely words may be used in common parlance, we expect a philosopher to go to the root of the matter, and to take his conception of a religion, the greatest of all religions, in its pretensions, its claims, its dynamic force—not from this or that interpreter, but direct from Him, from whom all must admit it took its origin and its name.'

'I must say,' said Graham, as he turned over the pages of the Review, 'that his tactics in regard to Christianity remind one very much of a skill-

ful general, who tries to get between the divisions of the opposing army and cut each off from the other.'

'With this difference,' said Warburton, 'that the general really does meet the army—in divisions—while Harrison adroitly avoids really meeting Christianity at all. He divides it into Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, and then he takes each mainly on the ground of their difference from each other, and, of course, what each has said of the other it is easy for him to say again. But what of the residuum, the positive truth as distinguished from negations, which is common to both? I admit the real differences between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, though I don't accept Mr. Harrison's statement of them. But these differences are as nothing in regard to the infinitely more important central truths on which, against all non-Christian systems, they are at one. I decline to take any more partial conception of Christianity than the grand one of the Creed—"the Holy Catholic Church"—by which I understand, of course, "all believers." As has lately been grandly said by Professor Hitchcock:—"Christianity is not Occident alone, nor Orient alone, but the two together. And these nineteen Christian centuries are more and better, taken altogether, than any three, or any six of them, or any eighteen of them. The one Christ is in them all, in all and in each."'

'Yet you must admit that the differences have been terribly emphasised,' observed Graham.

'Yes. Circumstances have made that inevitable—to a certain extent at least. It is a pity that, while the differences could not have been overlooked, the points of union should not have been more clearly manifested. Still the unity of the spirit has been always there, in all truly animated by the spirit of Christ. But nothing shows more Mr. Harrison's incapacity to appreciate the essential principles of Christianity than his account of it

to-day, under the two-fold head of Protestantism and Jesuitism. Look at his reckless self-contradictions in speaking of the first. Will you kindly hand me the Review? Here, at one moment, he tells us that "Protestantism is a partial reformation of the Catholic system;" that he "does not dispute the services of the great Protestant leaders, or deny that their work was inevitable, nor deery the spiritual beauty and moral grandeur of its martyrs and founders." Almost in the same breath, he says that it is "the parasite of Catholicism, and that it must perish even before the final exhaustion of the system it has helped to kill." We are not supposed to kill a thing we reform, surely! And a parasite which should even partially restore—re-form—would be a new thing in nature. And then he asks—"where are the Protestant St. Bernards and Bossuets, St. Francis, &c., &c." Has Mr. Harrison never so much as heard of the Rutherfords and Baxters, the Wesleys and Paysons, the Leightons and Herberts, the Hans Egdes, Brainerds and Pattesons? And the Roman Catholic and Protestant saints could understand each other infinitely better than he or M. Comte could understand either. Bernard of Cluny has found a modern Protestant translator to make his hymns as a household word in the Christian praise of our day. And St. Francis, across the centuries, could have greeted William Burns, of China, or David Livingstone, as a true brother.'

'Yet, he doesn't admit, that as a religion it has any present existence at all,' said Graham. 'He puts it aside with small respect as a mere historical expression.'

'Yes; and he knows or ought to know how miserably he is playing with names! It is true, the term Protestant is a historical expression, and an unfortunate one—as being simply negative. But what of that? Names are things that arise out of circumstances—not as matters of choice. And every one

knows that the generic term "Protestant," includes a large proportion of the most intelligent, fervid and practical Christianity of to-day. Yet, at the same time he abuses it as the source of almost all the evils of to-day, an "anti-social dehumanising influence;" "utterly null" one moment—positively degrading the next, and finally the "servile worship of the literature of a small and peculiar tribe in Asia." One wonders whether he has never heard anything of Protestant Missions, of what they have done for civilization and education, for the family and for women, in countries which his vaunted Confucianism and Buddhism, and Islamism have not sufficed to save from moral and social degradation.—Or of what they have done to avert suffering from famine, from oppression, from plagues—introducing some measure of obedience to sanitary and economic laws into countries where they had been hitherto set at naught. All these things are non-existent to the vision of Mr. Harrison, when he oracularly declares that "Protestantism has nothing whatever to show at all to be compared to what Catholicism has done for Poland and Ireland, for the peasant of Brittany and Castile, of Tyrol and Savoy," and in the same breath accuses it of diminishing the power of the Mother and of the Woman, the perpetuity of marriage, generosity to the weak—wherever it appears! And yet Christian Missions—Protestant Missions—though I dislike the more partial term—are revolutionising the whole social life of India, teaching it for the first time what family life is, and restoring down-trodden woman to what Mr. Harrison declares to be her natural place, though he seems to forget that Christianity was the first to recognise it, after it had permanently sunk out of view. I have a letter in my possession now, from a Christian missionary in Eastern Turkey, who worked hard during the last year to avert suffering from famine among the poor peasants,

and who relates that after having given out seed for the autumn sowing, in many instances the people were forced to sell the grain to meet the claims of brutal tax-gatherers, who went from village to village, beating even women till the blood ran from their mouths.

'And' said Mrs. Warburton, 'I was reading yesterday a letter from the wife of a missionary among the Chinese, who spoke strongly of the down-trodden condition of the women, who never dream of sitting at the same table with their husbands, or of anything like love or affection. Indeed, she says, *that* hardly seems to exist at all in their family life, which seems governed entirely by a law of fear.'

'Yet our Chinese visitor Lin ta Jeu, in his translated diary, published in that same review—laments that Englishmen have not the Confucian rules for the five relationships, which he thinks would vastly improve their social life,' said Graham laughing.

'Yes,' said Warburton, 'that idea of a *system of rules for life*, which seems to be Harrison's main idea of a religion, is the utmost that human religions have been able to do, and herein Christianity shows its divine superiority over all human *doctrinaires*. It has ethical precepts—most practical and wise—but it does its work, not by surrounding life with a set of formal rules, but by going to the root of the life—the heart of man! It seeks to purify all the ramifications of the broad stream of human life, by the only effectual means of purifying the stream at its fountain head. Instead of having no answer to give to "the terrible problem of our age—to the question of labour, destitution, employer and employed," &c.,—Christianity has the best and only real solution to offer, in the principle which would meet all ends—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." What more could Mr. Harrison's ideal do? But wherever Christianity is degraded into either a mere system of rules or a

mere system of theology, its essential principle is lost. It is, above and before all things, *an inspiration and a life.*

'And yet many Christians do seem to suppose it, the one or the other,' said Graham.

'Only because they are so culpably careless of the study of their own faith in its own revelation. And that reminds me of what I was going to say about Harrison's sneer at the Protestant worship of "a Book,—the literature of a small and peculiar tribe in Asia." Well, in the first place, Protestants do not worship a *book*! But they regard with reverence what they believe to be a Divine Revelation of God's will, at which unassisted humanity could never have arrived, and they would be insensible fools if they did not! And is Protestantism alone in doing this? Was not this same book most carefully preserved by the Church of Rome, through all the ages when as yet printing was not? And does not Rome base her hierarchical claims partially on her interpretation of its contents? And the main difference between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism is not any difference as to the value of the revelation, but the claim of the former, resisted by the latter, that as God has revealed Himself to humanity, so humanity, as a whole, should have direct access to His revelation, and hear His voice for itself, without the interposition of any human authority.'

'Churches and people that call themselves Protestant are sometimes ready enough to interpose human authority,' remarked Graham. 'What "our Church" says on this or that point, seems to be the favourite refuge of most people one meets when they are pressed for a reason of the faith that is in them.'

'And just in so far as it is, they are unfaithful to the principles of the Reformers—red-hot Protestants though they may be!' replied Warburton. 'But it is the constant tendency of

human nature to cling to some outward authority, to save it the trouble of realizing its faith. Some indeed, would reduce Scripture to a mere outward authority, though Christ and His Apostles constantly appeal to the witness of the spiritual consciousness. But I should like to ask Mr. Harrison a few questions about this "literature of a small and peculiar tribe in Asia." How did it happen that this obscure literature should have attained to a world-wide supremacy; should be translated into every language of the world, rude and refined; and should take as firm a hold on the heart of the subtle Hindoo and the child-like African, as on that of the practical, cultivated Englishman? How does he account for the fact, which he states himself, that "strong men have drawn from it the strength that has nerved them in the battle of life, and that loving hearts have rested on it in pain and death, in bereavement and ruin, and have found in it ecstatic peace," as they have found nowhere else? It was a saying of Tennyson's Arthur Hallam, that the Bible "fits into every fold of the human heart." Millions have felt this, though they could not put it into words. By what moral miracle has this literature of a small and despised Asiatic people, despised and maltreated, alas, even by those who were their debtors, been able to appeal to the whole heart of humanity? And by what moral miracle did that same literature grasp the sublime idea of the unity of God, when all the world around was sunk in polytheism, and while even the intellectual and æsthetic Greeks were content with their Olympus? The question Mrs. Warburton quoted as to the bearing of astronomy on our ideas of duty, was answered better than the wisest astronomer would answer it to-day, by a young shepherd poet who watched his flocks among the Judæan hills, ages before Pythagoras. And the truth taught by Hebrew prophet and psalmist, finding its fullest revelation in Christ, was

the highest at which humanity has ever arrived; that for which Mr. Harrison is dimly groping now; that what humanity needs is the dethronement of the selfish individual principle from its supremacy in the human heart, and the substitution for it of love to God, and love to man:—

“The mystery dimly understood
That love of God is love of good,
And, chiefly its divinest trace
In Him of Nazareth's holy face:
That to be saved is only this,
Salvation from our selfishness,
From more than elemental fire,
The soul's unsatisfied desire,
From sin itself, and not the pain
Which warns us of its galling chain.”

“Nothing could more grossly travesty the Christianity of Christ,—and I acknowledge no other—than to talk of it as a “code of mere selfishness.” The salvation of the soul, in other and less abused words, the purification of the heart, is simply the transmutation of man's being and energies from the service of self to the love and service of God and man. The ideal of “humanity” as a principle of action, is the child of Christianity, though Mr. Harrison seems to think it owes its existence to M. Auguste Comte! The “enthusiasm of humanity” radiates from the cross of Jesus Christ as it never could have radiated in this world from any other quarter. Look at such a man as Plato, for instance—in so many respects before his age—congratulating the Athenians on “a pure and heart-felt hatred of the foreign nature.!”

“Still,” objected Graham, “you must admit that there has been many scattered instances of the ‘enthusiasm of humanity,’ even before Christ—for instance, Confucius, Buddha—the first Buddhist missionaries.”

“Certainly,” said Warburton. “Do you suppose I date the spiritual presence of Christ in the world, only from the first Christmas morning? Long before then, “from the beginning, He was in the world and the world knew Him not.” But he revealed Himself, even then, in the hearts of those who would receive Him.

“Good cause it is for thankfulness,
That the world blessing of His life:
With the long past is not at strife!”

“That was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” But in the fulness of time came His clearer manifestation. On that first Christmas morning, *something happened*, which in time has changed the face of the civilized world; which made a new era, by which you and I, whether believing Christians or Positivists, have to date our letters today; which created a new standard of virtue, and gave to the whole world the ideal and the impulse of the “enthusiasm of humanity,” which has so worked itself into the conscience of men, as to produce in time, Mr. Harrison and M. Auguste Comte.”

“Then, if the lesson has been so well learned, might not humanity go on well enough, even though the lineaments of the teacher should fade away?”

“I do not admit the parallel,” quickly responded Warburton. “I did not say that the lesson had been well learned. Alas! no. Only that the ideal had become fixed—a very different thing. Of all religions that the world has seen, Christianity is the only one that supplies at once the ideal and the power to reach it. What does all Mr. Harrison's disquisition really amount to? Why, simply this, that in none of the non-Christian theories—nor in Christianity, *as he understands it*, which as I have shown, is not understanding it at all—does he find the lever which can raise the world. And this he hopes to find in a certain ideal of humanity, which for practical purposes means simply the old lesson that men are to learn to love their neighbours as themselves. But how is he going to get them to do it? I grant that the finer and higher minds may, even in the theoretic rejection of Christianity, become so impressed with the beauty of its root idea of self-sacrifice, that it may be in them a strong moral force. And the human mind has such unlimited capacity for worship that,

in default of something higher, it can worship very heartily, for a time at least, an *eidolon* of its own mind. But how is he going to infuse this sentiment into the people he himself describes, "the rude men who sweat and swelter in mines, in furnaces and factories—the hedger and the ditcher, and the cottager, with her pinched home—the women who stitch and serve—the children wandering forlorn and unkempt into rough life—how are they to be sustained and comforted by science and enlightenment? How will free thought teach discipline to the young and self-restraint to the wild? Human nature is not a thing so docile and intellectual that it can be tamed by fine thought, nor is society amenable to pure ideas." Most assuredly not, Mr. Harrison! I could not find stronger words than your own to express the problem. And if so, how is the idea of humanity going to tame it, and check the selfishness you admit to be rampant? We must have for the soul a worthy object of devotion, you say. How are these struggling people to find it in the humanity they see around them? Are they to find out its beauty among the squalid conditions of their own life, or in the selfish hardness or indifference of their employers, or the richer classes in general? I grant there are exceptions, but these are either Christians, or moulded on the Christian idea. How, above all, are they going to learn to *love their enemies*? And how are you going to teach the others to love *them*? Even the Christian philanthropist would find it impossible to keep a spirit of love towards the wretched and degraded men and women among whom his labours lie, if he did not feel the constraining love of Christ—if he could not see humanity transfigured in the face of the Son of man—if he did not feel that it had been for ever ennobled because Divinity had entered into it, to raise it through Divine sacrifice and suffering, to a share in the life Divine.'

'Yes,' exclaimed Mrs. Warburton, 'and I have often wondered what comfort any other than a Christian could carry to those who were crushed under hopeless suffering of whatever kind—bereavement, physical pain—conscious failure and degradation—the loss of all hope, so far as this world is concerned. And, oh, there are so many! What have they but despair, if they can turn to no higher source than mere humanity? And then there is not only the hope of a new and better life for those that have failed here, and how few have not failed, after all! But there is the loving human sympathy, too, that the thought of Christ can bring. I don't suppose that Swinburne meant homage to Christianity, when he wrote—

"The face is full of prayers and pains,
To which they bring their pains and prayers."

but in that very truth lies much of its power over the heart. The "fellowship of Christ's sufferings" will wake a response where no other comfort seems to gain admittance, and for the tried and tempted, no words shine out like these—"in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

'And,' said Warburton, 'what has ever given peace and moral uplifting to the troubled conscience like the warrant to say, "*I believe in the forgiveness of sins*?"'

'Oh, I grant you the beauty of it all,—*that side at least*,'—said Graham. The only question is—its *truth*! But you must admit that there is a dark side to the picture.'

'Yes,' replied Warburton, 'there is a dark side to every picture I know of—and must be while there is the dark shadow of sin—the insoluble mystery of evil! Into the nature of the future life our eyes are not strong enough to look, and I believe that a revelation was given us, not to gratify curiosity, but to give us practical guidance *now*. And with my human limitations and short-sightedness I am content to leave that ques-

tion with Him—the expression and symbol of whose infinite love is—the Cross! But as you say—the question is one—not of light or shadow, but of *truth*. And that is a question worth settling! Harrison says, in words worth considering: “Is there anything by which man can order his life as a whole? Is there anything by which our nature may gain its unity, our race may acknowledge its brotherhood? If there be such a principle, all else in human nature is of little moment till we have it. If harmony of the whole nature be possible, it must be the supreme good dreamed of by the philosophers. It must be happiness, duty, wisdom, peace and life all in one.” And I say yes! and its name is Christianity.’

‘But you must confess there are difficulties,’ said Graham.

‘I do. How could there but be difficulties, where the subject is one so far beyond our finite power to grasp? But many of the difficulties have been caused by the tendency of theology to speculate and reason too far with the inevitable human one-sidedness. I would not impose on any enquirer any human and therefore partial conception of Christianity, when its outlines are so clearly given in the only authentic source from whence all may draw. But the difficulties of believing are to my mind far outweighed by the difficulties of *not* believing! True, I could not communicate to any one else what to me is the strongest evidence—that of consciousness. Coleridge says, “Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward.” And he says, again, that to be truly convinced of “the process of renewal described in Scripture, a man must put himself within that process.”’

‘But how is any one to do that unless he is to a certain extent convinced already?’ objected Graham.

‘Well, it does not need the strong-

est degree of conviction to be willing to *try* a remedy, if we need it, and if it be a true remedy, it will prove itself. But perhaps the first requisite is to be convinced of the *need*. They who came to Christ for physical healing did not need extraordinary evidence to give them faith enough to ask. And they went away with the stronger faith of experience. Here is a passage I once copied from Coleridge for my own benefit. It is a practical enquiry, “from what you know of yourself, of your own heart and strength, and from what history and personal experience have led you to conclude of mankind generally—dare you *trust* to it? Dare *you* trust to it? To *it*, and it alone? If so—well! It is at your own risk, I judge you not. Before him who cannot be mocked you stand or fall!” As for myself, I have no hesitation in replying—*I dare not!* I want *all* the help, and *just* the help that Christianity can give me, and accepting it, I prove it for myself.’

Graham was silent, and Warburton presently went on: ‘But we have talked long; I have, rather; and I dare say you have had enough of it. I only say this, unhesitatingly. Christianity, and Christianity alone, can supply the “complete human synthesis” that Mr. Harrison is looking for and hopes to find in a way of his own devising. It is the only force strong enough to bind man to God and man to man, to inspire hope in sorrow, and strength and patience to endure; to raise man above himself, above the dull common-place to which life is ever tending; to maintain, through all disappointment and all failure, the continuous inspiration of a high ideal; to be the vital principle of a spiritual life as real as the physical, though as great a mystery; to give the best evidence of a nobler future by the progressive development of that life within; and to breathe, through all the jarring discords of this mysterious life, an undertone of music which an

old Christian poet well caught when
he sang :

“ I'm apt to think the man
That could surround the sum of things, and
 ^{spy}
The heart of God and secrets of His empire,

Would speak but love; with him the right
 result
Would change the hue of intermediate
 scenes
And make one thing of all theology.”

—FIDELIS.

FAME.

A H, Fate ! Cannot a man
 Be wise without a beard ?
From east to west, from Beersheba to Dan,
 Say, was it never heard
That wisdom might in youth be gotten
Or wit be ripe before 'twas rotten ?

He pays too high a price
 For knowledge and for fame
Who gives his sinews to be wise,
 His teeth and bones to buy a name,
And crawls through life a paralytic,
To earn the praise of bard and critic.

Is it not better done,
 To dine and sleep through forty years,
Be loved by few, be feared by none,
 Laugh life away, have wine for tears,
And take the mortal leap undaunted,
Content that all we asked was granted ?

But Fate will not permit
 The seeds of gods to die ;
Nor suffer sense to win from wit
 Its guerdon in the sky ;
Nor let us hide, where'er our pleasure,
The world's dim light beneath a measure.

Go then, sad youth, and shine ;
 Go, sacrifice to fame :
Put love, joy, health upon the shrine,
 And life, to fan the flame !
Thy hapless self for praises barter,
And die to Fame an honoured martyr.

MODERN CANOEING.

BY ROBERT TYSON, TORONTO.

'CANOEING?' says a Toronto young lady, who has had some experience in the stern sheets of a skiff, on the placid waters of 'The Bay.' 'What is Canoeing? Oh, I know; a man sits in a horrid, cranky, narrow little boat, all boxed over with a deck, except a little place in the middle, and he waves about a long thing like two big spoons, joined together in the middle—he calls it a double-bladed paddle, you know—and he paddles up and down the Bay, and he tumbles out into the water now and then, if he doesn't mind. I have seen them when I have been out rowing with Willie.'

'Oh, no,' says her friend, who has had relatives out with exploring parties in the back country or the North-West, 'That's not it. Canoes are always made of birch-bark, and there are always Indians in them. You get into the middle of the canoe, and you sit very quiet for fear you should upset, and there is an ugly-looking Indian at each end, and they say nothing but "ugh," and they paddle along all day with things like short oars, and they run down rapids and waterfalls.'

Our fair friends are both right, barring a few feminine inaccuracies of description.

The term 'canoe' conveys different ideas to different people. To the resident of, or visitor in, the numberless lakes and rivers, not far back from our frontier, it means a light open craft of birch-bark or wood, without decks, and propelled by a single-bladed paddle—very rarely by sail;—whilst many city people, and those fresh from the old country, will understand 'a canoe' to

mean the craft so graphically described by young lady number one, at the opening hereof.

The modern cruising canoe, about which I have a few words to say, differs from each of these types, although having points of resemblance to each. It is in fact a miniature yacht. It can be propelled either by sail or paddle, according to the state of the wind; it carries provisions enough to make its captain independent of hotels; it provides him comfortable sleeping quarters at night; it will keep him dry in wet weather; and he can haul it ashore or portage it without difficulty. It offers excellent facilities for hunting and fishing; affords access to the fine scenery of our innumerable Canadian watercourses; and gives great variety to camp life when used in conjunction with camping out. Such a vessel evidently yields exceptional facilities for a pleasant holiday journey, or a long exploring trip, wherever there is water to float on; and of course its shape, weight and size, are modified according to the work it has to do. A different canoe is needed for open rough water than for narrow streams and frequent portages.

Some apt comparisons have been made between modern canoeing and yachting. This is what the genial authors of 'Canoeing in Kanuckia' have to say about it:—'While the canoe is flying along under sail, its occupant has every pleasure experienced by the owner of a twenty-thousand dollar yacht. He has the same glorious wind whistling in his ears, the same sharp remonstrance of the

waters divided by the bow, the same murmurs of recognition and complaint by the waters as they re-unite under the sternpost, the same sense of triumph over one element, of compulsion of another, which, if it had its own way, would be only a fitful ally; the same glorious *abandon* of health and spirits revelling in pure air and in endeavour unconstrained by age, sex, or previous conditions of social or business servitude. And when the sail is over, or the season itself is ended, the delightful memories of the cruise are not, as in the case of the yachtsman, palled by recollections of the frightful expense of the crew or the extortionate charges of ship builders for repairs. And while the yachtsman lays up his boat for the winter, and bemoans the wasting interest upon her cost, and the various charges for dockage, keeping, &c., the canoeist quietly puts his boat upon his back or upon a cart, takes her to his house, and puts her down in the cellar or up in the garret (after an unsuccessful attempt to have her wintered on the top of the piano in the parlour); in either of which places he may visit her as frequently as he pleases, in any weather, and refresh any memories that may seem laggard when recalled.' To which I may add that the canoeist never gets 'stuck' when a dead calm sets in; but he straightway hauls down his sail and betakes himself to his paddle; and he can go where a yacht cannot.

Mr. W. P. Stephens, of Rahway, N.J., says:—'Those who love the free open-air life, the liberty to go when and where one pleases, the contest with wind and wave, the sense of power that a hand on sheet or tiller brings, and who can take a ducking cheerfully or face a Nor'easter without grumbling, will find that the pleasures of yachting and canoeing differ not in degree but in kind. The canoe is no longer an experiment, but an established fact. Ridiculed by the newspapers, chaffed by small boy and

bargee, left to leeward mourning and wrathful by the cat-boat, looked down on with scorn by the oarsman from the lofty altitude of his slider—the canoeist has, nevertheless, steadily paddled his way into favour. Learning from one here and another there, taking his paddle from the Eskimo, his sail from the Chinese, his model from the birch-bark, the kayak, or the surf-boat, he travels on quiet rivers, whirling rapids, or on deeper and broader waters; always improving his boat, until now he is sole commander of a craft as perfect in every detail as the finest yacht, and capable of any voyage short of a Transatlantic passage. He is troubled with no sailing master, pilot, or crew, and can laugh at the bills for dockage, wharfage, pilotage, &c., that sound the yachtsman's pocket, while the sense of perfect freedom and the exhilaration of an out-door life are enjoyed by him as thoroughly as by his brother of the schooner or cutter. The canoe is always ready for use, and the expenses of cruising (not including rail transit), where the owner sleeps aboard and camps out, need not exceed two to four dollars a week. Compared with rowing, the position, with a rest for the back, is much more comfortable, while the canoeist has a clear view of all before him, instead of fleeting glances at the receding shores—a great advantage on a pleasure trip on strange waters.' Or amid well-remembered scenes either, I would further say.

Here are a few words more on paddling, from the pen of the Commodore of the American Canoe Association, W. L. Alden, of New York, who has written a most witty and readable book, entitled 'The Canoe and the Flying Proa.' He says, 'While the canoeist sits upright in his boat, voluntarily working only with his arms, and learning of unsupposed physical availability and grace with every motion, the oarsman sways to and fro like the deserted half of a melancholy hinge, which wavers helplessly about in air,

always longing for something to attach itself to, but never finding it. Besides, the paddler faces his water and his goal, instead of fixing his eyes unceasingly upon the fleeting past. The oarsman's duties are confined to steady pulling, while with every stroke of his paddle the canoeist pulls and pushes also, discharging those duties with opposite arms, as he works upon the opposite side of the boat. The exercise is not passive, like that which one takes on horseback, nor does it partake of that mental strain which a man experiences when he takes the helm of his own yacht.

My readers will assert that this part of my article is degenerating into a string of extracts. I plead guilty. The fact is, much of what I wish to say to the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY has already been said to many American readers much better than I can say it. Therefore I cannot do better now than give some more of these quotations. Here are a few profound psychological reflections ancient canoes by Mr. Alden,—

‘In addition to its peculiarities of model, every canoe has its own moral character. This may seem strange to the mere philosopher, who has never made himself familiar with the habits of canoes, but it is strictly true. Between two canoes of the same model, and built by the same builder, there may exist a tremendous moral distance. This is the case with two canoes belonging to the New York Canoe Club, which have often cruised together; one of them, the *Ethel*, is ill-tempered and vicious. She constantly abrades her owner. At one time she will tear his clothing with her cleats, and at another will bite pieces out of him with the edge of her combing or the extremities of concealed screws. On the other hand, the *Violetta* is as harmless as a kind and cultured mastiff, and possesses a degree of skill in threading her way through a channel, obstructed by sunken rocks, that is simply marvellous. Nevertheless she

has one grave fault—a persistent determination to break loose when anchored or tethered for the night. So confirmed is this habit that the owner of the *Violetta* never dreams of leaving her afloat without some one to watch her, and always drags her ashore at night, and fastens her with a lock and chain to a large tree. Now, to the ordinary observer, the *Ethel* and the *Violetta* are precisely alike, and yet there is a cloud of credible witnesses who will testify to the moral idiosyncracies just imputed to them. Of all canoes, however, it may be said that they require to be tamed before they abandon their native fondness for mischievously pitching their captains overboard.

‘The proneness of the untamed canoe to capsize is undeniable. Certain models are less addicted to this fault than are others; but the canoe owner is never safe until his craft has become accustomed to him. The canoe is much stiffer than the racing shell, but far more cranky than the row-boat. Nevertheless, as soon as one becomes familiar with the canoe, all danger of capsizing vanishes, except, of course, in connection with sudden squalls or heavy sea, combined with gross mismanagement on the part of her commander. Properly managed, the canoe is the safest craft afloat, and no canoeist who can swim well enough to support himself for half a minute in the water has any excuse for drowning while cruising in a good canoe.

‘It is chiefly in the spring of the year that a canoe displays the worst points of her character. During the winter the canoeist usually keeps his canoe in his house, and feeds her upon brass screws—of which she is insatiable—and varnish. The consequence is that when spring comes and she is placed in the water she is like a horse who is taken out after a long confinement and unlimited oats. She is playful, and tries to roll over and rid herself of her captain; and she is irascible, and improves every opportunity to tear and wound the hands that

paddle her. After a few days' exercise, however, this excess of spirits wears away, and the canoe becomes gentle, quiet and harmless. Let no canoeist become discouraged because of the antics of his canoe when he first launches her. Time and firmness are all that are needed to bring her under subjection. There was a German who, a few years ago, built a canoe, and, on the Fourth of July, embarked in her and started down the East River. She managed to sprain one of his ankles as he was getting into her, and in fifteen minutes after leaving the shore she threw him out, and left him to be rescued from the wheels of an impending ferry-boat by a Brooklyn boatman. After exhausting the resources of the German language in denouncing the canoe, he sold her at one-fourth of her cost. Her new owner tamed her with hardly any trouble, and she has ever since maintained an excellent character for docility and kindness. A mere child could now paddle her in perfect safety. This teaches us that we should never allow the wildness of a young canoe to wear out our patience, but should feel a firm confidence that the trouble of taming her will be more than repaid.'

Canoeists get enthusiastic over their favourite recreation. With his hand upon his heart, Mr. Alden utters this noble sentiment: 'To have lived and loved was considered by the German poet a very satisfactory thing; but the man who can say "I have lived and paddled" has alone known perfect happiness.' Some of our cool-headed Scottish friends may say, 'hoot, toot, mon, ye're talking in a verra reckless way.' But if I vary the sentiment a little, thus, 'The man who can say "I have lived to soup it up" has alone known perfect happiness,' they will at once fully understand our feelings.

Though only fifteen years old, canoe cruising has spread rapidly both in England and on this continent. The

Englishman is ahead of the Yankee in this matter, both in numbers and in point of time. I understand that there are about three thousand canoes owned in England. The London *Field*, the country gentleman's newspaper, devotes a large space to canoeing articles, admirably illustrated, as does also the *Forest and Stream*, of New York. On this continent, the 'grand departure' was made last August, on the lovely shores of Lake George—the historic 'Horicon.' A large fleet of canoes assembled there from all parts of the United States and Canada. Their owners formed themselves into a 'Canoe Congress,' and organised 'The American Canoe Association,' with the following strong list of officers:—

Commodore, W. L. Alden, of New York.

Vice Commodore, Judge Longworth, of Cincinnati.

Rear Commodore, Robert D. Wyncoop, Jersey City.

Secretary, N. H. Bishop, Lake George, Warren County, New York State.

Treasurer, J. Morris Meredith, Boston, Mass.

There are already one hundred paid-up members of the American Canoe Association, and there is no doubt that the number will be doubled during this year. In addition to this, independent clubs have been formed in New York City; Cleveland (100 members); Detroit; Minneapolis (63 members); Cincinnati; University of Pennsylvania; Lake George; Toronto; and other places. The second meeting of the American Canoe Association takes place on August 11th next, and following days, at Lake George. Great will be the gathering of the 'paddlists' on that occasion, loud will be their pow-wow, and swift will be their bonny little craft in the paddling and sailing races that will then take place, for which several valuable prizes are already offered. Each club has its distinguishing signal-flag, and each canoe has its own private burgee.

Now let us have a little talk about the various kinds of canoes. I will select a few of the most prominent types for brief description. Foremost and latest out, is the *Pearl*, designed by E. B. Tredwen, a leading English canoeist. She has proved herself the fastest canoe afloat, and is one of the best of cruisers for open water sailing. Her length is fourteen feet; beam, thirty-two inches on deck, and thirty inches at the water-line; depth, twelve inches; sheer, about six inches, compressed into three or four feet at bow and stern. She is long and flat underneath, giving her a great deal of 'bearing'; she has consequently great stability, and cannot be charged with any mischievous fondness for pitching her captain overboard. In fact, Mr. Alden's humorous description does not apply at all to the *Pearl*. She flares out well at bow and stern, especially at the bow, and her bearing increases as she heels over. Like most other cruising canoes, she is decked at both ends, leaving a cockpit of about six feet in length, which is, however, further covered with sliding hatches. These keep out rain and seas, but will come loose at once in the event of a capsize. There is an arrangement known as 'the side-flap,' to enable the canoeist to throw his weight to windward when sailing. She has water-tight compartments at each end, with doors opening into them to allow of provisions and other stores being stowed away therein. No canoe ought to be without water-tight compartments; they are an important element of safety. A leading peculiarity of the *Pearl* is that she has two centreboards, one forward of the cockpit, and one aft. The forward one weighs from forty to sixty pounds, and is so fitted that it can be lifted clear out of the canoe whenever she is wanted to be hauled on shore. The weight of these centreboards adds greatly to the stability of the vessel, and enables her to brave a sea which other canoes could not venture out in. Her steering geer is arranged so that it can be worked by the

foot, thus leaving the hands of the canoeist free to attend to his sheets, centreboards, etc. She carries seventy feet of sail for cruising, and 140 feet for racing, her rig being a balance lug and sprit mizen. The double-bladed paddle is used for her propulsion when she is not under sail; a small tent, slung over the boom as a ridgepole, and fastened round the cockpit, protects the sleeping canoeist at night, as in other canoes. The *Pearl* is the most expensive of all the canoes, except the paper ones, which are built by Messrs. Waters, of Troy, N. Y. Mr. W. P. Stephens, of Rahway, N. J., is the only builder I know of who advertises that he builds the *Pearl*.

In contrast to the *Pearl* is the little *Nessmuk* which is probably the lightest wooden canoe ever in actual use. She is ten feet long, twenty-seven inches beam, eight and a half inches deep, and weighs but eighteen pounds! Her builder is J. H. Rush-ton, Canton, N. Y.

The canoes built and used at Rice Lake are a distinct type, they are all open canoes, of various sizes, and are much used by sportsmen. They are propelled by the single-bladed paddle. They usually have no keel, a very flat floor, and they 'tumble home' above the water-line—that is, they are narrower at the gunwale than at the water's edge. This is handier for paddling purposes; but it has the disadvantage that, although they are very stiff up to a certain point, when once they heel over past that point, they capsize with 'dazzling rapidity.' They are all smooth outside, which adds greatly to their speed. I know of four different builders of this class of canoe, — Herald & Hutchinson, of Gore Landing; William English, of Peterborough; Stevenson, of Peterborough; and Gordon. The 'Herald' (cedar) canoes are perhaps the most widely known. They are smooth inside and out, and have no ribs, being constructed with double skins or plank-ing. The outer one runs longitudin-

ally, and the inner one transversely, and they are firmly rivetted together. Mr. English's canoes are built of bass-wood, and are put together with flush joints, battened on the inside ; which makes a smooth outside finish. They are a light and serviceable canoe. Mr. Stevenson is the man who first made wooden canoes upon a solid model, nearly twenty years ago ; it was he who originated the idea of this method of building canoes with smooth sides, which the four builders named have so successfully worked out. Stevenson's present method of construction is so unique that it merits full description ; and I give it as kindly furnished to me by the Captain of the Peterborough Boat Club : ' In Mr. Stevenson's first essays he cut his stuff (cedar or butternut) three inches wide. He reduced it to one and a half inches, and now to one inch, which he considers best to make a perfect job. Each separate piece is tongued and grooved. The pieces go transversely round the boat from one gunwale to the other, forming at the same time the ribs and the covering, so that the canoe is perfectly smooth within and without. Three small pieces run lengthwise inside of the canoe, so as to brace it together, in addition to the gunwales. The pieces are first oiled on the edges with linseed oil, which thoroughly permeates the wood. They are then put into a boiler and steamed. After this, they are, while still steaming, placed and fitted on the model with great care. After drying in shape they are taken off and all put together carefully with glue. They are fastened to the inside pieces with copper nails. There is a hardwood piece at bow and stern. A piece of light iron along the keel acts as a brace and a protection to the bottom. The sixteen-foot canoe weighs only fifty pounds. They are unexcelled for lightness, finish, model and thorough workmanship ; are very strong, and with care should last a man a lifetime.'

With Gordon's canoes I am at present unacquainted.

All these Peterboro' and Rice Lake canoes, as at present built, are not so well adapted for cruising as for hunting and fishing merely. The absence of a deck makes them more convenient for carrying a load and for taking more than one person on board when occasion requires ; but it puts the canoeist at the mercy of every rain-storm, and gives him the benefit of the spray in a heavy sea, besides spilling all his dunnage out if he capsizes. Then the absence of keel or centre-board, and the 'tumble home' militates against their sail-carrying powers. They are not fitted with rudders, and the paddle has to be used for steering, instead of the convenient foot-gear. Probably, however, these makers would adapt their craft to cruising requirements when requested.

The old favourite, the 'Rob Roy', the father of all the cruising canoes, must not be passed over. She is a decked canoe, of about 26 inches beam, with a nearly circular midship section underneath, giving less bearings, but making her easier to paddle. She has no sheer ; and this quality, while it makes her easy to paddle against a head wind, makes her apt to run her bow under when running before the wind. It is the 'Rob Roy' that has given canoes generally their unenviable reputation for crankness. The well-hole or cockpit is small, being only 20 inches by 32 ; and this interferes seriously with her sleeping accommodation. Hear what our oft quoted Commodore has to say upon this point—

'The captain of a 'Rob Roy,' after worming himself into the cabin, must sleep with his head and part of his chest under the deck. As an inevitable consequence, he dreams that he is buried alive in a cheap and ill-fitting coffin : and when he awakes, he invariably contuses his nose against the deck carlings. During the cruising

season the owner of a 'Rob Roy' may always be identified by his nose. A peculiar abrasion, known among anatomists as 'Macgregor's line,' diversifies the ridge of the nose, while in point of redness and swelling that organ compares favourably with the noses of our most eminent drunkards.

Two summers ago, an estimable citizen of Hoboken made his first cruise in company with a friend who owned a "Nautilus." On the first night of the cruise, the captain of the "Nautilus" was awakened by frightful though partially smothered yells. Hastily springing up and lighting a lantern, he found the 'Rob Roy' lying face downward on the sand, while her invisible captain was howling and praying for help. After considerable labour the canoe was righted and the prisoner released. One of the supports of his canoe had given way during the night; and his effort to spring out had caused the canoe to roll completely over. His difficulties had been further complicated by the pepper-box, which had upset in the immediate neighbourhood of his nose; and his condition when finally released was heart-rending. In his frenzy he seized a hatchet, and would have laid that "Rob Roy" a deckless wreck before him, had not his friend firmly held him and gradually calmed his rage. The estimable citizen subsequently sold his "Rob Roy" to a theological student, who soon after adopted the Sabellian heresy. The world will never know to what extent his canoe was responsible for his lapse from orthodoxy.

'Now, a canoe in which one cannot sleep comfortably, is so far unfit for cruising. Of course one might carry a tent, and sleep on shore; but the weight of the tent and the trouble of pitching it interfere greatly with the canoeist's comfort. Moreover, the canoeist who does not sleep in his canoe is guilty of treason, and deserves the lasting scorn of all loyal paddlers.' In another place he says: 'A canoe that cannot be slept in is not a canoe, but an

insufficiently hollow mockery.' With which I heartily coincide.

The *Nautilus* and the *Shadow* are two popular types of canoe, which I have not space to describe more particularly. The former is the design of Mr. Baden Powell, an Englishman, who has done much for the advancement of canoeing; the latter that of Mr. Alden. They are decked, with well in the centre, and have watertight compartments, stowage room, sails, double paddle, rudder, and sometimes one centreboard.

The Racine Company, of Racine, Wisconsin, have late made a great stroke by constructing canoes, of a kind of veneer, consisting of three thicknesses of hardwood joined together by waterproof cement. It makes a beautiful canoe, and one that slips through the water easily. Their canoes have at present no centreboards.

The use of a centreboard in a canoe will appear too great an innovation to many canoeists, and it has not become as well recognised on this continent as in England. It is, however, essential to one who does much sailing; as its only substitutes are the troublesome leeboard, or the awkward fixed keel. Where one centreboard alone is used in a canoe, it is put at the forward end of the well, out of the way. This may make it necessary to step the mast pretty well forward. A jointed steel centreboard, with galvanized iron box, made by Attwood Brothers, of Clayton, New York, is well adapted for canoes. It is designed to fit under the seat of a skiff, and occupies but little room. It is very favourably spoken of around the Thousand Islands, where many are in use. The whole arrangement only weighs eight pounds, and only a quarter inch slot need be cut in the keel. It is to be tested on some Toronto canoes this summer.

I might fill several pages with information about canoes, and canoe rigs and fittings; but it would not interest the general reader. Any one seeking information on these points, I would re-

fer to the library of the Toronto Canoe Club, where a great deal of information is collected.

I am not aware that there is any builder in Canada, who makes a speciality of such canoes as the *Pearl*. Toronto has boat-builders who cannot be excelled anywhere; and they could build first-class canoes, if furnished with proper moulds and drawings; but their difficulty would lie in the special fittings needed for cruising, etc., which would be more expensive to provide than where a number of the same kind are being made.

A desideratum for canoeists is some gear by which they can reef their sail by a simple motion of the hand, without rising from their seat. The Commodore of the Toronto Canoe Club has been experimenting in this direction with great success. He has also arranged an excellent foot-steering gear, which is more convenient than those ordinarily in use. Another member of the club has also got out a quick-reefing gear, which he does not, however, think as good as the Commodore's.

A small spirit-stove, it should not be forgotten, is a useful and necessary article of the canoeist's outfit.

One very enjoyable feature of a canoe club is a joint cruise of the fleet, when a large number of the members proceed together for a short voyage,

lasting one, two, or more days. A very good plan is to leave on the evening before a public holiday, and return on the morning after the holiday, which gives one clear day on the water and two nights' camping, in the canoes or otherwise. Such a fleet of canoes under sail has a very picturesque appearance upon the water.

A word in conclusion about the 'double cruising canoe,' sometimes called 'The Married Member's' canoe. It is about sixteen feet long, and arranged to be paddled by two. For my part, where two men go cruising together, I prefer that each should be in his own boat, except for very short cruises. *Verbum Sap.*—If you do take a friend with you in a 'double cruiser,' be sure you know well all the little kinks of his character beforehand; for there is nothing that will more bring out the 'innate cussedness' and cantankerousness of some people than a joint cruise in the same boat. But, alone in your own boat, you are captain and king, and the meeting with your friend in camp at night becomes a real pleasure. The solitary cruiser is skipper and all hands. He sings:

'Oh, I am a cook, and captain bold,
And the mate of the *North* brig;
And a bol'sun tight, and a mid-hippinit,
And the crew of the captain's gig.'

A SPRING SONG.

BY HILARY BYGRAVE, TORONTO.

A BIRD sat on my neighbour's tree,
The first that I had seen
Since March went by with noisy glee
And biting air so keen.

I knew that Winter's reign was o'er,
That Spring was close at hand,
That Summer's fragrance soon would float
Thro' all this northern land.

The bird sat singing in the sun,
And, in his gentle breast,
Felt promptings towards his loving mate,
And yearned for brood and nest.

The cares of former years no more
Were felt to be a weight ;
No more he mourned his nest despoiled,
Built with such pomp and state.

No more he wept for little birds,
That died ere they could fly,
Nor yet for those who mated were
Beneath some foreign sky.

Hope fills his heart with joy again,
And so he prunes his wings,
And, like a cherub from on high,
Sits in the sun and sings.

Sings of bright summer days to come,
Of flights by woods and streams,
Of days of love and useful toil,
Of night's repose and dreams.

Sweet bird ! I thank thee for the song
That made me pause and say,
Why backward look, O, soul of mine !
To some departed day ?

Why think of joys long since gone by,
And miss a present bliss !
Look up my soul ! there never was
A brighter day than this !

The past contained not more of joy,
Nor more that was divine,
Than yet shall come thro' future years
Into this life of thine.

Bright sunny days are yet to dawn,
And in their mellow light
The gloom of winter shall give place
To ever new delight.

O'er life's vast plain the sun still shines,
And from the further shore,
Sweet voices say, ' On, on, brave soul !
Still on for evermore !'

ROUND THE TABLE.

CARLYLE APPRAISED.

SOME time ago there appeared in one of the Reviews an article by Mr. Payn on 'Sham Admiration in Literature,' wherein some good illustrations are given of the way in which many readers, through mere imitation, or because it is the fashion, express admiration for what are called Standard Works, often without having read them, and always without having any well-considered reasons for their approbation. Something of this kind is noticeable just now in the deluge of eulogy which is being poured out in prose and verse on the works and life of Thomas Carlyle. Few of those who are so profuse in the use of such terms as 'Sage,' 'Philosopher,' 'Prophet,' and what not, seem to have considered what are the chief characteristics of his works. A Philosopher is one who has a system of laws or principles by which he can explain all kinds of phenomena. A Prophet is one who foretells truly the coming of future events. There does not seem to be in any of Carlyle's writings sufficient grounds for conferring on him either title. His philosophy is of too heterogeneous and contradictory a character to enable him or any one to account for social phenomena, and his predictions have not so far been verified, as witness, 'Shooting Niagara and after.' The Parliaments elected by the mass of English householders ('mostly fools') have grappled successfully with many antiquated abuses that have come down to them from heroic times, such as the Irish Church, Purchase in the Army, Land Tenure, and others. The one distinguishing feature of Carlyle's works, which shines conspicuously from the first to the last is, Enmity to free institutions and equal rights. His early pedagogic experiences seem to have tinged his views of human nature; he regarded the human race as a set of boys requiring to be coerced into order by arbitrary discipline and some kind of tawse, the highest virtue on their part being submission to the na-

tural born hero or king. Unfortunately his philosophy did not enable him to point out any tribunal or agency for ascertaining the qualifications of such a leader.

His 'Reminiscences' may be taken as in some sort an epitome of his works. In the chapter on Edward Irving there is the old indefinable charm of style, making the most homely incidents glow with interest, and leading the reader on page after page in a kind of fascination to the end; but there is in the rest of the work such an exhibition of bile, spitefulness, and overweening self-esteem as never was made before by a literary man. Mr. J. S. Mill is spoken of as 'Poor Mill,' and his 'Review,' which was the first to attack established dogmas on Church and State, is described as 'Hide bound' (was there ever such a palpable misjudgment?) Mr. Mill himself, as an editor, is 'Sawdust to the mast-head.' Harriet Martineau is 'Full of Nigger fanaticisms and admiration for her brother James, a Socinian (not a Unitarian) preacher of due quality.' Wilberforce is also a 'Nigger Philanthropist.' If Carlyle's philosophy had been anything worthy of the name he would have known that slavery worked its greatest mischief on the slave-owners, and that those whom he sneers at as 'Nigger Philanthropists' were in a still more conspicuous degree white philanthropists. During the many years in which Carlyle resided in London, the Dissenters waged a constant war with the arrogance and intolerance of the Established Church. There was almost continually some question at issue, Church rates, Test Acts, Parish burials. One would have expected that Carlyle, with his strict Presbyterian bringing up, would have felt keen sympathy and interest in the struggles of the Dissenters; but he never contributed a single line on their behalf. It may be urged in his defence that his attention was absorbed in his works; that he was too earnest in denouncing shams in general to find time to attack any particular sham; but the answer is, that when his absolutist feel-

ings were touched he did find time for public controversy. When Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, was found guilty by some of the best men in England of having shed innocent blood in defiance of law and justice, Carlyle was among the first to rush to his defence. The danger is that in lavishing so many encomiums on Carlyle, notwithstanding the prevailing tendency of his works, we are apt to lose sight of the great men of English history, who, not content with denouncing shams in general, single out individual abuses, and taking their lives and reputations in their hands, make continuous and successful war on those who uphold them.

J. G. W.

F.'S EXPLANATION.

'F.' has explained, and has let slip the expressions 'chivalrous insinuations,' 'the ordinary amenities of social life,' and '*honi soit qui mal y pense*,' which is commonly rendered 'evil be to him that evil thinks.' I dwell little on that. It is easy enough to overlook this sort of thing in a lady, as I must presume 'F.' to be, from the choice of the term '*chivalrous insinuations*.' The expressions are used without the understanding of their full import: they rise to the lips and bubble over, that's all. Never mind. But none the less does self-respect demand that I should show with what degree of propriety such things are said.

'F.' has explained; but the facts remain precisely as they were. The responsibility is transferred to a 'friend, far distant.' It is but a shadowy impersonality; but it must bear the brunt. 'F.' says that she would, 'rather in any such case give the *ipsissima verba*,' but that they were not to be had. She relied on the 'friend's intelligence and accuracy,' a frail support, as it has turned out. We could desire no more than the *ipsissima verba* if we were in the 'witness box.' It is certainly lawful to tell a story, even without the *ipsissima verba*, 'simply as an illustration of what we frequently see in everyday life.' Yes; but I respectfully submit that it is not exactly that, to state as a fact that a certain well-known lady told a certain story, the lady being mentioned by name. Besides, it was told by 'F.' not as such an illustration, by any means;

but as a remarkable story worth telling for itself, worth bringing in Mrs. Oliphant's authority for, and duly emphasized with a note of exclamation. It was not a story of what we 'frequently see in everyday life,' but a story of a certain paltry husband, with whom Mrs. Oliphant happened to take a journey, but who is, fortunately for human nature, now discovered to have had no existence. The *ipsissima verba* being desirable, but being wanting, it would perhaps have been better to have foregone the gratification of telling the story.

'F.' speaks of the 'only material difference' between her version of the story and mine. I think that this is perhaps hardly in accordance with 'the ordinary amenities of social life,' when I have already said, and shown by placing the two stories side by side, that one was altered from the other in every single particular. That may be referred to, and need not be repeated. So far from there being only one material difference, the transformation had been total. There was not a single 'sample brick' of the original structure left, and, in this condition of entire metamorphosis, it was built into 'F.'s article, which it had in this way been made exactly to fit. A man had been changed into a woman. A 'University Don' had been changed into a wife. His taking pupils had been changed into her taking boarders. The wife of a gentleman, making a great deal of money, as in all such cases, who would certainly never have 'put her hand' to anything, simply because such a thing is altogether contrary to custom in England, had been changed into the wife of a poor man, induced to increase her means by 'the work of her own hands.' His quadrupling of the 'family income' had been changed into her 'more than doubling it.' His little speech about 'buying' gloves had been changed into his 'talking magnanimously about giving' his wife a pair of gloves.' What had not been changed?

I will leave it to the reader of the CANADIAN MONTHLY to determine whether such a total alteration, such a reading backward, could be the work of chance;—whether there is not evidence of design as clear as the sun at noonday;—whether the same *animus* is not transparently clear in every part of it;—whether a device was not resorted to, and that device to show up an imaginary

mean husband in contrast with an equally imaginary exemplary wife.

This may possibly be said to be a 'storm in a tea-kettle.' Not exactly so. The point at stake is what degree of scrupulous fairness and accuracy of '*ipsissima verba*' should be used by the contributor to this Magazine towards its readers and towards one another. In this instance, it is evident that the want of 'intelligence and accuracy' in a 'friend' the telling of 'a story on hearsay evidence' has led to a serious reversal of fact. And of this I am very sure, that if, at any time, from whatever cause, any one of us should unfortunately fall into a misrepresentation of any kind we could not be too thankful for being set right. It is, by this time, positively certain that, whether by a friend or by some one else, at still greater distance, a device has been resorted to, by which facts have been reversed. Nor is this a merely casual matter. It is part of a systematic and frequently repeated attempt to contrast men and women, husbands and wives (a mischievous thing in itself) greatly, very greatly, to the disadvantage of the former. However pardonable or praiseworthy this may be supposed to be, it will assuredly never gain, in the long run, by invention or exaggeration, wheresoever derived.

As to the 'conjecture that A. B. C. may be mistaken,' the remarks about 'the whole context,' and 'disjointed questions notoriously misleading,' it is to be hoped that such suggestions rest on better authority than that to which 'F.' trusted before. I could hardly do more than refer by name and date, as I did, to the original article by Mrs. Oliphant. It is procurable at any time, at very small cost, with very little trouble.

As to whether or not Mrs. Oliphant 'does not usually write nonsense,' this has little to do with the question that I can see. But I may just leave it to opinion to settle whether or not it is nonsense (or at least a most nonsensical way of enforcing the point at issue) to say that the whole 'grievances of woman' depend upon '*sentiment*.' Not upon fact, *not* upon reality, *not* upon proof, but upon '*sentiment*.' That without this *sentimental* grievance 'the occasional wrongs of legislation' (mark that) 'the disabilities at which we grumble would be but pin-pricks, and would lose all their force.' I will leave it to be settled whether it is not only 'nonsense' but a very great deal worse than 'nonsense,' most mischievous nonsense, to say that 'the sentiment of men towards women is thoroughly ungenerous, from beginning to end, from the highest to the lowest.' Was the prime minister, who recommended that a pension should be bestowed on Mrs. Oliphant, 'thoroughly ungenerous' towards her? Have all the publishers with whom she has dealt, all the critics who have generally spoken of her works in a kindly spirit, exhibited towards her a 'thoroughly ungenerous' *sentiment*. Were the Messrs. Blackwood, who opened their pages freely to her when she had her mark to make (and who, I know, are generous in their payments, from an instance which was brought under my own notice) 'thoroughly ungenerous' in their *sentiment* towards her? Did they say, as men to her a woman, we must beg to be excused?

It will *not* do. Such monstrous, sweeping charges only carry their own condemnation with them.

A. B. C.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Reminiscences, by THOMAS CARLYLE.
Edited by JAMES A. FROUDE. No.
166 Franklin Square Library. New
York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto:
James Campbell & Son, 1881.

Mr. Froude has done well in giving to the world these last words from the lips of a great man, instead of withholding

them for amalgamation with the ponderous biography, or "Life and Letters," with which we are sure some day to be afflicted. It is much for us to hold once more in our hands a book from cover to cover the product of Carlyle's own mind, a book, too, produced at white heat, when that pure and vigorous mind was

concentrated upon the memories of a few departed spirits, affliction for whose loss seemed to have

'killed the flock of all affections else.'

and left the soul keenly and exclusively awake to such impressions of its vanished ones as it could yet gather from the dim vast of bye-gone years. There is, too, a peculiar appropriateness in the prompt appearance of these sketches, when we are still keenly feeling the loss of their author. For they are written in a sad minor key and in the immediate presence of death. The sketch of Carlyle's father was written between the dates of his decease and his burial, that of Carlyle's wife at different intervals within a few months of her sudden death, the saddened writer breaking off in the midst to record the cutting of her tombstone ('the Eternities looking down on the mason and on us poor sons of Time! peace, peace!'). It is true that the other principal piece of biography was written more than thirty years after its subject, Irving, had left the scene of his earthly labours; but the vividness with which the past is conjured up makes us feel that the hallowing effects of time had but deepened and revived the early feelings of affection Carlyle felt for that bright spirit, before the erratic course of Irving's after-life had separated them. 'It is like bidding him farewell for a second and the last time.'

Let us first glance rapidly at the account of Carlyle's father, James Carlyle, the stone-mason and farmer of Ecclefechan. He was no 'hollow eye-servant,' and when he put firm, sound work in brig and dyke and farm-steading, he was building more than mere material walls. Unconsciously his faithful life was teaching his son to honour truth and hate a sham, whether it was shown in 'palace-building and kingdom-founding or only in delving and ditching.' The sight of the father contentedly bending day by day his great natural endowments to plain humble task work led the son to ponder on the message he was thereafter to proclaim among the bustle of a self-seeking civilization,—'All human work is transitory, small in itself, contemptible: only the worker thereof, and the spirit that dwelt in him, is significant.'

Himself uneducated, in the usual sense of the word, the elder Carlyle, against the advice of friends and relations, gave his son a good education; poor as he

was 'he was always generous to me in my school expenses.' But certainly the best part of the learning he gave was that which was imparted by his own life. We seem to see in the older man an image of what the son might have been had his heart never been touched and shaken by the thronging doubts and hopes of a new age. The old formula sufficed for the father: but the young man had to wrestle with thoughts unspeakable and darkness as of the pit before he could find foothold in the weltering chaos around him and discovered it was possible to be true even there.

Very lovingly did Carlyle regard his old father across the gulf of distance, material and intellectual, which ever widened between them. The lesson we may learn from the relation they bore to one another is to give our feelings free scope while there is yet time. Carlyle dwells sadly on the petty presents he could make his father, a pair of silver spectacles a cake of tobacco. 'Thou who wouldst give, give quickly. In the grave thy loved one can receive no kindness.' The same thought recurs in the memoir of Mrs. Carlyle, 'I never praised her enough . . . too late now! . . . she never knew how much I loved her! Oh, that I had you yet for but five minutes, to tell you all!'

Naturally, the paper of recollections of James Carlyle is to a great extent an autobiography of Thomas Carlyle's childhood. It stretches back to the remembered household tales of uncles and grandfather, of old comrades of the father's earlier day who fitfully appear to the young lad and serve to embody the more or less legendary tales he heard about them from his elders. In this way the memoir becomes a most inestimable picture-gallery of lower Scotch life, depicted in the most graphic manner and throwing a flood of light upon the mode of living in those days which the future social historian would otherwise have most grievously lacked. There is old John Orr, the tippling shoemaker and itinerant schoolmaster, who gave James Carlyle what solid knowledge of arithmetic he possessed, bethinking himself in a darkly lucid interval of his dissipations that his father's grave lay 'without stone of memorial.' The stone itself was miles off, ready cut, but Orr had 'no shilling of money to hire a carter. He desperately got the stone on his back; it was a load that well nigh

killed him. Some one found him thus truggling with it near Main Hill' and the stone got happily set up at last. What a picture beneath the dim straggling rays of a misty Scottish moonlight night! Or we have an evening scene, the dawning of the little fellow's memory, when his father carried him across Mein Water, . . . 'the pool spanned by a wooden bow without railing, and a single plank broad. He lifted me against his thigh with his right hand and walked carelessly along till we were over. My face was turned rather downwards. I looked into the deep clear water and its reflected skies with terror, yet with confidence that he could save me.'

That part of the book which treats of Carlyle's friendship with Edward Irving possesses a melancholy interest of its own. It is indeed a soul's tragedy, all the more sad for the calm and happy light that was shed around the earlier scenes of their intercourse. Irving was the elder of the two, the more brilliant, the more captivating, and the more successful. The more we dwell on the outward disparity between the two young men the more we are led to admire the generosity and open mindedness with which the gifted preacher recognised the greatness of spirit that was hidden from the common herd beneath Carlyle's rough exterior, struggling as he then was with penury, ill-health and a fixed determination not to sell his life into the bondage of any of the acknowledged professions or respectable modes of obtaining a livelihood. These memoirs of Irving are in great part a memoir of Carlyle's youth, his early attempts at pedagoguery, walking tours, wild yachting excursions, in which Irving joined him, 'rather preferring the helm-part and not much taking the oar when he could honourably help it.' Then we find the success of Irving driven like a wedge between them,—the eloquent minister drawn to London, his popularity 'taking fire there,' Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, Lady Jersey rushing to hear him day after day till he believed that the 'Christian religion was again to dominate all minds, and the world to become an Eden by his thrice-blessed means.' All this while Carlyle is bitterly struggling among the thorny paths of unremunerative literature, chiefly of the German sort, and their meetings are but occasional. Irving is still most friendly, his house is ever

open to Carlyle, his interest with London publishers at command; but it gets more and more sad to the rugged independent thinker to notice how his friend's finer qualities were being spoilt by the incessant adulation that surrounded him. 'In this liberal London, pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to.' Then follow increasing eccentricities on Irving's part as the beautiful dream he had conjured up melted away; struggling to retrieve his position which resulted in his offending his hearers by a direct openness of denunciation which they deserved but did not expect; finally expulsion for some over-thoughtful heresy or suspicion of heresy from the Scotch Church and the founding of his own sect so soon to be fouled by the parasitic growth of 'the Tongues,' inane senseless shrieking of 'lah-lalling women.' Very touching is the passage in which Carlyle speaks of his riding alone up the Tottenham Court Road after Irving's death and looking back at the 'sierra of London,' its domes and spires saw-edged against the clear sky, and reflecting that the steeple of the Caledonian Chapel which he descried among them was the only positive mark that was left of Irving having ever lived, or ever worked, in the great metropolis.

The reminiscences of Mrs. Carlyle coming after the other two memoirs, and being written quite independently and without reference to the others, to some extent cover the same ground and present us with the same facts in slightly differing form. Owing also, to the intense closeness of sympathy between Carlyle and his wife, they are in effect a biography of the author no less than of his life-companion, and we feel that the years of survival were empty and unprofitable to the aged man who could not find in the few remaining friends of his manhood that companionship with which his wife's sympathy had cheered him through the difficult tasks of his life. His best years, all his great works, date before his wife's sudden death. She shared his poverty and silent toil, foresaw his success and gave him that encouragement which rendered it possible. When his 'French Revolution' came out she was almost angry with him for doubting, in that reaction which inevitably follows long-sustained effort, the hold which it at once took upon the

public. Long afterwards when the appearance of the 'Latter-day Pamphlets' revealed how wide a gulf had secretly been forming between Carlyle's philosophy and the system to which his early friends would fain have had him attached,—when those friends seemed to him becoming hide-bound and withered in their whiggisms and politico-economical nostrums Mrs. Carlyle remained firmly at his side. 'In the whole world I had one complete approver; in that, as in other cases, one, and it was worth all.

She was glad at my getting delivered of my black electricities and consuming fires in that way.'

'One complete approver,'—one, that is, over and above his own deliberate conviction and clearest inner conscience, against which, we may be very sure, Carlyle never spake or uttered syllable. But while we grant this intense conviction of belief in everything he wrote, must we not ask ourselves very seriously if a long course of ever-increasing seclusion and communion with his own spirit, backed by the firm affectionate echoing of his own ideas by the 'one complete approver,' did not tend to narrow his views of men and to darken the future of mankind in his eyes? Readily we will admit that the germ of his latest Jamaica or United States Slavery utterances is to be found in even his earliest works; even more willing are we to allow that the message he ever reiterated against the shams and wind-bags of modern Democracy was most cryingly needed by the age; but would it not have been possible, under happier circumstances, for Carlyle to have moderated his virulence against the school of Mill ('much macerated, changed and fanaticized John Mill') and of Bentham? The men had so much in common, after all, in their desire to better the universe and leave mankind better than they found it. It is almost necessary to remind a generation which has heard its possibly vindictive sage expend so much energy in denouncing 'shallow Bethanisms' what Jeremy Bentham really did. He found the Government of England steeped in official corruption of which we can have no idea, the foul offspring of lavish war-contracts and unmerited pension grants. He found a criminal code that paralleled that of Timbuctoo, except in the heads of simplicity and freedom from expense. The sources of justice were polluted, the representation

of the people was cramped and subjected to a thousand humiliations, the laws of libel, of property, of commerce, all twisted into so many potent engines to oppress the people. Against such abuses he laboured all day long. In his voluminous writings were stored up the weapons with which the Reformers of the next generation effected such necessary changes as he did not live to see achieved. It is impossible to calculate the mass of actual sin, misery and poverty which he helped to dissipate, the impetus he gave to freedom of thought and discussion, to education and everything which is prized by a freeman. Surely some more cordial recognition was due to such a man from a mind like Carlyle's. But the later writer was so occupied by the undoubted fact that an improved system of popular representation had not cured every ill the political frame was heir to, that he overlooked the enormous positive good which the Reformers of Bentham's school actually effected. To us it seems as if Bentham held the place of a good Samaritan putting the cup of cold water to the lips of some traveller, dust-choked in the desert sand storm, and bidding him be of good courage. Carlyle stands by and assures the reviving man that he will surely thirst again, and that the oasis to which his saviour points him is but a mirage that deludes the eye. Both seek the good of the wearied one, but why should the dark-eyed prophet of disaster scorn the man who has at least relieved the pressing needs which, but for his timely help, would have stopped the wayfarer's labouring breath for ever.

It grieves us to note that Carlyle appears to have been unable to appreciate any of his contemporaries. We can understand his not caring for Sir Walter Scott, in spite of their being compatriots, when we look at the different way in which they were affected by King George's farcical visit to Edinburgh. The loyal baronet, in an effusion of zeal, burst into verse,

'Carl, now the King's come!'

snatched the tumbler out of which the royal thirst had been assuaged, put it in his coat tail pocket and added a fit climax to these mock-heroics by sitting down on it in a moment of inadvertence! Carlyle, grimly reading the placard in which the civic authorities exhorted the public to put on 'black

coats and white duck trousers' on the occasion of His Majesty's advent, inwardly swore that he would put on white coat and black pants rather than give in to such 'scandalous flunkeys,' from whose threatened 'effervescence' of loyalty he fled for a week's country jaunt. But it is the same with authors of every stamp. Lamb and his sister are 'a very sorry pair of phenomena.' Yet, undoubtedly Lamb sacrificed more for his sister than Carlyle ever did for his suffering wife, and never had to pen such remorseful sentences as Carlyle does here about his own neglect. Lamb's talk is 'contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness,' not to say 'insuperable proclivity to gin.' His wit is 'diluted insanity.' The popularity of Darwin's physical discoveries was wonderful to him, 'as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind. . . . I could never waste the least thought on it.' Mrs. Carlyle's abilities must be exaggerated at the expense of 'all the Sands and Eliots and babbling *cohue* of "celebrated scribbling women," all of whom, boiled down, 'could not make one such woman.' This is bad, but what follows is worse. Wordsworth's works he could 'never considerably reverence,' his melody is as of 'an honest rustic fiddle, good and well handled, but wanting two or more of the strings, *and not capable of much!*' Personally, he found Wordsworth conceited. Milton and Shakespeare had their limitations and 'gradually it became apparent to me that of transcendent unlimited there was, to this critic, probably but one specimen known,—himself!' After this, we need not wonder that 'nothing came from "Coleridge" that was of use to me that day, or in fact any day.' Macaulay, De Quincey, what treatment can they expect when great genius is thus roughly labelled and pushed aside as useless and imperfect! It is with sorrow that we have written the concluding paragraph of this notice, but when so great a man as Carlyle shows so narrow a power of appreciation for the greatness of others it is a duty, no less necessary than painful, to point out the blot lest we should suffer his declared opinions to blemish the received reputations of men in every way his equals.

Ward's Selections from the English Poets. London & New York: Macmillan & Co., 1880. [FOURTH NOTICE. Vol. III. Addison to Blake.] Toronto: Copp, Clarke & Co.

No more difficult problem is presented to the critic than that which calls for the correct appreciation of the poetry of the eighteenth century. We look back with pity, not unmingled with contempt, at the overweening confidence in their own powers with which the polished writers of our so-called Augustan age complacently dubbed themselves the heirs of the beauties of their predecessors and the correctors of their faults. It was in this vein that Johnson cried Milton down, and Addison patronisingly cried him up, and it was the conviction that every alteration they made must be an improvement which spoilt the scholars of that century as editors of our older poets.

But while there is no risk now-a-days of our sharing the exaggerated views which our forefathers held about the charms of the ingenious Mr. Tickell, and his host of fellow versifiers, neither is it possible for us any longer to swell the chorus of depreciation beneath which the school of Wordsworth at one time drowned the few feeble voices which were yet uplifted in praise of the school whose glories culminated in Pope. Between these two opposing courses the critic must steer a justly distinguishing way of his own, and, as usual, it will be found that one of his greatest difficulties arises from the grouping of too many opposing elements together and the attempt to find a general formula sufficiently wide to embrace them all. So long as it was the generally received notion that from Dryden onwards English verse became more and more polished, cold and artificial, until Wordsworth and Coleridge by a dead lift raised it again to a warmer and more natural atmosphere, criticism was baffled in its attempts to conform to such an unnatural classification. The task would have been too great even for Procrustes to make Addison, Pope and Johnson on the one hand, and Gray, Chatterton and Blake on the other, lie snugly in the same bed.

It is, however, a fact, and one which Mr. Ward's selections bring out clearly before us, that the natural style of poetry as opposed to the artificial style, the

simple study of Nature as opposed to the frigid study of society and morals, never did die out, but that its traditions were carried on by an unbroken chain of writers in spite of the dazzling attractions which the magnificent verse of Pope held out to every young rhymist.

It is not to be supposed that even these lovers of the country succeeded in freeing themselves entirely from the influence of the age which produced 'Windsor Forest.' Lady Winchilsea, who has been named with praise by Wordsworth himself, affords a good example of this. In the following passage from her 'Nocturnal Reverie':

'The loos'd horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade
we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear';

we clearly see a study from rustic life, depicted in simple and appropriate language. But only a few lines before we have been inflicted with 'darkened groves' wearing 'softest shadows' and 'sun-burned hills,' concealing their 'swarthy looks,' and we remember that the fair author was a correspondent of Pope's.

The same singular mixture is observable in the poetry of Parnell. Mr. Gosse, in his prefatory remarks (at p. 134) justly remarks that the '*Hermit*' may be considered the 'apex and *chef d'œuvre* of Augustan poetry in England.' Yet his hymn to '*Contentment*' contains passages which breathe the love of Nature in the poet's mind and the awakening sense that inanimate objects have a way to say to us. Moon and stars, and seas, he says,

'The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see
Should be sung and sung by me;
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Thomson's '*Seasons*' are too well known to need more than a passing allusion. Wonderful as his description of the varied aspects of an English country-side undoubtedly are, they remain, in our opinion, pen photographs only. In Thomson, British poetry seemed to be recovering the essential faculty of looking at Nature with its own eyes instead of through the medium of distorting pseudo-classicism, and the not

less important power of recording those impressions in honest blank verse, free from the entrapping influences of rhyme. But these tasks seemed to exhaust Thomson's powers. He could draw a religious moral from his winter landscape or overworked peasant, but he took his meanings out for a walk with him, and did not draw them out of the objects he studied. The two lines of Parnell's quoted above, which we have italicised, will serve to illustrate the difference between the attitude which these poets of the dawning revival observed towards hill and flood and the standpoint from which Wordsworth regarded the same natural phenomena. The earlier writers granted a message to the moon and the flowers, but that message was subordinated to the 'tongue of man,' which was to express it, and, in the expression, too often coloured it with his own impressions. Wordsworth would allow that man's voice is needed to formulate and publish forth as it were the viewless thoughts with which scour and fell inspire him. But at the same time those thoughts were so clear to him and their meaning so unmistakable that the 'tongue of man' became the mere instrument to record them with in fitting words. To one set of poets the interpreter was everything, to the other school he occupied a subservient position to the dim '*natur-bilden*' whose message was breathed upon his lips.

Dyer next claims our attention. In his poem of '*Grongar Hill*' he plays as it were a softer, simpler prelude to the grand music which Shelley afterwards elicited from the same lyre in his '*Lines written among the Euganean Hills*.' Allowing for the difference in poetic spirit and in the grandeur of the associations awakened by the several landscapes, it is wonderful what a similarity of thought and diction is to be traced in the two kindred poems. To Dyer's eyes

'Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires.'

Venice, on the distant horizon of Shelley's gaze, presents him with the same idea, more nobly and more fully expressed:

'Column, tower, and dome and spires
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;—'

After Dyer, Collins snatches up the lamp of natural poetry and passes it on to Gray. We can only afford space for one quotation from Collins, and that will serve to show how much wider and nobler was the view he took of Nature than was that of his contemporaries. Dyer sang from the material altitude of Grongar, but Collins lifts himself in imagination till, piercing at once the bounds of time and space, he sees all Britain lying beneath him, joined as old tradition tells us to the opposing shore and the 'silver streak of sea' effaced, while the Gaul is

'Passing with unwet feet through all our land.'

With bold imagery he calls us to behold

'And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side,'

and the beauty of the description is enhanced by the proud boast which closes the antistrophe of the ode, that this 'blest divorce' is owing to Liberty, who destined England's vales to be 'her loved, her last abode.' This has been a fruitful thought and a favourite one among our later poets; Tennyson sings 'God bless the narrow seas that keep her off!' and Wordsworth, in one of his noble sonnets, gave expression to his feeling of surprise at beholding on a clear day,

'The coast of France,—the coast of France
how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood,
I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!'

To pass to Gray, we prefer to take our typical quotation from his ode '*On the Progress of Poesy*,' rather than from the '*Elegy*,' beautiful as the descriptive passages in the latter poem undoubtedly are. But for our present purpose, and to show how a grand thought could be drawn from natural imagery and couched in simple phrase by a contemporary of Johnson, we prefer to adduce the well-known couplet descriptive of the abandonment by the Muses of their favourite Grecian haunts,

'Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around.'

To Gray's lofty mind Hymettus and Parnassus had imbibed the atmosphere of poesy with which Greek bards had surrounded them, until they were themselves ready to part with it again in the

form of an inspiration purer, more intense and more refined than they had at first breathed into the souls of their earliest admirers. The poet and the mountain act and react on each other, a noble thought and one which the school of Pope was incapable of producing.

In Warton we find some occasional touches, such as the picture of the hawthorn hedge in spring—

'Which, to the distant eye, displays
Weakly green its budding sprays'

that plainly shows he possessed an observant eye for the more delicate and unobtrusive aspects of the seasons. But it is when we come to Chatterton that we appreciate the full tide of life that was ready to invigorate the system of English poetry. No piece of Pre-Raphaelite word-embroidery such as Tennyson's lovely picture of the 'clustering marsh-mosses' in *Mariana* exceeds for truth and delicacy of execution some of Chatterton's descriptions, as the passage in one of his *Eclogues* in which Robert the neat-herd, wails his 'king-cup-deckèd leas.'

'My garden whitened with the cumfrey-plant,
My flower-Saint-Mary glinting with the light.'

In dealing with Chatterton's archaic spelling and oft-times imaginary words, Mr. W. F. Watts (who sub-edits the selections from his works) has adopted a curious and it seems to us a mistaken plan. The untouched text of Chatterton has, no doubt, a repulsive look to the modern reader, but when we consider how much harmony depends on the sound of a word or the turn of an expression, we should hesitate in substituting a modern phrase even if we could get one that bears exactly the same meaning. Mr. Watts keeps enough of Chatterton's mannerisms to necessitate the use of notes, but in the majority of cases he alters the text at his own sweet will. Nor does he exercise his discretion wisely, as will appear when we note that he retains 'abrodden' for 'abruptly,' and yet alters the by no means unknown word 'nesh' into 'slim,' at once thereby making a very fine line descend into the depths of common-place.

When we find Cowper in his most natural mood, he gives us charming peeps into English rural scenery, as for instance that delightful little piece on the

felled poplar trees (p. 481). At other times, and except for a naturally stronger infusion of religious sentiment, he seems to us to follow in Thomson's footsteps too closely for us to class his country scenes in any way apart from those of his predecessor. On the whole, he appears to belong more to the past than the present. It is with an effort we put ourselves in his place. But immediately after him come Burns and a troop of minor Scotch song-writers, and we feel at once the fresh breeze of to-day stirring around our temples. We must refrain from selections,—all we need say is, take down your Burns and remind yourselves, if you need reminding, how many of the master-chords of your nature are touched by him on every page. He finds the 'soul of goodness in things evil' from the 'wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,' typical of the minor destructive powers of creation, up to 'auld nickie-ben' himself, the prince of the powers of the air, who might,—how can we tell?—have a chance yet if he would but 'tak a thought an' men'. His loves were loved in the open air, and the songs that tell of them have the sough of the wind, the lilt of the laverock and the rush of the brook running through them all. The good and the true, he champions under whatever lowly form he may descry it; the hypocrite, the fanatic and the knave need not expect by sheltering themselves behind a national religion to escape his scorn and his derision. Long may the fearless spirit of Burns be considered as typical of the spirit of the age which he ushered in!

William Blake differed from Burns in this, that he had no audience. To what pitch of clarity he might have attained had his verses been on the lips of young and old, rich and poor, we may imagine but, alas! can never know. Starting from a wonderful simplicity which enthralled one with all the charm of holy words uttered by a childish tongue, the growing depths of meaning within him seemed gradually to exceed his power of expression. We have seen paintings by

great masters which to the untutored eye appear masses of confused colour;—you must find out the proper distant stand-point before even the subject is comprehensible to you. So it is with the mass of Blake's works. Unfortunately in the case of his so-called prophetic works, the stand-point is irretrievably lost,—yet there can be no doubt that the mind which grasped all the majesty of the Book of Job and embodied it in the finest designs that ever lived beneath the graver of a biblical artist, must have had vast and kindred thoughts well worthy of being treated in epic form. That he was imbued with such mighty fancies we know from his poem of *The Tiger*, which ranks with Behemoth and Job's Warhorse as one of the grandest conceptions in our tongue:

'When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

With Blake this volume closes, but with his poetry a new school sprang full-armed into being. The fact is amply recognised now that Coleridge and Wordsworth are followers of Blake, and that they did but, as Swinburne puts it, entrench at day break the ground he had occupied over night. It will, however, we think, be apparent from what we have said, that in several important points English poets always kept alive that love of nature the credit of reviving which has been improperly fathered upon Wordsworth, and that among the frigidly correct versifiers of our Augustan age there were always a chosen few who did not bend the knee to Baal.

* * * * *

A few misprints remain to be noticed. At page 74 'springes' is transformed into the monosyllable 'springs,' to the destruction of the metre of one of Pope's lines; at p. 106 'not' takes the place of 'nod' and spoils the sense; similarly at p. 181 'sate' is made to read 'fate,' probably attributable to the old form of long s. in the original.

LITERARY NOTES.

A COLLECTION of the scattered letters, published chiefly in the daily newspapers, from 1840 to 1880, by John Ruskin, and now edited by an Oxford pupil, is one of the latest issues of the English press. The collection is comprised in two volumes and bears the title of 'Arrows of the Chase.'

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, well-known to our readers as Ambassador for a lengthened period of the British Government at Constantinople, has just issued a volume on the 'Eastern Question.' The work consists of a selection of His Lordship's writings during the last five years of his life.

A well-deserved compliment has just been paid by the University of Oxford to the head of the house of Messrs Macmillan & Co., the eminent London publishers. That venerable institution recently conferred on Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the honorary degree of M.A., in recognition of his services as publisher for the past seventeen years to the Clarendon Press. The honour, though unusual, is a fitting one.

The *Boston Literary World*, of the 26th February, devotes a large portion of its pages to the publication of a series of commemorative papers on the poet Longfellow, who, on that day, had reached his seventy-fourth birthday. Among the contributors to the issue we notice two Canadians, Mr. George Stewart, junr., at one time editor of this magazine, and Mr. F. Blake Crofton, of Truro, N.S., a contributor to our pages. Both papers are gracefully written and are marked by loving sympathy with, and intelligent appreciation of, the New England poet. Mr. Stewart's theme is 'Longfellow in Canada,' and treats of his influence on the literary thought of the Dominion, particularly among the song-writers of the French Province. Mr. Crofton takes 'Evangeline' for his text, and quotes passages from the poem to show the fidelity, as well as the felicity, of the poet's pictures of scenes in Acadie and of the local colouring to be found in the poem.

Mr. Longfellow must have been gratified by these tributes from the Dominion.

Native literary taste and ability allied to artistic skill, and the poetic gifts of execution in the engraver, are now being organized, in the hands of the Art Publishing Co. of Toronto (Messrs. Belden & Co.), with the design of producing one of the most sumptuous art-books which the native publisher has ever dreamed of giving to the Canadian book-buyer. The project is to publish in a series of some thirty parts, at a cost of sixty cents each, a work entitled 'Picturesque Canada: Our Country as it was and is,' with descriptions, by pen and pencil, of the most characteristic scenery of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our towns, cities, lakes and water-ways, with the industries, occupations and sports of our people, will be graphically delineated and vividly portrayed; while glimpses of the historic life of the country, consisting of scenes in the Indian, French, and American wars, the explorations of voyageurs and missionaries, and the pioneering work of the emigrant, will be given from the most authentic sources, to add to the charm and interest of the book. The literary part of the work is to be under the editorship of Principal G. M. Grant, the art department under Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, and the engraving under the superintendence of Mr. G. F. Smith—men thoroughly competent to perform their duties and to give assurance of the high character of the enterprise. Over \$100,000, it is confidently stated, is to be spent on the work, an amount which will be the best guarantee of its excellence and worth. Already the book has been generously subscribed for, and its patrons may look at an early day for its initial numbers.

Mr. Le Moine, of Quebec, whose delightful historical papers, enshrined in the several series of 'Maple Leaves,' are so well known to Canadian readers, has just published an inaugural address, read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on 'The Scot in New

France.' The address deals at great length with the records of Scottish heroism and enterprise, gathered over a period of three hundred and fifty years, from the historical and biographical annals of the French Province. The *brochure* is enriched by an appendix, containing interesting information res-

pecting eminent Scotchmen, who have played a part in French Canadian affairs. It should be read in connection with Mr. Rattray's able and exhaustive work on 'The Scot in British North America,' the second volume of which we are glad to learn is just about to issue from the press.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

'The Story of an Honest Man,' is the title of Edmund About's latest work. Is it necessary to add that it is a work of fiction?

An old judge of the New York Supreme Court, meeting a friend in a neighbouring village, exclaimed, 'Why, what are you doing here?' 'I'm at work, trying to make an honest living,' was the reply. 'Then you'll succeed,' said the judge; 'for you'll have no competition.'

As a well known professor was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met an individual of weak intellect. 'Pray,' said the professor, 'how long can a person live without brains?' 'I dinna ken,' replied Jemmy, scratching his head. 'How auld are ye yersel?'

'How shall I have my bonnet trimmed,' asked Maria, 'so that it will agree with my complexion?' 'If you want it to match your face, have it plain,' replied the hateful Harriet.

Ministers very seldom attend balls, but we caught one the other day, and really saw him dance. It was a snow-ball, and he attended it right behind the ear. He danced to his own music for about five minutes, and then 'sa-shayed' down the street after the boy.

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought of far too little importance to be attended to.

Women are happier in the love they inspire than in that which they feel; men are just the contrary.

'Neuralgia' is the charming name borne by a charming girl. Her fond mother found it on a medicine bottle, and was captivated with its sweetness.

'Really, my dear,' said Mr. Jones to his better-half, 'you have sadly disappointed me! I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste.' 'Then, my love,' was the reply, 'console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live.'

A pedagogue endeavoured to instil prudence into the minds of his pupils by making them count a hundred slowly before speaking, or, in a matter of importance five hundred. Finishing a lecture upon the subject, he took his stand by the stove, and, after some minutes, observed that the lips of all his scholars were moving slowly and noiselessly. Presently and simultaneously they all broke out, 'Four hundred and ninety-nine! Five hundred! Master, your coat-tails are all on fire!'

On being requested to stand as god-mother to twin children of a friend, a lady who was an enthusiastic collector of old china consented on condition that she was allowed to name them. Her request being granted, she called one Bric and the other Brac, saying that when-

ever she thought of Bric *et* Brac it would remind her of the happiest days of her life—i.e., those employed in making her wonderful collection.

The Rev. Doctor Broadus, an old Baptist parson famous in Virginia, once visited a plantation where the darkey who met him at the gate asked him which barn he would have his horse put in. 'Have you two barns?' asked the doctor. 'Yes, sah,' replied the darkey; 'dar's de ole barn, and Mas'r Wales has jes build a new one.' 'Where do you usually put the horses of clergymen who come to see your master?' 'Well, sah, if dey's Metodis's or Baptis's, we gen'ally put 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopals we puts 'em in de new one.' 'Well, Bob, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian.'

The eminent mathematician Kirkman has made an exquisite translation of the well-known definition. 'Evolution is a change from an indifferent incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations.' As translated into plain English by Kirkman, it is—'Evolution is a change from a no-howish untalkaboutable all-likeness to a somehowish and in-general-talkaboutable not-all-likeness, by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations.'

'I read an interesting anecdote the other day,' says a writer in an American paper, 'concerning a gentleman who made up his mind that he would give his wife a pleasant surprise by spending the evening at home. After supper he settled himself down for a cosy time in the bosom of his family. He had no more than comfortably fixed himself when his wife asked him if his friends didn't want him any longer, and if that was why he had concluded to get acquainted with his family. Then his mother-in-law asked him if he had exhausted his credit and was obliged to stay at home. The servant asked him if he was ill, and proposed to make some tea. One of the neighbours came in and wanted to know if he had been having any trouble, and was afraid of the law. And he says it all occurred in twenty minutes, for in exactly half an hour he was "down town" again.'

Lord Eldon, it is said, left an anecdote-book in manuscript, in which he noted the following. During the debates on the India Bill, at which period John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, on one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said 'Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes.' Upon this there was a great outcry made by almost everybody in the House 'Who is it? Name him! Name him!' 'Sir,' said Sheridan to the Speaker, 'I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, sir, as soon as you could say Jack Robinson.'

THRENODY.

Oh, sweet are the scents and songs of Spring,
And brave are the summer flowers;
And chill are the Autumn winds, that bring
The winter's lingering hours.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun sinks into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The hawk sails over the sunny hill;
The brook trolls on in the shade;
But the friends I have lost lie cold and still,
Where their stricken forms were laid.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun slides into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

O life, why art thou so bright and boon!
O breath, why art thou so sweet!
O friends, how can ye forget so soon
The loved ones who lie at your feet!
But the world goes round and round,
And the sun drops into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The ways of men are busy and bright;
The eye of woman is kind;
It is sweet for the eyes to behold the light,
But the dying and dead are blind.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun falls into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

But if life awake, and will never cease,
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there for evermore;
Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea!
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me?

—From Scribner.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JUNE, 1881.

JUNE.

BY MRS. A. MAC GILLIS, BARRIE.

O LEAFY month of June, how sweet thou art !
Each added year but makes thee seem more fair,
With all thy wealth of greenness in the trees,
And all thy scent of roses in the air :

And murmuring sounds of water, lowing kine,
And birds in tree-tops singing loud and clear,
Telling their gladness to the sunny world,
That once again the month of months is here.

O golden days, almost without a night,
So long the lovely twilights ; scarce the moon,
With silver glory, bathes the earth in light,
Till banished by the roseate hues of dawn :

And so the bright days come and go, and bring
To many hearts a joy unknown before ;
For in the month of roses love is king,
And youthful lovers feel his wond'rous power,
And wish sweet June would last for evermore.

ONTARIO FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW :

A CONTRAST.

II.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, TORONTO.

THE American Revolution brought out two striking pictures of the inconsistency of human nature. The author of the Declaration of Independence lays down at the very first this axiom : ' We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal ; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ; ' and yet this man was, with numbers of others who signed the famous document, a slave-holder, and contributed to perpetuate a system which was a reproach and a stain upon the fair fame of the land, until it was wiped out with the blood of tens of thousands of its sons. The next picture that stands out in open contradiction to the declaration of equality of birth and liberty of action, appears at the end of the war. The very men who had clamoured against oppression, and had fought for their freedom and won it, in turn became the most intolerant oppressors themselves. The men who had differed from them and had adhered to the cause of the mother land, had their property confiscated and were expelled from the country. Revolutions have ever been marked by cruelty. Liberty in France inaugurated the guillotine, and the fathers of the American Revolution cast out their kindred, and they found a refuge in the wilderness of Canada, where they endured for a time the most severe privations and hardships. This was the first illustration or definition of ' liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' from an American point of view.

The result was not, perhaps, what was anticipated. The ten thousand or more of their expatriated countrymen, were not to be subdued by acts of despotic injustice. Their opinions were quite as dear to them as to those who had succeeded in wrenching away a part of the old Empire under a plea of being oppressed. They claimed only the natural and sacred right of acting upon their honest convictions, and surely no one will pretend to say that their position was not as just and tenable or less honourable than that of those who had rebelled. I am not going to say that there was no cause of complaint on the part of those who threw down the gage of war : that has been conceded long ago. The enactments of the Home Government that brought about the revolt are matters with which we have nothing to do at this time ; but when the war terminated and peace was declared, the attitude of the New Government towards those of their countrymen, who had adhered to the Old Land from a sense of duty, was cruel if not barbarous. It has no parallel in modern history unless it be that of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. The refugees, however, did not, like the Huguenots, find a home in an old settled country, but in the fastness of a Canadian forest ; and it is wonderful that so many men and women, out of love for a distant land whose subjects they had been and whose cause they had espoused, should have sacrificed everything and passed from comfortable homes and kindred

to poverty. It shows of what unbending material they were composed, and with their strong wills and stronger arms they laid the foundation of another country that it may not be beyond the reach of possibilities to imagine, shall rival the land from which they were driven. This act no doubt occasioned the settlement of the Western Province many years earlier than it would have occurred under other circumstances, and notwithstanding the attempts that were made to subdue the country when the struggle came, our fathers, who had lost none of their patriotic fire, though comparatively few in number, were not slow to shoulder their muskets and march away in defence of the land of their adoption. There were no differences of opinion on this point. A people who had first been robbed of their worldly goods and then driven from the homes of their youth were not likely soon to forget either their wrongs or sufferings nor to give up the new homes they had made for themselves under the keenest privations and severest toils, without a struggle. As our fathers successfully resisted the one, so have their children the threats and blandishments that have been used from time to time to bring us under the protecting ægis of the Stars and Stripes. The wounds that were inflicted nearly a century ago have happily closed, and we can look now with admiration on the rapid progress of the American people in all that goes to make up a great and prosperous country, and we hope to live in peace and unity with them. Still we like our own country and its system of government better, and feel that we have no reason to be discontented with its progress, nor if true to ourselves to have any doubt as to its future.

The year 1830 may be taken as the commencement of a new order of things in Canada. The people were prosperous: immigration was rapidly increasing. A system of Government had been inaugurated which, if not all

that could be desired, was capable of being moulded into a shape that would meet the wants of a young and growing country—laws to protect society, encourage education, and foster trade and commerce. The application of steam in England and the United States, not only to manufacturing purposes but to navigation, which had made some progress, but rapidly increased after this date, and the illustration Stephenson gave, in September of this year, of its capabilities as a motor in land transit, completely revolutionized the commerce of the world. It assailed every branch of industry, and in a few years transformed all. The inventive genius of mankind seemed to gather new energy, and a clearer insight into the vast results opening out before it, and the innumerable inventions which have succeeded; for the more uniform and rapid production of almost every conceivable thing used by man, have all had their origin in this Renaissance. Our Province, though remoté from this 'new birth,' could not but feel a touch of the pulsation that was stirring the world, and, though but in its infancy, it was not backward in laying hold of these discoveries and applying them as far as its limited resources would admit. As early as 1816, we had a steamer ('The Frontenac') running on Lake Ontario, and others soon followed, but the increase was much more rapid after the date we refer to, and the improvement in construction and speed was equally marked. Owing to our sparse and scattered population as well as our inability to build, we did not undertake constructing railroads until 1853, when the Northern Railway was opened to Bradford, but after that we went at it in earnest, and have kept at it until we have made our Province a net-work of railways. In order more fully to realize our position at this time, it must be borne in mind that our population only reached 210,437.

Those whose recollection runs back to this time, have witnessed changes

in this Province difficult to realize as having transpired during the fifty years which have intervened. The first settlers found themselves in a position which, owing to the then existing state of things, can never occur again. They were cut off from communication except by very slow and inadequate means with the older and more advanced parts of America, and were therefore almost totally isolated. They adhered to the manners and customs of their fathers, and though they acquired property and grew up in sturdy independence, their habits and modes of living remained unchanged. But now the steamboat and locomotive brought them into contact with the world outside. They began to feel and see that a new state of things had been inaugurated; that the old paths had been forsaken; that the world had faced about and taken up a new line of march; and, as their lives hitherto had been one of exigency, they were skilled in adapting themselves to the needs of the hour. Men, who have been trained in such a school, are quick at catching improvements and turning them to their advantage. It matters not in what direction these improvements tend, whether to agriculture, manufactures, education, or government; and we shall find that in all these our fathers were not slow to move, nor unequal to the emergency when it was pressed upon them.

One of the dearest privileges of a British subject is the right of free discussion on all topics, whether sacred or secular, more especially those of a political character and giving effect to his opinions at the polls; and no people have exercised these privileges with more practical intelligence than the Anglo-Canadian. It must be confessed that half a century ago and even much later, Colonial affairs were not managed by the Home Government altogether in a satisfactory manner. Though at the time there can hardly be a doubt that the measures emanating from the Colonial office received careful consid-

eration and were designed with an honest wish to promote the well-being of the colonists, and not in the perfunctory manner which has been ascribed to it. The great difficulty has been for an old country like the mother land, with its long established usages, its time-honoured institutions, its veneration for precedent, its dislike to change, and its faith in its own wisdom and power, to appreciate either the wants of a new country, or to yield hastily to its demands. They took for granted, that what was good for them would undoubtedly be equally beneficial to us. Their system of government, though it had undergone many a change, even in its monarchical type, was the model on which the Colonial Governments were based, and when the time came we were set up with a Governor appointed by the Crown, a Council chosen by the Governor, and an Assembly elected by the people. They had an Established Church, an outcome of the Reformation, supported by the State. It was necessary for the welfare of the people and their future salvation, that we should have one, and it was given us, and large grants of land made for its support. A hereditary nobility was an impossibility, for the entire revenue of the province in its early days, would not have been a sufficient income for a noble lord. Still there were needy gentlemen of good families, as there always have been and, probably, ever will be, who were willing to sacrifice themselves for a government stipend. They were provided for and sent across the sea to this new land of ours to fill the few offices that were of any importance. There was nothing strange or unnatural in all this, and if these newcomers had honestly applied themselves to the development of the country instead of advancing their own interests, many of the difficulties which afterwards sprung up would have been avoided. The men who had made the country began to feel that they knew more about its wants than the

Colonial Office, and could manage its affairs better than the appointees of the Crown, who had become grasping and arrogant. They began to discuss the question. A strong feeling pervaded the minds of many of the leading men of the day that a radical change was necessary for the well-being of the country, and they commenced to apply the lever of public opinion to the great fulcrum of agitation, in order to overturn the evils that had crept into the administration of public affairs. They demanded a government which should be responsible to the people, and not independent of them. They urged that the system of representation was unjust and should be equalized. They assailed the party in power as being corrupt, and applied to them the epithet of the 'Family Compact'—a name which has clung to them ever since, because they held every office of emolument and dispensed the patronage to friends, to the exclusion of every man outside of its pale. Another grievance which began to be talked about, and remained a bone of contention for years, was the large grants of lands for the support of the Church of England. As the majority of the people did not belong to that body, they could not see why it should be taken under the protecting care of the State, while every other denomination was left in the cold; hence a clamour for the secularization of the Clergy Reserves began to be heard throughout the land. These with many other questions, which were termed abuses, raised up a political party that came to be known as Radicals, and later was stigmatized by the opposing party as Rebels. The party lines between these two sides were soon sharply drawn, and when the House met at York, early in January, 1830, it was discovered that a breach existed between the Executive Council and the House of Assembly, which could not be closed up until sweeping changes had been effected.

The Province at this time was di-

vided into eleven districts, or twenty-six counties, which returned forty-one members to the House, and the towns of York, Kingston, Brockville and Niagara one member each, making in all forty five representatives, but of these four were selected for the Executive Council. Obedient to the command of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Colborne, the members of the different constituencies were finding their way with sleighs (the only means of conveyance in those days) through woods and snow drifts on the first of the year to the Capital Town of York. The Province had not yet reached the dignity of possessing a city, and indeed the only towns were the four we have named of which Kingston was the largest and most important. It had a population of 3,635, and York 2,860. A member from Winnipeg could reach Ottawa quicker and with much more comfort now than York could be reached from the Eastern and Western limits of the Province in those days.*

Marshal Spring Bidwell was Speaker, and the following formed the Executive Council:—J. Carey, Inspector-General; John H. Dunn, Receiver-General; Henry John Boulton, Attorney-General; and Christopher A. Hagerman, Solicitor-General. On the opening of the House, the address was

* Fancy such announcement as the following, appearing in our newspapers in these days, prior to the opening of the House of Assembly:—

'To the proprietors and editors of the different papers in the Eastern part of the Province. Gentlemen: Presuming that the public will desire to be put in possession of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor's speech, at the approaching Session of Parliament at an early date, and feeling desirous to gratify a public to which we are so much indebted, we shall make arrangements for having it delivered, free of expense, at Kingston, the day after it is issued from the press at York, that it may be forwarded to Montreal by mail on the Monday following.

'We are gentlemen,

'Your obedient servants,

'H. NORTON & Co., Kingston.

'W. WELLER, York.

'*Christian Guardian*, January 2nd, 1830.'

replied to by the Governor in one of the briefest speeches ever listened to on the floor of the Legislative Assembly. 'Gentlemen of the House of Assembly, I thank you for your address.' The expense of Hansards would not be very considerable if the legislators of the present day followed the example of such brevity as this.

Any one looking over the Journals of the 2nd Session of the 10th Parliament will see that there was a liberal bill of fare provided. Every member had one or more Petitions, and altogether there were one hundred and fifty-one presented, some of which read strangely in the light of the present day. Among them was one from Addington, 'praying that means may be adopted, to secure to these Provinces the trade of the West Indies, free from the United States competition.' Another from the Midland District, 'praying that an Act be passed to prevent itinerant preachers from coming over from the United States and spreading sedition,' &c. And another from Hastings, to dispose of the Clergy Reserves. 'Mr. Mackenzie gives notice that he will to-morrow, move for leave to bring in a bill to establish finger posts,' and a few years later these 'finger posts' could be seen at all the principal cross-roads in the Province. Among the bills there was a tavern and shop license bill—a bill establishing the Kingston Bank with a capital of £100,000; a bill authorizing a grant of £57,412 10s, for the relief of sufferers in the American War, and one authorizing a grant to the Kingston Benevolent Society, and also to the York Hospital and Dispensary established the year before. Among the one hundred and thirty-seven bills passed by the House of Assembly, nearly one hundred were rejected by the Legislative Council, which shows very clearly to what an almost deadlock the two Houses had come. In other respects there was nothing remarkable about the Session. The really most important thing done was the

formation of Agricultural Societies, and the aid granted them. But one can see in looking over the returns asked for and the grievance motions brought forward from time to time, the gathering of the storm that broke upon the country in 1836-7, and, however much to be deplored, it hastened, no doubt, the settlement of the vexed questions which had agitated the public mind for years. The Union of the two Provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, followed in 1841, and in 1867 Confederation took place, when our Province lost its old appellation, and was to be known henceforth as the Province of Ontario; the keystone Province of the Confederation.

It was during this year that the name of Robert Baldwin first appears in the list of members, and of the forty-five persons who represented the Province at this time, I do not know that one survives. The death of George IV. this year brought about a change; the House was dissolved, and an election ordered for October, over which there was considerable excitement, and a good many seats changed occupants, but the Family Compact was returned to power.

A general election in those days was a weighty matter, because of the large extent of the constituencies and the distance the widely scattered electors had to travel, often over roads that were almost impassable, to exercise their franchise. There was but one polling place in each county, and that was made as central as possible for the convenience of the people. Often two weeks elapsed before all the votes could be got in, and during the contest it was not an uncommon thing for one side or the other to make an effort to get possession of the poll and keep their opponents from voting. This led frequently to disgraceful fights, when sticks and stones were used with a freedom that would have done no discredit to Irish faction fights in their palmiest days. Happily,

this is all changed now. The multitude of polling places prevents a crowd of excited men from collecting together. Voters have but a short distance to go, and the whole thing is accomplished with ease in a day. Our representation is now based upon population, both for the Dominion and Provincial Governments, and the older and more densely populated counties are divided into ridings, so that the forty-eight counties and some cities and towns return to the Ontario Government eighty-eight members, six of whom form the Executive Council, and the Speaker.

Fifty years ago, the Post Office Department was under the control of the British Government, and Thomas A. Stayner was Deputy Postmaster-General of British North America. Whatever else the Deputy may have had to complain of, he certainly could not grumble at the extent of territory under his jurisdiction. The gross receipts of the Department were £8,029 2s. 6d.,* there were ninety-one post offices in Upper Canada. On the main line between York and Montreal the mails were carried by a public stage, and in spring and fall, owing to the bad roads, and even in winter, with its storms and snow-drifts, its progress was slow and often difficult. There are many still living who remember well many a weary hour and trying adventure between these points, often almost perishing with cold or famished with hunger, forced to trudge through mud and slush up to their knees because the jaded horses could barely pull the empty vehicle through the mire or up the weary hill; requiring frequently to alight and grope around in impenetrable darkness and beating storm for rails from a neighbouring fence, with which to pry the wheels out of a mud-hole into which they had, to all appearance, hopelessly sunk, or to

dig themselves out of snow-banks in which both horses and stage were firmly wedged. If they were so fortunate as to escape these mishaps, the deep ruts and corduroy bridges tried their powers of endurance to the utmost, and made the old coach creak and groan under the strain. Sometimes it toppled over with a crash, leaving the worried passengers to find shelter, if they could, in the nearest farm house until the damage was repaired. But with good roads and no breakdowns they were enabled to spank along at the rate of seventy-five miles in a day, which was considered rapid travelling. Four-and-a-half days were required, and often more, to reach Montreal from York. A merchant posting a letter from the latter place, under the most favourable circumstances, could not get a reply from Montreal in less than ten days, or sometimes fifteen; and from Quebec, from three weeks to a month. The English mails were brought by sailing vessels. Everything moved in those days with slow and uneven pace. The other parts of the Province were served by couriers on horseback, who announced their approach with blast of tin horn. That the offices were widely separated in most cases may be judged from their number. I came across recently an entry made by my father in an old account book against his father's estate, 'To one day going to the Post Office, 3s. 9d.' The charge, looked at, in the light of these days, certainly is not large, but the idea of taking a day to go to and from a post office, struck me as a good illustration of the conveniences enjoyed in those days. The correspondent at that time had never been blessed with a vision of the coming envelope, but carefully folded his sheet of paper into the desired shape, pushed one end of the fold into the other and secured it with a wafer or sealing-wax. Envelopes, now universally used, were not introduced until about 1845-50, and even blotting-paper, that indispensable re-

* I am indebted to W. H. Griffin, Esq., Deputy Postmaster-General, for information kindly furnished respecting the Post Office Department, &c.

quisite on every writing-table, was unknown. Every desk had its sand-box, filled with fine, dry sand, which the writers sprinkled over his sheet to absorb the ink, and sometimes, in a pinch, would use ashes. The goose quill was the only pen. There was not such a thing, I suppose, as a steel pen in the Province, though Gillott and Perry had invented them in 1822, but they were sold at \$36 a gross, and too expensive to come into general use. Neither was there such a thing as a bit of india rubber, so very common now; erasures had to be made with a knife. Single rates of letter postage were, for distances not exceeding 60 miles $4\frac{1}{2}$ d.; not exceeding 100 miles, 7d., and not over 200 miles 9d., increasing $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. on every additional 100 miles. Letters weighing less than one ounce were rated as single, double or treble, as they consisted of one, two or more sheets. If weighing an ounce or over the charge was a single rate for every quarter of an ounce in weight. How is it now? The Post Office Department has been, for many years, under the control of our Government. There are in Ontario 2,353 Post Offices with a revenue of \$914,382. The mails are carried by rail to all the principal points, and to outlying places and country villages by stage and by couriers in light vehicles, and with much greater despatch, owing to the improved condition of the highways. A letter of not over half an ounce in weight can be sent from Halifax to Vancouver for three cents; a book weighing five pounds can be sent the same distance for twenty cents, and parcels and samples at equally low rates. To England the rate for half an ounce is five cents, and for every additional half-ounce a single rate is added. Postage stamps and cards, the money-order system and Post-office savings banks have all been added since 1851. The merchant of Toronto can post a letter to-day and get a reply from London, England, in less time than he could in the old days from

Quebec. In 1830 correspondence was expensive and tedious. Letters were written only under the pressure of necessity; now every one writes, and the number of letters and the revenue have increased a thousand fold. The steam-ship, locomotive and telegraph, all the growth of the last half century, have not only almost annihilated time and space, but have changed the face of the world. It is true there were steam-boats running between York and Kingston, on the Bay of Quinte and the St. Lawrence, prior to 1830; but after this date they increased rapidly in number, and were greatly improved. It was on the 15th of September of this year that George Stephenson ran the first locomotive over the line between Liverpool and Manchester, a distance of thirty miles, so that fifty years ago this was the only railway with a locomotive in the world, a fact that can hardly be realized when the number of miles now in operation throughout the world, and the vast sums of money expended in their construction, are considered. What have these agents done for us apart from the wonderful impetus given to trade and commerce? You can post to your correspondent in Montreal at 6 p.m. and your letter is delivered at 11 a.m., and the next day, at noon, you have your answer, or you take up your morning's paper and you have the news from the very antipodes every day. The merchant has quotations placed before him daily and hourly from every great commercial centre in the world; and even the sporting man, as in the recent Hanlan and Trickett race, can deposit his money here and have his bet booked in London the day before.

From the first discovery of the country up to 1800, a period of nearly three hundred years, the bark canoe was the only mode of conveyance for long distances. Governor Simcoe made his journeys from Kingston to Detroit in a large bark canoe, rowed by twelve chasseurs, followed by another containing the tents and provisions. The cost

of conveying merchandise between Kingston and Montreal before the Rideau and St. Lawrence canals were built is hardly credible to people of this day. Sir J. Murray stated in the House of Commons, in 1828, that the carriage of a twenty-four pound cannon cost between £150 and £200 sterling. In the early days of the Talbot Settlement (about 1817), Mr. Ermatinger states that eighteen bushels of wheat were required to pay for one barrel of salt, and that one bushel of wheat would no more than pay for one yard of cotton.

Our fathers did not travel much, and there was a good reason, as we have seen, why they did not. The lumbering stage which Mrs. Jamieson describes as a 'heavy lumbering vehicle, well calculated to live in roads where any decent carriage must needs founder.' Another kind used on rougher roads were 'large oblong wooden boxes, formed of a few planks nailed together, and placed on wheels, in which you enter by the window, there being no door to open or shut, and no springs.' On two or three wooden seats, suspended in leather straps, the passengers were perched. The behaviour of the better sort, in a journey from Niagara to Hamilton, is described by this writer as consisting of a 'rolling and tumbling along the detestable road, pitching like a scow among the breakers of a lake storm.' The road was knee-deep in mud, the 'forest on either side dark, grim, and impenetrable.' There were but three or four steamboats in existence, and these were not much more expeditious. Fares were high. The rate from York to Montreal was about \$24. Nearly the only people who travelled were the merchants and officials, and they were not numerous. The former as often took passage on sailing vessels or batteaux, and if engaged in the lumber trade, as many of them were, they went down on board their rafts and returned in the batteaux. 'These boats were flat-bottomed, and made of pine boards, nar-

rowed at bow and stern, forty feet by six, with a crew of four men and a pilot, provided with oars, sails, and iron-shod poles for pushing, continued to carry, in cargoes of five tons, all the merchandise that passed to Upper Canada.* Sometimes these boats were provided with a makeshift upper cabin, which consisted of an awning of oil-cloth, supported on hoops like the roof of an American, Quaker, or gipsy waggon; provided with half a dozen chairs and a table, this cabin was deemed the height of primitive luxury. The batteaux went in brigades, which generally consisted of five boats. Against the swiftest currents and rapids the men poled their way up; and when the resisting element was too much for their strength, they fastened a rope to the bow and, plunging into the water, dragged her by main strength up the boiling cataract. From Lachine to Kingston, the average voyage was ten to twelve days, though it was occasionally made in seven; an average as long as a voyage across the Atlantic now. The Durham boat, also then doing duty on this route, was a flat-bottomed barge, but it differed from the batteaux in having a slip-keel and nearly twice its capacity.'

'This primitive mode of travelling had its poetic side. Amid all the hardships of their vocation, the French Canadian boatmen were ever light of spirit, and they enlivened the passage by carolling their boat songs; one of which inspired Moore to write his immortal ballad.'

The country squire if he had occasion to go from home mounted his horse, and with his saddle-bags strapped behind him, jogged along the highway or through the bush at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day. I remember my father going to New York in 1839. He crossed by steamboat from Kingston to Oswego; thence to Rome, in New York State, by canal-

* Trout's Railways of Canada, 1870-1.

boat, and thence by rail and steamer to New York.

The people were alive at a very early date to the importance of improving the roads; and as far back as 1793, an Act was passed at Niagara, then the seat of government, placing the roads under overseers or road-masters, as they were called, appointed by the rate-paying inhabitants at their annual town meetings. Every man was required to bring tools and work from three to twelve days. There was no property distinction, and the time was at the discretion of the roadmaster. This soon gave cause for dissatisfaction, and reasonably, for it was hardly fair to expect a poor man to contribute as much towards the improvement of highways as his rich neighbour. The Act was amended, and the number of days' work determined by the assessment roll. The power of opening new roads, or altering the course of old ones, was vested in the Quarter Sessions. This matter is now under the control of the County Councils. The first Government appropriation for roads was made in 1804, when £1000 was granted; but between 1830-33, \$512,000 was provided for the improvement and opening up of new roads. The road from Kingston to York was contracted for by Danford, an American in 1800, at \$90 per mile, two rods wide. The first Act required that every man should clear a road across his own lot, but it made no provision for the Clergy Reserves and Crown Lands, and hence the crooked roads that existed at one time in the Province. Originally the roads were marked out by blazing the trees through the woods as a guide for the footman, then the boughs were cut away, so that a man could ride through on horseback, then followed the sleighs, and finally the trees were cleared off so that a waggon could pass. 'The great leading roads of the Province had received little improvement beyond being graded, and the swamps made passable by laying the round trunks

of trees, side by side across the road-way. Their supposed resemblance to the king's corduroy cloth, gained for these crossways the name of corduroy roads. The earth roads were passably good when covered with the snows of winter, or when dried up in the summer sun; but even then a thaw or a rain made them all but impassable. The rains of autumn, and the thaws of spring, converted them into a mass of liquid mud, such as amphibious animals might delight to revel in. Except an occasional legislative grant of a few thousand pounds for the whole Province, which was ill-expended, and often not accounted for at all, the great leading roads, as well as all other roads, depended, in Upper Canada, for their improvement on statute labour.*

The Rev. Isaac Fidler, writing in 1831, says: 'On our arrival at Oswego, I proceeded to the harbour in quest of a trading vessel bound for York, in Canada, and had the good fortune to find one which would sail in an hour. I agreed with the captain for nine dollars, for myself, family and baggage, and he on his part assured me, that he would land me safe in twenty-four hours. Our provision was included in the fare. Instead of reaching York in one day, we were five days on the lake. There were two passengers, beside ourselves, equally disappointed and impatient. The cabin of the vessel served for the sitting, eating, and sleeping-room of passengers, captain and crew. I expostulated strongly on this usage, but the captain informed me he had no alternative. The place commonly assigned to sailors had not been fitted up. We were forced to tolerate this inconvenience, the sailors slept on the floor, and assigned the berths to the passengers, but not from choice. The food generally placed before us for dinner, was salt pork, potatoes, bread, water and salt; tea, bread and butter, and sometimes salt pork for

* Trout.

breakfast and tea,' to which he adds, 'no supper.' One would think, under the circumstances, this privation would have been a cause for thankfulness.

The same writer speaks of a journey to Montreal the following year: 'From York to Montreal, we had three several alterations of steamboats and coaches, the steamboat we now entered was moored by a ledge of ice, of a thickness so great, as to conceal entirely the vessel, till we approached close upon it; we embarked by steps excavated in the ice, for the convenience of the passengers.'

The following advertisement may not prove uninteresting as an evidence of the competition then existing between the coach and steamboat, and is pretty conclusive that at that date the latter was not considered very much superior or more expeditious.

'NEW LINE OF STAGES AND STEAM-BOATS FROM YORK TO PRESCOTT.

'The public are respectfully informed that a line of stages will run regularly between YORK and the CARRYING PLACE,† twice a week, the remainder of the season, leaving YORK every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 4 o'clock; passing through the beautiful townships of Pickering, Whitby, Darlington and Clark, and the pleasant villages of Port Hope, Cobourg and Colborne, and arriving at the CARRYING PLACE the same evening. Will leave the CARRYING PLACE every TUESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 4 o'clock, and arrive at York the same evening.

'The above arrangements are made in connection with the steamboat *Sir James Kempt*, so that passengers travelling this route will find a pleasant and speedy conveyance between York and Prescott, the road being very much repaired, and the line fitted up with good horses, new carriages, and careful drivers. Fare through from York to Prescott, £2 10s., the same as the lake

boats. Intermediate distances, fare as usual. All baggage at the risk of the owner. N.B.—Extras furnished at York, Cobourg, or the Carrying Place, on reasonable terms.*

'WILLIAM WELLER.

'York, June 9th, 1830.'

I remember travelling from Hamilton to Niagara, in November, 1846. We left the hotel at 6 p.m. Our stage, for such it was called, was a lumber waggon, with a rude canvas cover to protect us from the rain, under which were four seats, and I have a distinct recollection that long before we got to our journey's end, we discovered that they were not very comfortable. There were seven passengers and the driver. The luggage was corded on behind in some fashion, and under the seats were crowded parcels, so that when we got in we found it difficult to move or to get out. One of our passengers, a woman with a young child, did not contribute to our enjoyment, or make the ride any more pleasant, for the latter poor unfortunate screamed nearly the whole night through. Occasionally it would settle down into a low whine, when a sudden lurch of the waggon, or a severe jolt would set it off again with full force. It was very dark, and continued so all night, with dashes of rain. The roads were very bad, and two or three times we had to get out and walk, a thing we did not relish, as it was almost impossible for us to pick our way, and the only thing for it was to push on as well as we could through the mud and darkness. We reached Niagara just as the sun was rising. Our appearance can readily be imagined.

'In 1825, William L. Mackenzie described the road between York and Kingston, as among the worst that human foot ever trod, and down to the latest day before the railroad era, the travellers in the Canadian stage coach were lucky if, when a hill had to be ascended, or a bad spot passed, they had not to alight and trudge ankle deep

† The Carrying Place is at the head of the Bay of Quinte.

* *Christian Guardian*, 1830.

through the mud. The rate which it was possible to travel in stage coaches depended on the elements. In spring, when the roads were water-choked and rut-gullied, the rate might be reduced to two miles an hour, for several miles on the worst sections. The coaches were liable to be embedded in the mud, and the passengers had to dismount and assist in prying them out by means of rails obtained from the fences.*

Such was the condition of the roads up to, and for a considerable time after, 1830, and such were the means provided for the public who were forced to use them, and it can easily be conceived that the inducements for pleasure trips were so questionable that the only people who journeyed, either by land or water, were those whose business necessities compelled them to do so. Even in 1837, the only road near Toronto on which it was possible to take a drive was Yonge Street, which had been macadamized a distance of twelve miles. But the improvements since then, and the facilities for quick transit, have been very great. The Government has spent large sums of money in the construction of roads and bridges. A system of thorough grading and drainage has been adopted. In wet swampy land, the corduroy has given place to macadamized or gravel roads, of which there are about 4,000 miles in the Province.† Old log bridges have been superseded by stone, iron, and well-constructed wooden ones, so that in the older sections the farmer is enabled to reach his market with a well-loaded waggon during the

fall and spring. The old system of tolls has been pretty much done away with, and even in the remote townships, the Government has been alive to the importance of uninterrupted communication, and has opened up good central highways. The batteaux and sailing vessels as a means of travel, with the old steamer and its cramped-up cabin in the hold, and slow pace, have decayed and rotted in the dock yard, and we have now swift boats, with stately saloons running from bow to stern, fitted in luxurious style, on either side rows of comfortable sleeping rooms, and with a *table d'hôte* served as well as at the first class modern hotel. Travelling by steamers now is no longer a tediously drawn out vexation, but in propitious weather a pleasure. A greater change has taken place in our land travel, but it is much more recent. The railroad has rooted out the stage, except to unimportant places, and you can now take a Pullman at Toronto at 7 p.m., go to bed at the proper time, and get up in Montreal at 10.30 a.m. the next day. The first railroad on which a locomotive was run was the Northern, opened in 1853, to Bradford. Since that time up to the present we have built, and in operation, 3,478 miles, and have 510 under construction or contract.

Washington, in his farewell address, says: 'Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.' Fifty years ago education, even in the older and more enlightened countries, did not receive that attention which its importance to the well-being of society and the state demanded, and it is only during recent years, comparatively speaking, that the education of the masses has been systematically attempted. Indeed, it used to be thought by men of birth and culture, that to educate the poor would lead to strife

* Trout.

† In order to ascertain the number of miles of macadamized roads in the Province, after hunting in vain in other quarters, I addressed a circular to the Clerk of the County Council in each county, and received thirty replies, out of thirty-seven. From these I gathered that there were about the number of miles above stated. Several replied that they had no means of giving me the desired information, and others thought there were about so many miles. I was forced to the conclusion that the road accounts of the Province were not very systematically kept.

and confusion, that ignorance was their normal condition, and any departure from that would increase their misery and discontent. Those notions have, happily, been exploded, and it is found that education is the best correction to the evils that used to afflict society and disturb the general peace. It goes hand in hand with religion and good order, and so convinced have our rulers become of its importance to the general weal, that not only free but compulsory education has become the law of the land. It is not to be wondered at, that half a century ago our school system—if we could be said to have had one—was defective, our situation and the circumstances in which we were placed were not favourable to the promotion of general education. The sparseness of the population and the extent of territory over which it was scattered increased the difficulty; but its importance was not overlooked, and in the early days of the Province grants of land were made for educational purposes. The first classical—indeed, the first school of any kind, was opened in Kingston, by Dr. Stuart, in 1785, and the first common school was taught by J. Clark, in Fredericksburgh, 1786. In 1807, an Act was passed to establish grammar schools in the various districts, with a grant of £100 to each. But it was not until 1816 that the Government took any steps towards establishing common schools. The Lieutenant-Governor, in his Speech from the Throne on opening the House, in January, 1830, said: 'The necessity of reforming the Royal Grammar School was evident from your Report at the close of the Session.

'The establishing a College at York, under the guidance of an able master, the object which we have in view will, I trust, be speedily attained.

'The delay that may take place in revising the charter of the University, or in framing one suitable to the Province and the intention of the endowment, must, in fact, under present cir-

cumstances, tend to the advancement of the institution; as its use depended on the actual state of education in the Province.

'Dispersed as the population is over an extensive territory, a general efficiency in the common schools cannot be expected, particularly whilst the salaries of the masters will not admit of their devoting their whole time to their profession.'

As far as my recollection goes, and I think I shall be found correct in saying, that the teachers were generally of a very inferior order, and rarely possessed more than a smattering of the rudiments of grammar and arithmetic. As the Governor points out, they were poorly paid, and 'boarded around' the neighbourhood. But if the scale of wages had been graduated by their qualifications, it is not improbable that they received all their services were worth. In those days most of the country youth who could manage to get to school in winter were content if they learned to read and write and to wade through figures as far as the rule of three. Of course there were exceptions in this case as also with the teachers, but generally this was the extent of the aspirations of the greater proportion of the rising generation then, and it was not necessary for the teacher to be profoundly learned to lead them as far as they wished to go. I knew an old farmer of considerable wealth who would not allow his boys to go to school, because, he said, if they learned to read and write they might forge notes. He evidently considered 'a little learning a dangerous thing,' and must have had a very low estimate of the moral tone of his offspring, if he had any conception of morality at all. However, the safeguard of ignorance which the old man succeeded in throwing around his family did not save them, for they all turned out badly.

The books in use were Murray's Grammar, Murray's English Reader, Walker's Dictionary, Goldsmith's and

Morse's Geography, Mavor's Spelling Book, Walkingame's and Adam's Arithmetics, and the boy or girl who could master this course of study, was prepared, so far as the education within their reach could fit them, to undertake the responsibilities of life, and it was acquired generally at the expense of a daily walk of several miles through deep snow and intense cold with books and dinner-basket in hand.'

The school-houses where the youth were taught were in keeping with the extent of instruction received within them. They were invariably small, with low ceilings, badly-lighted, and without ventilation. The floor was of rough pine boards laid loose, with cracks between them that were a standing menace to jack-knives and slate pencils.* The seats and desks were of the same material, roughly planed and rudely put together. The seats were arranged around the room on three sides, without any support for the back, and all the scholars sat facing each other, the girls on one side and the boys on the other. The seats across the end were debatable ground between the two, but finally came to be monopolized by the larger boys and girls who by some strange attraction gravitated together. Between was an open space in which the stove stood, and when classes were drawn up to recite, the teacher's desk stood at the end facing the door, and so enabled the teacher to take in the school at a glance; but the order maintained was often very bad, in fact it would be safe to say the greatest disorder generally prevailed. The noise of recitations, and the buzz and drone of the scholars at their lessons, was sometimes intolerable, and one might as well try to study in the noisy caw-caw of a rookery. Occasionally strange performances were enacted in those country school-rooms. I remember a little boy between seven and eight years old getting a severe caning for mis-spelling

a simple word of two syllables, and as I happened to be the little boy I have some reason to recollect the circumstance. The mistake certainly did not merit the castigation, the marks of which I carried on my back for many days, and it led to a revolt in the school which terminated disastrously to the teacher as well. Two strong young men attending the school remonstrated with the master, who was an irascible Englishman, during the progress of my punishment, and they were given to understand that if they did not hold their peace, they would get a taste of the same, whereupon they immediately collared the teacher. After a brief tussle round the room, overturning some of the benches, he was thrown on the floor, and then one took him by the nape of the neck, and the other by the heels, and threw him out of doors in the snow. There were no more lessons heard that day. On the next an investigation followed, when the teacher was dismissed, and those guilty of the act of insubordination admonished.

Dr. Rolph thus refers to the state of schools two years later: 'It is really melancholy to traverse the Province, and go into many of the common schools; you find a brood of children, instructed by some Anti-British adventurer, instilling into the young and tender mind sentiments hostile to the parent State; false accounts of the late war, in which Great Britain was engaged with the United States; Geography setting forth New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., as the largest and finest cities in the world; historical reading books describing the American population as the most free and enlightened under heaven, insisting on the superiority of their laws and institutions, to those of all the world, in defiance of the agrarian outrages and mob supremacy daily witnessed and lamented; and American spelling books, dictionaries, and grammars, teaching them an Anti-British dialect and idiom, although living in a Pro-

* *Atlantic Monthly.*

vince and being subjects to the British Crown.'

There was a Board of Education consisting of five members appointed to each district, who had the oversight of the schools. Each school section met annually at what was called the School Meeting, and appointed three trustees, who engaged teachers, and superintended the general management of the schools in their section. The law required that every teacher should be a subject or take the oath of allegiance, and he was paid by a fee of fifteen shillings per quarter for each scholar, and received a further sum of \$100 from the Government if there were not less than twenty scholars taught in the school.

Upper Canada College, the only one in the Province, began this year (1830) under the management of Dr. Harris. Grantham Academy, in the Niagara District, was incorporated, and the Methodist Conference appointed a Committee to take up subscriptions to build an academy and select a site. It was located in Cobourg, and the building, which was begun in 1832, was completed, and the school opened in 1836. There were 11 district and 132 common schools, with an attendance of 3,677 and an expenditure of £3,866 11s. 6½d.*

There was very little change in our school laws for several years. Grants were annually made in aid of Common Schools, but there was no system in the expenditure, consequently the good effected was not very apparent. The first really practical school law was passed in 1841, the next year after the Union of the Provinces, and in 1844, Dr. Ryerson was appointed Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, which office he held for thirty-two years. During that time, through his indefatigable labours, our school laws have been moulded and perfected, until it is safe to say we have the most complete and efficient school system in the world. The influence it

has exercised on the intellectual development of the people has been very great, and it is but reasonable to expect that it will continue to raise the standard of intelligence and high moral character throughout the land. Our Government has, from the very first, manifested an earnest desire to promote education in the Province, and, during Dr. Ryerson's long term of office, it liberally supplied him with the necessary means to mature his plans and introduce such measures as would place our educational system on the best footing that could be devised; and it has been accomplished in a way that does honour, not only to the head that conceived it, but to the enlightened liberality of the Government that seconded the untiring energy of the man who wrought it out.

The advantages which the youth of Ontario to-day possess in acquiring an education over the time when I was first sent to school with dinner basket in hand, trudging along through mud or snow, to the old school-house by the road side, where I was perched upon a high pine bench without a back, with a Mavor's spelling book in hand, to begin the foundation of my education, are so many and great, that it is difficult to realize the state of things that existed, or that men of intelligence should have selected such a dry and unattractive method of imparting instruction to children of tender years. It is to be feared that there are many of our Canadian youth who do not appreciate the vantage ground they occupy, nor the inviting opportunities that lie within the reach of all to obtain a 'generous education.' There is absolutely nothing to prevent any young person possessing the smallest spark of ambition from acquiring it, and making himself a useful member of society. It is the only thing, says Milton in his 'Literary Musings,' 'which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices both private and public of peace and war.'

* Journals of the House of Assembly, 1831.

There seems to be a growing disposition in the public mind to do away with the first important educational landmark established in the Province.

Why this should be, or why its influence for good should at anytime have been so much crippled, as even to give a chance to call its usefulness in question, seems strange. One would think that its intimate connection with our early history; the good work accomplished by it, and the number of men who have passed out of it to fill the highest public positions in the gift of the Province, would save it from violent hands, and furnish ample reasons for devising means to resuscitate, if it needs resuscitation, and to place it in a position to hold its own with the various institutions that have come into existence, since its doors were first thrown open to the young aspirants for a higher education half a century ago.

The opening of Upper Canada College in 1830, in many respects, was one of the most important events of that year, and gave an impetus to education, which soon began to be felt through the whole country. It was impossible in the nature of things that with increasing population and wealth, there should be no advance in the educational status of the Province. If the forty-six years that were passed, had been almost exclusively devoted to clearing away the bush and tilling the land, a time had now been reached when matters of higher import to future success and enjoyment pressed themselves upon the attention of the people. Except the few small towns and villages, the largest of which was Kingston, embracing altogether about five per cent. of the whole population, the remainder were agriculturists. But the farm could not produce all the requirements of life, nor furnish congenial employment to many active minds. The surplus products of the field and forest, in order to become available as a purchasing power had to be converted into money, and this set in

motion the various appliances of commerce. Vessels were needed to carry the produce to market, and merchants to purchase it, who in turn supplied the multifarious wants of the household. Then came the mechanic and the professional man, and with the latter education was a necessity. It was not to be expected that the tastes of the rising generation would always run in the same groove with the preceding, and as wealth and population increased, so did the openings for advancement in other pursuits; and scores of active young men throughout the Province were only too anxious to seize upon every opportunity that offered to push their way up in life. Hence it happened that when Upper Canada College first threw open its doors, more than one hundred young men enrolled their names. In a comparatively short time, the need for greater facilities urged the establishment of other educational institutions, and this led to still greater effort to meet the want. Again, as the question pressed itself more and more upon the public mind, laws were enacted and grants made to further in every way so desirable an object, hence what was a crude and inadequate school organization prior to 1830, at that time and afterwards began to assume a more concrete shape, and continued to improve until it has grown into a system the country may well be proud of.

The contrast we are enabled to present is wonderful in every respect. Since the parent college opened its doors to the anxious youths of the Province, five Universities and the same number of Colleges have come into existence. The Faculties of these several institutions are presided over by men of learning and ability. They are amply furnished with libraries, apparatus and all the modern requirements of first-class educational institutions. Their united rolls show an attendance of about 1500 students last year. There are 10 Collegiate Institutes and 94 High Schools, with an attend-

ance of 12,136 pupils; 5,147 Common Schools, with 491,424 enrolled scholars; and the total receipts for school purposes amounted to \$3,226,730.* Besides these, there are three Ladies' Colleges, and several other important educational establishments, devoted entirely to the education of females, together with private and select schools in almost every city and town in the Province, many of which stand very high in public estimation, though I regret I am unable at the present time to give more information about them. There are two Normal Schools for the training of teachers. The one in Toronto has been in existence for 29 years, and is so well known that it is unnecessary for me to attempt any description of it. The total number of admissions since its foundation have been 8269. The Ottawa school, which has only been in operation for about two years, has admitted 433. Three other important educational institutions have been established by the Government in different parts of the Province, viz: the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville, pleasantly situated on the shore of the Bay of Quinte, a little west of the city. The number in attendance is 269†, and the cost of maintenance for the past year was \$38,589. The Institute for the Blind at Brantford numbered 200 inmates, and the expenditure \$29,515. These institutions erected at a very large outlay, are admirably equipped and under the best management, and prove a great boon to the unfortunate class for whom they were designed. The Agricultural College at Guelph, for the training of young men in scientific and practical husbandry, though in its infancy, is a step in the right direction, and must exercise a beneficial influence upon the agricultural interests of the country. Of Medical Corporations and Schools, there are the Council of the College of Physicians

and Surgeons of Ontario; the Faculty of the Toronto School of Medicine; Trinity Medical School; Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons; Canada Medical Association; Ontario College of Pharmacy; Royal College of Dental Surgeons; and Ontario Veterinary College. There is also a School of Practical Science, now in its fourth year. This, though not a complete list of the educational institutions and schools of the Province, will, nevertheless, give a pretty correct idea of the progress made during the fifty years that are gone.

The accommodation furnished by the school sections throughout the country has kept pace with the progress of the times. As a rule the school-houses are commodious, and are built with an eye to the health and comfort of the pupils. The old pine benches and desks have disappeared before the march of improvement—my recollection of them is anything but agreeable—and the school-rooms are furnished with comfortable seats and desks combined. The children are no longer crowded together in small unventilated rooms. Blackboards, maps and apparatus are furnished to all schools. Trained teachers only are employed, and a uniform course of study is pursued, so that each Common School is a stepping-stone to the High School, and upward to the College or University. Great attention has been paid by the Board of Public Instruction in selecting a uniform series of text books throughout the course, adapted to the age and intelligence of the scholars, and if any fault can be found with it, I think it would be in the number. The variety required in a full course—even of English study—is quite a serious matter. The authorities, however, have laboured earnestly to remove every difficulty that lies in the student's path, and to make the way attractive and easy. That they have succeeded to a very great extent, is evident from the highly satisfactory report recently presented by the Min-

* Report of the Minister of Education for 1879.

† Report Inspector of Prisons, 1880.

ister of Education. With the increasing desire for a better education, there seems to be a growing tendency on the part of young men to avail themselves of such aids as shall push them towards the object in view with the smallest amount of work, and instead of applying themselves with energy and determination, to overcome the difficulties that face them in various branches of study, they resort to the keys that may be had in any bookstore. It is needless to repeat what experience has proved in thousands of instances, that the young man who goes through his mathematical course by the aid of these, or through his classical studies by the use of translations, will never make a scholar. Permanent success in any department of life depends on earnest work, and the more arduous the toil to secure an object, so much the more is it prized when won. Furthermore, it is certain to prove more lasting and beneficial.

The same causes that have hindered the progress of education, also retarded the advance of religion. The first years of a settler's life were years of unremitting toil, a struggle in fact for existence; yet, though settlers had now in a measure overcome their greater difficulties, the one absorbing thought that had ground its way into the very marrow of their life, still pressed its claims upon their attention. The paramount question with them had been how to get on in the world. They were cut off too from all the amenities of society, and were scattered over a new country, which, prior to their coming, had been the home of the Indian,—where all the requirements of civilization had to be planted and cultivated anew. They had but barely reached a point when really much attention could be devoted to anything but the very practical aim of gaining their daily bread. It will readily be admitted that there is no condition in life that can afford to put away religious instruction, and there is no doubt that the people at first missed

these privileges, and often thought of the time when they visited God's House with regularity; but the toil and toil of years had worn away these recollections, and weakened the desire for sacred things. There can be no doubt, that prior to, and even up to 1830, the religious sentiment of the greater portion of the people was anything but strong. The Methodists were among the first, if not the first, to enter the field and call them back to the allegiance they owed to the God who had blessed and protected them.* Colonel Neal and McCarty began to preach in 1788, but the latter was hunted out of the country.† Three years later, itinerant preachers began their work and gathered hearers, and made converts in every settlement. But these men, the most of whom came from the United States, were looked upon with suspicion,‡ by many who did not fall in with their religious views; and it is not surprising, we think, that some even went so far as to petition the Legislature to pass an Act which should prevent their coming into the country to preach. It was said and said truly, when the

* Dr. Stuart, of Kingston, Church of England, was the first minister in Upper Canada, Mr. Langworth, of the same denomination in Bath, and Mr. Scamhorn, Lutheran minister at Williamsburgh, next.

† Playter.

‡ I have in my possession an old manuscript book, written by my grandfather in 1796, in which this point is brought out. Being a Quaker, he naturally did not approve of the way those early preachers conducted services. Yet he would not be likely to exaggerate what came under his notice. This is what he says of one he heard: 'I thought he exerted every nerve by the various positions in which he placed himself to cry, stamp and smite, often turning from exhortation to prayer. Entreating the Almighty to thunder or rather to enable him to do it. Also, to smite with the sword, and to use many destroying weapons, at which my mind led from the more proper business of worship or devotion to observe what appeared to me inconsistent with that quietude that becometh a messenger sent from the meek Jesus to declare the glad tidings of the Gospel. If I compared the season to a shower as has heretofore been done, it had only the appearance of a tempest of thunder, wind and hail, destitute of the sweet refreshing drops of a gospel shower.'

matter about this was placed before the Government, that the connection existing between the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States and Canada was, altogether, a spiritual and not a political connection; that the Methodists in Canada were as loyal to the British Crown as any of its subjects, and had proved it again and again in the time of trouble. Yet looking back and remembering the circumstances under which the people came, it does not seem so very strange to us that they should have looked very doubtfully upon evangelists from a land, which not only stripped them and drove them away, but a little later invaded their country; neither do we wonder that some of them were roughly treated, nor that unpleasant epithets were thrown out against their followers. This was the outcome, not only of prejudice, but the recollection of injuries received. There were a good many angularities about Christian character in those days, and they frequently stood out very sharply. They were not friends or enemies by halves. Their prejudices were deeply seated, and if assailed were likely to be resisted, and if pressed too closely in a controversy, were more disposed to use the *'argumentum baculinum,'* as being more effectual than the *'argumentum ad judicium.'* But time gradually wore away many of those difficulties, and now few will deny that the position our Province holds to-day, is to a considerable extent owing to this large and influential body of Christians. They built the first house devoted to public worship in the Province; through their zeal and energy the people were stirred up to a sense of their religious obligations; their activity infused life and action into other denominations. The people generally throughout the country had the bread of life broken to them with regularity, so that in the year of grace, 1830, a new order of things was inaugurated. But with all this a vastly different state of affairs existed then from that

now prevailing. No one could accuse the preachers of those days of mercenary motives, for they were poorly paid and carried their worldly possessions on their backs. Their labour was arduous and unremitting. They travelled on foot and on horse-back at all seasons and in all weathers great distances to fill appointments through the bush, fording rivers, enduring hardships and privations that seem hardly possible to be borne. A circuit often embraced two or three districts. The places of public worship were small, and fitted up with rude pine benches, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other, and far apart. Often forty or fifty miles would have to be traversed from one appointment to another, and when it was reached, whether at a neighbour's house, a school-house, a barn or a meeting house, the people assembled to hear the word, and then the preacher took his way to the next place on his circuit.

Mr. Vanest says, 'In summer we crossed ferries, and in winter we rode much on the ice. Our appointment was thirty-four miles distant, without any stopping-place. Most of the way was through the Indians' land—otherwise called the "Mohawk Woods." In summer I used to stop half-way in the woods and turn my horse out where the Indians had had their fires. In winter I would take some oats in my saddle-bags, and make a place in the snow to feed my horse. In many places there were trees fallen across the path, which made it difficult to get around in deep snow. I would ask the Indians why they did not cut out the trees. One said, "Indian like deer; when he no cross under, he jump over." There was seldom any travelling that way, which made it bad in deep snow. At one time, when the snow was deep, I went on the ice till I could see clear water, so I thought it time to go ashore. I got off my horse and led him, and the ice cracked at every step. If I had broken through there would have been no-

thing but death for us both. I got to the woods in deep snow, and travelled up the shore till I found a small house, when I found the course of my path, keeping a good look out for the marked trees. I at last found my appointment about seven o'clock. If I had missed my path I do not know what would have become of me. At my stopping-place the family had no bread, or meal to make any of, till they borrowed some of a neighbour; so I got my dinner and supper about eleven o'clock on Saturday night. On Sabbath I preached. On Monday I rode about four miles, crossed the Bay (Quinte), and then rode seventeen miles through the woods without seeing a house, preached and met a class for a day's work.' On another occasion 'we had to go twenty miles without seeing a house, and were guided by marked trees, there being no roads. At one time my colleague was lost in getting through the woods, when the wolves began to howl around him, and the poor man felt much alarmed; but he got through unhurt.* These incidents occurred some years before the date of which I speak, but the same kind of adventures were happening still. It did not take long to get away from the three or four concessions that stretched along the bay and lakes, and outside of civilization. I remember going with my father and mother, about 1835, on a visit to an uncle who had settled in the bush,† just ten miles away, and in that distance we travelled a wood road for more than five miles. The snow was deep and the day cold. We came out upon the clearing of a few acres and drove up to the door of the small log house, the only one then to be seen. The tall trees which environed the few acres carved out of the heart of the bush waved their naked branches as if mocking at the attempt to put them away. The stumps thrust their heads up through

the snow on every hand, and wore their winter caps with a jaunty look, as if they too did not intend to give up possession without a struggle. The horses were put in the log stable, and, after warming ourselves, we had supper, and then gathered round the cheerful fire. When bed-time came we ascended to our sleeping room by a ladder, my father carrying me up in his arms. We had not been long in bed when a pack of wolves gathered around the place and began to howl, making through all the night a most dismal and frightful noise. Sleep was out of the question, and for many a night after that I was haunted by gangs of howling wolves. On our return the next day I expected every moment to see them come dashing down upon us until we got clear of the woods. This neighbourhood now is one of the finest in the Province, and for miles fine houses and spacious and well-kept barns and out-houses are to be seen on every farm.

I have been unable to get at any correct data respecting the number of adherents of the various denominations in the Province for the year 1830. The total number of ministers did not reach 150, while they now exceed 2,500.* There were but three churches in Toronto, then York—viz., an Episcopalian church, occupying the present site of St. James' Cathedral: it was a plain wooden structure, 50 by 40, with its gables facing east and west; the entrance was by a single door off Church Street;† a Presbyterian, and a Methodist church. The latter was built in 1818, and was a long, low building, 40 by 60. In the gable end, facing King Street, were two doors, one for each sex, the men occupying the right and the women the left side of the

* Dr. Carroll.

† This was in the oldest settled part of the Province—the Bay of Quinte.

* The number of ministers, as given in the Journals of the House of Assembly for 1831, are 57 Methodist, 40 Baptist, 14 Presbyterian, and 32 Church of England; for the latter I am indebted to Dr. Scadding.

† Toronto of Old.

room. It was warmed in winter by a rudely constructed sheet-iron stove. The usual mode of lighting for night services were tallow candles placed in sconces along the walls, and candlesticks in the pulpit. I am sure I shall be safe in saying that there were not 150 churches or chapels all told in the Province, and they were all small. — many of them of the most humble character. There are probably as many clergymen and more than half as many churches in Toronto now as there were in all Upper Canada fifty years ago. The difference does not consist in the number of the latter alone, but in the size and character of the structures. The beautiful and commodious churches, with their lofty spires and richly arranged interiors, that meet the gaze on every hand in Toronto, have not inappropriately given it the proud title of a city of churches, and there are several of them, any one of which would comfortably seat the entire population of York in the days of which we speak. There were no organs, and I am not sure that there were any in America, indeed, if there had been, the good people of those days would have objected to their use. Those who remember the three early churches we have mentioned — and those who do not can readily picture them with their fittings and seating capacity — will recall the dim lurid light cast on the audience by the flickering candles. Turn, now, for example, to the Metropolitan Church on an evening's service. Notice the long carpeted aisles, the rich upholstery, the comfortable seats, the lofty ceilings, the spacious gallery, and the vast congregation. An unseen hand touches an electric battery, and in a moment hundreds of gas jets are aflame and the place is filled with a blaze of light. Now the great organ 'heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music and rolling it forth upon the soul.' Surely the contrast is almost incredible, and what we have said on this point in regard

to Toronto may be said of every city, town, village and country place in the Province.

It will be proper to notice here, that from the settlement of the country up to 1831, marriage could only be legally solemnized by a minister of the Church of England or of the established Church of Scotland. There was a provision which empowered a justice of the peace or a commanding officer to perform the rite in cases where there was no minister, or where the parties lived eighteen miles from a church. But in 1831 an Act was passed making it lawful for ministers of other denominations to solemnize matrimony and to confirm marriages previously contracted. This act of tardy justice gave great satisfaction to the people.

The day for cheap books, periodicals, and newspapers had not then arrived. There were but few of any kind in the country, and those that were to be found possessed few attractions for either old or young. The arduous lives led by the people precluded the cultivation of a taste for reading. Persons who toil early and late, week in and week out, have very little inclination for anything in the way of literary recreation. When the night came, the weary body demanded rest, and people sought their beds early, consequently the few old volumes piled away on a shelf remained there undisturbed. Bacon says, 'some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some to be chewed and digested,' and he might have added — others still to be left alone. At all events, the latter was the prevailing sentiment in those days. I do not know that the fault was altogether with the books. It is true that those generally to be seen were either doctrinal works or what might be termed heavy reading, requiring a good appetite and strong digestive powers to get through with them. They were the relics of a past age, survivors of obsolete controversies that had found their way into the country

in its infancy; and though the age that delighted in such mental pabulum had passed away, these literary pioneers held their ground because the time had not arrived for the people to feel the necessity of cultivating the mind as well as providing for the wants of the body. Seneca says, 'leisure without books is the sepulchre of the living soul,' but books without leisure are practically valueless, and hence it made but little difference with our grandfathers what the few they possessed contained.* Some years had to pass away before the need of them began to be felt. In a country, as we have already said, where intelligence commanded respect, but did not give priority, where the best accomplishment was to get on in the world, where the standard of education seldom rose higher than to be able to read and write and solve a simple sum in arithmetic, the absence of entertaining and instructive books was not felt to be a serious loss. But with the rapidly increasing facilities to move about, and the growth of trade and commerce, the people were brought more frequently into contact with the intelligence and the progress of the world outside. And

with the increase of wealth came the desire to take a higher stand in the social scale. The development of men's minds under the political and social changes of the day, and the advance in culture and refinement which accompanies worldly prosperity, quickened the general intelligence of the people, and created a demand for books to read. This demand has gone on increasing from year to year until we have reached a time when we may say with the Ecclesiast 'of making many books there is no end.' If there was an excuse for the absence of books in our Canadian homes half a century ago, and if the slight draughts that were obtainable at the only fountains of knowledge that then existed were not sufficient to create a thirst for more, there is none now. Even the wealth that was to a certain extent necessary to gratify any desire to cultivate the mind is no longer required, for the one can be obtained free, and a few cents will procure the works of some of the best authors who have ever lived.

But little had been done up to 1830 to establish libraries either in town or village. Indeed the limited number of these, and the pursuit of the people, which was almost exclusively agricultural, and that too in a new country where during half of the year the toil of the field, and clearing away the brush the remaining half, occupied their constant attention, books were seldom thought of. Still there was a mind here and there scattered through the settlements which, like the 'little leaven,' continued to work on silently, until a large portion of the 'lump' had been leavened. The only public libraries I have any trace of were at Kingston, Ernestown and Hallowell. The first two were in existence in 1811-13, and the last was established somewhere about 1821. In 1824, the Government voted a sum of £150, to be expended annually in the purchase of books and tracts, designed to afford moral and religious instruction to the

* From an inventory of my grandfather's personal effects I am enabled to give what would have been considered quite a large collection of books in those days. As I have said before, he was a Quaker, which will account for the character of a number of the books, and by changing these to volumes in accord with the religious tenets of the owner, the reader will get a very good idea of the kind of reading to be found in the houses of intelligent and well-to-do people. 1 Large Bible, 3 Clarkson's works, 1 Buchan's Domestic Medicine, 1 Elliot's Medical Pocket Book, 1 Lewis Dispensatory, 1 Franklin's Sermons, 1 Stackhouse's History of the Bible, 2 Brown's Union Gazetteer, 1 16th Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1 History United States, 1 Elias Hicks' Sermons, 2 Newton's Letters, 1 Ricketson on Health, 1 Jessy Kerzey, 1 Memorials of a Deceased Friend, 1 Harvey's Meditations, 1 Reply to Hibard, 1 Job Scot's Journal, 1 Barclay on Church Government, 1 M. Diver on Shakerism, 1 Works of Dr. Franklin, 1 Journal of Richard Davis, 1 Lessons from Scripture, 1 Picket's Lessons, 1 Pownall 1 Sequel to English Reader, Maps of United States, State of New York, England, Ireland, and Scotland, and Holland Purchase.

people. These were to be equally distributed throughout all the districts of the Province. It can readily be conceived that this small sum, however well intended, when invested in books at the prices which obtained at that time, and distributed over the Province, would be so limited as to be hardly worthy of notice. Eight years prior to this, a sum of £800 was granted to establish a Parliamentary Library. From these small beginnings we have gone on increasing until we have reached a point which warrants me in I think saying that no other country with the same population is better supplied with the best literature of the day than our own Province. Independent of the libraries in the various colleges and other educational institutions, Sunday-schools and private libraries, there are in the Province 1,566 Free Public Libraries, with 298,743 volumes, valued at

\$178,282, and the grand total of books distributed by the Educational Department to Mechanics' Institutes, Sunday-school Libraries and as prizes is 1,398,140.* There are, also, upwards of one hundred incorporated Mechanics' Institutes, with 130,000 volumes, a net income of \$59,928, and a membership of 10,785. These, according to the last Report, received Legislative Grants to the amount of \$22,885 for the year 1879—an appropriation that in itself creditably attests the financial and intellectual progress of the Province.†

* The number of volumes in the principal libraries are, as nearly as I can ascertain, as follows:—Parliamentary Library, Ottawa, 100,000; Parliamentary Library, Ontario, 17,000; Toronto University, 23,000; Trinity College, 5,000; Knox College, 10,000; Osgoode Hall, 20,000; Normal School, 15,000; Canadian Institute, 3,800.

† Report of the Minister of Education, 1879.

PETRARCH.

(From the Italian of Victor Alfieri.)

BY JOHN READE, MONTREAL.

O CHAMBER that didst shelter that great soul
 Whose fame by the world's limits scarce is bound,
 Of love the master, gentle and profound,
 Who Laura's praises spread from pole to pole—
 O lonely, sweet retreat of pensive thought,
 Whose tender memories now fill my breast,¹
 While bitter tears rise to my eyes unsought
 To think that thou unhonoured thus should rest!
 Jasper and agate, and gold thrice refined
 Were thy due ornament, and scarcely fit
 To deck the place where Petrarch once did sit,
 Yielding the treasures of his ample mind.
 But no! Let gems be for th' unlaurelled tomb—
 His name is quite enough for Petrarch's room.

PRAISE.

BY F. W. R., LONDON, ONT.

PRAISE, properly speaking, consists of any acknowledgement or confession of the greatness and goodness of God, whether it proceeds from the lips in speaking or singing, or from the inmost recesses of the heart or mind, through the medium of thought, when the voice is silent.

In the following pages, we shall consider only one of these forms, namely, that of song, or in a wider sense, of music, which not only can express our purest and best thoughts and emotions, but can also convey to others, in the sublimest language, the same exaltation of spirit which has led to its employment as a means of Praise.

To discover the cause of the prejudice existing among some denominations against the use of music in public worship, would require a lengthy search into the origin of the various bodies, and perhaps, what is impossible, into the education of the various individuals. That a prejudice against music exists in the minds of some people all know. That it is in many cases merely a prejudice—a state of mind brought about through deciding without an accurate knowledge of the premises—will be admitted; but that many who hold the opinion, which leads them almost to exclude music from their worship, do so on well-considered grounds, is undoubted.

Whether or not these grounds are true or the conclusion just, we will not attempt to determine, but will content ourselves with placing before the reader some reasons for our belief, that Praise is the proper sphere of music, and that a musical service, when the matter is

well chosen and properly executed, is altogether refining, ennobling, and elevating to the morals of a community.

With such an object in view, our first glance must be at the rise and progress of music, and its introduction into our worship. We can safely assert that music is of Divine origin. It existed from the first in nature and almost from the first in such a shape that man understood and appreciated it.

The first reference to music or musical instruments in Scripture occurs in Gen. iv. 21, where Moses tells us that Jubal 'was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.' This may be taken to mean either that Jubal was the inventor of these instruments, or that, being invented before, he was the first to arrange rules for their use. In Gen. xxxi. 27, Laban reproaches Jacob in the following words: 'Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with song, with tabret and with harp?' By this we learn that vocal and instrumental music were at that time (about B. C., 1739) not uncommon, and that Jubal's inventions had not been forgotten.

It is quite possible that vocal music existed from the very earliest times, as, if it was not then a divine appointment for praise, which it certainly was at a later period, the sounds which greeted man when he rested from labour must have attracted his attention, and, without extending the imagination too far, we think that he must have

acquired some of those sounds and united his voice with the other creations of life which made the forest melodious with songs and cries.

In Exodus xv. we find the psalm which was sung by Moses and the children of Israel after their deliverance from the Egyptians. In the 20th verse it is recorded that Miriam, the prophetess, 'took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances,' and in the 21st verse, 'Miriam answered them, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."' We may here observe the probable origin of the antiphonal method of singing the psalms, and the participation of women in the public praise.

To reproduce here the various references to music which occur in the Books of Samuel, the Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Isaiah, Amos, &c., of the Old Testament, would require more space than is at our disposal; besides, it is not necessary, for in nearly every book there we find it recorded that music was employed in the praise of God—indeed, that the praise almost invariably consisted of either vocal or instrumental music.

Sufficient evidence also appears in the New Testament to prove that the customs of the Israelites in this respect were in existence and use by the disciples of our Saviour. (See Matt. xxvi. 30; Acts xvi. 25; Eph. v. 19; Heb. xiii. 15; 1 Cor. xiv. 15; Col. iii. 16.) The testimony of Josephus may be brought to confirm this. He describes the instruments in use by David and speaks of the composition of the Psalms. Whiston, commenting on this passage, says: 'It appears that the instruments of music that were originally used by the command of King David and Solomon, and were carried to Babylon at the captivity of the two tribes, were brought back after that captivity; as also, that the singers and musicians who outlived that captivity, came back with these

instruments (see Ezra ii.), and that this music and these instruments at the temple could not but be well known to Josephus, a priest of that temple.'

It is supposed that the first regular choir and form of Church service of Christian times, was established at Antioch, about the time of Constantine. The Antiphonal method of chanting the Psalms was then practised, and in the fourth century brought to Milan by St. Ambrose, from there rapidly spreading throughout Christendom. St. Ambrose's system was reformed and extended by St. Gregory, about two centuries later, and it has continued, with comparatively few changes, ever since in the service of the Church.

Luther and Calvin effected great changes in the musical part of the worship. Luther adapted a service, in German, to the ancient music of the Mass, and introduced a great many hymns and psalms, composing several of the tunes himself. Calvin rejected almost everything that usage had established in the Roman Church. For a long time no instruments were permitted in the Genevan Reformed Church, and no singing but the metrical arrangement of the psalms. His reason for this was stated in the preface to the Psalter published at Geneva, in 1543. After speaking of the evils which had crept into the praise of the old Catholic Church, he continues: 'What, then, is to be done? It is to have songs not only pure, but also holy, that they may be incitements to stir us up to pray to and to praise God, and to meditate on His works, in order to love Him, fear Him, honour and glorify Him. But what St. Augustine says is true, that none can sing things worthy of God but he who has received the power from Himself. Wherefore, when we have sought all around, searching here and there, we shall find no songs better or more suitable for this end, than the Psalms of David, which the Holy Spirit dictated and gave him.' Calvin fully appreciated the necessity of choosing

melodies of a solemn devotional character. In this, perhaps, his reform of the service was a more suitable one than Luther's, notwithstanding the greater musical beauty of the German Chorals. It is not beauties of music that we seek in this case, but the most effective and world-subduing praise. Until nearly the close of his life, Calvin employed but the simple melody, without accompaniment of any kind. In this no doubt he erred, for he lost the grandest part of music—the harmony. Luther's psalms were arranged for four parts, and must have been of much greater value in stirring up the heart and soul to praise; but many of his melodies were of a more brilliant character, and could not have had the same sober, controlling effect as Calvin's.

We should naturally expect from Luther, who was taught music in his youth, and throughout his life delighted in it, more varied effects in his works, and we find nearly all the German Chorals of a lighter and more varied style than any of the plain, subdued melodies of Calvin's adoption. Calling Calvin's 'Puritan-like,' although describing the cause by its effects, will explain better to the reader the style he chose. In the last edition of Calvin's Psalter, published three years before his death, the tunes were all harmonized, although even to this day, in many back-country places, the tunes are drawled out without harmony or spirit; and to their shame be it said, in some churches not very far from the most progressive centres, neither instrument nor harmony is permitted. This, as the former may, cannot be attributed to ignorance, but rather to a mistaken idea of the nature of praise.

As words are, so are sounds and music, a means of expressing emotion or feeling: and, like words, sounds arranged by genius or well-developed talent so as to become music, are the signs of ideas: very complex ideas, no doubt, and generally vaguely expressed,

but still conveying some emotion or feeling which is generally understood. The styles, of course, are various, as one would expect to find as many ways of expressing a sentiment as there are different emotional natures in the people of the day.

From the very first, among the Greeks, music of various styles was employed on different occasions. The Dorian chant, which the Greeks obtained from the people whose name it bears, was adapted to grave and solemn purposes and distinctly conveys to the hearer such an idea. The Phrygian chant expressed exultation, and as an ancient writer says, 'excited the hearers to fury.' The Lydian, though rather full, or heavy, was of a gladdening character, and elevating to the mind. In that excellent work, 'Harmonies to the Psalter Noted,' by the Rev. Thos. Helmore, the eight modes, as Gregory left them, are written in modern notation and harmonized for four voices. An examination of these, the effect being much heightened by the harmony, will give the reader an idea of the various emotions which they respectively produce and intensify.

As the Greeks, and probably the Hebrews before them, understood the different emotions which music can express, and adapted suitable melodies to the various occasions, whether triumphal, festal or religious, so should we, with far greater reason, as our knowledge of music is so much more extensive and complete, choose for our worship only such music that is fitted for it, and in that only which expresses devotion, peace, or spiritual joy or happiness, shall we find the true praise.

Psalmody reached England at about the same time as the Reformation; but we must not forget that chanting was practised there nearly a thousand years before, the plain-song of Gregory having been brought to England by St. Augustine and his monks about 590 A.D. In the cathedrals and collegiate chapels, long before the Refor-

mation, a full choral service had been given. During the Commonwealth, the progress of sacred melody was arrested, but the restoration of Charles brought about a revival which firmly established it as part of the worship.

John Marbeck, about 1550, was the first to adjust the plain-song of the Church service to English words. Tallis, at a later date, enriched it with harmony, and, it is supposed, invented the system of chanting the Psalms still in use.

In the English Church metrical psalmody was soon after superseded by hymns, the prose translation of the Psalms, so immeasurably superior to the metrical versions, being chanted, the proper manner to use them. We say the proper manner, because we believe that they were originally chanted. What the Hebrew metre of the Psalms was cannot be certainly determined; but from the melodies that have come down to us believed to be Hebrew, and from the manner of singing, and the various references in Scripture and profane writings to the Temple service, both of David's time and of later periods, we conclude that they were recited or chanted, much in the same style as is done to this day.

The Psalms are the purest praise. They were written under Divine inspiration. David not only wrote those attributed to him, but also taught the Levites to sing them. He invented instruments, and appointed players to accompany the singers. He did more, he joined with the others in singing, and played 'before God with all his might.' We see that from their inception to their final permanent establishment in the Temple, David, the divinely appointed King and Prophet of the children of Israel, was the author and leader of this Divine praise. The Psalms were sung on the Sabbath, and on all festivals, particular ones being appointed for the various occasions.

In 1 Chron. xv., we find the appointment of musicians to praise 'by lifting up the voice with joy.' Some

played cymbals, others psalteries, others harps, and one, Chenaniah, chief of the Levites, was for song. He not only sang, but, being skilful instructed others in the art. The total number of those set apart for this purpose was two hundred and eighty-eight, divided into twenty-four courses, like the priests. In the third verse of the same chapter, the purpose of this 'prophesying,' as the praise of those days was called, is stated, viz., 'to give thanks and to praise the Lord.' In this passage we may find Divine direction for choosing the music for our worship. It should be only such as will express our thanks and the praise of our Creator in a worthy manner.

The Psalms have been used in the praise of God for upwards of three thousand years; they are essentially, from the first to the last, true praise. They express every state of religious experience, are suited to every scene of life. No song, no words, no music, can excite in us a greater desire to praise God from our hearts than can these beautiful songs of David. The poetical and graceful flow of words contained in the English Bible translation has never been equalled. No metrical arrangement can be compared to it.

The Psalms were sung antiphonally by the Israelites, one choir responding to another. We know this from the express statement of the fact in several passages of the Bible and from the construction of some of the Psalms. The singers, boys and men, pupils and teachers, were robed in white, and stood on opposite sides; the boys on either side being in front, the men behind them. All this bears a close resemblance to the manner of chanting in the English cathedrals. They were accompanied by instruments, some in unison with the voices, some an octave above or below.

We know that the Greeks long before the Christian era had a system of music. Though imperfect, it was ex-

tensive and used on all occasions, whether of joy or grief, in war or in peace. We know that the chant of the Church was derived, through Gregory, Ambrose, and the Church at Antioch, from the Greeks. It is asserted by many ancient writers that the Greeks obtained the basis of their system and much of their melody from the Egyptians, and it is very probable that some of their music was obtained from the dispersed Hebrews, who found their way into Greece after the captivity.

On the other hand, it is believed that in Egypt, Moses acquired his knowledge of the art, for the Bible distinctly states, that it was used in his time for the praise of God ; and it is most probable that, with the additions which time must have made, this formed the basis, developed under Divine direction, for David's service.

We thus learn that the music of both Greeks and Hebrews, came originally from the same source, and what little development it received was probably about the same in both nations. This leads us to the conclusion, that the music of the Hebrews was similar to that of the Greeks ; and we know that the Greek music was a kind of recitative or chant, the same kind of music as Ignatius adopted at Antioch, and which Ambrose carried to Milan about a century later.

Thus was the chant of the Church founded. It was even then of a most simple character, indeed it must have been, for it was sung by clergy and laity together—by the latter certainly without preparation. This led to its deterioration, and the Council of Laodicea deemed it necessary to confine the chanting to the clergy, who were properly instructed.

St. Augustine thus expresses the effect of the chanting on him,—‘as the voices flowed into my ears, truth was instilled into my heart, and the affections of piety overflowed in tears of joy. The Church of Milan,’ he continues, ‘had not long before begun to practise this method. It was here first

ordered that psalms and hymns should be sung after the manner of Eastern nations.’

From the time of Ambrose to that of Gregory, this system continued in use, though latterly it became so disordered that Gregory found it necessary to reconstruct and add to it, making in all the eight modes which to this day retain his name, and are sung at times in the Roman Catholic and the English Churches.

There is much to be said in favour of the constant use of the simple melodies, of which the ecclesiastical plain-song consisted. Without accompaniment, excepting the octave above or below, as suited the voice, and of but few sounds, it must have been easily practised by anyone who had a voice, whether good, bad or indifferent. The advocates of congregational singing would have little to complain of, were it adopted altogether. We rather think it would have been a decided improvement on the metrical psalmody of the primitive church in America. The only objection to such a practice, would be that constant repetition of the simple melodies would lead to carelessness and inattention, and the song become spiritless, and without effect on the singers.

The same cannot be said of the chants now used in the English Church, as the grand and beautiful harmonies, no matter how often sung, are ever fresh and attractive. Whether the ancients possessed harmony, in the modern sense of the word, is a disputed point. Some writers have endeavoured to prove the affirmative, a treatise, published in 1598 supporting this opinion, by extracts from many writers of antiquity, especially from Plato ; and we find Thomas Ravenscroft, in the preface to his harmonized edition of the Psalms (published 1633) saying, ‘But whatsoever the tunes were in David's time, there is no question but they were concordant and harmonious, which could not be had they not been divided into parts.’

The word harmony is used by nearly all the ancient writers on music whose treatises have come down to us; but, it is contended, only to signify melody. There are passages in some of these works which might be construed to mean that the harmonious union of sounds was known to them, and it seems impossible that a harp of twenty-one strings, or a viol of ten strings, could be used by a nation continuously for generations, on all festal and religious occasions, without the players discovering that such a thing as an agreeable concord of sounds existed therein. We feel that under such circumstances, and with such constant use, we should ourselves have discovered the 'concord of sweet sounds,' have sought again, and, as it is admitted by many writers that counterpoint or harmony is a thing naturally attained after some progress in music has been made, gradually developed these accidental harmonies into a system.

It also seems absurd to suppose that no system of notation, or characters representing notes, existed among the ancients. What was the purpose of all the training that was given to singers and other musicians in David's time? It could not have been merely to induce them to imitate and remember what another performed before them, as man's nature is imitative, and he would have acquired such sounds after very little practice without any regular training. And this cultivation, as we may call it, was no unimportant matter; it extended over long periods, and we are told that nothing but music was taught in the schools of the prophets. The art was taught by father to son, for generation after generation. Whole families were set apart for the Temple service, and for the express purpose of keeping up the quality of the music. But they were taught by different teachers, in various classes; and they sang 'by course,' in turns; and these twenty-four classes, all taught by differ-

ent teachers, responded to one another in the Temple service, presumably in the same air or melody, and this plan would be quite irreconcilable with the theory that they were entirely without characters that represented to one another the notes to be played.

We do not suppose that they possessed anything approaching our present system of notation, because that we can trace back to its origin; but we do believe that they had some way of writing their music, some means of signifying to another the notes required to be sounded or sung.

Nor would we assert that they knew harmony as a *science*; but that they must have been aware of and used to some extent, harmonized sounds in their music and praise, we are mentally convinced.

The main argument against these opinions is that nothing exists which can show us that they had written music or harmonized sounds. On the contrary, there is much internal evidence to show that these things must have existed, and there is no proof that they did not exist. Whether, possessing harmonized music and a system of characters representing notes, these things were forgotten through disuse or neglect, we cannot say; but such a supposition is not without the bounds of reason, as many analogous cases are known, instances in the history of music even are not wanting, and the decline of the arts and sciences among the Egyptians is familiar to all. But, let us return to our present subject.

That music is a great moral power, all who have the slightest knowledge of it, or have even heard it in its purity will admit. It was so recognised at the beginning of the Christian era, as we learn from St. Paul's recommendation (Col. iii., 16). The disciples of Arius made use of it to propagate their doctrines, 'beguiling the ignorant by the sweetness of their music, into the impiety of their doctrines.' Gibbon says that, in opposition to these, 'bands of well-discip-

lined singers were stationed in the cathedral of Antioch, the Glory to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost was triumphantly chanted by a full chorus of voices.'

Music may also be made a power for evil. By itself it may be of a frivolous, light character, unsuited to any calm mind or any sacred edifice ; combined with words, which destroy the vagueness of the emotion or idea expressed by the music, it becomes a means of great good or much evil. All know how tenacious the words of a song become when attached to a pretty melody. Every phrase of the music conveys at once to our thoughts the words which we have been accustomed to hear sung to it. If evil words be attached to a frivolous, gay melody, their power consequently is great. Knowing this, and that there is music suitable for all occasions, and words suitable for all music, it becomes necessary for those who have the choosing of music for church purposes, to select only such as is suitable for the praise of God.

That church music may be capable of elevating the tastes, thoughts and feelings of the people, it must be comprehensible to them, and this can only be attained by having it simple. It is quite possible to have it simple and yet most beautiful and grand. Antisthenes thought that the fact of a person being a good singer was evidence of his incapacity for anything else, believing that to be proficient in music required so much practice and study that time was left for nothing else.

Now all cannot give the time necessary to learn to sing well, without considering that but few possess the means requisite, consequently they cannot sing in public praise, unless the music is of a simple description. Those who can spare the time and money that a thorough knowledge of any branch of the art requires will find ample scope for their talent in many spheres outside of that of praise : or, let them be content to sing with others

the simple music of the worship and find in the Anthem a place for their superior abilities. For the Anthem, where used, is not intended for the congregation to sing, but rather for their edification ; and if they devoutly listen and attend to the expression of the words, they would be much edified—provided always that the Anthem be well chosen, suitable in both words and music to the occasion.

It was at one time thought that but very few had voices capable of song. Experience shows that the reverse of this is true—that but few are really unable to sing. Like all other studies which require experience or practice to perfect them, it should begin in childhood, or at all events at an early period, in order that the voice which nearly everyone possesses may be formed.

If the music of the Church is simple so that the majority of the congregation can sing it with a little practice, it is accomplishing the true end of all praise—the glorification of God in our hearts. But the taste of the day, or rather we should say, the fashion of the day, demands some thing difficult to sing, requiring, to render perfectly, a life-long study, and good natural ability.

The multitude love music and are greatly affected by it ; but if we are determined to give them nothing but what requires an extensive musical education to appreciate and enjoy, we are reserving for an aristocracy what is the right of all people. And this brilliant difficult music, so often heard in fashionable churches, and which glorifies the composer or performer rather than God, is it praise ? No, it is a performance—viewed and criticized as such, and judged by the majority of people at the time according to the manner of its performance. High notes in the churches strike us with awe, they make a climax that disturbs true praise, and deadens the appreciation of the calm melodies that succeed. When, as is not unfrequently

the case, they are produced by a painful effort and by great exertion, they become exceedingly harsh and grate on a sensitive nature. In the Opera House, they disturb our emotions, and so heighten them, that we almost involuntarily break into applause, though, more generally, it is not in admiration of the beauty of the notes, or the soft pleasurable feeling which sweet music carries with it, but rather amazement at the ability, the execution, the labour and time involved in bringing them to perfection. It is true there are vocalists who can make the highest notes most musical and beautiful, but they are comparatively few; and it is also true that some of the grandest choruses in the great Oratorios take the sopranos and tenors into the higher regions of the voice, but there they are most effective and the combinations inimitable.

The music for praise should be of that smooth, easy, pleasing nature, confined generally to the *cantabile* part of the voice, where the greatest expression can be obtained, in order that all can understand it and join heart with the singers, if not both heart and voice.

What is the harmonious quartette, in its place far transcending solo, duet or trio, to the unanimous voice of hundreds, raising the simplest melody to the most sublime, awe-inspiring, soul-stirring thanksgiving?

And now the writer would offer a plea for chanting. Nothing can be better adapted for the union of both trained and untrained voices than the chant as now used in the English Church, arranged in four parts. Nothing can be simpler: the easiest tones in the voice for each part, the uniform time—not fast nor slow, but as we should read, without *crescendo* or *diminuendo*, or any other mark of expression, excepting a natural pause, but suited for all, ‘with a loud voice to sing unto the Lord.’

The chant seems to supply a want of our nature. Its peculiar monotonous

character is well fitted for the praise of our Creator. It is essentially distinct from ordinary speech and materially different from the music we use on any other occasion. It admits the expressing of almost any emotion or feeling as well as the most elaborate compositing. We find it in use in the Greek Church, the eight Gregorians being adapted to different occasions, as appointed by the Book of Regulations. Mohammedans chant their prayers. The barbarous tribes of this country, when visited by civilized man for the first time, were found to possess, like the South Sea Islanders, a peculiar mode of chant which they used in invocations to their gods. The ancient Hebrews, the ancient Greeks, and, in modern times, the people of the churches the world over, employed, and employ, chants in their worship, and it is worthy of note, for no other purpose, for their peculiar formation prevents all levity in their use. All this indicates that in a manner altogether distinct from ordinary intercourse between men is to be found the true praise. The great probability (for we cannot be sure) that the very melodies now in use in the Church are the same as have been employed for over three thousand years for this purpose, should incline us to believe that they are the appointment of the Creator.

The effect of the chants, applied to the Psalms or Canticles, when properly pointed and well executed, is very striking and sublime; both the hearer and the singer feel that they are offering praise to a great Being, and that they are a step out of and above man's world. The responsive manner of using them, which the Apostle recommends, and the construction of some of the Psalms plainly show was the original method, adds much to their effect, giving life and new energy to the voices at every response.

It has frequently been said that the harmony of the chants is not va-

ried enough to be interesting to good singers ; those who thus speak are but condemning themselves as no lovers of music or praise. A grouping of tones into a chord, wherever employed, wherever heard, is always pleasing to the true lover of music. The glorious harmonies of the appointed chants are unsurpassed. One can listen to a simple chant to a long psalm, and at every repetition perceive new delights and feel newly impelled to raise his voice with the singers. Almost with bated breath we have followed the melody of the tenor, so deftly woven with the other parts, the low notes of the bass, the melodic alto, all bringing into relief the ever-light treble, and combining to form a succession of beautiful harmonies. We have felt more awed, more inspired, more free from the thoughts and trammels of worldly things, by the chanting of a Psalm, than by any other class of music.

We cannot tell how music affects us as it does ; how with some strains, no matter what our present temper, we are moved to joy, with others to sorrow, to calmness, to devotion, to contemplation, or to thoughtlessness. We hear the music, and we observe the effect. The one the cause, the other its consequence. Although we know so much of their relation, we cannot trace the one to the other.

All music of a devotional character employed in a service of praise awakens in us the better part of our nature—a noble ambition to be good, to be free from the ties of the world. It softens the passions and develops the golden rule within us. With such effects as these in store, such a world, the world of hard human nature, to conquer, why do we not adapt our music to such a noble end ?

When George II. praised Handel for the entertainment he had furnished him in the 'Messiah,' Handel replied, 'I meant not to *entertain* you, Sire, but to make you *better*.' Thus it is with the greatest com-

posers ; they would make us by their glorious works, like themselves, above the world. They use this lofty means, the highest medium for interchange of thought or feeling, far transcending words, for the value of words is confined to those that understand them, for the elevation of mankind and the glory of God.

And now, in conclusion, we have seen that singing praises is a divine ordinance, the appointment of God to be used for His glory, by His own people. We have seen that, from the beginning, the music of voices and of instruments has been devoted to the service of God. We have seen that it is a sacrifice, adopted by our Saviour and His Apostles, acceptable to God ; 'Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to His name.'

Knowing all this, who can say that music is out of place in God's house ? And knowing that David expressly tells us to 'praise God with the sound of the trumpet,' to 'praise Him with stringed instruments and organs,' how can it be said that the organs of our day are an improper thing in a place of worship ? No grounds for such an assertion can be found, and there are no grounds for excluding from our churches anything that can assist us in our praises. But we must be sure that our heart is in the work ; we must be able to say, with St. Paul, 'I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.' It is with the heart that we praise—our voices are but the means ; and blessed indeed are they who have good voices and can sing well.

Let us not undervalue this privilege of singing to the praise of God. Matthew Henry asks, 'What is that but Heaven ?' and although Heaven is beyond man's comprehension, we can re-echo the sentiment which induced that question, and safely assert that it is one of man's greatest blessings to be able to praise God with a pure heart.

One thing more and I have done.

Let not those who have to select the music for worship abuse that privilege ; but rather let them study to select what will affect the people most, and stir them up to a full understanding of the words and music. To the

degradation of the service in the past may be traced the disuse of music by some of the Christian bodies at the present time, and this is an end, it is plain to all, that we should earnestly strive to prevent in the future.

IN CHURCH.

BY M. W.

‘SO cometh as a thief : ’ the old man’s droning
 Falls sleepily upon the Summer air ;
 And upturned glances trace the slanting sunlight,
 As though the thoughts, meantime, were elsewhere.

I wonder what my grave Papa is thinking ;—
 Of threatened storms, and labour to be done ?
 ‘He’ll turn the men to the far field at daybreak,
 And save that hay before the rain comes on.’

Mamma, her soft old face lit up with fondness,
 Is thinking of her boy across the sea ;
 God bless her anxious heart, and bring, to-morrow,
 The letter that will set its longing free.

And I—Alas ! my wicked thoughts were roving
 From words on which they *should* have been intent
 To Harry’s parting words, ‘To-morrow, Daisy !’
 And well I know what that ‘To-morrow meant :

Another chapter of the old sweet story
 This golden year is telling to us both ;
 Another day of richest, tenderest glory
 To mark the progress of our new life’s growth.

‘So cometh as a thief,’ Ah, thought of terror !
 What if the Thief should come this very night,
 And steal your field of hay, Papa, ere daybreak
 And Mother’s letter, and her Heart’s Delight ;

Should come and steal from me my glad to-morrow !—
 The preacher still is talking of that day :
 Would that his lips were touched with fire, to tell us
 What it will give for all it takes away !

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

After the Story.

(Extracts from Bernard Winterfield's Diary.)

'DO you think he showed the confession to any other person?' Stella asked. 'I happen to know that he concealed it from his mother.'

'After the housekeeper's reproof,' I replied, 'he would be cunning enough, in my opinion, not to run the risk of showing it to strangers. It is far more likely that he thought he might learn English enough to read it himself.'

There the subject dropped. We were silent for a while. She was thinking, and I was looking at her. On a sudden she raised her head. Her eyes rested on me gravely.

'It is very strange!' she said.

'What is strange?'

'I have been thinking of the Loring's. They encouraged me to doubt you. They advised me to be silent about what happened at Brussels. And they too are concerned in my husband's desertion of me. He first met Father Benwell at their house. From that time, I see the circumstances in my mind, all following one on another, until the priest and the French boy were brought together—and the miserable end came, which left me a deserted wife.' Her head drooped again; her next words were murmured to herself. 'I am still a young woman,' she said. 'Oh, God, what is my future to be?'

This morbid way of thinking distressed me. I reminded her that she had devoted friends.

'Not one,' she answered, 'but you.' 'Have you not seen Lady Loring?' I asked.

'She and her husband have written most kindly, inviting me to make their house my home. I have no right to blame them—they meant well. But, after what has happened, I can't go back to them.'

'I am sorry to hear it,' I said.

'Are you thinking of the Loring's?' she asked.

'I don't even know the Loring's. I can think of nobody but you.'

I was still looking at her—and I am afraid my eyes said more than my words. If she had doubted it before, she must have now known that I was as fond of her as ever. She looked distressed rather than confused. I made an awkward attempt to set myself right.

'Surely, your brother may speak plainly,' I said.

She agreed to this. But nevertheless she rose to go—with a friendly word, intended (as I hoped) to show me that I had got my pardon for that time. 'Will you come and see us to-morrow?' she said. 'Can you forgive my mother as generously as you have forgiven me? I will take care, Bernard, that she does you justice, at last.'

She held out her hand to take leave. How could I reply? If I had been a resolute man, I might have remembered that it would be best for me not to see too much of her. But I am a poor weak creature—I accepted her invitation for the next day.

30th January.—I have just returned from my visit.

My thoughts are in a state of indescribable conflict and confusion—and her mother is the cause of it. I wish I had not gone to the house. Am I a bad man, I wonder? and have I only found it out now?

Mrs. Eyrecourt was alone in the drawing room when I went in. Judging by the easy manner in which she got up to receive me, the misfortune that has befallen her daughter seemed to have produced no sobering change in this frivolous woman.

‘My dear Winterfield,’ she began, ‘I have behaved infamously. I won’t say that appearances were against you—I will only say I ought not to have trusted appearances. You are the injured person; please forgive me. Shall we go on with the subject? or shall we shake hands and say no more about it?’

I shook hands of course. Mrs. Eyrecourt perceived that I was looking for Stella.

‘Sit down,’ she said; ‘and be good enough to put up with no more attractive society than mine. Unless I set things straight, my good friend, you and my daughter—oh, with the best intentions!—will drift into a false position. You won’t see Stella to-day. Quite impossible—and I will tell you why. I am the worldly old mother; I don’t mind what I say. My innocent daughter would die before she would confess what I am going to tell you. Can I offer you anything? Have you had lunch?’

I begged her to continue. She perplexed—I am not sure that she did not even alarm me.

‘Very well,’ she proceeded. ‘You may be surprised to hear it—but I don’t mean to allow things to go on in this way. My contemptible son-in-law shall return to his wife.’

This startled me; and I suppose I showed it.

‘Wait a little,’ said Mrs. Eyrecourt. ‘There is nothing to be alarmed about.

Romayne is a weak fool; and Father Benwell’s greedy hands are (of course) in both of his pockets. But he has, unless I am entirely mistaken, some small sense of shame, and some little human feeling still left. After the manner in which he has behaved, these are the merest possibilities, you will say. Very likely. I have boldly appealed to those possibilities, nevertheless. He has already gone away to Rome; and I need hardly add—Father Benwell would take good care of that—he has left us no address—It doesn’t in the least matter. One of the advantages of being so much in Society as I am is that I have nice acquaintances everywhere, always ready to oblige me provided I don’t borrow money of them. I have written to Romayne, under cover to one of my friends living in Rome. Wherever he may be, there my letter will find him.’

So far, I listened quietly enough; naturally supposing that Mrs. Eyrecourt trusted to her own arguments and persuasions. I confess it, even to myself, with shame. It was a relief to me to feel that the chances (with such a fanatic as Romayne) were a hundred to one against her.

This unworthy way of thinking was instantly checked by Mrs. Eyrecourt’s next words.

‘Don’t suppose that I am foolish enough to attempt to reason with him,’ she went on. ‘My letter begins and ends on the first page. His wife has a claim on him which no newly-married man can resist. Let me do him justice. He knew nothing of it before he went away. My letter—my daughter has no suspicion that I have written it—tells him plainly what the claim is.’

She paused. Her eyes softened, her voice sank low—she became quite unlike the Mrs. Eyrecourt I knew.

‘In a few months more, Winterfield,’ she said, ‘my poor Stella will be a mother. My letter calls Romayne back to his wife—and his child.’

Mrs. Eyrecourt paused, evidently expecting me to offer an opinion of

some sort. For the moment I was really unable to speak. Stella's mother never had a very high opinion of my abilities. She now appeared to consider me the stupidest person in the circle of her acquaintance.

'Are you a little deaf, Winterfield?' she asked.

'Not that I know of.'

'Do you understand me?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Then why can't you say something? I want a man's opinion of our prospects. Good gracious how you fidget! Put yourself in Romaine's place, and tell me this. If *you* had left Stella

——',

'I should never have left her, Mrs. Eyrecourt.'

'Be quiet. You don't know what you would have done. I insist on your supposing yourself to be a weak, superstitious, conceited, fanatical fool. You understand? Now, tell me, then. Could you keep away from your wife, when you were called back to her in the name of your first-born child? Could you resist that!'

'Most assuredly not!'

I contrived to reply with an appearance of tranquillity. It was not very easy to speak with composure. Envious, selfish, contemptible—no language is too strong to describe the turn my thoughts now took. I never hated any human being as I hated Romaine at that moment. 'Damn him, he will come back!' There was my inmost feeling expressed in words.

In the meantime, Mrs. Eyrecourt was satisfied. She dashed at the next subject, as fluent and as confident as ever.

'Now, Winterfield, it is surely plain to your mind that you must not see Stella again—except when I am present to tie the tongue of scandal. My daughter's conduct must not allow her husband—if you only knew how I detest that man!—must not, I say, allow her husband the slightest excuse for keeping away from her. If we give that odious old Jesuit the chance, he

will make a priest of Romaine before we know where we are. The audacity of these Papists is really beyond belief. You remember how they made Bishops and Archbishops here, in flat defiance of our laws. Father Benwell follows that example and sets our other laws at defiance—I mean our marriage laws. I am so indignant I can't express myself as clearly as usual. Did Stella tell you that he actually shook Romaine's belief in his own marriage? Ah, I understand—she kept that to herself, poor dear, and with good reason too.'

I thought of the turned-down page in the letter. Mrs. Eyrecourt readily revealed what her daughter's delicacy had forbidden me to read—including the monstrous assumption which connected my marriage before the registrar with her son-in-law's scruples.

'Yes,' she proceeded, 'these Catholics are all alike. My daughter—I don't mean my sweet Stella; I mean the unnatural creature in the nunnery—sets herself above her own mother. Did I ever tell you she was impudent enough to say she would pray for me? Father Benwell and the Papal Aggression over again! Now tell me, Winterfield, don't you think—taking the circumstances into consideration—that you will act like a thoroughly sensible man, if you go back to Devonshire, while we are in our present situation? What with foot-warmers in the carriage, and newspapers and magazines to amuse you, it isn't such a very long journey. And then Beaupark—dear Beaupark—is such a remarkably comfortable house in the winter; and you, you enviable creature, are such a popular man in the neighbourhood. Oh, go back! go back!'

I got up, and took my hat. She patted me on the shoulder. I could have throttled her at that moment. And yet she was right.

'You will make my excuses to Stella?' I said.

'You dear, good fellow, I will do more than make your excuses; I will

sing your praises—as the poet says.' In her ungovernable exultation at having got rid of me, she burst into extravagant language. 'I feel like a mother to you,' she went on, as we shook hands at parting. 'I declare I could almost let you kiss me.'

There was not a single kissable place about Mrs. Eyrecourt unpainted, undyed, or unpowdered. I resisted temptation, and opened the door. There was still one last request that I could not help making.

'Will you let me know,' I said, 'when you hear from Rome?'

'With the greatest pleasure,' Mrs. Eyrecourt answered briskly. 'Good-bye, you best of friends, goodbye!'

I write these lines, while the servant is packing my portmanteau. Traveller knows what that means. My dog is glad, at any rate, to get away from London. I think I shall hire a yacht, and try what a voyage round the world will do for me. I wish to God I had never seen Stella!

* * * *

10th February.—News at last from Mrs. Eyrecourt.

Romayne has not even read the letter that she addressed to him—it has actually been returned to her by Father Benwell. Mrs. Eyrecourt writes, naturally enough, in a state of fury. Her one consolation, under this insulting treatment is, that her daughter knows nothing of the circumstances. She warns me (quite needlessly) to keep the secret—and sends me a copy of Father Benwell's letter:

'Dear Madam,—Mr. Romayne can read nothing that diverts his attention from his preparation for the priesthood, or that recalls past associations with errors which he has renounced for ever. When a letter reaches him, it is his wise custom to look at the signature first. He has handed your letter to me, *unread*—with a request that I will return it to you. In his presence, I instantly sealed it up. Neither he, nor I, know, or wish to know, on what subject you have addressed him. We

respectfully advise you not to write again.'

In those terms the Jesuit expressed himself. I shall have lived long enough, if I live to see that man caught in one of his own traps.

11th February.—I was disappointed at not hearing from Stella yesterday. This morning has made amends; it has brought a letter from her.

She is not well; and her mother's conduct sadly perplexes her. At one time, Mrs. Eyrecourt's sense of injury urges her to indulge in violent measures—she is eager to place her deserted daughter under the protection of the law; to insist on a restitution of conjugal rights or on a judicial separation. At another time, she sinks into a state of abject depression; declares that it is impossible for her, in Stella's deplorable situation, to face Society; and recommends immediate retirement to some place on the Continent in which they can live cheaply. This latter suggestion Stella is not only ready, but eager, to adopt. She proves it by asking for my advice, in a postscript; no doubt, remembering the happy days when I courted her in Paris, and the many foreign friends of mine who called at our hotel.

The postscript gave me the excuse that I wanted. I knew perfectly well that it would be better for me not to see her—and I went to London, for the sole purpose of seeing her, by the first train.

12th February.—I found mother and daughter together in the drawing-room. It was one of Mrs. Eyrecourt's days of depression. Her little twinkling eyes tried to cast on me a look of tragic reproach; she shook her dyed head, and said, 'Oh, Winterfield, I didn't think you would have done this! Stella, fetch me my smelling-bottle.'

But Stella refused to take the hint. She almost brought the tears into my eyes, she received me so kindly. If her mother had not been in the room—but her mother *was* in the room: I had no other choice than to enter on

my business, as if I had been the family lawyer.

Mrs. Eyrecourt began by reproving Stella for asking my advice, and then assured me that she had no intention of leaving London. 'How am I to get rid of my house?' she asked, irritably enough. I knew that 'her house' (as she called it) was the furnished upper part of a house belonging to another person, and that she could leave it at a short notice. But I said nothing. I addressed myself to Stella.

'I have been thinking of two or three places which you might like,' I went on. 'The nearest place belongs to an old French gentleman and his wife. They have no children; and they don't let lodgings; but I believe they would be glad to receive friends of mine, if their spare rooms are not already occupied. They live at St. Germain—close to Paris.'

I looked at Mrs. Eyrecourt as I said these last words—I was as sly as Father Benwell himself. Paris justified my confidence; the temptation was too much for her. She not only gave way, but actually mentioned the amount of rent which she could afford to pay. Stella whispered her thanks to me as I went out. 'My name is not mentioned, but my misfortune is alluded to in the newspapers,' she said. 'Well-meaning friends are calling and condoling with me already. I shall die, if you don't help me to get away among strangers!'

I start for Paris, by the mail train, to-night.

Paris, 13th February.—It is evening. I have just returned from St. Germain. Everything is settled—with more slyness on my part. I begin to think I am born a Jesuit; there must have been some detestable sympathy between Father Benwell and me.

My good friends, Monsieur and Madame Raymond, will be only too glad to receive English ladies, known to me for many years. The spacious and handsome first floor of their house (inherited from once-wealthy ancestors by Madame Raymond) can be got

ready to receive Mrs. Eyrecourt and her daughter in a week's time.

Our one difficulty related to the question of money. Monsieur Raymond, living on a Government pension, was modestly unwilling to ask terms; and I was too absolutely ignorant of the subject to be of the slightest assistance to him. It ended in our appealing to a house-agent at St. Germain. His estimate appeared to me to be quite reasonable. But it exceeded the pecuniary limit mentioned by Mrs. Eyrecourt. I had known the Raymonds long enough to be in no danger of offending them, by proposing a secret arrangement which permitted me to pay the difference. So that difficulty was got over in due course of time.

We went into the large garden at the back of the house—and there I committed another act of duplicity.

In a nice sheltered corner I discovered one of those essentially-French buildings, called a 'pavillon'; a delightful little toy house of three rooms. Another private arrangement made me the tenant of this place. Madame Raymond smiled. 'I bet you,' she said to me in her very best English, 'one of these ladies is in her fascinating first youth.' The good lady little knows what a hopeless love affair mine is. I must see Stella sometimes—I ask, and hope for, no more. Never have I felt how lonely my life is, as I felt it now.

* * * * *

London, 1st March.—Stella and her mother have set forth on their journey to St. Germain this morning, without allowing me, as I had hoped and planned, to be their escort.

Mrs. Eyrecourt set up the old objection of the claims of propriety. If that were the only obstacle in my way, I should have set it aside, by following them to France. Where is the impropriety of my seeing Stella, as her friend and brother—especially when I don't live in the same house with her, and when she has her mother, on one side, and Madame Ray-

mond, on the other, to take care of her ?

No ! the influence that keeps me away from St. Germain is the influence of Stella herself.

'I will write to you often,' she said ; 'but I beg you, for my sake, not to accompany us to France.' Her look and tone reduced me to obedience. Stupid as I am, I think (after what passed between me and her mother) I can guess what she meant.

'Am I never to see you again ?' I asked.

'Do you think I am hard and ungrateful ?' she answered. 'Do you doubt that I shall be glad, more than glad, to see you, when——?' She turned away from me, and said no more.

It was time to take leave. We were under her mother's superintendence ; we shook hands—and that was all.

Matilda (Mrs. Eyrecourt's maid) followed me downstairs to open the door. I suppose I looked, as I felt, wretchedly enough. The good creature tried to cheer me. 'Don't be anxious about them,' she said ; 'I am used to travelling, sir—and I'll take care of them.' She was a woman to be thoroughly depended on, a faithful and attached servant. I made her a little present at parting ; and I asked her if she would write to me from time to time.

Some people might consider this to be rather an undignified proceeding on my part. I can only say it came naturally to me. I am not a dignified man ; and, when a person means kindly towards me, I don't ask myself whether that person is higher or lower, richer or poorer, than I am. We are to my mind on the same level, when the same sympathy unites us. Matilda was sufficiently acquainted with all that had passed to foresee, as I did, that there would be certain reservations in Stella's letters to me. 'You shall have the whole truth from Me, sir, don't doubt it,' she whispered. I

believed her. When my heart is sore, give me a woman for my friend. Whether she is lady, or lady's maid, she is equally precious to me.

Cowes, 2nd March.—I am in treaty with an agent for the hire of a yacht.

I must do something, and go somewhere. Returning to Beaupark is out of the question. People with tranquil minds can find pleasure in the society of their country neighbours. I am a miserable creature, with a mind in a state of incessant disturbance. Excellent fathers of families talking politics to me ; exemplary mothers of families offering me matrimonial opportunities with their daughters—that is what society means, if I go back to Devonshire. No. I will go for a cruise in the Mediterranean ; and I will take one friend with me, whose company I never weary of—my dog.

The vessel is discovered—a fine schooner of three hundred tons, just returned from a cruise to Madeira. The sailing master and crew only ask for a few days on shore. In that time, the surveyor will have examined the vessel, and the stores will be on board.

3rd March.—I have written to Stella, with a list of addresses at which letters will reach me ; and I have sent another list to my faithful ally the maid. When we leave Gibraltar, our course will be to Naples—thence to Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Genoa, Marseilles. From any of these places, I am within easy travelling distance of St. Germain.

7th March. At Sea.—It is half-past six in the evening. We have just passed the Eddystone Lighthouse, with the wind abeam. The log registers ten knots an hour.

* * * * *

Naples, 10th May.—The fair promise at the beginning of my voyage has not been fulfilled. Owing to contrary winds, storms, and delays at Cadiz in repairing damages, we have only arrived at Naples this evening. Under trying circumstances of all sorts, the

yacht has behaved admirably. A stouter and finer sea-boat never was built.

We are too late to find the post-office open. I shall send ashore for letters the first thing to-morrow morning. My next movements will depend entirely on the news I get from St. Germain. If I remain for any length of time in these regions, I shall give my crew the holiday they have well earned, at Civita Vecchia. I am never weary of Rome—but I always did, and always shall, dislike Naples.

11th May.—My plans are completely changed. I am annoyed and angry; the further I get away from France, the better I shall be pleased.

I have heard from Stella, and heard from the maid. Both letters inform me that the child is born, and that it is a boy. Do they expect me to feel any interest in the boy? He is my worst enemy before he is out of his long clothes.

Stella writes kindly enough. Not a line in her letter, however, invites me, or holds out the prospect of inviting me, to St. Germain. She refers to her mother very briefly; merely informing me that Mrs. Eyrecourt is well, and is already enjoying the gaieties of Paris. Three-fourths of the letter are occupied with the baby. When I wrote to her I signed myself 'your's affectionately.' Stella signs 'your's sincerely.' It is a trifle, I dare say—but I feel it, for all that.

Matilda is faithful to her engagement; Matilda's letter tells me the truth.

'Since the birth of the baby,' she writes, 'Mrs. Romaine has never once mentioned your name; she can talk of nothing, and think of nothing, but her child. I make every allowance, I hope, for a lady in her melancholy situation. But I do think it is not very grateful to have quite forgotten Mr. Winterfield, who has done so much for her, and who only asks to pass a few hours of his day innocently in her society. Perhaps, being a single woman, I

write ignorantly about mothers and babies. But I have my feelings; and (though I never liked Mr. Romaine) I feel for *you*, sir—if you will forgive the familiarity. In my opinion, this new craze about the baby will wear out. He is already a cause of difference of opinion. My good mistress, who possesses knowledge of the world, and a kind heart as well, advises that Mr. Romaine should be informed of the birth of a son and heir. Mrs. Eyrecourt says, most truly, that the hateful old priest will get possession of Mr. Romaine's money, to the prejudice of the child, unless steps are taken to shame him into doing justice to his own son. But Mrs. Romaine is as proud as Lucifer; she will not hear of making the first advances, as she calls it. "The man who has deserted me," she says, "has no heart to be touched either by wife or child." My mistress does not agree with her. There have been hard words already—and the nice old French gentleman and his wife try to make peace. You will smile when I tell you that they offer sugar-plums as a sort of composing gift. My mistress accepts the gift, and has been to the theatre at Paris, with Monsieur and Madame Raymond, more than once already. To conclude, sir, if I might venture to advise you, I should recommend trying the effect on Mrs. R. of absence and silence.'

A most sensibly-written letter. I shall certainly take Matilda's advice. My name is never mentioned by Stella—and not a day has passed without my thinking of her.

Well! I suppose a man can harden his heart, if he likes. Let me harden *my* heart, and forget her.

The crew shall have three days ashore at Naples, and then we sail for Alexandria. In that port, the yacht will wait my return. I have not yet visited the cataracts of the Nile; I have not yet seen the magnificent mouse-coloured women of Nubia. A tent in the desert, and a dusky daughter of Nature to keep house for me—

there is a new life for a man who is weary of the vapid civilization of Europe! I shall begin by letting my beard grow.

* * * *

Cirita Vecchia, 28th February, 1863.

—Back again on the coast of Italy—after an absence, at sea and ashore, of nine months!

What have my travels done for me? They have made me browner and thinner; they have given me a more patient mind, and a taste for mild tobacco. Have they helped me to forget Stella? Not the least in the world—I am more eager than ever to see her again. When I look back at my diary I am really ashamed of my own fretfulness and impatience. What miserable vanity on my part to expect her to think of me, when she was absorbed in the first cares and joys of maternity; especially sacred to her, poor soul, as the one consolation of her melancholy life! I withdraw all that I wrote about her—and from the bottom of my heart I forgive the baby.

Rome, 1st March.—I have found my letters waiting for me at the office of my banker.

The latest news from St. Germain is all that I could wish. In acknowledging the receipt of my last letter from Cairo (I broke my rash vow of silence when we got into port, after leaving Naples) Stella sends me the long desired invitation. 'Pray take care to return to us, dear Bernard, before the first anniversary of my boy's birthday, on the twenty-seventh of March. After these words, she need feel no apprehension of my being late at my appointment. Traveller—the dog has well merited his name by this time—will have to bid good-bye to the yacht (which he loves), and journey homeward by the railway (which he hates). No more risk of storms and delays for me. Good-bye to the sea, for a while.

I have sent the news of my safe return from the East by telegraph. But I must not be in too great a hurry to

leave Rome, or I shall commit a serious error—I shall disappoint Stella's mother.

Mrs. Eyrecourt writes to me earnestly requesting, if I return by way of Italy, that I will get her some information about Romaine. She is eager to know whether they have made him a priest yet. I am also to discover, if I can, what are his prospects—whether he is as miserable as he deserves to be—whether he has been disappointed in his expectations, and is likely to be brought back to his senses in that way—and, above all, whether Father Benwell is still at Rome with him. My idea is that Mrs. Eyrecourt has not given up her design of making Romaine acquainted with the birth of his son.

The right person to apply to for information is evidently my banker. He has been a resident in Rome for twenty years—but he is too busy a man to be approached, by an idler like myself, in business hours. I have asked him to dine with me to-morrow.

2nd March.—My guest has just left me. I am afraid Mrs. Eyrecourt will be sadly disappointed when she hears what I have to tell her.

The moment I mentioned Romaine's name, the banker looked at me with an expression of surprise.

'The man most talked about in Rome,' he said; 'I wonder you have not heard of him already.'

'Is he a priest?'

'Certainly! And, what is more, the ordinary preparations for the priesthood were expressly shortened by high authority on his account. The Pope takes the greatest interest in him—and, as for the people, the Italians have already nicknamed him, "the young cardinal." Don't suppose, as some of our countrymen do, that he is indebted to his wealth for the high position which he has already obtained. His wealth is only one of the minor influences in his favour. The truth is, he unites in himself two opposite qualities, both of the greatest value to the

Church, which are very rarely found combined in the same man. He has already made a popular reputation here, is a most eloquent and convincing preacher——’

‘A preacher?’ I exclaimed. ‘And a popular reputation! How do the Italians understand him?’

The banker looked puzzled.

‘Why shouldn’t they understand a man who addresses them in their own language?’ he said. ‘Romaine could speak Italian when he came here—and since that time he has learnt by constant practice to think in Italian. While our Roman season lasts, he preaches alternately in Italian and in English. But I was speaking of the two opposite accomplishments which this remarkable man possesses. Out of the pulpit he is capable of applying his mind successfully to the political necessities of the Church. As I am told, his intellect has had severe practical training, by means of historical studies, in the past years of his life. Anyhow, in one of the diplomatic difficulties here between the Church and the State he wrote a memorial on the subject, which the Cardinal-Secretary declared to be a model of ability in applying the experience of the past to the need of the present time. If he doesn’t wear himself out, his Italian nickname may prove prophetically true. We may live to see the new convert, Cardinal Romaine.’

‘Are you acquainted with him yourself?’ I asked.

‘No Englishman is acquainted with him,’ the banker answered. ‘There is a report of some romantic event in his life which has led to his leaving England, and which makes him recoil from intercourse with his own nation. Whether this is true or false, it is certain that the English in Rome find him unapproachable. I have even heard that he refuses to receive letters from England. If you wish to see him, you must do as I have done—you must go to church and look at him in the pulpit. He preaches in English—I think

for the last time this season—on Thursday evening next. Shall I call here and take you to the church?’

If I had followed my inclinations, I should have refused. I feel no sort of interest in Romaine—I might even say I feel a downright antipathy towards him. But I have no wish to appear insensible to the banker’s kindness; and my reception at St. Germain depends greatly on the attention I show to Mrs. Eyrecourt’s request. So it was arranged that I should hear the great preacher—with a mental reservation on my part, which contemplated my departure from the church before the end of his sermon.

But, before I see him, I feel assured of one thing—especially after what the banker has told me. Stella’s view of his character is the right one. The man who has deserted her has no heart to be touched by wife or child. They are separated for ever.

3rd March.—I have just seen the landlord of the hotel; he can help me to answer one of Mrs. Eyrecourt’s questions. A nephew of his holds some employment at the Jesuit headquarters here, adjoining their famous church, *Il Gesu*. I have requested the young man to ascertain if Father Benwell is still in Rome.

4th March.—Good news this time for Mrs. Eyrecourt, so far as it goes. Father Benwell has long since left Rome, and has returned to his regular duties in England. If he exercises any further influence over Romaine, it must be done by letter.

5th March.—I have returned from Romaine’s sermon. This double renegade—has he not deserted his religion and his wife?—has failed to convince my reason. But he has so completely upset my nerves, that I ordered a bottle of champagne (to the great amusement of my friend, the banker) the moment we got back to the hotel.

We drove through the scantily-lighted streets of Rome to a small church, in the neighbourhood of the Piazza Navona. To a more imagin-

ative man than myself, the scene when we entered the building would have been too impressive to be described in words—though it might perhaps have been painted. The one light in the place glimmered mysteriously from a great wax candle, burning in front of a drapery of black cloth, and illuminating dimly a sculptured representation, in white marble, of the crucified Christ, wrought to the size of life. In front of this ghastly emblem a platform projected, also covered with black cloth. We could penetrate no further than to the space just inside the door of the church. Everywhere else, the building was filled with standing, sitting, and kneeling figures, shadowy and mysterious; fading away in far corners into impenetrable gloom. The only sounds were the low wailing notes of the organ, accompanied at intervals by the muffled thump of fanatic worshippers penitentially beating their breasts. On a sudden the organ ceased; the self-inflicted blows of the penitents were heard no more. In the breathless silence that followed, a man robed in black mounted the black platform, and faced the congregation. His hair had become prematurely grey; his face was of the ghastly paleness of the great crucifix at his side. The light of the candle, falling on him as he slowly turned his head, cast shadows into the hollows of his cheeks, and glittered in his gleaming eyes. In tones low, and trembling at first, he stated the subject of his address. A week since two noteworthy persons had died in Rome on the same day. One of them was a woman of exemplary piety, whose funeral obsequies had been celebrated in that church. The other was a criminal, charged with homicide under provocation, who had died in prison, refusing the services of the priest—impenitent to the last. The sermon followed the spirit of the absolved woman to its eternal reward in Heaven, and described the meeting with dear ones who had gone before, in terms so devout and so touching that the women

near us, and even some of the men, burst into tears. Far different was the effect produced when the preacher, filled with the same overpowering sincerity of belief which had inspired his description of the joys of Heaven, traced the downward progress of the lost man, from his impenitent death-bed to his doom in Hell. The dreadful superstition of everlasting torment became doubly dreadful in the priest's fervent words. He described the retributive voices of mother and son, bereaved of husband and father by the fatal deed, ringing incessantly in the ears of the homicide. 'I, who speak to you, hear the voices,' he cried. 'Assassin! assassin! where are you? I see him—I see the assassin hurled into his place in the sleepless rank of the Damned—I see him, dripping with the flames that burn for ever, writhing under the torments that are without respite and without end.' The climax of this terrible effort of imagination was reached when he fell on his knees and prayed with sobs and cries of entreaty—prayed, pointing to the crucifix at his side—that he and all who heard him might die the death of penitent sinners, absolved in the divinely-atonement name of Christ. The hysterical shrieks of women rang through the church. I could endure it no longer. I hurried into the street—and breathed again freely, when I looked up at the cloudless beauty of the night sky, bright with the peaceful radiance of the stars.

And this man was Romayne! I had last met with him among his delightful works of Art; an enthusiast in literature; the hospitable master of a house, filled with comforts and luxuries to its remotest corner. And now I have seen what Rome had made of him.

'Yes,' said my companion, 'the Ancient Church not only finds out the men who can best serve it, but develops qualities in those men of which they have been themselves unconscious. The advance which Roman Catholic

Christianity has made, and is still, making has its intelligible reason. Thanks to the great Reformation, the papal scandals of past centuries have been atoned for by the exemplary lives of servants of the Church, in high places and low places alike. If a new Luther arose among us, where would he now find abuses sufficiently wicked and widely spread to shock the sense of decency in Christendom? He would find them nowhere—and he would probably return to the respectable shelter of the Roman sheepfold.'

I listened, without making any remark. 'To tell the truth, I was thinking of Stella.

6th March.—I have been to Civita Vecchia, to give a little farewell entertainment to the officers and crew, before they take the yacht back to England.

In the few words I said at parting, I mentioned that it was my purpose to make an offer for the purchase of the vessel, and that my guests should hear from me again on the subject. This announcement was received with enthusiasm. I really like my crew—and I don't think it is vain in me to believe that they return the feeling, from the sailing master to the cabin-boy. My future life, after all that has passed, is likely to be a roving life, unless——. No! I may think sometimes of that happier prospect, but I had better not put my thoughts into words. I have a fine vessel; I have plenty of money, and I like the sea. There are three good reasons for buying the yacht.

Returning to Rome in the evening, I found waiting for me a letter from Stella.

She writes (immediately on the receipt of my telegram) to make a similar request to the one addressed to me by her mother. Now that I am at Rome, she too wants to hear news of a Jesuit priest. He is absent on a foreign mission, and his name is Penrose. 'You shall hear what obligations I

owe to his kindness,' she writes, 'when we meet. In the meantime, I will only say that he is the exact opposite of Father Benwell, and that I should be the most ungrateful of women if I did not feel the truest interest in his welfare.'

This is strange, and, to my mind, not satisfactory. Who is Penrose? and what has he done to deserve such strong expressions of gratitude? If anybody had told me that Stella could make a friend of a Jesuit, I am afraid I should have returned a rude answer. Well, I must wait for further enlightenment, and apply to the landlord's nephew once more.

7th March.—There is small prospect, I fear, of my being able to appreciate the merits of Mr. Penrose by personal experience. He is thousands of miles away from Europe; and he is in a situation of peril, which makes the chance of his safe return doubtful in the last degree.

The Mission to which he is attached was originally destined to find its field of work in Central America. Rumours of more fighting to come, in that revolutionary part of the world, reached Rome before the missionaries had sailed from the port of Leghorn. Under these discouraging circumstances, the priestly authorities changed the destination of the Mission to the territory of Arizona; bordering on New Mexico, and recently purchased by the United States. Here, in the valley of Santa Cruz, the Jesuits had first attempted the conversion of the Indian tribes two hundred years since—and had failed. Their mission-house and chapel are now a heap of ruins; and the ferocious Apache Indians keep the fertile valley a solitude by the mere terror of their name. To this ill-omened place, Penrose and his companions have made their daring pilgrimage; and they are now risking their lives in the attempt to open the hearts of these bloodthirsty savages to the influence of Christianity. Nothing has been yet

heard of them. At the best, no trustworthy news is expected for months to come.

What will Stella say to this? Anyhow, I begin to understand her interest in Penrose now. He is one of a company of heroes. I am already anxious to hear more of him.

To-morrow will be a memorable day in my calendar. To-morrow I leave Rome for St. Germain.

If any further information is to be gained for Mrs. Eyrecourt and her daughter, I have made necessary arrangements for receiving it. The banker has promised to write to me, if there is a change in Romayne's life and prospects. And my landlord will take care that I hear of it, in the event of news reaching Rome from the Mission at Arizona.

* * * *

St. Germain, 14th March.—I arrived yesterday. Between the fatigue of the journey and the pleasurable agitation caused by seeing Stella again, I was unfit to make the customary entry in my diary when I retired for the night.

She is more irresistibly beautiful than ever. Her figure (a little too slender as I remember it) has filled out. Her lovely face has lost its haggard, careworn look; her complexion has recovered its delicacy; I see again in her eyes the pure serenity of expression which first fascinated me, years since. It may be due to the consoling influence of the child—assisted, perhaps, by the lapse of time and the peaceful life which she now leads—but this at least is certain, such a change for the better I never could have imagined as the change I find in Stella after a year's absence.

As for the baby, he is a bright, good-humoured little fellow; and he has one great merit in my estimation—he bears no resemblance to his father. I saw his mother's features when I first took him on my knee, and looked at his face, lifted to mine in grave surprise. The baby and I are certain to get on well together.

Even Mrs. Eyrecourt seems to have improved in the French air, and under the French diet. She has a better surface to lay the paint on; her nimble tongue runs faster than ever; and she has so completely recovered her good spirits, that Monsieur and Madame Raymond declare she must have French blood in her veins. They were all so unaffectedly glad to see *mé* (Matilda included) that it was really like returning to one's home. As for Traveler, I must interfere (in the interest of his figure and his health) to prevent everybody in the house from feeding him with every eatable thing, from plain bread to *pâté de foie gras*.

My experience of to-day will, as Stella tells me, be my general experience of the family life at St. Germain.

We begin the morning with the customary cup of coffee. At eleven o'clock, I am summoned from my 'pavillon' of three rooms to one of those delicious and artfully-varied breakfasts which are only to be found in France and in Scotland. An interval of about three hours follows, during which the child takes his airing and his siesta, and his elders occupy themselves as they please. At three o'clock, we all go out—with a pony chaise which carries the weaker members of the household—for a ramble in the forest. At six o'clock, we assemble at the dinner-table. At coffee time, some of the neighbours drop in for a game at cards. At ten we all wish each other good night.

Such is the domestic programme, varied by excursions in the country and by occasional visits to Paris. I am naturally a man of quiet stay-at-home habits. It is only when my mind is disturbed that I get restless and feel longings for change. Surely the quiet routine at St. Germain ought to be welcome to me now. I have been looking forward to this life through a long year of travel. What more can I wish for?

Nothing more, of course.

And yet—and yet—Stella has in-

nocently made it harder than ever to play the part of her 'brother.' The recovery of her beauty is a subject for congratulation to her mother and her friends. How does it affect Me?

I had better not think of my hard fate! Can I help thinking of it? Can I dismiss from memory the unmerited misfortunes which have taken from me, in the prime of her charms, the woman whom I love? At least I can try.

The good old moral must be *my* moral:—'Be content with such things as ye have.'

15th March.—It is eight in the morning—and I hardly know how to employ myself. Having finished my coffee, I have just looked again at my diary.

It strikes me that I am falling into a bad habit of writing too much about myself. The custom of keeping a journal certainly has this drawback—it encourages egotism. Well! the remedy is easy. From this date, I lock up my book—only to open it again when some event has happened, which has a claim to be recorded for its own sake. As for myself and my feelings, they have made their last appearance in these pages.

* * * *

7th June.—The occasion for opening my diary once more has presented itself this morning.

News has reached me of Romaine, which is too important to be passed over without notice. He has been appointed one of the Pope's Chamberlains. It is also reported, on good authority, that he will be attached to a Papal embassy, when a vacancy occurs. These honours, present and to come, seem to remove him farther than ever from the possibility of a return to his wife and child.

8th June.—In regard to Romaine, Mrs. Eyrecourt seems to be of my opinion.

Being in Paris to-day, at a morning concert, she there met with her old friend, Doctor Wybrow. The famous

physician is suffering from overwork, and is on his way to Italy for a few months of rest and recreation. They took a drive together, after the performance, in the Bois de Boulogne; and Mrs. Eyrecourt opened her mind to the doctor, as freely as usual, on the subject of Stella and the child. He entirely agreed (speaking in the future interest of the boy) that precious time has been lost in informing Romaine of the birth of an heir; and he has promised, no matter what obstacles may be placed in his way, to make the announcement himself, when he reaches Rome.

9th June.—Madame Raymond has been speaking to me confidentially on a very delicate subject.

I am pleased to discontinue writing about myself. But in these private pages I may note the substance of what my good friend said to me. If I only look back often enough at this little record, I may gather the resolutions to profit by her advice. In brief, these were her words:—

'Stella has spoken to me in confidence, since she met you accidentally in the garden yesterday. She cannot be guilty of the poor affectation of concealing what you have already discovered for yourself. But she prefers to say the words that must be said to you, through me. Her husband's conduct to her is an outrage that she can never forget. She now looks back with sentiments of repulsion which she dare not describe, to that "love at first sight" (as you call it in England), conceived on the day when they first met—and she remembers regretfully that other love, of years since, which was love of steadier and slower growth. To her shame she confesses that she failed to set you the example of duty and self-restraint, when you two were alone. She leaves it to my discretion to tell you that you must see her, for the future, always in the presence of some other person. Make no reference to this when you next meet; and understand that she has only spoken to me

instead of to her mother, because she fears that Mrs. Eyrecourt might use harsh words, and distress you again, as she once distressed you in England. If you will take my advice, you will ask permission to go away again on your travels.'

It matters nothing what I said in reply. Let me only relate that we were interrupted by the appearance of the nursemaid at the 'pavillon' door.

She led the child by the hand. Among his first efforts at speaking, under his mother's instruction, had been the effort to call me Uncle Bernard. He had now got as far as the first syllable of my Christian name; and he had come to me to repeat his lesson. Resting his little hands on my knees, he looked up at me, with his mother's eyes, and said, 'Uncle Ber.' A trifling incident, but, at that moment, it cut me to the heart. I could only take the boy in my arms—and look at Madame Raymond. The good woman felt for me. I saw tears in her eyes.

No! no more writing about myself. I close the book again.

* * * * *

3rd July.—A letter has reached Mrs. Eyrecourt this morning, from Dr. Wybrow. It is dated, 'Castel Gandolfo, near Rome.' Here the Doctor is established during the hot months—and here he has seen Romaine, in attendance on the 'Holy Father,' in the famous summer palace of the Popes. How he obtained the interview Mrs. Eyrecourt is not informed. To a man of his celebrity doors are no doubt opened, which remain closed to persons less widely known.

'I have performed my promise,' he writes, 'and I may say for myself that I spoke with every needful precaution. The result a little startled me. For the moment, I thought Romaine had been seized with a fit of catalepsy. His face, body, and limbs, presented the statue-like rigidity which is characteristic of that form of disease. He moved, however, when I tried to take

his hand to feel his pulse—shrinking back in his chair, and feebly signing to me to leave him. I committed him to the care of his servant. The next day I received a letter from one of his priestly colleagues, informing me that he was slowly recovering after the shock that I had inflicted, and requesting me to hold no further communication with him, either personally or by letter. I wish I could have sent you a more favourable report of my interference in this painful matter. Perhaps you or your daughter may hear from him.'

4th to 9th July.—No letter has been received. Mrs. Eyrecourt is uneasy. Stella on the contrary, seems to be relieved.

10th July.—A letter has arrived from London, addressed to Stella, by Romaine's English lawyers. The income which Mrs. Romaine has refused for herself is to be legally settled on her child. Technical particulars follow, which it is needless to repeat here.

By return of post, Stella has answered the lawyers, declaring that, so long as she lives, and has any influence over her son, he shall not touch the offered income. Mrs. Eyrecourt, Monsieur and Madame Raymond—and even Matilda—entreated her not to send the letter. To my thinking, Stella had acted with becoming spirit. Though Vange Abbey is not entailed, still the estate is morally the boy's birth-right—it is a cruel wrong to offer him anything else.

11th July.—For the second time, I have proposed to leave St. Germain. The presence of the third person, whenever I am in her company, is becoming unendurable to me. She still uses her influence to defer my departure. 'Nobody sympathizes with me,' she said, 'but you.'

I am failing to keep my promise to myself, not to write about myself. But there is some little excuse this time. For the relief of my own conscience, I may surely place it on record, that I have tried to do right. It is not my

fault if I remain at St. Germain, insensible to Madame Raymond's warning.

* * * * *

13th September.—Terrible news from Rome of the Jesuit Mission in Arizona.

The Apache Indians have made a night attack on the mission-house. The building is burnt to the ground; and the missionaries have been massacred—with the exception of two priests, carried away captive. The names of the priests are not known. The news of the atrocity has been delayed four months on its way to Europe, owing partly to the civil war in the United States, and partly to disturbances in Central America.

Looking at *The Times* (which we receive regularly at St. Germain), I found this statement confirmed in a short paragraph—but here also the names of the two prisoners failed to appear.

Our one present hope of getting any further information seems to me to depend on our English newspaper. *The Times* stands alone, as the one public journal which has the whole English nation for volunteer contributors. In their troubles at home, they appeal to the Editor. In their travels abroad, over civilized and savage regions alike, if they meet with an adventure worth mentioning, they tell it to the Editor. If any one of our countrymen knows anything of this dreadful massacre, I foresee with certainty where we shall find the information in print.

Soon after my arrival here, Stella had told me of her memorable conversation with Penrose, in the garden at Ten Acres Lodge. I was well acquainted with the nature of her obligation to the young priest—but I was not prepared for the outburst of grief which escaped her when she read the telegram from Rome. She actually went the length of saying, 'I shall never enjoy another happy moment, till I know whether Penrose is one of the two living priests!'

The inevitable third person with us,

this morning, was Monsieur Raymond. Sitting at the window with a book in his hand—sometimes reading, sometimes looking at the garden with the eye of a fond horticulturist—he discovered a strange cat among his flower beds. Forgetful of every other consideration, the old gentleman hobbled out to drive away the intruder, and left us together.

I spoke to Stella, in words which I would now give everything I possess to recall. A detestable jealousy took possession of me. I meanly hinted that Penrose could claim no great merit for yielding to the entreaties of a beautiful woman who had fascinated him, though he might be afraid to own it. She protested against my unworthy insinuation—but she failed to make me ashamed of myself. Is a woman ever ignorant of the influence which her beauty exercises over a man? I went on, like the miserable creature I was, from bad to worse.

'Excuse me,' I said, 'if I have unintentionally made you angry. I ought to have known that I was treading on delicate ground. Your interest in Penrose may be due to a warmer motive than a sense of obligation.'

She turned away from me—sadly, not angrily—intending, as it appeared, to leave the room in silence. Arrived at the door, she altered her mind, and came back.

'Even if you insult me, Bernard, I am not able to resent it,' she said, very gently. 'I once wronged *you*—I have no right to complain of your now wronging me. I will try to forget it.'

She held out her hand. She raised her eyes—and looked at me.

It was not her fault; I alone am to blame. In another moment she was in my arms. I held her to my breast—I felt the quick beating of her heart on me—I poured out the wild confession of my sorrow, my shame, my love—I tasted again and again the sweetness of her lips. She put her arms round my neck, and drew her head

back with a long low sigh. 'Be merciful to my weakness,' she whispered. 'We must meet no more.'

She put me back from her, with a trembling hand, and left the room.

I have broken my resolution not to write about myself—but there is no egotism, there is a sincere sense of humiliation in me, when I write this confession of misconduct. I can make but one atonement—I must at once leave St. Germain. Now, when it is too late, I feel how hard for me this life of constant repression has been.

Thus far I had written, when the nursemaid brought me a little note, addressed in pencil. No answer was required.

The few lines were in Stella's handwriting:—'You must not leave us too suddenly, or you may excite my mother's suspicions. Wait until you receive letters from England, and make them the pretext for your departure. —S.'

I never thought of her mother. She is right. Even if she were wrong, I must obey her.

14th September.—The letters from England have arrived. One of them presents me with the necessary excuse for my departure, ready made. My proposal for the purchase of the yacht is accepted. The sailing-master and crew have refused all offers of engagement, and are waiting at Cowes for my orders. Here is an absolute necessity for my return to England.

The newspaper arrived with the letters. My anticipations have been realized. Yesterday's paragraph has produced another volunteer contributor. An Englishman just returned from Central America, after travelling in Arizona, writes to *The Times*. He publishes his name and address—and he declares that he has himself seen the two captive priests.

The name of *The Times* correspondent carries its own guarantee with it. He is no less a person than Mr. Murthwaite—the well-known traveller in India, who discovered the lost diamond

called 'The Moonstone,' set in the forehead of a Hindoo idol. He writes to the editor as follows:—

'Sir,—I can tell you something of the two Jesuit priests, who were the sole survivors of the massacre in the Santa Cruz Valley four months since.

'I was travelling at the time in Arizona, under the protection of an Apache chief, bribed to show me his country and his nation (instead of cutting my throat and tearing off my scalp) by a present tribute of whiskey and gunpowder, and by the promise of more when our association came to an end.

'About twelve miles northward of the little silver mining town of Tubac, we came upon an Apache encampment. I at once discovered two white men among the Indians. These were the captive priests.

'One of them was a Frenchman, named L'Herbier. The other was an Englishman, named Penrose. They owed their lives to the influence of two powerful considerations, among the Indians. Unhappy L'Herbier lost his senses under the horror of the night-massacre. Insanity, as you may have heard, is a sacred thing in the estimation of the American savages; they regard this poor madman as a mysteriously-inspired person. The other priest, Penrose, had been in charge of the mission medicine-chest, and had successfully treated cases of illness among the Apaches. As a "great medicine-man," he too is a privileged person—under the strong protection of their interest in their own health. The lives of the prisoners are in no danger, provided they can endure the hardships of their wandering existence among the Indians. Penrose spoke to me with the resignation of a true hero. "I am in the hands of God," he said; "and if I die, I die in God's service."

'I was entirely unprovided with the means of ransoming the missionaries—and nothing that I could say, or that I could promise, had the smallest effect on the savages. But for severe and

tedious illness, I should long since have been on my way back to Arizona with the necessary ransom. As it is, I am barely strong enough to write this letter. But I can head a subscription to pay expenses; and I can give instructions to any person who is willing to attempt the deliverance of the priests.'

So the letter ended.

Before I had read it, I was at a loss to know where to go, or what to do, when I leave St. Germain. I am now at no loss. I have found an object in life, and a means of making atonement to Stella for my own ungracious and unworthy words. Already, I have communicated by telegraph to Mr. Murthwaite, and with my sailing-master. The first is informed that I hope to be with him, in London, to-morrow morning. The second is instructed to have the yacht fitted out immediately for a long voyage. If I can save these men—especially Penrose—I shall not have lived in vain.

London, 15th September.—No. I have resolution enough to go to Arizona, but I have no courage to record the parting scene when it was time to say good-bye.

I had intended to keep the coming enterprise a secret, and only to make the disclosure in writing when the vessel was ready to sail. But, after reading the letter to *The Times*, Stella saw something in my face (as I suppose) that betrayed me. Well, it's over now. As long as I don't think of it, my mind is calm.

Mr. Murthwaite has not only given me valuable instructions—he has provided me with letters of introduction to persons in office, and to the *padres* (or priests) in Mexico, which will be of incalculable use in such an expedition as mine. In the present disturbed condition of the United States, he recommends me to sail for a port on the eastern coast of Mexico, and then to travel northward overland, and make my first inquiries in Arizona at the town of Tubac. Time is of such importance,

in his opinion, that he suggests making inquiries, in London and Liverpool, for a merchant vessel under immediate sailing orders for Vera Cruz or Tampico. The fitting-out of the yacht cannot be accomplished, I find, in less than a fortnight or three weeks. I have have therefore taken Mr. Murthwaite's advice.

16th September.—No favourable answer, so far as the port of London is concerned. Very little commerce with Mexico, and bad harbours in that country, when you do trade. Such is the report.

17th September.—A Mexican brig has been discovered at Liverpool, under orders for Vera Cruz. But the vessel is in debt—and the date of departure depends on expected remittances! In this state of things, I may wait, with my conscience at ease, to sail in comfort on board my own schooner.

18th to 30th September.—I have settled my affairs; I have taken leave of my friends (good Mr. Murthwaite included); I have written cheerfully to Stella; and I sail from Portsmouth to-morrow—well provided with the jars of whiskey and the kegs of gunpowder, which will effect the release of the captives.

It is strange, considering the serious matters I have to think of, but it is also true that I feel out of spirits at the prospect of leaving England without my travelling companion, the dog. I am afraid to take the dear old fellow with me, on such a perilous expedition as mine may be. Stella takes care of him—and, if I don't live to return, she will never part with him, for his master's sake. It implies a childish sort of mind, I suppose—but it is a comfort to me to remember that I have never said a hard word to Traveller, and never lifted my hand on him in anger.

All this about a dog! And not a word about Stella? Not a word. *Those* thoughts are not to be written.

I have reached the last page of my

diary, I shall lock it, and leave it in charge of my bankers, on my way to the Portsmouth train. Shall I ever want a new diary? Superstitious people might associate this coming to the end of the book, with coming to an end of another kind. I have no imagination; and I take my leap in the dark hopefully—with Byron's glorious lines in my mind:

'Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate!'

* * * * *

WINTERFIELD'S DIARY CONCLUDED.

An enclosure is inserted in this place, between the leaves of the diary. It consists of two telegrams, despatched respectively on the 1st and 2nd of May, 1864, and expressed as follows:

1. 'From Bernard Winterfield, Portsmouth, England. To Mrs. Romaine, care of M. Raymond, St. Germain, near Paris.—Penrose is safe on board my yacht. His unfortunate companion has died of exhaustion, and he is himself in a feeble state of health. I at once take him with me to London for medical advice. We are eager for news of you. Telegraph to Derwent's Hotel.'

2. 'From Mrs. Eyrecourt, St. Germain. To Bernard Winterfield, Derwent's Hotel, London.—Your telegram received with joy, and sent on to Stella in Paris. All well. But strange events have happened. If you cannot come here at once, go to Lord Loring. He will tell you everything.'

* * * * *

THE DIARY RESUMED.

London, 2nd May, 1864.—Mrs. Eyrecourt's telegram reached me, just after Dr. Wybrow had paid his first professional visit to Penrose, at the hotel. I had hardly time to feel relieved by the opinion of the case which he expressed, before my mind was upset by

Mrs. Eyrecourt. Leaving Penrose under the charge of our excellent landlady, I hurried away to Lord Loring.

It was still early in the day: his lordship was at home. He maddened me with impatience by apologizing at full length for 'the inexcusable manner in which he had misinterpreted my conduct, on the deplorable occasion of the marriage ceremony at Brussels.' I stopped his flow of words (very earnestly spoken, it is only right to add), and entreated him to tell me, in the first place, what Stella was doing in Paris.

'Stella is with her husband,' Lord Loring replied.

My head turned giddy, my heart beat furiously. Lord Loring looked at me—ran to the luncheon table in the next room—and returned with a glass of wine. I really don't know whether I drank the wine or not. I stammered out another enquiry, in one word.

'Reconciled?' I said.

'Yes, Mr. Winterfield—reconciled before he dies.'

We were both silent for awhile.

What was he thinking of? I don't know. What was I thinking of? I daren't write it down.

Lord Loring resumed by expressing some anxiety on the subject of my health. I made the best excuse for myself that I could, and told him of the rescue of Penrose. He had heard of my object in leaving England, and heartily congratulated me. 'This will be welcome news indeed,' he said, 'to Father Benwell.'

Even the name of Father Benwell now excites my distrust. 'Is he in Paris, too?' I inquired.

'He left Paris last night,' Lord Loring answered; 'and he is now in London on important business (as I understand) connected with Romaine's affairs.'

I instantly thought of the boy.

'Is Romaine in possession of his faculties?' I asked.

'In complete possession.'

'While justice is in his power, has he done justice to his son?'

Lord Loring looked a little confused. 'I have not heard'—was all he said in reply.

I was far from satisfied. 'You are one of Romaine's oldest friends,' I persisted. 'Have you not seen him yourself?'

'I have seen him more than once, but he has never referred to his affairs.' Having said this he hastily changed the subject. 'Is there any other information that I can give you?' he suggested.

I had still to learn under what circumstances Romaine had left Italy for France, and how the event of his illness in Paris had been communicated to his wife. Lord Loring had only to draw on his own recollections to enlighten me.

'Lady Loring and I passed the last winter in Rome,' he said. 'And, there, we saw Romaine. You look surprised. Perhaps you are aware that we had offended him by advice which we thought it our duty to offer to Stella before her marriage?'

I was certainly thinking of what Stella had said of the Loring, on the memorable day when she visited me at the hotel.

'Romaine would probably have refused to receive us,' Lord Loring resumed, 'but for the gratifying circumstance of my having been admitted to an interview with the Pope. The Holy Father spoke of him with most condescending kindness; and, hearing that I had not yet seen him, gave instructions commanding Romaine to present himself. Under these circumstances, it was impossible for him to refuse to receive Lady Loring and myself on a later occasion. I cannot tell you how distressed we were at the sad change for the worse in his personal appearance. The Italian physician, whom he occasionally consulted, told me that there was a weakness in the action of his heart, produced, in the first instance, by excessive study and

the excitement of preaching, and aggravated by the further drain on his strength due to insufficient nourishment. He would eat and drink just enough to keep him alive, and no more; and he persistently refused to try the good influence of rest and change of scene. My wife, at a later interview with him, when they were alone, induced him to throw aside the reserve which he had maintained with me, and discovered another cause for the deterioration in his health. I don't refer to the return of a nervous misery, from which he has suffered at intervals for years past; I speak of the effect produced on his mind by the announcement—made no doubt with the best intentions by Dr. Wybrow—of the birth of his child. This disclosure (he was entirely ignorant of his wife's situation when he left her) appears to have affected him far more seriously than the English doctor supposed. Lady Loring was so shocked at what he said to her on the subject, that she has only repeated it to me with a certain reserve. "If I could believe I did wrong," he said, "in dedicating myself to the service of the Church, after the overthrow of my domestic happiness, I should also believe that the birth of this child was the retributive punishment of my sin, and the warning of my approaching death. I dare not take this view. And yet I have it not in me, after the solemn vows by which I am bound, to place any more consoling interpretation on an event which, as a priest, it disturbs and humiliates me even to think of." That one revelation of his tone of thought will tell you what is the mental state of this unhappy man. He gave us little encouragement to continue our friendly intercourse with him. It was only when we were thinking of our return to England that we heard of his appointment to the vacant place of first attaché to the embassy of Paris. The Pope's paternal anxiety, on the subject of Romaine's health, had chosen this wise and generous method of obliging him to try a salutary change

of air, as well as a relaxation from his incessant employments in Rome. On the occasion of his departure we met again. He looked like a worn-out old man. We could now only remember his double claim on us—as a priest of our religion, and as a once dear friend—and we arranged to travel with him. The weather at the time was mild; our progress was made by easy stages. We left him at Paris, apparently the better for his journey.’

I asked if they had seen Stella on that occasion.

‘No,’ said Lord Loring. ‘We had reason to doubt whether Stella would be pleased to see us, and we felt reluctant to meddle, unasked, with a matter of extreme delicacy. I arranged with the Nuncio (whom I have the honour to know) that we should receive written information of Romaine’s state of health; and, on that understanding, we returned to England. A week since, our news from the embassy was so alarming that Lady Loring at once returned to Paris. Her first letter informed me that she had felt it her duty to tell Stella of the critical condition of Romaine’s health. She expressed her sense of my wife’s kindness most gratefully and feelingly, and at once removed to Paris, to be on the spot if her husband expressed a wish to see her. The two ladies are now staying at the same hotel. I have thus far been detained in London by family affairs. But unless I hear of a change for the better before evening, I follow Lady Loring to Paris by the mail train.’

It was needless to trespass further on Lord Loring’s time. I thanked him and returned to Penrose. He was sleeping when I got to the hotel.

On the table in the sitting-room I found a telegram waiting for me. It had been sent by Stella, and it contained these lines:

‘I have just returned from his bedside, after telling him of the rescue of Penrose. He desires to see you. There is no positive suffering—he is sinking

under a complete prostration of the forces of life. That is what the doctors tell me. They said, when I spoke of writing to you, “Send a telegram; there is no time to lose.”’

Towards evening Penrose woke. I showed him the telegram. Throughout our voyage, the prospect of seeing Romaine again had been the uppermost subject in his thoughts. In the extremity of his distress, he declared that he would accompany me to Paris by the night train. Remembering how severely he had felt the fatigue of the short railway journey from Portsmouth, I entreated him to let me go alone. His devotion to Romaine was not to be reasoned with. While we were still vainly trying to convince each other, Doctor Wybrow came in.

To my amazement he sided with Penrose.

‘Oh, get up by all means,’ he said, ‘we will help you to dress.’ We took him out of bed and put on his dressing-gown. He thanked us; and saying he would complete his toilette by himself, sat down in a easy chair. In another moment he was asleep again—so soundly asleep that we put him back in his bed without waking him. Dr. Wybrow had foreseen this result: he looked at the poor fellow’s pale, peaceful face with a kindly smile.

‘There is the treatment,’ he said, ‘that will set our patient on his legs again. Sleeping, eating, and drinking—let that be his life for some weeks to come; and he will be as good a man as ever. If your homeward journey had been by land, Penrose would have died on the way. I will take care of him while you are in Paris.’

At the station I met Lord Loring. He understood that I too had received bad news, and gave me a place in the coupé carriage which had been reserved for him. We had hardly taken our seats when we saw Father Benwell among the travellers on the platform; accompanied by a grey-haired gentleman, who was a stranger to both of us. Lord Loring dislikes strangers. Other-

wise, I might have found myself travelling to Paris with that detestable Jesuit for a companion.

Paris, 3rd May.—On our arrival at the hotel, I was informed that no message had yet been received from the embassy.

We found Lady Loring alone at the breakfast table, when we had rested after our night-journey.

'Romayne still lives,' she said. 'But his voice has sunk to a whisper, and he is unable to breathe if he tries to rest in bed. Stella has gone to the embassy; she hopes to see him to-day for the second time.'

'Only for the second time!' I exclaimed.

'You forget, Mr. Winterfield, that Romayne is a priest. He was only consecrated, on the customary condition of an absolute separation from his wife. On her side—never let her know that I told you this—Stella signed a formal document, sent from Rome, asserting that she consented of her own free will to the separation. She was relieved from the performance of another formality (which I need not mention more particularly) by a special dispensation.

Under these circumstances—communicated to me while Stella and I have been together in this house—the wife's presence at the bedside of her dying husband is regarded, by the other priests at the embassy, as a scandal and a profanation. The kind-hearted Nuncio is blamed for having exceeded his powers, in yielding (even under protest) to the last wishes of a dying man. He is now in communication with Rome, waiting for the final instructions which are to guide him.'

'Has Romayne seen his child?' I asked.

'Stella has taken the child with her to-day. It is doubtful in the last degree whether the poor little boy will be allowed to enter his father's room.

That complication is even more serious than the other. The dying Romayne persists in his resolution to see the child. So completely has his way of

thinking been altered by the approach of death, and by the closing of the brilliant prospect which was before him, that he even threatens to recant with his last breath, if his wishes are not complied with. How it will end, I cannot even venture to guess.'

'Unless the merciful course taken by the Nuncio is confirmed,' said Lord Loring, 'it may end in a revival of the protest of the Catholic priests in Germany against the prohibition of marriage to the clergy. The movement began in Silesia, in 1826—and was followed by unions (or Leagues, as we should call them now), in Baden, Wurttemberg, Bavaria, and Rhenish Prussia. Later still, the agitation spread to France and Austria. It was only checked by a papal bull, issued in 1847; reiterating the final decision of the famous Council of Trent, in favour of the celibacy of the priesthood. Few people are aware that this rule has been an institution of slow growth among the clergy of the Church of Rome. Even as late as the twelfth century, there were still priests who set the prohibition of marriage at defiance.'

I listened, as one of the many ignorant persons alluded to by Lord Loring. It was with difficulty that I fixed my attention on what he was saying. My thoughts wandered to Stella and the dying man. I looked at the clock.

Lady Loring evidently shared the feeling of suspense that had got possession of me. She rose, and walked to the window.

'Here is the message!' she said, recognising her travelling-servant, as he entered the hotel door.

The man appeared, with a line written on a card. I was requested to present the card at the embassy, without delay.

4th May.—I am only now able to continue my record to the events of yesterday.

A silent servant received me at the embassy; looking at the card; and led

the way to an upper floor of the house. Arrived at the end of a long passage, he opened a door, and retired.

As I crossed the threshold Stella met me. She took both my hands in hers, and looked at me in silence. All that was true and good and noble, expressed itself in that look.

The interval passed; and she spoke—very sadly, very quietly.

‘One more work of mercy, Bernard, Help him to die with a heart at rest.’

She drew back—and I approached him.

He reclined, propped up with pillows in a large easy chair; it was the one position in which he could still breathe with freedom. The ashy shades of death were on his wasted face. In the eyes alone, as they slowly turned on me, there still glimmered the waning light of life. One of his arms hung down over the chair; the other was clasped around his child, sitting on his knee. The boy looked at me wonderingly, as I stood by his father. Romney signed to me to stoop so that I might hear him.

‘Penrose?’ he asked, faintly whispering. ‘Dear Arthur! Not dying, like me?’

I quieted *that* anxiety. For a moment there was even the shadow of a smile on his face, as I told him of the effort that Penrose had vainly made to be the companion of my journey. He asked me, by another gesture, to bend my ear to him once more.

‘My last grateful blessing to Penrose. And to you. May I not say it? You have saved Arthur’—his eyes turned towards Stella—‘you have been *her* best friend.’ He paused to recover his feeble breath; looking round the large room, without a creature in it but ourselves. Once more, the melancholy shadow of a smile passed over his face—and vanished. I listened, nearer to him still.

‘Christ took a child on his knee. The priests call themselves ministers of Christ. They have left me, because of *this* child, here on my knee. Wrong,

wrong, wrong. Winterfield, Death is a great teacher. I know how I have erred—what I have lost. Wife and child. How poor and barren all the rest of it looks now.’

He was silent for a while. Was he thinking? No; he seemed to be listening—and yet, there was no sound in the room. Stella, anxiously watching him, saw the listening expression as I did. His face showed anxiety, but no surprise.

‘Does it torture you still?’ she asked

‘No,’ he said; ‘I have never heard it plainly, since I left Rome. It has grown fainter and fainter from that time. It is not a voice now. It is hardly a whisper: my repentance is accepted, my release is coming. Where is Winterfield?’

She pointed to me.

‘I spoke of Rome just now. What did Rome remind me of?’ He slowly recovered the lost recollection. ‘Tell Winterfield,’ he whispered to Stella, ‘what the Nuncio said when he knew that I was going to die. The great man reckoned up the dignities that might have been mine if I had lived. From my place here, in the embassy —’

‘Let me say it,’ she gently interposed, ‘and spare your strength for better things. From your place in the embassy, you would have mounted a step higher to the office of Vice-Legate. Those duties wisely performed, another rise to the Auditorship of the Apostolic Chamber. That office filled, a last step upward to the highest rank left the rank of a Prince of the Church.’

‘All vanity!’ said the dying Romney. He looked at his wife and his child. ‘The true happiness was waiting for me here. And I only know it now. Too late. Too late.’

He laid his head back upon the pillow, and closed his weary eyes. We thought he was composing himself to sleep. Stella tried to relieve him of the boy. ‘No,’ he whispered; ‘I am only resting my eyes to look at

him again.' We waited. The child stared at me, in infantine curiosity. His mother knelt at his side, and whispered in his ear. A bright smile irradiated his face; his clear brown eyes sparkled; he repeated the forgotten lesson of the bye-gone time, and called me once more, 'Uncle Ber'.

Romayne heard it. His heavy eyelids opened again. 'No,' he said. 'Not uncle. Something better and dearer. Stella, give me your hand.'

Still kneeling, she obeyed him. He slowly raised himself in the chair. 'Take her hand,' he said to me. I too knelt. Her hand lay cold in mine. After a long interval, he spoke to me. 'Bernard Winterfield,' he said, 'love them, and help them, when I am gone.' He laid his weak hand on our hands, clasped together. 'May God protect you! may God bless you!' he murmured. 'Kiss me, Stella.'

I remember no more. As a man, I ought to have set a better example; I ought to have preserved my self-control. It was not to be done. I turned away from them—and burst out crying.

The minutes passed. Many minutes or few minutes, I don't know which.

A soft knock at the door roused me. I dashed away the useless tears. Stella had retired to the farther end of the room. She was sitting by the fire-side, with the child in her arms. I withdrew to the same part of the room, keeping far enough away not to disturb them.

Two strangers came in, and placed themselves on either side of Romayne's chair. He seemed to recognise them unwillingly. From the manner in which they examined him, I inferred they were medical men. After a consultation in low tones, one of them went out.

He returned again almost immediately; followed by the grey-headed gentleman whom I had noticed on the journey to Paris—and by Father Benwell.

The Jesuit's vigilant eyes discovered us instantly, in our place near the fire-side. I thought I saw suspicion as well as surprise in his face. But he recovered himself so rapidly, that I could not feel sure. He bowed to Stella. She made no return; she looked as if she had not even seen him.

One of the doctors was an Englishman. He said to Father Benwell, 'Whatever your business may be with Mr. Romayne, we advise you to enter on it without delay. Shall we leave the room?'

'Certainly not,' Father Benwell answered. 'The more witnesses are present, the more relieved I shall feel.' He turned to his travelling companion. 'Let Mr. Romayne's lawyer,' he resumed, 'state what our business is.'

The grey-headed gentleman stepped forward.

'Are you able to attend to me, sir?'

he asked.

Romayne reclining in his chair, apparently lost to all interest in what was going on, heard and answered. The weak tones of his voice failed to reach my ear at the other end of the room. The lawyer, seeming to be satisfied so far, put a formal question to the doctors next. He inquired if Mr. Romayne was in full possession of his faculties.

Both physicians answered without hesitation in the affirmative. Father Benwell added *his* attestation. 'Throughout Mr. Romayne's illness,' he said firmly, 'his mind has been as clear as mine is.'

While this was going on, the child had slipped off his mother's lap, with the natural restlessness of his age. He walked to the fireplace, and stopped—fascinated by the bright red glow of the embers of burning wood. In one corner of the low fender, lay a loose little bundle of sticks; left there in case the fire might need re-lighting. The boy, noticing the bundle, took out one of the sticks, and threw it experimentally into the grate. The flash of flame, as the stick caught fire, delight-

ed him. He went on burning stick after stick. The new game kept him quiet; his mother was content to be on the watch, to see that no harm was done.

In the meantime, the lawyer briefly stated the case.

'You remember Mr. Romaine, that your will was placed for safe keeping in our office,' he began. 'Father Benwell called upon us, and presented an order, signed by yourself, authorising him to convey the will from London to Paris. The object was to obtain your signature to a codicil, which had been considered a necessary addition to secure the validity of the will.—Are you favouring me with your attention, sir?'

Romaine answered by a slight bending of his head. His eyes were fixed on the boy—still absorbed in throwing his sticks, one by one into the fire.

'At the time when your will was executed,' the lawyer went on, 'Father Benwell obtained your permission to take a copy of it. Hearing of your illness, he submitted the copy to a high legal authority. The written opinion of this competent person declares the clause, bequeathing the Vange estate to the Roman Church, to be so imperfectly expressed that the will might be made a subject of litigation after the testator's death. He has accordingly appended a form of codicil amending the defect; and we have added it to the will. I thought it my duty, as one of your legal advisers, to accompany Father Benwell on his return to Paris in charge of the will—in case you might feel disposed to make any alteration.' He looked towards Stella and the child, as he completed that sentence. Father Benwell's keen eyes took the same direction. 'Shall I read the will, sir?' the lawyer resumed; 'or would you prefer to look at it yourself?'

Romaine held out his hand for the will, in silence. He was still watching his son. There were but few more

sticks now left to be thrown into the fire.

Father Benwell interfered for the first time.

'One word, Mr. Romaine, before you examine that document,' he said. 'The Church receives back from you the property which was once its own. Beyond that, it authorizes and even desires you (by my voice) to make any changes which you or your trusted legal adviser may think right. I refer to the clauses of the will which relate to the property you have inherited from the late Lady Berriek—and I beg the persons present to bear in memory the few plain words that I have now spoken.'

He bowed with dignity and drew back. Even the lawyer was favourably impressed. The doctors looked at each other with silent approval. For the first time, the sad repose of Stella's face was disturbed—I could see that it cost her an effort to repress her indignation. The one unmoved person was Romaine. The sheet of paper on which the will was written lay unregarded upon his lap; his eyes were still rivetted on the little figure at the fireplace.

The child had thrown his last stick into the glowing red embers. He looked about him for a fresh supply, and found nothing. His fresh young voice rose high through the silence in the room.

'More!' he cried. 'More!'

His mother held up a warning finger. 'Hush!' she whispered. He shrank away from her, as she tried to take him on her knee, and looked across the room at his father. 'More!' he burst out, louder than ever.

Romaine beckoned to me, and pointed to the boy.

I led him across the room. He was quite willing to go with me—he reiterated his petition, standing at his father's knees.

'Lift him to me,' said Romaine.

I could barely hear the words; even his strength to whisper seemed to be

fast leaving him. He kissed his son—with a panting fatigue under that trifling exertion, pitiable to see. As I placed the boy on his feet again, he looked up at his dying father, with the one idea still in his mind.

‘More, papa! More!’

Romayne put the will into his hand.

The child’s eyes sparkled. ‘Burn?’ he asked eagerly.

‘Yes!’

Father Benwell sprang forward with outstretched hands. I stopped him. He struggled with me. I forgot the privilege of the black robe. I took him by the throat.

The boy threw the will into the fire. ‘Oh!’ he shouted, in high delight, and clapped his chubby hands as the bright little blaze flew up the chimney. I released the priest.

In a frenzy of rage and despair, he looked round at the persons in the room. ‘I take you all to witness,’ he cried, ‘this is an act of madness!’

‘You yourself declared just now,’ said the lawyer, ‘that Mr. Romayne was in perfect possession of his faculties.’

The baffled Jesuit turned furiously on the dying man. They looked at each other.

For one awful moment Romayne’s eyes brightened, Romayne’s voice rallied its power, as if life was returning to him. Frowning darkly, the priest put his question.

‘What did you do it for?’

Quietly and firmly the answer came. ‘Wife and child.’

The last long-drawn sigh rose and fell. With those sacred words on his lips, Romayne died.

* * * * *

London, 6th May.—At Stella’s request, I have returned to Penrose—with but one fellow-traveller. My dear old companion, the dog, is coiled up, fast asleep at my feet, while I write these lines. Penrose has gained strength enough to keep me company in the sitting-room. In a few days more he will see Stella again.

What instructions reached the embassy from Rome—whether Romayne received the last sacrament at the earlier period of his illness—we never heard. No objection was made, when Lord Loring proposed to remove the body to England, to be buried in the family vault at Vange Abbey.

I had undertaken to give the necessary directions for the funeral, on my arrival in London. Returning to the hotel, I met Father Benwell in the street. I tried to pass on. He deliberately stopped me.

‘How is Mrs. Romayne?’ he asked—with that infernal suavity which he seems always to have at command. ‘Fairly well, I hope? And the boy? Ah, he little thought how he was changing his prospects for the better, when he made that blaze in the fire! Pardon me, Mr. Winterfield, you don’t seem to be quite so cordial as usual. Perhaps you are thinking of your inconsiderate assault on my throat? Let us forgive and forget. Or, perhaps, you object to my having converted poor Romayne, and to my being ready to accept from him the restoration of the property of the Church. In both cases, I only did my duty as a priest. You are a liberal-minded man. Surely I deserve a favourable construction of my conduct?’

I really could not endure this. ‘I have my own opinion of what you deserve,’ I answered. ‘Don’t provoke me to mention it.’

He eyed me with a sinister smile.

‘I am not so old as I look,’ he said; ‘I may live another twenty years!’

‘Well?’ I asked.

‘Well,’ he answered, ‘much may happen in twenty years.’

With that, he left me. If he means any further mischief, I can tell him this—he will find Me in his way.

To turn to a more pleasant subject. Reflecting on all that had passed at my memorable interview with Romayne, I felt some surprise that one of the persons present had made no effort to prevent the burning of the

will. It was not to be expected of Stella—or of the doctors, who had no interest in the matter—but I was unable to understand the passive position maintained by the lawyer. He enlightened my ignorance in two words.

‘The Vange property and the Ber-rick property were both absolutely at the disposal of Mr. Romaine,’ he said. ‘If he died without leaving a will, he knew enough of the law to foresee that houses, lands, and money would go to his “nearest of kin.” In plainer words, his widow and his son.’

When Penrose can travel, he accompanies me to Beaupark. Stella and her little son and Mrs. Eyrecourt will be the only other guests in my house.

Time must pass, and the boy will be older, before I may remind Stella of Romaine’s last wishes, on that sad morning when we two knelt on either side of him. In the meanwhile, it is almost happiness enough for me to look forward to the day —

NOTE.—The next leaf of the Diary is missing. By some accident, a manuscript page has got into its place, bearing a later date, and containing elaborate instructions for executing a design for a wedding dress. The hand-writing has since been acknowledged as her own, by no less a person than—Mrs. Eyrecourt.

THE END.

SLUMBER SONG.

(From the German of Rückert.)

BY G. L. M.

REST my heart in happy sleep ;
Weary flowers their eyelids steep
In the sweet refreshing dew,
Which the night brings ever new.

Rest my heart in happy sleep ;
All things now a Sabbath keep
But the moon, in glorious might,
God’s own eye, keeps watch this night.

Rest my heart in happy sleep ;
Far from thee may bad dreams keep ;
Faith in God thy strength shall be ;
Blessed Hope shall smile on thee.

Rest my heart in happy sleep ;
If this night, in slumbers deep,
Death should call, beyond the skies
Joyful thou wilt ope thine eyes.

A REVIEW OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN CANADA.

FROM A CANADIAN STAND-POINT.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS.

THERE are in Canada two political parties. These parties are kept divided not by principles but by tendencies and love of office. These tendencies had their origin many years ago, and are the legacies Canada inherited from the American Revolution. The political questions which she also inherited have been settled long ago; but the sentiments derived from them remain, and are now arriving at a culminating point. These under-currents of political feeling have met with a slight obstacle lately, not calculated on—Canadianism. Canadians born long after the fight for Responsible Government was fought and won, have not much sympathy with either party—mere discipline alone keeps them in the lines. Even party discipline has been disregarded long ago by thousands, and these occupy a neutral stand-point, taking no part in politics, but watching and waiting for the issues which are naturally being formed by the progress of the community and the ebb and flow of public opinion. There is no doubt that there are, to day, thousands of young Canadians eagerly and earnestly waiting for the time when the old political issues, and the men who were engaged in them, are forgotten sufficiently to give a hope that their assistance will aid, at least, in the formation and the bringing before the public of those issues which are to occupy the attention of every lover of his country in the future. A review, therefore, of the po-

sition of the present political parties, must be of interest to all those young men just entering life, who are anxious to do the best they can for their country, but are at a loss to know which party will give most hope and encouragement for the future, and the best scope for individual effort.

The first thing that strikes the ordinary observer is, that the programme of the Conservative party is finished. After Responsible Government was conceded, the tendency toward Britain and British Institutions was the one upon which that party was founded. Anything that tended to sap the connection which existed between the two countries was violently opposed, and they submitted to the most galling Downing Street slavery with seeming pleasure and satisfaction. The unwillingness of Downing Street to defray the expenses of a standing British army in Canada, and the Fenian raid of 1866, induced them to assist ardently in the work of Confederation. Better Confederation, although it might prove the foundation of Independence, than the risk of Annexation, which would have been sure to happen if the Provinces were allowed to remain separate. It was also hoped that a single rope mooring the whole group of North American Colonies to England, would be much better than a strand holding each. Confederation lessened the work in Downing Street. One chief clerk there can govern Canada now; whereas before Con-

federation it took at least four or five. The real Tory never imagined that Confederation was anything but a measure for the convenience of England. The Tory House of Commons in Canada ratified, almost unanimously, the Washington Treaty, and submitted without a murmur to the veto of Downing Street on the Canadian law reducing the Governor General's salary to \$32,000. The Washington Treaty showed the convenience to England of Confederation. The farce of Canadian representation in the making of that treaty was to be enacted; Sir John A. Macdonald had been approached before he was appointed on the Commission. It is possible that he had the promise of his K. C. B. ship in his pocket before he left Canada. The people were not so tractable as he supposed. The Pacific Scandal would never have occurred, were it not that the money was required to overcome the wrath of the people at being so egregiously sold as they were by the Washington Treaty. The Tory party were prepared to sell the whole country if England desired it.

The next thing of importance to be attributed to that party is the National Policy. Fatuous dread of the United States and a desire for office are the motives which led to this policy being adopted. Sir John A. Macdonald never anticipated the success at the polls which occurred. With his usual cynicism he placed his reliance on the differences and jealousies of the people of the different nationalities. The National Policy—a term invented by Sir Alexander Galt some years ago—was the last thing he thought of; but pocket and patriotism combined made it the winning card. It is successful yet, and will be maintained. It has answered the purpose of a revenue tariff, met the deficiency, and has given protection and encouragement to native industries. The industries and manufactures founded on the faith of the National Policy being permanent will be the

means of preserving it in the future. It is to be, no doubt, the great lever in severing the connection between England and Canada. It acts both ways; it gives Canada more interest in itself, and gives England less interest in Canada. When the connection comes to be a mere matter of sentiment, Manchester will drop Canada at a moment's warning, especially if by so doing it could get the Americans friendly enough to reduce their tariff to the level of the Canadian, and then abolish the Custom-houses between Canada and the States. It can scarcely be imagined that the Tories expected the National Policy to succeed so well. There never was a measure, since Responsible Government was granted, so beneficial to the country. A few years ago you could not insult a Conservative more readily than by proposing to tax English goods. It was only when Sir Alexander Galt threatened to throw up his office of Finance Minister, in 1859, that the English Government could be prevailed upon to grant us the right to tax her goods; and for England to be against such right was all that was necessary to induce Canadian Tories to violently oppose it. The previous character of Sir John A. Macdonald, if it be considered well, leads any one to think that the good of Canada was not the object of the National Policy. Only a few months previous to its being announced as the policy of the party, he (Sir John) was denouncing the clause in the Supreme Court Act, forbidding an appeal to England, and prophesying that it would be disallowed there, and intimating that when he got into power he would repeal it. The success attending the National Policy and the patriotism it has evoked have, no doubt, deterred him so far from attempting such a retrograde measure. A commission is to be issued, however, to examine into the procedure of the Supreme Court, and it is probable that, in the measure promised next Session, we

shall find a clause putting his threat into effect, driving Canadians to seek justice, at immense expense, three thousand miles away, when the same could be more likely found at home at a third of the outlay.

It is not denied that the Pacific Railway has been instigated by the Imperial Government. Every plan which promises to give a route to India is eagerly advocated by the British authorities. It is a constant source of irritation to Englishmen to have to travel over the American Union Pacific; and it is rather amusing to hear these people talk about the time when they will have an all-way route through 'our own territory at the expense of these Canadians.' The fact that the Canadian road will give a route to India, is taken by some as an indication that its construction will surely lead to the erection of a great aristocratic empire in North America, with possibly a crowned king at Ottawa—the most manifest delusion. There may not be a crowned king in Britain itself twenty years hence. The French Republic is silently honey-combing all the monarchies in Europe. There are three great questions in the near future in England, the settlement of which is going to decide the fate of that country. These are the extension of household suffrage to the counties; the settlement of the land question; and universal suffrage. When the latter comes, as come it will, the monarchy will not last long. The air of North America is not good for monarchs; it does not agree with them; witness Iturbide and Maximilian. A King of Canada would be sure to share the same fate, and no true Canadian would regret it. Absolute monarchies in some parts of the world may yet be necessities; but the days of figure-heads are over. Figure-heads and mayors of the palace are incompatible now, more than ever they were. The idea of a monarchy existing alongside of a Republic of seventy or eighty millions of democrats for any length of time,

could only originate in the mind of a visionary.

The fact is, the National Policy and the Canadian Pacific Railroad are the corollaries of Confederation. They flow from it as naturally as the conclusion from the premise; and it is matter for the greatest surprise to Canadians, how it is that any party can be found to oppose them. The latter involves the expenditure of at least fifteen millions of dollars in Ontario alone, by the construction of the road north of Lake Superior. But it is said this portion of the road will not be built. The Syndicate will eventually join with the party that is opposed to building it and oust the Conservatives, and so avoid its construction. It has to be commenced, however, this year. There is one thing which seems to be forgotten, and that is, that the whole matter is in the hands of the Canadian people. Every dollar, every car, every mile of railway built, is a guarantee for the completion of the whole according to the contract. If it be not built, we have the remedy in our own hands, and we can issue execution when we please. The Canadian Pacific is the one thing absolutely necessary to give Canada an existence as a nation. If we were annexed to the United States to-morrow, it would be a benefit. It will open up vast regions to settlement, which would otherwise remain a wilderness, and which would be utterly useless without being opened up. North of Lake Superior, there may be as rich a mining region as there is to the south of it, and the building of this portion of it, will be sure eventually to give Ontario a sea-port at Moose factory on Hudson Bay.

Now can the Conservatives of Canada do anything more towards advancing us to our natural position—that of an independent nation? It would seem not. Already the ultra-Tories are grumbling at what has been done. The connexion with the mother-land must be preserved, even if it cost a civil war.

Manifestations are not wanting of the discontent. An ultra-Protestant Society has been formed, and the Orange body true to its oaths will permit no further advance. It is possible that, on the death of the master-hand, there will be a separation in the Conservative ranks: the Orangemen keeping to themselves and forming the Tory party, and the moderate section drifting off and joining a National party, if such a thing be in existence; or if not, then forming a National party themselves. No one can help coming to the conclusion that we have received from the Conservative party all we could expect from it, and more. Like its chief, it is drawing to the close of its existence, having performed its mission and accomplished its purpose. We cannot expect more from men than what their surroundings give them. It would be hopeless to expect Canadian independence from men nursed with the loyalty which fought against all the reforms of the last thirty years.

In approaching the review of the Reform Party, there are none of the difficulties in accounting for its action which are to be found in the record of the Conservatives. It has been under the control of a man, during the last twenty years, who was entirely out of the current of Canadian opinion and Canadian life. Its success in 1874 was not on account of its merits, but on account of the faults of its opponents. The Pacific Scandal put it into office, and being unable to estimate the drift of Canadian public opinion, and utterly regardless of that opinion in the few instances in which it could, was the cause of its losing power. Like Louis XIV., George Brown might have said, 'I am the Reform Party,' from the break-up of the Hincks Government till he died. Deriving the confidence of a dictator from the successful manner in which he forced Confederation on Ontario, with only one Local House, without

consulting the people or holding one meeting, he thought he could act in the same manner in regard to the tariff. The result showed what a change Confederation had effected in the minds of the people. It is an evil thing for a party for its leader to be a foreigner, and its chief organ owned in a foreign country. The first evil has been removed by an accident, the latter still remains. A native leader has only to consult his own feelings, in regard to many questions, in order to understand those of a great number of his fellow citizens. The Reform Party have now such a leader, but he is timid. It may be possible that this timidity arises from his want of confidence in his followers sharing his opinions. Hitherto, Mr. Blake has not shewn that strength of character so necessary in a leader. It is possible that it might be the knowledge that the moment he ordered his party to advance a superior power might order it to retire, and that it would obey the latter. Even yet he cannot be said to be free from outside influence. Mr. Gordon Brown, a Tory, controls the *Globe*, and he it is who is said to be responsible for all its worst faults in the past. No one admires him, and he has few friends. Narrow, vindictive and intolerant, the thought that such a man was waiting and watching, with club uplifted, would unnerve the arm of any leader. There is not much hope for the free action of any Reform leader so long as Gordon Brown controls the *Globe*. The influence of this paper is declining visibly, but still its power for harm is immense. It may keep the Reform Party out of power for the next twenty years, as it has done heretofore. Signs are not wanting, however, that it will soon come under different management than the present. It is to be hoped that Mr. Blake now feels strong enough to disregard its influence, and to persevere in the path lately marked out at Montreal. Any opposition to him now must recoil on the *Globe* it-

self, in loss of influence and subscribers. The leader may be all that is desired, but even then the material of which his party is composed may not be what is required.

The Reform Party is made up of two classes—fossilized Tories and men of American proclivities. The first class is represented by Mr. Mowat and Mr. Gordon Brown, the latter by Mr. Mills. The days of the former have passed away never to return, but the latter are to be feared. For a short time yet, the first may vex the Liberal Party, but the death of George Brown practically ended Liberal Toryism. The *Globe* must eventually come into line with the party leaders. It now advocates the abolition of the Senate, and it is only the first step that costs. By-and-bye, it will advocate the entire ticket; consequently, there is nothing to dread in this old remnant of Toryism, which, under the name of Reform, has been the bane of the Liberal Party for many years. The class among the Liberal Party that will be the most dangerous to its usefulness consist of the men whose secretly favour annexation, but have not the moral courage openly to advocate that measure. There is no reason why any man should be muzzled. This is a free country. We are British subjects or we are not. If we are, we ought to be entitled to the same rights as British subjects in England. Every British subject has the right to abuse the Government to his heart's content, and to advocate any change the country requires. A large number use this right unsparingly. Sir Charles Dilke, before he took office, advocated Republicanism; Mr. Chamberlain, also, makes no secret of his preference for that form of government. Then why should Canadians abstain from discussing the benefits they think Canada would derive from union with the United States? There is no reason; but very strong ones might be advanced for the fullest discussion. Colonialism has taken the manhood out

of the people, and made men cautious. Here is a man who, educated in Ann Arbor, has come back to Canada full of admiration for American institutions, and thinks Annexation is the best future for the country, but has only the courage to talk about Commercial Union. It is true Mr. Mills' manner is not taking. Speeches of four hours' duration on the stump would disgust most people with the subject. But no matter how beneficial Annexation might be, these men are taking the wrong way to get it. It is useless to tell a man bound hand and foot to get up and walk. The first thing to be done is to give him freedom; there is then a chance of inducing him to walk in any direction. Texas was free for ten years before annexation took place. The present writer has elsewhere discussed the merits of the Annexation question, and wishes here only to point out how absurd it is to advocate such a measure so long as Canada is a colony. First give us freedom, and then we can do as we like. For years, however, there has been a number of men in the Liberal Party secretly inclined to this measure, who will not listen to anything else, and they are very much like the man who tied his horse's legs and then beat it for not travelling. These men are but losing their time. They are doing no good to Canada. They are out of court till independence be obtained, and are at present delaying the success of the national cause. In Quebec, the Liberal Party are more the National Party. They were the National Party, and Protection was the chief plank in their political platform, before they joined the Grits. This protection is acquiesced in by the majority of the Liberal Party in Ontario to-day. It has done more for the commercial independence of Canada than any measure since Responsible Government; it has raised the revenue so as to enable us to meet the demands of the country, and its tendency is to give us self-reliance and a national spirit.

Then why should not the Liberal Party leave it alone, and why, also, should not the men of American proclivities leave it alone, as it surely helps towards their aim if they only take the right way to attain it.

To a large number it has always been a mystery how Mr. Blake could oppose the National Policy. He was the means of making it possible. One of the chief feathers in his cap is the change in the Imperial instructions to the Governor General. Without such change, a National Policy could not have been had. Mr. Blake is more responsible for the National Policy than any one. He is really the father of that, and of the Canadian Supreme Court, for it was only by his exertions that either of them became possible. Again, why should the Syndicate question still be dragged before the public? It has been approved by the people, by the largest majority of their representatives that ever was known. Events move fast in these times. As the Syndicate question swallowed up the National Policy, and obliterated it for the time from the minds of the people, so will some other question in a short time blot out the Syndicate. At the next election one might as well oppose the Intercolonial Railway as the Canadian Pacific. The one is just as necessary as the other, and whether Canada is fated to be a part of the American Union or not, the building of this railway by opening up lands for settlement would be a benefit to humanity.

In the course of action of the Liberal Party during the five years it held office there is nothing to boast of, with the exception of the two things specially attributable to Mr. Blake—the Supreme Court Act and the change in the Instructions. Indeed, it would not be difficult to find things which any one not prejudiced and blinded by party zeal must condemn. Letellier's infamous attack on the Constitution was not only condoned but supported by the Liberal Party. Fortunately for

his reputation, Mr. Blake abstained from voting when the question came up in the House of Commons. It is said there are precedents for Letellier's action. No doubt there are. One need not go very far back to find precedents for dispensing not only with the advice of individual Ministers, but with the Cabinet altogether. If it were to get rid of this blot alone, the Reform party ought to change its name. It stooped to the lowest depths of political vileness at the bidding of a tyrant and a demagogue. But the past is gone for ever. The history of a colony cannot be anything but contemptible. Who looks at the colonial history of the United States? No one. Would that the present generation of Canadians could have the faintest idea how they and their doings will be despised by our countrymen in a generation or two hence.

Now what is the prospect for the success of the Liberal party at the next elections? It is at present very doubtful. The people will not tolerate disturbing either the National Policy or the Syndicate contract. These things must be left alone. The people may sometime believe in a change, but surely no one can expect the Canadians who were working for years for commercial freedom for their country, such as the *Parti National* of Quebec, and thousands of their compatriots in Ontario — before the Conservatives adopted it—will ever care to form a party that wishes to abolish the National Policy. There are other things more necessary. The National Policy and the Syndicate do not make Canadians feel 'uncomfortable.' They do not make us feel the clank of the fetters on our ankles every step we take. We are now nothing but Colonists, a political grade just above that of the coolie. Let us get rid of this loathsome, this offensive name. It is said that we do not feel our chains; so much the worse. Neither did the negroes of the Southern States before the proclama-

tion of freedom. To remove this stigma of *Colonist*, the first thing necessary is the Prince Edward Island suffrage. It is to be hoped we shall not have to wait until they get it in England: copying English Acts of Parliament is the fit occupation of colonists. Let us now attempt something for ourselves. The ballot was lost to us for years, although in use next door, because England did not adopt it. The property qualification is the last remnant of the feudal system left remaining in Ontario, and was the fit companion of the rotten boroughs in England. When these boroughs were in existence, it was not unusual to see six electors, and in one case one elector, returning members of Parliament. The boroughs being abolished, so should the system of voting which supported them. That there are a larger number of voters now has nothing to do with it, the principle is the same. Every taxpayer should vote, and every consumer is a taxpayer. If men are wanted to fight for and protect the country, they are not asked if they own property. Moreover, farmers' sons have the franchise. Why should not mechanics' sons, merchants' sons, and the sons of professional men, have it; *prima facie*, they are more intelligent; as living in towns they have more educational facilities. Apart from the merits of the question, we are bound to give the franchise to our young men. They can get it in the neighbouring States, and unless they obtain it at home, they will go where it is to be had.

In this question, and indeed in all others, we have more to expect from

Mr. Blake and the Liberal party, now that George Brown is gone, than from the Conservatives. It is true Mr. Blake talks of Imperial Federation; but it cannot be possible that he can continue to advocate that impracticable step. Independence is practicable, as we have only to consult ourselves. Annexation is possible, as we have only to consult ourselves, the Americans and England; but in Imperial Federation, we have not only to convert England, but half-a-dozen other countries, in one of which, South Africa, local Confederation has been a complete failure, and in the others, local Confederation has not been begun. The probability of England's conversion to Imperial Federation can be judged from the fact that Mr. McIvor's motion for reciprocal tariffs only received six votes in an ultra-Tory House of Commons, presided over by the great Imperialist, Disraeli.

No, it is impossible that Mr. Blake can continue to advocate this measure. He sounded the true note at Montreal. Canadians were 'not the subjects of the Queen, but the subjects of subjects'—in a word, Colonists. This position, he said, made him feel uncomfortable. Revivalists tell us that the first step towards conversion, is to be able to realize one's condition. Mr. Blake is in a fair way now. He feels the ball and chain on his leg like thousands of other Canadians, and if he only will make one grand effort to remove it, he will surely be assisted by the strenuous exertions of every true and genuine Canadian.

MORNING.

BY L. A. RITCHIE, PORT HOPE.

DARK is the night, but soon
A few grey streaks
Across the eastern sky
Proclaim the morn ;
The cloud-like vapour,
O'er the river, breaks
In fleecy fragments and
Aloft is borne.

And soon, the brighter
Rays of Phœbus' car
Illume the earth, and drive
Dull night away.
His golden beams come,
Shining from afar,
To usher in the dawning
Of the day.

And twittering birds, among
The leafy boughs,
Shake from their wings
The drops of crystal dew ;
And, breaking forth in
Song, as if to rouse
The sons of men, these
Glories thus to view.

Oh ! morn of life, how sweet
To all you seem :
When Youth with sunny eyes
Thinks nothing ill,
How soon you pass away ;
And, like a dream,
Life's little day flits by,
And all is still.

THE NORTH LAND.

BY SYDNEY REID, TORONTO

FAR away from the busy cities of Southern Ontario, lies a land comparatively unknown to the majority of Canadians, and yet one which, to judge from present appearances, will shortly play a foremost part in the affairs of the Dominion—Algoma.

The boats from Collingwood ply between all points of importance on the north shore of Manitoulin Island and the mainland; while those from Sarnia visit the villages of the south shore.

The scenery along the former route is, perhaps, among the most wildly beautiful to be found in the Dominion, and the pure bracing air of the watery wilderness is another incitement to the numerous tourists who now flock to that region from all parts of Ontario and the United States.

These casual travellers, however, carry back with them a very wrong impression of the country they have passed through. All that they witness on the voyage is deep-blue, unfathomable water—darkening threateningly with the storm, or glistening and smiling in the sunshine—islands, islands, everywhere, of all shapes, all sizes, rising high up with cruel-looking, bare, jagged rocks, or nestling confidently on the bosom of the lake, perfect gardens of wild flowers and berries—to the lovers of the picturesque a paradise; but, to the agricultural land-hunter, a very doubtful acquisition.

The only point of the voyage where signs of agriculture are visible, is when the Sault Ste. Marie river is en-

tered; there the vivid green of the vegetation on the bank affords a pleasing contrast to the rock and pine prevailing on the lake coast; fishing and lumbering are the chief industries visible.

The tourist sees but one side of the picture; there is another. Manitoulin Island itself has now ten thousand inhabitants, mostly farmers; the rocky belt visible along the shore does not extend further than one hundred feet inland. So also is there plenty of good timber; although withered and stunted pine trees alone are to be seen from the deck of the steamer.

On the mainland, though the rocky belt is in some parts, notably in the case of La Cloche Mountains, miles in breadth; still this is not at all usual. At other points—Spanish River and Thessalon River, for instance—it is altogether absent.

If the Crown Lands maps of that locality, which show the quality of the land and the kinds of timber growing on it, be consulted, it will be found that the predominating soil is sandy loam, with occasional patches of rich alluvial mould and much good rolling land. The timber, as noted there, consists, in the eastern portion, of spruce, birch, tamarak and poplar; with considerable maple and a little cedar. Further west, it merges more into pine forests; but, on approaching the Sault, the maple again takes a leading place.

This is the land through which the proposed Sault Branch of the Pacific Railway will run. Surely a goodly

country and great in possibilities. Here and there the map spoken of above shows 'Quartz Ridges,' or 'a copper vein.' But, as has been said, except on the coast, there is only a small percentage of stony land.

It is the repellent aspect of the portion seen from the steamer, combined with its reputation for late frosts, which has kept Algoma so long in the background. With all its real wealth in minerals, and, in most parts, its fertile soil, it is comparatively standing still. The population of the eastern portion (from the Sault to the mouth of French River) is only twenty thousand, at the highest estimate, including half-breeds and Indians. This number, although double what it was five years ago, is still very meagre, considering its size and its proximity to the older settled portion of the country.

All that has yet been done in regard to herding, farming and mining may be said to have been merely experimental, and by it the probable future of the district may be guessed. Such of the farmers as have used diligence and thrift have found themselves well able to hold their own, and, agriculturally, the majority of them pronounce Algoma to be a land of fair promise. Some there are, however, who declare that the soil and climate are unfavourable to the growth of wheat; others, again, affirm the contrary, and say that these conditions are quite as favourable as in any part of South-Eastern Ontario. Perhaps the truth lies between the two statements. That wheat grows well there, the following well-attested incident will be sufficient to prove:—

When St. Joseph Island was first settled, in 1878, the incomers, through some mismanagement, neglected to lay in a sufficient quantity of provisions to last them through the succeeding winter, and, as a consequence, were nearly reduced to starvation. Government assistance was procured,

and also enough grain for seed. The writer passed over the island in the fall of 1879, and the grain-fields there, on the newly cleared land, were among the best he had ever seen. The settlers not only had abundance for their own use, but were also able to sell a considerable quantity.

Good land on the projected line of the Railroad is still to be had at 20 cents per acre.

As far as the much misrepresented climate is concerned, it is now allowed by all acquainted with the subject that the winter is less severe than that of Manitoba. The mean temperature—according to observations made at the military post of Fort Brady, on the American side of Sault Ste. Marie—is $30\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit. The thermometer has, indeed, been known to go as low as 36 and even 40 degrees below zero; but this is only in very rare instances. The winter is much the same as in other parts of Ontario, though, perhaps, more steadily cold. The snow-fall averages two and a half feet on the level.

Besides its less severe winter, Algoma possesses two other great advantages over Manitoba—plenty of wood and water, both of the best kind.

But if the testimony of far-seeing and experienced men, who are acquainted with the subject, be taken for fact, it is not as an agricultural country so much as a stock-raising one that Algoma will be most successful. Whatever doubt there can be about her capacity for producing good wheat, there is none whatever concerning her grass and root crops. Her nearer position to the English markets will surely tell well in her favour against the difficulties of clearing the new land, when a comparison is made between her and the Prairie Province by the Canadian farmer. The Sault branch, with the heavy traffic over it that its connection with the North-western states promises, will be able to carry the live-stock so produced at reasonable figures. The freight

from the Sault to the sea should not be more than half as much as from Manitoba.

The mineral resources of the country, though little explored, are known to be very extensive. Mining, however, has never been prosecuted with sufficient vigour, partly from lack of capital, and partly from the owners holding back for exorbitant prices for claims, which they themselves were unable to work to yield any great returns. The latest 'finds' have been silver, lead, and iron. Several silver mines are being worked this winter on the mineral ridge in the neighbourhood of Garden River. The proprietors, who are Americans, profess themselves well satisfied with the results obtained.

These workings, however, are so recent that they must be regarded rather

in the light of promise than of fulfilment. Copper is found in considerable quantities ; but, on account of its present low price, no attempt is made to work it. One iron mine, about thirty miles east of the Sault, near Desert Lake, is being worked.

Algoma's fisheries and lumber trade are also by no means to be despised.

As matters are at present, the country may be said to be standing still ; waiting, as it has waited for the last ten years, for the long-promised railway. Her isolation during the winter season has been the great cause of the paralysing of her energies. Once this difficulty is removed, she will no doubt take her place in the front rank of the most attractive and wealth-producing districts of the Ontario Province.

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA, MONTREAL.

I HEARD a strange voice calling unto me ;
 Say, did it fall from yon ethereal air,
 So wonderfully pure its tone and rare,
 Or was it breathed across the lonely sea ?
 Again the same voice sounded full and free :—
 “ ‘Time’ am I called ; behold me everywhere ;
 For destiny hath given to my care
 The Past, the Present, and the great To Be.
 Go thou unto the hill-top. I will show
 Myself to thee when busy day is done,
 And twilight shadows gather thick below ;
 For only to the great Infinite One
 Am I made visible in noon's pure glow :
 Man seeth me but in the setting sun.”

ALCOHOL AND THE VITAL PRINCIPLE.

BY ISAIAH RYDER, M. D., TORONTO.

A VERY great diversity of opinion obtains as to the relation that alcohol bears to the vital principle, for this is really the nucleus of all consideration of the Temperance Question. The discussion of this problem, *pro* and *con*, seems to represent the tail of a comet in its vast proportions, and in the airy nothingness of the arguments adduced by many who have devoted not a little time to its consideration. The question, why this state of matters should obtain? is a pertinent one, and especially, when we consider that the human family have been dealing, both practically and theoretically, for so many centuries with it. So far as its practical solution is concerned, it appears to be as difficult properly to understand it as the principle of good and evil. The medicine-man of the aboriginal tribes, formerly inhabiting this country, who assumed to direct the destinies of his people, viewed the stars as twinkling specks; but a proper knowledge of astronomical laws causes us to assume primary premises that lead us to conclusions of which he never dreamed. So, in the discussion of the alcoholic problem, the conclusions we arrive at will depend altogether upon the premises upon which we base our logic. Very much of the wasted logic upon this question has resulted from an attempt to decide it upon the evidence of individuals, who have in the past, or do at present, hold high positions as professional men in the fields of theological, medical, and chemical science. But, if we consider for a moment, it will be apparent that

if ten thousand men should arrive at a certain conclusion, and it should be at variance with the facts established in nature, their opinions would constitute but 'stumbling-blocks' to those who confide in their judgment and accept their *ipse dixit*. If we can succeed in correcting our premises, we shall be led to correct conclusions, provided our logic is not defective.

The fruits and grains, from which the alcohol of commerce is derived, possess the vital principle before they are subjected to the necessary fermentation in order to obtain the alcohol. The fruits consist of an aggregation of membraneous cells, filled with a fluid that is free from all unvitalized matter; while the grains consist of an aggregation of membraneous cells, similar to those of the fruits, but instead of being filled with water, they are empty, and packed solidly together in a manner similar to flour sacks tied up for shipment, a large number of which do not occupy more space than a single one filled with nature's fluid. While these membraneous cells are in their strictest integrity, possessing the vital principle, if used for food, they come under the influence of the vital fluids, each of which imports to the already vitalized cells its quota of vitality, after which it is taken up by the absorbents and passed through the lacteals to the general circulation, where it is again influenced by the oxygen of the atmosphere, and taken into the lungs in the process of breathing. It will be seen that the process of digestion is a vital one, or a series of

added vital endowments to what previously possessed the vital principle, and not a chemical process, as we have always been led to suppose, under the teachings of chemico-physiologists.

This is apparent when we consider that nowhere, in the broad realm of nature, has any vitalized substance ever come under the influence of chemical laws; that the vital principle has not been destroyed, and its constituent elements of such substance resolved back into the inorganic world from which it was originally derived. Nor has any organic substance ever been produced possessing the vital principle where matter was held in subjection to chemical action. These two principles, Vitality and Chemistry, are as antagonistic as it is possible to imagine. Vitality constructs, chemistry destroys. The former organizes, while the latter disorganizes. One endows matter with life, the other invariably deprives it of this principle.

Having ascertained the real characteristics of the substances used in the manufacture of alcohol by fermentation, we shall be able to understand what happens to it while undergoing the process by which alcohol is produced. The newly expressed juice from fresh grapes is translucent. This is demonstrated by subjecting it to the rays of a strong flame, when it presents an appearance similar to the blood when the open fingers are placed in close proximity to a bright flame. After the death of the corpuscles they lose their translucency, as is seen by the opacity of the hand of a deceased person when exposed to a light, as already explained. In like manner, the grape juice, after fermentation has taken place, exhibits numerous dark specks which gives the fluid an opaque instead of a translucent appearance. Now as we know that the individual is dead, and that the cells containing the blood corpuscles have lost the vital principle, it is equally evident that the grape-juice has also lost its vitality while undergoing the

process of fermentation, or it would not present an opaque instead of its previous translucent appearance.

We have seen that the fruit or grain from which the alcohol is derived was alive, or, was an aggregation of living cells previous to its being fermented, and that, after it had undergone that process, it had lost its life, or, that the cells have become opaque; and it is a certainty that they cannot now enter into the structure of the living body, for no dead matter enters into the assimilation of the tissues. If our habits are irregular, unvitalized matter may course the arterial channels, and pass the capillaries where assimilation takes place; but it can never become a portion of the living structure by being assimilated while passing again to the venous circulation. This view should set at rest the idea so commonly entertained that alcohol is food, or that it possesses nutritive properties of any description.

If it is not food, it is highly important that we ascertain precisely what it is. We know that it is a product of the death of the membraneous cells; and, also, that when sugar is allowed to ferment, it is resolved into carbonic acid gas and alcohol, and it is only a logical conclusion to suppose that when the cell becomes disorganized, one of its products is sugar. This is usually understood to be the case; but it has not been shown, as is supposed, that the saccharine matter exists as such while it is a constituent element of the cell-structure. This is a doubtful point, and of no practical importance, so long as we are satisfied that the alcohol is produced only at the death of the cell. It is an admitted fact that alcohol is an irritant and caustic poison, and if its production destroys the vital principle in the cell, there is no other portion of it that could properly be shown to afford tissue-building material.

From the above it will be seen that there is a vast difference between the processes of digestion and fermentation; the former is one of added vi-

tality to the already vitalized cell, while the latter deprives the cell of the life that it previously possessed. The next important matter in the consideration of our subject is to ascertain what takes place when alcohol is taken into the vital domain. That it is an aliment is evidently a fallacy; but it is conceded by nearly every one to be a most valuable medicine. And if we can, without any reference to human opinion, ascertain what the all-wise Creator of man designed and instituted, it will certainly be an end much to be desired. When taken into the system it evidently affords a feeling of exhilaration, and often causes men to manifest so much energy that a superficial view would lead to the conclusion that it is a concentrated life-giving element; but when we come to understand God's arrangements in the preparation of man's food, and the systematic method of spoiling it in the production of alcohol, we would be justified in doubting the correctness of such a conclusion. And by a definite knowledge of the structure and function of the various organs comprising the human body, we can see most clearly that the unusual excitement caused by its introduction into the vital system is antagonistic to the vital interests.

If a sponge is saturated with pure alcohol and applied to any portion of the surface of the body, it will be noticed that the part so exposed becomes red in the course of a short time, and, if continued, will ultimately produce a blister. This is what follows when *cantharides* and various other poisons are applied. It is often claimed that it should not be taken into the stomach unless it is very much diluted. This does not alter its character, but simply lessens its power to injure the sensitive tissues with which it comes into contact, as water is the vehicle in which all kinds of matter that finds its way into the circulation floats. If its external application affords an intimation of what takes place in its

contact with the structures that are unprotected by the epidermis we would be justified in supposing that the increased action caused by its introduction into the system was not a result of friendly and desirable contact, but that it was a disturbance or warfare on the part of the vital forces for the purpose of expelling it from the vital domain. This conviction is also strengthened by a consideration of the means provided for eliminating the *debris* resulting from the broken-down tissue in the ordinary acts of life. There is no evidence of any organs specially set apart for the purpose of eliminating offensive things that may be introduced into the vital system, and the supposition is a justifiable one that the depurating organs are called upon to remove all such substances. If this is the case, and I see no reason to doubt it, the energy thus expended would be better employed in removing the impurities resulting from the ordinary wear-and-tear of the tissues, upon which the purity of the blood so surely depends, and especially is this the case when we consider that it is upon this purity that a high standard of health and longevity depend.

The exalted vital action, then caused by the alcohol, is an expenditure of vital nervous energy, not for the purpose of building up, or of repairing the ever-wasting structures, nor, for removing the *debris* of the broken-down tissue, resulting from the normal operations of life; but for the purpose of removing a substance that was never anything but an intruder, 'a wanderer and a vagabond.' If the alcohol has not committed a burglary in gaining admission to the vital domain—for it is usually admitted by consent of the cerebral structure, whose duty it is to send down material with which to rebuild the body—it is evidently there for the purpose of committing a grand larceny, by robbing us of our vitality, which is only another name for our life.

In this review of the 'situation,' I have endeavoured to show what the design of nature is in dealing with this 'pal' of many a 'jolly good fellow,' without reference to any human authority. If I have succeeded in exorcising this fascinating demon alcohol, even to some slight extent out of the system, and from the good will, of even one of my fellow-creatures, I shall have accomplished all that my heart could wish; but if alcohol appears in yet

more attractive colours to those who have long been on terms of the closest intimacy with it, I can only regret the delusion. To the former I would say, that I did not institute any of the arrangements for dealing with it in the human system, either in its production, or in the consequences that follow its use, and such would do well to reflect how deleterious it is to the individual human organism, and what a curse it has ever been to the race.

THE PEACEMAKER.

(From the German of Adolph Stöber.)

BY ALICE HORTON.

BY the fireside sit in silence—
Here the husband—there the wife,—
Some cold shadow of estrangement
Creeping in has marred their life.

Comes their child with merry laughter,
Jumps upon his knee and cries :
' Father, why are you so silent,
Why have you such angry eyes ? '

And the child's unconscious glances
Quickly thaw the father's breast ;
See, in the stern eye tears gather,
Tears that will not be repressed !

To his mother next the boy runs,
Hides his curls upon her knee,
While her face, 'twixt frost and thawing,
Smiles upon him tearfully.

Then the eyes of wife and husband
Meet across their baby's face,
And the shadow of estrangement
Passes in a close embrace.

A DREAM OF SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

BY A MEMBER OF THE TORONTO 'ATHENÆUM CLUB.'

IT is possible there may be pessimists among us who, while forced to admit the marvellous spread of enlightenment in this age, see only a new reading of our inevitable doom in that self-conceit and arrogance which this enlightenment bears upon its pestilential (?) wings. But abuse this latter half of the nineteenth century as they will, prate of its recklessness, its love of wealth and ease, its self-conceited songs of joy over its own intellectual triumphs, its chuckles over the downfall of exploded earth-works of orthodoxy, its 'positivism' about its own self-evolved future, there is one thing at least to which it does bow its head, viz., Truth—truth natural, scientific, or philosophic. Demonstrate to this age the hollowness of any of its most cherished chimeras—prove where and how it is itself a 'sham,' and it will forsake that sham, will own itself beaten, and, straightway, start to erect a new shelter beneath which it can hide again from the blinding glare of the light of truth. It is probably the effort to construct these new shelters, which occasions the many varied systems of philosophy and religion extant in this age. These are merely more or less ornamental, but temporary, sunshades, shelterful for a time, but apt to wear out.

And yet, such a condition of the mental state in any age, such loyalty, even on the part of the evil to the royal power of truth, is one which favours revolution. It is precisely at such periods that men dream dreams, unpractical, apparently, as dreamland itself, and wake ere long to find that

someone has been acting while they dreamt, and that the vision is more than realized.

Suppose we abstract our thoughts from things as they are, or seem to be, and dream a little with our eyes open, in the same fond hope.

If, instead of this perpetual talk of new discoveries in science, ethics, philosophy and religion, of a purely speculative kind, a *new will* could be got to animate mankind—a will to seek Truth, whether scientific, ethical, or religious, with the single aim of shaping every thought so caused into some material form of usefulness—not to ourselves, to elevate *us* in the estimation of our fellows, to yield *us* fame present or future—but here and now to be dedicated to the service of our fellow-men, what a social revolution would soon be effected? Think of it! If you cannot *think* of it, then dream of it. What a mighty change this desire to do genuine service would entail upon all mundane conditions! In vision I see that 'familiar fiend,' the plumber, actually *repairing* our 'busted' water-pipes, renewing and fitting truthfully the 'washers' of each tap, using thus the light of practical knowledge bestowed upon him with a will to do real and *lasting* service, entirely innocent of any lurking longing to be summoned again at early dawn a fortnight hence, to come and *finish* his work, when an extra chill night shall have developed the leaky spots he had left; when a mild edition of the deluge shall have assailed our drawing room ceiling, threatening therefrom to 'wilt' that satin-covered

furniture upon which our wife's affections have so long been riveted, to the partial exclusion of ourself. Visions of window sashes and panelled doors, no longer made of green lumber, glued together; but dried, and actually dove-tailed and close fitted, float before me. In my mind's eye I behold, shrivelled up into nothingness and nowhere, the ingenuous individual who, fired with a love of self and not of others, compelled his thoughts to think out into a substance called 'butter,' an extract from scraps of cart-grease and animal fat which science technically denominates 'oleomargarine.' I perceive distinctly, though in a dream, the trade-Diogenes blowing out his lamp because he has found, at length, a trader who has ceased 'blowing' about his goods, trusting to their real value and serviceableness to earn him a living profit. These dream-phantoms crowd upon my vision. Every phase of human employment seems represented. There are learned professors, whose new theories are never announced by them till their hearers have had opportunity to test the truth of the theory by actual experience of the good it has done; lawyers who devote themselves to eliminating useless laws from the statute book; physicians whose sole aim is healing and help, who discard *useless* medical tradition, however weighted with prestige and eminence, and who prefer to make risky experiments upon themselves, not upon their patients; teachers who are humble-minded enough to allow nature to have a chance to teach as well as they, who therefore recognise the use that may be served by forbearing to repress unduly the natural character and tendencies of the pupil; statesmen who can view each state as an individual man in its relations to other states, and regard the service of *all* in the regulations effected for *each*; and politicians, worthy of the real meaning of the name, 'men who make promises,' who do not promise till they see their way to perform.

These statesmen and politicians who present themselves thus in my dream, do so intensely labour and think for the good of all, that they are content even that their wisest plans should cease to be known as theirs; well aware, as they are, that the more truthful and good are the views they express into those thought forms which make action practicable, the more surely will these strike an echoing chord so familiar to each longing heart, that each individual will think and say it is precisely what he has always thought himself, and, if he had only had the chance, would have carried out long ago; thus forgetting the statesman who struck that chord and woke it, thrilling with harmony, into sound and sense. Nor are there wanting phantasmal clergymen and religious teachers, more interested by far in the spread of truly religious deeds of love to others, than either that sensationalism which draws a fitful attention to self, or the bolstering up of some pet creed with whose *material* supremacy their own *material* interests are in-bound. Following hard upon these—nay, rapidly gaining upon them—hurries a despised 'publican,' who is not without followers in the shadowy distance. He displays aloft a chromo, roughly done, certainly, of his village hotel and bar-room. It shows a kind of social club-room as the interior of what is generally known as the 'bar,' comfortable, externally, as his limited means can make it. As the figures move upon the canvas (as they do, you know, in dreamland) one sees that when Tom, or Jack, or Bill, tries to make a beast of himself, or become a nuisance to his neighbours, by taking too much to drink, his supplies are stopped by the phantom publican, whether he has money to pay for them or not; and he is made to feel how he has disgraced himself even in the eyes of this publican—made to feel that not *even* a hotel-bar is a place licensed to permit men to forget kindness and consideration towards their fellows.

There is, in short, not one of this visionary crowd but seems to burn with an intensity of activity—to be animated alike in gesture, word, and deed, by this new life, this love of usefulness to others. Not only does it make each unconscious altogether of self, but brings with it wisdom or knowledge enough to guide its movements into truly beneficent action.

And then the vision changes, and in a symbolic way, by a series of pictures not unlike the high-toned, 'moral' panorama of childish days, but inexplicable utterly except to the visionary—I become conscious of the inner methods whereby all these results are brought about. In dreams one is always much quicker to pick up ideas than in more wakeful moments, and, therefore, it is impossible for me exactly to render these symbols into words. Indeed, the earlier scenes, displaying the *origin* of this new life-power, were somewhat of an enigma to myself; but, as we got nearer the close, one began to see how simple it all is and how far-reaching. It was all brought about apparently by a change in the aim set before us in our earliest days. It was no longer deemed 'clever' to get the best of other boys at school. Nobody's father ever told at tea-table how he guessed he'd 'busted' that fellow Brown's trade now, or boasted how he'd got 'the inside track.' Nobody's father praised his boy's cleverness because of the good marks he had got for himself, but rather commended the lad for using his knowledge to help others along, aiding *them* onwards by the interest he took in it himself, till 'study' got to be a part of 'boyish play.' *Men* everywhere were led to think about crime and criminals as if they themselves, virtuous comparatively as they were, felt every day the temptation to do things just as bad, and could only, by constant resistance to the evil, withhold themselves from doing it. And then, instead of howling about the injury done to them, or to society, by

the criminal, and shrieking out for legal *revenge*, occupied themselves more and more about how to cure the evil and prevent all temptation towards it, knowing that revenge and hatred are only a little less 'catching' than kindness and affection. This new light of wisdom—this realizing sense of an equality of tendency to commit evils and errors, was first exemplified to me as shedding its beams upon the home circle because parent and child both only wished to be placed, not one over the other, but on an exact footing of equality. So clear was the light, so forcible the power of truth, which this desire brought with it, that the big, strong, giant, father, if he got mad and wanted to hit his liliputian boy or girl, the moment he felt the heat of unreasoning passion, was seen emerging into the back yard to play the hose-pipe upon himself till he got cooled down and could recollect that his superior strength was given him to defend, not to maltreat, his offspring. (I didn't see any mothers using the hose-pipe—*perhaps* their natural gentleness prevents the necessity.) Thus gradually, I saw, it came about that boys became less of young savages, because 'savage' treatment no longer roused and formed the 'savage' element in their nature. Girls, also, having never seen or felt brutal treatment from parents, ceased either to cower before, or admire, brute selfishness in men, and revolted from allowing themselves to be allied to it, like 'ignoble music set to angry words,' till that kind of man eventually ceased from off the face of the earth, and men rejoiced to maintain equal rights, not only to mother, wife, or sister, but also to *children*. Further, I was shown that it was better so; for brute force of an aggressive personal kind always perpetuates itself by leaving its seeds in those on whom it is exercised. It sows thus a crop of 'wild oats,' which spring up rapidly, and by-and-by overgrow and cover up into nothingness, the very soil which gave them nourishment.

It is viewed by-and-by only as soil over which, covered and conquered at last, the crop waves its head in proud superiority.

Again the scene changed, and I saw in symbol that union is not always strength. Twenty athletes appeared upon the canvas, fettered together at the ankle, each striving to reach a goal set before them. I saw each, temporarily oblivious of his fetters, put forth his best speed, only to be suddenly checked. Then I saw these twenty with their fetters struck off, each bound to each, only by the tie of mutual affection and motive, each using his speed to encourage and aid his weaker brother towards the goal. I timed both groups and noted the difference in the general results. Thus I read upon the canvas that only union in *motive* is power, and gathers strength, not by a thousand doing exactly the same deeds, but rather by each one of that thousand aiming at the same end, and taking what is, for him, the nearest way towards it; for then they will gather round the same goal at last, and each will have cleared and shown a path for others to follow. Then I awoke; and behold it was not *all* a dream. Everywhere, and amidst every class of men whom I had seen in vision, were to be found individuals in real life, exactly resembling those in dream-land—only they were not crowded together, or rather separated into one sect (as I had seen them), but each in his place shedding out the genial warmth of affection with its light of truth upon the circle, among which his lonely lot had been cast, mellowing and improving their condition, and being forced up into a better position for catching the light, the more its rays were reflected, in and through him, upon others. The science of it all seemed simple and easy to be understood after my vision. It was the warmth of self-sacrificing affection, which dispelled the snow and ice encrusted around us by the winter of our self-produced discontent, till the

very soil or earth of man's nature could be reached and warmed into life, and fruit-bearing again. Not by hard and fast rules for conduct, not by the waters of truth frozen into stiff unbending forms by withdrawal from all contact with the warmth of love, did these men (men viewed collectively as men and women) work out this social revolution, but by the kindliness and warmth of living sympathy, using the living water of truth only to cleanse, and not to chill. These social revolutionists had evidently read Dean Stanley's sermon to children, and adopted his rendering of those Divine words, which woke to life the dead child. They felt, although they knew not one word of Syriac, that our English translation, 'Maid arise,' is harshly incorrect, and that the words really used—words which fittingly convey that love which alone can wake an answering love which is really life—were not—could not be, 'maid get up' (because I tell you to do so—but, 'my little pet lamb rise up' (to life and love from him who is Love itself).

So is it ever. It is love which is life. Truth is but the form of life—useful to give it embodiment and outlet into deeds. Only by loving words and deeds, can we cause a real and lasting social revolution. When each shall have admitted the new life, and with it the light, the social revolution will have begun. And we will know it is here, when we find men beginning even to *dream* of refusing to become rich, willing to use for self only enough to keep them in working order, fit to serve and share with their fellows voluntarily, all that brain or hand can produce from the material which surrounds them. With poverty will disappear much of the occasion for crime; with the vanishing of oppression, that hideous desire to rule over others for the sake of self will depart also, for it will have lost its most potent *cause*. And when family life is deprived utterly, both in its spring and offshoots of this ugly de-

sire for self-supremacy, infilled instead with the desire to serve and not to rule, then life will be indeed worth living. This world will become a place fit for a gentleman to live in. Nor less fit for a lady; for man and woman will be judged, each by each, exactly by the same standard; and when the one sins against the other, society will treat either sex exactly alike. Then brethren and sisters of mankind will, towards either, use ceaseless effort to heal and restore that social esteem which is (temporarily) lost. What a social revolution that will be!

But, to descend from dreamland—if that which is but a transition, and not a change of position, can be called a descent—what hindrance is there to the practical realization of this dream of social reform in this age, except that self-love, which lies at the root of all social abuses, and will lie there so long as men thus belie their true nature and destiny? To render it possible to shed the light of truth over the dark places of the earth, the first step requisite is to see to it that our own inner life or motive be pure—a desire to avoid evil in ourselves in order that we may aid others to avoid it. Warmed and enlightened by this living charity, which ever seeks and finds truth as its chosen mate, there is no form of error from evil, which will not readily melt before us. If there be one object more attractive than the other in those which the ‘*Athenæum Club*’ sets before it, it is that of ‘influencing the press and the public on all the social questions of the day.’ And yet it is a dangerous quest, this seeking of the ‘holy grail’ from out all the tortuous ways which men have woven for themselves. But if we can allow ourselves to be animated by this love of usefulness to others, whose effects I have ventured, feebly enough, to depict, and allow it free play in each individual as his, or her, immediate circumstances may have taught her or him to

use it, we shall find no lack of opportunity to make the ‘union,’ which this society affects, a power in this city and in the Dominion. We must not fetter each other. Though we take separate lines, each can be made to feel strengthened by the full tide of sympathy from all adding to his, or her, strength. It is thus that union becomes power—and not otherwise. There is no lack of the love-life of sympathy waiting to flow in upon, and into, each of us; for the very Source and Centre of the Universe is Love; and Wisdom is but the Light from that Love wrought out into action.

Let us then admit this Love and Wisdom to find form in us in affection and fidelity to the cause of our brother-man and sister-woman, and then attack, by the true wisdom of loving words and deeds, any and all forms of social abuse which seem to any of us to injure, hinder, or torture, the society of to-day. Those of us who have true life enough to recognise the equal rights of both sexes, surely need not fear that the rest of our way, though difficult, can ever be impossible. We have struck the key-note. Let us try, then, actively, to bring all social relations into harmony with this central truth, till all acknowledge ‘equal rights’ to strong and weak alike (voluntarily—for it can never be done by force); till oppression, robbery, and selfishness shrink abashed before us, and society recognises the reality of that grandest of all social laws, ‘he that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all’—nay, more than that, the ‘slave’ of all, voluntarily giving up all claim to personal ‘rights,’ conscious only of the ‘rights’ of others. So to do is not to lose life, but to gain increase of life—even in this world. He who would be greatest among men now must be the servant—the slave—of all: words which would create a social revolution, indeed, were they even very partially

received and lived. Why not live
 them, and so learn to believe them ?
 Why not find our own truest rights

in the right to restore the rights of
 others ?

THE TWO SHIPS.

BY HILARY BYGRAVE, TORONTO.

IN mid-ocean a ship is rolling,
 Dismantled of mast and spar,
 And heavy as lead is the heart
 Of many an honest tar.

Many a vessel puts out to sea
 That never comes home again,
 And no stauncher bark of oak than this,
 E'er ventured on the main.

But storms will rage and rough winds blow,
 And what can skill avail
 Against the fierce and ruthless force
 Of a north-eastern gale ?

For days and days the good ship toiled,
 Like a thing of power and life,
 And grappled in a stubborn way
 With the elemental strife.

At length, beneath the blinking stars,
 She parts from deck to keel,
 And plunges down the boisterous depths
 With one convulsive reel.

And anxious hearts shall wait and hope
 Upon the firm set shore,
 And yearn and pray for those brave souls
 Their eyes shall see no more.

* * * * *

A ship lies rocking in the bay
 That never put to sea,
 That never braved the open main,
 Its anger or its glee.

Its lines are good, its bulk is huge,
 But there it useless lies ;
 It never touched a distant port,
 Nor sailed 'neath bluer skies.

It never bore to other lands
 Large store of fruit or grain ;
 It never re united hearts
 That parted once in pain.

It lies there basking in the sun,
 While thro' its decks and hold
 Slowly but surely spreads decay,
 The rot of rust and mould.

* * * * *

Noble it is to do and dare
 Somewhat in this world's strife,
 Though wreck and ruin wait our course
 On the high seas of life.

Better so than to rust and rot,
 Leaving no mark behind,
 And sink into the grave at last,
 Unmourned of human kind.

How idle in the sun to sit,
 Or in the tranquil shade !
 Enjoying all that busier hands
 And better brains have made.

Better to dare, attempt and fail
 In some more manful way,
 Than, without nerve or force or will,
 Drop piecemeal in decay.

Better dense darkness and the storm,
 Better the sun's fierce ray,
 Than dull repose on beds of ease,
 Lone night, and listless day.

DIOGENES ON BRIC-A-BRAC.

BY SARA DUNCAN, BRANTFORD.

‘DIOGENES, what is your opinion of bric-à-brac?’ I ask Diogenes, because I think he has one—not aimlessly, but with an honest desire for information. And he, despite his proverbial crustiness, belongs to the somewhat limited class of people, whom, for various reasons, it is advantageous to know. He never sends you cold chills of conscious inferiority from his higher altitudes of intellectuality. He is perfectly aware of the fact that he doesn’t own a scrap of information that he didn’t get from somebody else, and is equally willing to do his duty in the matter of returning it to society generally. And he never calls you his dear young friend. These refreshing peculiarities help to account Diogenes among the salt of the earth, an acquisition to society, and invaluable to his friends.

Diogenes is interesting, because of his tub. Lots of people have enquired for honest men, under circumstances quite as ironical; and history is silent as to their quest or its fruitlessness. But the tub of Diogenes possesses a peculiar and distinctive interest. It is full of significance as to the personality of the gentleman in or under it. It is not one of the circumstances that determine or develop his character, although it may be very properly termed his environment, and a factor in his discomfort. The deduction is easy. Diogenes determines and develops the tub, being master of circumstances. Therefore he should have a pronounced opinion regarding bric-à-brac.

‘I have been young, and now am

old, yet never have I been privileged to meet one of your amiable sex, who could ask a straight question. You revel in ambiguity, and delight yourselves in diffusion. Now in the name of all that’s perspicuous, what kind of bric-à-brac are you talking about? Do you want me to discourse upon the stork in yonder plaque?’

‘O Diogenes, be appeased! Even the stork in yonder plaque, if he be a typical stork in a typical plaque?’

‘Well then, I consider his attitude mournful, his expression intellectual, and his legs exaggerated.’

‘Diogenes, I know a poet, a metaphysician, and a man of observation. You are the man of observation. Permit me to compliment you. But you are dodging the question. I referred to bric-à-brac in the general acceptance of the term; and you knew it. Now proceed.’

‘Well and briefly spoken, Euphrosyne. I am a man of observation—yea, verily; and I observe that you are an appreciative young person, with a nice sense of discrimination. But you have a mistaken idea of bric-à-brac, if you imagine that it limits itself to the class of objects of which that unhappy stork is the ironical representative. In the sense of a collection of pretty curious trifles, invaluable for their oddity and antiquity, and association with the refinement of an age that has passed away, the term is almost unknown in this very practical country, among whose bustling commonplaces, the æsthetic is only beginning to find an existence. Relics of back-woods set-

tlers, may some day be valuable for their historic interest, but hardly for the degree of culture they express. To-day nobody covets them particularly for either reason. Indian curiosities, unlovely in themselves, and unpleasant in their association, there are in abundance; but one relegates tomahawks and scalp-trophies to the museum, rather than the drawing-room. But the expression is becoming so wide in its signification, that your "general acceptance of the term" covers a very extensive field indeed. In whatever direction art manifests itself there, after a while, we find bric-à-brac. Humanity grows tired of contemplating sublimities, with the weariness of conscious incapability; and finds recreation, and some satisfaction in creating artistic little off-shoots, just sufficiently inspired to make them delightful and appreciable. We contemplate St. Paul's Cathedral and Milton's epic, with a pleasure not unmixed with self-surrender and awe; but with a Gothic cottage and Tennyson's "Break" we make ourselves very familiar. Magazine literature, so exceedingly desirable in hot weather, consists mainly of things of this sort. Mrs. Burnett's "Louisiana" is a charming specimen; and Mrs. Burnett is an artist surpassed by few in originality of conception or in effective execution.'

'Before you direct your attention to that stork, Diogenes, and others of his species, he will take wings into himself and fly away. In yellow and white he has won distinction in the field of art. He has figured conspicuously upon panels and pottery, and Christmas cards innumerable, and the other day I saw him on a paper of pins. He is ready to depart, and be at rest, but before he goes, I do want your candid opinion, as to whether it was reasonable and just, thus to exalt him above every other bird—to grant him such artistic pre-eminence, simply on account of the length of his legs?'

'That ridiculous bird has nothing whatever to do with the subject. If

people will have him stalking all over their apartments, I don't see the necessity of lifting up my voice against it. But this is the cardinal, and often painful point of difference between the bric-à-brac of literature and that of household decoration. In the first case, it is our privilege to discriminate—out of infinite variety, we may choose with special reference to our own enjoyment. This liberty may by no means be accorded us in the drawing-rooms of our acquaintance, where each mantel-piece, or other ornamental convenience upholds its owner's tastes materialized. Sometimes we yield our freedom in this matter willingly; but often the surrender is an affliction, grievous to be borne. Absurd little easels and palettes may be tolerated in moderation, delicate China that never belonged to anybody's grandmother may not be altogether objectionable on artistic grounds, and wooden saucers painted, even desirable from their extreme simplicity; but what shall we say of the incongruity of flower-painting on red satin "panels," and porcelain flat-irons, or, descending immeasurably from slight exaggeration to actual depravity, how shall the unutterable brown ginger jar, profusely pasted with too tropical birds and butterflies find expression!'

'A short time ago, my venerable friend, I called you a man of observation, and you liked it. But that remark forces me to the conclusion that you are near-sighted. Can't you see without your spectacles, that the same principle directs one woman to paint vases, and another, of fewer advantages, to decorate ginger jars!'

'The best magnifying medium in the world couldn't show that. The artist has a little poem in her heart, and she embodies it, that it may be a source of enjoyment to herself and her friends. The decorator of ginger jars is inspired by nothing of the ideal, and produces a base and spurious imitation. Her grandmother in the country probably worked a wreath of Berlin wool mor-

strosities in the shape and semblance of flowers, and hung it up in a resplendent glass case, the pride and glory of the "front room." The motive in the two cases is, undoubtedly, the same—the instinct wholly different. One sees it in the arrangement as well as in the choice of these things. The ginger jar, gloriously situate upon the top of a "what-not," will have peacock's feathers behind it, and a "Present from Niagara" on either side. Not long ago, in a "parlour" of some pretension, I saw a Cupid and a Japanese fan, on a blue silk bracket, under "John Wesley's Death-bed." The Cupid was exquisite, the fan curious, the fancy-work pretty and delicate, and the picture striking; but the combination was suggestive of nothing but economy of space. One wouldn't expect a well-assorted library in that house, or even a coherent set of opinions; and, to me, the bric-à-brac of

home-decoration is infinitely more valuable for the character behind it, of which it is generally the expression, than for any inherent beauty.

'And yet in itself, and its influence,' he continues, meditatively, 'there are great possibilities, either of refinement or vulgarity. It all depends upon the ability of the controlling spirit to distinguish from cheapness, and mediocrity, and sham, what is really beautiful, and artistic and suggestive. And this is the conclusion of the whole matter.'

'Diogenes,' I say emphatically, 'I entirely agree with you.'

'I am very sorry to hear it,' he returns, with startling candour. 'You would be much more interesting if you did not. But that's my opinion.'

I consider Diogenes orthodox, don't you?

But his views make one thing unaccountable—the tub.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

HOW sweet it were if, without feeble fright,
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
 An angel came to us, and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air,
 At evening in our room, and bend on ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
 News of dear friends and children who have never
 Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever.
 Alas! we think not what we daily see
 About our hearths—angels that *are* to be,
 Or may be if they will, and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;—
 A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
 In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

CARLYLE AND COMTE.

BY W. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

THERE is an instructive contrast to be instituted between the late Mr. Carlyle and a man of whose work he spoke very contemptuously, Auguste Comte. They were both men in whom the historic sense was strong, and both had much to say in praise of the institutions of the past; but this difference between them is to be observed, that, whereas Carlyle praised the past in so far as it showed men under the control which he was never tired of proclaiming to be necessary for them, Comte sympathized with the past as being organically connected with the present, and as having laid the foundation of all the good we now enjoy. To Carlyle, the 'strong man,' as he appeared upon the stage of history, was a master, beneficently provided by Nature for the weak and despicable human multitude. 'I have a certain indestructible regard,' he remarks, 'for Willelmus Conquestor—a resident House Surgeon provided by Nature for her beloved English people.' And for similar sentiments refer to his works *passim*. To Comte the strong man was an organ of humanity, an eye, a hand or a heart, as the case might be, for the body social; a man in whom the mute collective wisdom or strength of the many found expression. To Carlyle, the heroes of history the leaders of men, were alone worthy of attention; the ruck of mankind only existed that these might have something whereon to exercise their powers of command; to Comte, great men were of interest only in so far as, consciously or unconsciously, they fulfilled a social purpose. The world, in

his thought, was not made for great men, but great men were made for the world; every great man had a *function* to perform, and, according as he performed that function well or ill, did Comte accord him admiration or censure. Carlyle's habitual attitude toward mankind at large was one of fierce impatience and disdain; Comte's was one of brooding sympathy and earnest hope. In common men he recognised the source of all that was greatest and most excellent in the *élite* of humanity.

We come, however, to the great, and indeed all-including, contrast when we say that Comte conceived of humanity as an organic whole, presenting definite statical conditions, and definite laws of development; while Carlyle conceived it as made up of distinct individualisms only to be brought into any kind of harmonious co-existence by a reign of force. In Comte's view, the problem of human destiny was to be solved by growth from within; in Carlyle's, by pressure from without. The advantage enjoyed by Comte was, that he was able to trace the laws of human development; whereas Carlyle, never being able to give a rational expression to his theory, or rather to his sentiment—for theory, in the strict sense, he had none—was compelled to conceal the abortive nature of his philosophy under a literary garb so extravagant as to disarm, or, at least, turn aside, criticism. The peculiarity of Carlyle's literary style has often been commented on; but I do not remember any attempt to give a moral or philosophical account of it.

Yet it strikes me the explanation is just what is here suggested. Had this great writer been able to form any consistent theory to himself of the world and of society, his thought would have run without impediment in the channel thus provided; and his literary style, while still vigorous and picturesque, would have conformed in a general way to ordinary classical models. But he could form no such theory; and the current of his speech rushing headlong over all obstructions, broke into blinding spray (which no doubt caught many a rainbow tint), or swept back in swirling eddies and seething whirlpools. The true teacher, he who has first taught himself and possesses his own soul, feels no temptation to launch into extravagance either of thought or of language. Carlyle had a vivid imagination, but he saw as in lightning flashes, and the lowering thunder-clouds throw their shadow more or less over all his writings. Comte's manner of thinking and working was, above all things, continuous. His great aim was to discover law everywhere, with a view to supplying what he called a 'positive' basis for life; and in the study and application of laws his mind found at once occupation and rest. His own experiences, no less than the study of history, led him to conceive of religion as consisting in a balance and harmony of the human faculties, a sense of inward unity and outward adaptation, a willing submission to law, a chastened acceptance of the evil with the good in the conditions of human life. To Carlyle, religion found its aliment in all that passed human understanding, in the various Profundities, Immensities and Eternities that surrounded, as he believed, man's finite existence. It was compatible, therefore, with much scorn of the weak and much disregard of the *ascertainable* laws of life and well-being. Comte dwells upon the greatness of the human race, in its corporate existence and development. Carlyle finds some

individual men great: but the race of men wretchedly mean and insignificant. The former, the picked individuals, are God-given; and we cannot, therefore, argue from what they are or were to what human nature in general is or may be. In Carlyle's opinion, a very strong man can hardly go wrong; what he wills for the weak must be best for them. Comte, on the other hand, holds the strong to the strictest account for the exercise of their exceptional powers. In Carlyle's opinion, the capital sin is want of submission to the authorities he is pleased to recognise; in Comte's, excessive individualism, leading to self-worship, and an ignoring of social responsibilities.

What Carlyle's habitual temper was towards mankind, his 'Reminiscences' have unfortunately shown. While he was alive, people were persistent in believing that his bark was worse than his bite; and he was credited with a humanity, only the deeper and more tender for the ruggedness of its outward garb. But now it is seen that his barking was really incessant, and that many a vicious snap was given between times. His tone alive was autocratic and dogmatic in the highest degree; but here again, the world, charitable beyond its wont, believed in an inner fund of humility, such as many outwardly domineering men have possessed.* The 'Reminiscences,' however, fail to show any trace of such a grace; no wonder, when we consider his theory as to the origin and function of great men. What has a great man to do with judging himself? His function is to judge others, who are not great, but small in every way, 'mostly fools' in fact. What Comte was, in relation to men in general, his books plainly show. He never had any quarrel with the masses of society, never a word of contempt or impatience for the weak

* De Maistre and Lammenais are names that occur to me at the moment, but many more could be cited. There will indeed be a certain submissiveness in any man who feels himself the servant of a system or a cause.

and misguided ; but many a word of denunciation for men, who wanted to be strong and wise for themselves alone, who, having power in their hands, either intellectual or material, used it simply as pleased themselves, without any thought of social obligation. To Comte, the greatness of any individual man was as naught, compared with the greatness of humanity, the tree whose leaves as they come and go are the swift-following generations of men. Comte had a faith which sweetened his whole life ; Carlyle, strictly speaking, had none. His fellow-creatures he had put far away from him ; and the Eternities and Immensities did little for him at his need. Nothing shows the presence or absence of a faith better than the bearing of a man or woman under affliction. What then are we to think of such an outburst as this, which occurs in a letter written by Carlyle shortly after his bereavement, 'A most sorry dog-kennel it (the world) oftenest all seems to me ; and wise words, even if one had them, to be only thrown away upon it. *Basta, basta*, I for the most part say of it, and look with infinite longings towards the still country where at last we and our beloved ones shall be together again.' The Hero Worshipper found the world, we must suppose, 'a most sorry dog-kennel,' and at the end of his days leaves it so, and longs to hie away to some ultra-mundane sphere, where he may be with some whom he is pleased to love. For the poor denizens of the kennel he has no parting word of sympathy, long as he has lived with them ; and as to what is to become of them hereafter, whether there is 'a still country' for them after their dog-days are over, he neither knows nor cares.

Such is the individualistic conception of life in its ultimate results. To this complexion does hero-worship and contemplation of the Immensities come at last. Comte discards the Immensities for things mensurable ; the Eternities for things temporal ; and hero-worship

for a serious and loving attitude of mind towards the great human whole, that which was, and is, and is to be, the humanity that mediates between individual man in his feebleness, and the inexorable laws of the physical universe, the humanity whose previous labours and sacrifices, whose daily and hourly activities, form, as it were, a net-work of providence around the life of man to-day. And how was he sustained under a surpassingly keen affliction, the premature death of a woman who had had the profoundest influence upon his life, and between whom and himself there existed, under blameless conditions, a union of mind and spirit such as marriage itself could not have rendered more complete ? Six months after the death of Mme de Vaux, he expresses himself thus, in the dedication to her memory of the '*Politique Positive*:' 'Here, then, for me in this irrevocable communion of our lives, the age of personal passion finds its fitting close. Henceforth I give myself to the noble civic passion which from early youth devoted every energy of my being to the great work of re-organization. Thus it is that the seeds sown by your influence shall, in spite of death, grow to full maturity. . . . The same blest influence has been with me during the last six months, aiding my thoughts as they moved onwards in the midst of tears.' These are Comte's own expressions, but it may not be superfluous to quote a few words from Mr. G. H. Lewes on the same subject. 'Her death,' says Mr. Lewes, 'made no change in his devotion. She underwent a transfiguration. Her subjective immortality became a real presence to his mystical affection. During life she had been a benign influence irradiating his moral nature, and, for the first time, giving satisfaction to the immense tenderness which had slumbered there ; she thus initiated him into the secrets of emotional life, which were indispensable to his philosophy in its sub-

sequent elaboration. Her death rather intensified than altered this influence, by purifying it from all personal and objective elements.'

In Comte's mind there was no hope of a subsequent personal re-union; yet was he enabled to rejoice in the abiding influence of his departed friend. To him the sharp separation of humanity into separate individuals was, if I may so express it, a kind of artificial and illegitimate analysis of what was organically *one*. The past and the future were hardly less living to him than the present. From the past he received inspiration to work for the future; and, in his habitual thought, the present was but a faint dividing line between these two infinities. He shared both his joys and his sorrows with humanity; and, in doing so, found the

former enhanced and the latter alleviated. Carlyle, on the other hand, bore all his burdens alone; they were personal to himself; and as he dwelt upon the virtues of those whom he had loved and lost, he thought not of the kindred virtues of thousands of others, or of the kindred bereavements which others than himself had sustained; he thought only of the general poverty of human character and his own sad isolation in the world. He sought consolation in looking forward to some 'far country;' Comte sought it in drawing closer to his fellow-men, and merging his life more and more into theirs. And may we not say that, of the two, he chose the better part, and laid the firmer foundation for his hopes and his happiness?

INCONSTANCY.

WHEN day has shed its last bright gleam,
 At summer eve, beside the stream,
 How sweet to watch the sky;
 In pensive blue the hills are dress'd,
 And various tints adorn the west,
 Of beauty's richest dye!

One cloud, light floating on the air,
 Marked by a tint surpassing fair,
 Your notice can't escape.
 It skims along with playful ease,
 And changing still as blows the breeze
 Assumes fantastic shape.

That is inconstancy—so empty, yet so fair—
 It changes, ever and anon, as blows the air.

DESDEMONA.

BY T. FOWLER, EMERALD.

I HAD occasion, in the last number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, to examine the characters of Ophelia and Portia, with especial reference to the view taken of them by Helena Faucit Martin, Lady Martin, known formerly as the actress Helen Faucit, 'one,' as she says, 'who has personated them.' Since then, we have had Desdemona placed before us by the same hand, and, with her, it seems, the series is to close.

It is almost needless to say that Lady Martin regards Desdemona as an incomparable woman of women, 'possessed of every quality which could lay hold of a hero's heart, and bring joy into his home.' We have here the same misplaced extravagance of lavish praise as before. At the head of the article are the words, quoted from 'Emilia,'

'Oh, she was heavenly true !'

It is a thankless task to expose error, to dethrone idols, how grotesque soever, which there are people found to worship. But is it not better that false standards should be demolished? How if they be taken for real? Are our wives and daughters to have palmed upon them, as coin of the realm, what does not ring true? Are there not women and women? It is no fault of Shakespeare's that these female creations of his have been exalted into objects of adoration. He is no more answerable for it than is Turner for all the rhapsodies that Mr. Ruskin has uttered about that great painter's pictures. Shakespeare is not

to be tied down to every word. You must not harness Pegasus to a dung-cart. Genius always runs a little wild, or it would not be genius. It needs not to be said what a genius was Shakespeare's; but does it follow that all these women must be the perfection of womanhood? Not a bit of it. He knew better. He drew women as he drew men, neither angels nor devils (with an exception or two, such as Iago here, which do not count). If he had found women faultless phenomena of perfection, he would have pictured them so. He neither found them so nor so painted them. More than that. He made them such as would answer his purpose. Take this tragedy; the process must have been something like this. He found somewhere Othello and Iago. The idea took possession of him. They are the play. But the subordinate parts must be supplied. There must be people to provide the jealousy. There must be a Desdemona and a Cassio. They are of about equal importance in the working out of the plot. Of course, it was good art that Desdemona should be one upon whom we could bestow our whole pity (with reservations), but, for that, there was not the least necessity that she should be a paragon. Nor is she. She is a woman who takes a very false step at first; but she pays for it so much more bitterly than words can do justice to, that we feel for her a pity to which words can no more do justice.

Shakespeare does not trouble himself to be always consistent. He makes

Emilia say that Desdemona was 'heavenly true;' but he also makes Brabantio say,

'Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee.'

She was true to Othello in one way; she was untrue to her father in another. Her truth to Othello was what not one woman in a thousand, perhaps in a million, thinks of making any boast of. Her untruth to her father was what every man and woman must alike condemn. There you have the woman, not of the rhapsodists, but of real life; sometimes true, sometimes not; sometimes true to one person; sometimes untrue to another. Here then we have the 'heavenly true,' which Lady Martin has prefixed to the article, blown to the winds. The woman who could 'deceive' her own father as grossly as Desdemona did was not 'heavenly true' nor anything of the kind. She kissed him, no doubt, overnight, lulled him to sleep in a false security, and, before morning, she lay on the 'sooty bosom' of a 'black' husband, and had broken her father's heart. His brother says, when Desdemona lies murdered by the 'black' husband,

'Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's
dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure
grief
Shore his old thread in twain.'

Time was that a daughter would say, 'Father, I can never marry any one but John Smith, but I will never marry at all without your sanction.' But we have improved upon all that. The Desdemonas are in fashion now. They it is who are held up for imitation. To 'deceive' your father, elope from his house, marry clandestinely a 'black' man, with a host of objections to him, and break your father's heart, that is the creature 'high of heart and sweet of nature,' who is to be placed on a pinnacle of perfection, and who is 'heavenly true,' 'Heavenly!' Alas, the day! Will any one believe

that *this* is the best work of the Master Hand? Forbid the profanity! The other day, we had a devotee of this craze saying 'Shakespeare embodied all that was noblest in his genius, not in men but in women, giving us a score of noble and beautiful human creatures, daughters of the gods, as against his one Hamlet.* Can any reader of Shakespeare help bursting out laughing? All that he could find that was good in masculine human nature was 'embodied' in his 'one' wayward, weak, half crazed Hamlet. And, observe again, all that is 'noblest' and 'noble' must fall to the woman's share. Modest that!

Before proceeding further, however, let us carefully examine what authority Shakespeare has given us, by which to judge of these three characters, Brabantio, Desdemona and Othello.

Brabantio we find to be a 'Senator of Venice,' and we are 'to be sure of this, that the magnifico is much beloved, and hath, in his effect, a voice potential as double as the duke's.' He must have been a kind and indulgent father, for Desdemona 'had known no sorrow' and was 'a child to chiding.' Lady Martin propounds a 'dreamy' theory of her own to the contrary, recognizes no misconduct whatever on the part of Desdemona; but seeks to cast the whole blame on her father. Let readers of the play search for one jot of authority for this, and find it if they can. And, besides, were there any, would that exonerate Desdemona from her undutifulness and 'deceit?' But, I repeat, it is sheer invention, conceived in a spirit of thorough unfairness. When Brabantio is waked up in the dead of night by a loud uproar of knocking on his door, and is told that his daughter has gone off—

'With no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,'

* If Desdemona was a 'daughter of the gods,' it was in a Pantheon where there was no altar to filial piety.

and that—

'She hath made a gross revolt ;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortune,
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and everywhere,'

He cannot bring himself to believe it,
but he finds that—

'It is too true an evil ; gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ? O, unhappy girl !
With the Moor sayest thou ? Who would be
a father ?

How didst thou know 'twas she ? O thou de-
ceiver !

Past thought ! What said she to you ? Get
more tapers ;

Raise all my kindred. Are they married,
think you ?

ROD. Truly I think they are.'

Again he says—

'O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd
my daughter ?

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted
her :

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou ; to fear, not to de-
light.'

And once again—

DUKE. 'Why, what's the matter ?'

BRA. 'My daughter ! Oh, my daughter !'

SEN. 'Dead ?'

BRA. 'Ay, to me ;

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mounte-
banks :

For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not—'

It is clear enough by this time, to
what a state of astonished horror
Brabantio had been brought by this
unnatural elopement and marriage of
his daughter. Is there one of us who
will not sympathise with him ? When
he finds that he must perforce recon-
cile himself as best he can to the inevit-
able, he says—

'God be with you ! I have done—

Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.

Come hither, Moor :

I, here, do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my
heart

I would keep from thee— For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child :
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To have clogs on them. I have done, my
lord.'

I am not surprised that Lady Mar-
tin leaves out of sight this altogether
affectionate, admirable, dignified
speech, and pathetic withal. She pre-
fers to fall back upon Brabantio's say-
ing to Othello, 'she has deceived her
father, and may thee,' that she may
have the opportunity of saying, 'then
does Brabantio let out the cold malign-
ity of his natural disposition—the
unforgiving cruelty which he keeps to
the last, so that it may sting and
wound more surely.' I condemn both
speeches. I shall not seek to palliate
Brabantio's, though it is, perhaps, not
much wonder that it was wrong from
him ; in truth and in justice, he was
entitled to say it, if he chose to do so,
though it had much better have been
left unsaid. In Lady Martin's ex-
haustive and bitter condemnation, I
can see neither truth nor justice.

This is all we know about this un-
happy father. He appears no more.
But we hear from his brother, as we
have seen, that his daughter was his
death, that he dies of a broken heart.
Lady Martin follows him to the last
with an un pitying un forgiveness—un-
forgiveness for what ? She says 'self-
reproaches would rise to fill her place
and embitter his loneliness, reminding
him of all he might have been,*
but had not been to her. I cannot
call to mind that, in a long course of
profuse and very miscellaneous read-
ing, I have ever come across anything
quite like this.

Othello, having been summoned to
the council chamber, is interrogated
as to the unlawful acts laid to his
charge by Brabantio. We must re-
member that, in those days of univer-
sal belief in dealings with the devil,
more or less satanic, and taking various

*In short, Shakespeare tells us that Bra-
bantio died of grief at his daughter's con-
duct. Lady Martin tells us that he died of
remorse at his own.

shapes, the very first idea that would strike any one, to account for such an unnatural marriage as Desdemona's—

'In spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything—'

would be that some diabolical means had been put in force. Othello asks permission to 'a round, unvarnished tale deliver.' He says that the only art he used was the effect of his description of his exploits, disastrous chances and sufferings, and of the wonders that he had seen; such as 'hills whose heads touch heaven, An-thropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' How much of all this was true, then, or how much he practised upon Desdemona's credulity, we can not tell; but credulity in those times was general in other things besides dealing with diabolism. Then he says—

'My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore—in faith 'twas strange; 'twas passing strange:'.

. 'She thanked me;
And bade me if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.'

Then says Brabantio—

'I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither gentle mis-
tress;

Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?'

To which Desdemona answers—

'My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter; but here's my
husband;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.'

Observe how the question of the duty, which Desdemona owed to her father, the day before, and which was violated in her 'deceiving' him by her elopement, is evaded by her. *Having eloped and married the Moor*, not only

without her father's consent, but so contrary to it, that she has broken his heart, she jumps over from yesterday, entrenches herself in *her present position*, and says, '*here's my husband*.' The duty owed by a daughter to a father, which, of course, was what Brabantio meant, is lost sight of, and the only duty mentioned is that from a wife to a husband. Lady Martin says, that it is evident from Desdemona's words that she had not been treated with sympathetic kindness by her father, but rather had been repelled from him, because she speaks of 'duty' and not of 'affection.' Why, there was nothing in question *but* duty. Desdemona places all the three cases on the same level—between her father and herself, her husband and herself, and her father and mother. She says nothing about affection in any one of the three cases. It might just as well be said that she shows that she has no affection for her husband, because she says nothing about it. This is a curious proof how Lady Martin puts a strained interpretation, such as will suit her purpose, on everything said and done.

All this might well be left alone in a stage-play. We are not to tie down Shakespeare, as I have said, to every word written, and to every word omitted, nor his heroine either. All would pass well enough. We could take Shakespeare's characters as he created them. We could enjoy his grand work by accepting human nature, with its foibles, frailties and blemishes, as he found it and left it, were it not for these mistaken and mischievous evangelisms of what constitutes right and wrong, and makes up the character of an incomparable woman.

It would be a very unwelcome task to show up all the mistakes into which Lady Martin falls, but a few of them may be noticed. She says that Othello's complexion was 'like the shadowed livery of the burnished sun,' wherever she may have found that (not in the play), and whatever it may mean. The Othello of the play is 'black,' not to

make too sure of the 'thick lips.' She says there could be no 'living sympathy' between 'father and child' when he did not 'foresee the danger' (why danger?) 'of exposing her to such an unusual fascination.' Unusual indeed! So much so as to be deemed impossible. Again, the father 'has established no claim upon her heart; and that heart, hitherto untouched, is stolen from her during these long interviews, insensibly, but for ever.' Who ever heard before, that, if a girl gives as much heart as ever you please to her father, she has not got just as much more to give to her lover? They are two very different kinds of heart. Lady Martin calls Othello 'so noble, so self-devoting, so grandly enduring, so altogether spotless and heroic.' This is to account for Desdemona's infatuation. Did not his after treatment of a helpless, innocent woman, so utterly unresisting, show that he was not one of them? That they were just what he was *not*? We shall have to examine into his character presently; we shall see whether it was that. Lady Martin makes Brabantio's 'blindness' Desdemona's excuse. Why, is it not notorious that all fathers are supposed to be afflicted with the same blindness; but do all daughters therefore 'deceive' them, and run away from them, and break their poor blind hearts? She says that, after Desdemona's address to the senate, her father was 'silenced.' He said—

'If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!'

Well, she *was* more than half the wooer; 'upon this hint' (and certainly there could have been no broader or plainer one) 'I spake.' And, *therefore*, was Brabantio 'silenced.'

Let us now see what manner of man was this Moor, this thick-lipped black man, with whom a young, bright, beautiful, richly endowed, white, patrician, Christian lady ran off. He was ill-favoured. Desdemona 'saw his visage in his mind,' because she could not see

it in its proper place. That he was black, if he did not tell us so himself, there are more than one other who do. That he was 'thick lipped,' Roderigo says. It is not the best warranty in the world; but why should he invent it? Let him hate Othello ever so much, he would hardly have said that his hair was red when it was not. He must, then, have been nearer to a negro, in outward appearance, than most young ladies would find attractive. I shall be told that Moors are not this; that they are not black; that, though dark-complexioned, they may be handsome men; that the Moors were a great race. All true. But the Moor with whom we have to do was Shakespeare's Moor, and we must take him as he is given to us. He was 'declined into the vale of years;' more than old enough to be Desdemona's father. He was a rough soldier and 'rude in speech;' but he must have been soft and winning when he chose to be so. Yet, when his passions were roused, he was more like a wild beast than a human being, if we are not doing injustice to the wild beast by the comparison. He was proud, with a haughty disdain.

'Tis yet to know,
(Which when I know that boasting is an honour
I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached.'

There was a great grandeur of dignity about him (truly Shakespearean). He was a long-trying and successful soldier, highly honoured and trusted by the state that he served, and he was held in great respect by his subordinates. To be all this, he must have had some great qualities. (Reading the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, John Henry Newman, Cardinal, but more than Cardinal, said, 'It makes one burn to be a soldier.') But he was a hireling and mercenary soldier, serving not his own people, but an alien race, between whom and his own there was mortal enmity. He was a Ma-

hommetan, fighting for Christians against Mahomettans. He cannot have abjured his country or his faith; for, when he is displaced from his command, his first idea is to return to 'Mauritania' and 'take away with him the fair Desdemona,' so that she would have sunk into a member of his harem. A pretty position for a Christian lady! (Her father, if she had condescended to appeal to him, might have enlightened her upon this point.) He must have been eloquent, yet not eloquent, for in true eloquence consists the power of throwing yourself into your part for the time being, and we dare not imagine that he betrayed to Desdemona, by gesture or expression of countenance, his fierce nature, in describing the fury of an onslaught. We dare not imagine that she saw his yellow 'eye balls roll,' as she saw them afterward. He could behave to Desdemona like a courteous gentleman, and he must have loved her with all his whole heart. (Men of that age, when they love, do not love by halves, nor men of that blood and nation.) Yet he was ready, *on the instant*, to entertain vile suspicions of her, only too soon confirmed—for him. In Iago's hands, he was a mere child. In the short space of one revolving moon he believes her guilty of the last villainy; he flings at her names of the last insult; he strikes her in public, and he lashes himself into the following climax:

'O, blood, Iago, blood!'

IAGO. 'Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.'

OTH. 'Never, Iago. Like the Pontick sea, Whose icy current and compulsive course Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on To the Propontick, and the Hellespont; Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace, Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge Swallow them up. Now by yond marble heaven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow [kneels, I here engage my words.'

IAGO. 'Do not rise yet—[kneels, Witness you ever-burning lights above! You elements that clip us round about! Witness that here Iago doth give up

The execution of his wit, hands, heart, To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse, What bloody work soever.'

OTH. 'I greet thy love, Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

And will upon the instance put thee to it; Within these three days let me hear thee say That Cassio's not alive.'

IAGO. 'My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request, But let her live.'

OTH. 'Damn her, lewd minx! O damn her! Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw, To furnish me with some swift means of death

For the fair devil. Now, art thou my lieutenant.'

IAGO. 'I am your own for ever.'

Again.

'Get me some poison Iago; this night—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her beauty Unprovide my mind again; this night Iago.'

IAGO. 'Do it not with poison, strangle her in "her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated."

OTH. 'Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.'

Once more. When Desdemona, with her very latest breath, tries to screen him, and says, when Emilia cries out:

'O, who hath done this deed?'

'Nobody; I myself; farewell; commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [Dies.'

Then Othello says—

'She's like a liar, gone to burning hell; 'Twas I that killed her.'

What of Othello *now*? Is *this* the man, whom Lady Martin calls, 'so noble, so self-devoting, so grandly enduring, so altogether spotless and heroic.' Does she not know that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin? It needed but the tempter, and there was the murderer. And, yet, even for this man, of this marvellous, complex nature, we can feel a pity when he says:

OTH. 'Soft you; a word or two before you go, I have done the State some service and they know it;

No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters, When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate, Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely, but too well; Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought, Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose sub-
dued eyes,

Albeit amused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees,
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this,
And say besides,—that, in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the State,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus [Stabs himself.]

Hear this well delivered by a sufficient actor, and you come under the wand of the enchanter. Amazing power of the poet! Had this one personality been all that he had produced, he would have been immortal. No shame to you if you 'drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees, their medicinal gum.'

And now, what more shall be said of the character of Othello's victim, the gentle, loving, constant, enduring, unresisting, forgiving Desdemona? To go back again to the beginning, we could find no more capital comparison than between the marriages of Desdemona and Dorothea Brooke. 'There is the same infatuation; the same disparity in years; the same want of personal attraction in the lover: the same jealousy; the same wretched result; all with a difference. But can any one fancy Dorothea eloping? Nay, let us suppose her to have been Mr. Casaubon's daughter, could any one fancy her eloping with Will Ladislav? Would it not have indelibly soiled Dorothea's fine character? Then, why shall Desdemona's be without stain? There is a point, indeed, in which Desdemona excels Dorothea, the complete forgiveness of Othello, to the very ultimate last. Dorothea feels a natural resentment at the odious codicil to Mr. Casaubon's will. Desdemona's forgiveness is, perhaps, superhuman. But with that we have nothing to do. We must allow her all that Shakespeare gives her. Lady Martin says—and we are happy most cordially to agree with her, if it be but for once—that neither history nor fiction has anything finer of its kind. With all reverence be it spoken, we can only refer

it to the same Christian spirit which inspired the words 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' Nor must we by any means lose sight of Desdemona's earnest and generous pleading for Cassio. In Desdemona, then, we have a character, in many respects similar to that of Ophelia; but more faulty, and, at the same time, finer. Like Ophelia, Desdemona exhausts our pity, but Desdemona's sufferings are greater than Ophelia's. To what more horrible mental torture, to what viler indignities, could such a creature be exposed? I must be pardoned if I am compelled to make Shakespeare speak for himself. How fine and truly Shakesperean is the earlier part of it!

OTH. 'Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare
head;

Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current
runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! turn thy complexion
there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cheru-
bim;

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

DES. 'I hope my noble lord esteems me
honest.'

OTH. 'O, ay; as summer flies are in the
shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O, thou
weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee. Would thou
had'st ne'er been born!'

DES. 'Alas! What ignorant sin have I com-
mitted?'

OTH. 'Was this fair paper, this most goodly
book,
Made to write whore upon? What commit-
ted?

Committed? O, thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What commit-
ted?

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon
winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it; what committed?
Impudent strumpet!"

DES. 'By heaven, you do me wrong.'

OTH. 'Are you not a strumpet?'

DES. 'No, as I am a Christian;

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,

From any other foul, unlawful touch,

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.'

OTH. 'What, not a whore?'

DES. 'No, as I shall be saved.'

OTH. 'Is it possible?'

DES. 'O, heaven forgive us!'

OTH. 'I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello. — You, mistress,

[Re-enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell; you! you ay,

you!

We have done our course, there's money for
your pains,

I pray you turn the key and keep our
counsel. [Exit.

Emilia is a well-drawn character, with a rough, outspoken honesty, on some occasions, but a bit of a virago, and rankly dishonest on others. Her appropriating, not to say stealing, the handkerchief, and giving it to her husband, with all its attendant circumstances, well knowing the value which Desdemona set upon it, is atrocious. Lady Martin's sense of this seems to be not nearly keen enough. And, curiously, she makes a mistake with Emilia similar to that which she made with Nerissa, only in the opposite direction. While she elevates the waiting maid, Nerissa, into a lady, she degrades the lady, Emilia, into a waiting maid. She speaks of 'her class,' evidently meaning the class of waiting maids. It is true that Desdemona is spoken of as Emilia's 'mistress,' but so, in the same sense, is the Queen mistress of the great ladies about her household. We must take Emilia's rank from that of her husband, and

Iago, though we cannot define exactly what he was, was certainly far above the rank of a menial. He was the chosen friend of Othello, and the companion of gentlemen.

The play is disfigured with excessively gross expressions. I do not know where you would find any more utterly gross in Shakespeare, or even in any other dramatist, which, if true, is saying all that could be said. But its transcendent power throws all this into the background. It is a Titanic work. Upon Othello and Iago the whole burden of the piece falls. Both parts require consummate actors, and that of Othello immense physical power; he runs through the whole gamut of emotions, and often strikes sudden and wide intervals. It is a most exhausting performance, taxing every resource, and it is well deemed a touchstone of a tragic actor's ability. It has been not uncommon for two actors to alternate the parts, but they must both be of the first rank. Desdemona, to do the part justice, must be personated by a sufficiently capable actress, but one can hardly repress a smile at Lady Martin's saying, 'Macready was my Othello.' Macready was an excellent actor; he had some strong mannerisms, and a voice difficult, I suspect, to manage; but he had a dignity which he always sustained, and in Othello there is great demand upon it. He was a gentleman off the stage and on it. He will be remembered as one of Charles Dickens' two 'Macs,' the other being Maclise, the admirable painter and R. A., who was fond of dramatic (some said theatrical) subjects.

WHEN DEATH CREEPS O'ER THE KINDLY LIGHT.

BY GEORGE GERRARD, MONTREAL.

WHEN Death creeps o'er the kindly light
Of some dear eyes we know so well,
How strays the soul's exulting flight,
Loosed from the confines of its cell?

Perchance! To distant climes above
'Tis led through azure depths of space
Where rise the springs of boundless love
For all degrees of human race;

Perchance! 'Tis called to instant life,
Forever free from terrors grim,
So soon as ceases mortal strife,
Ere yet the eyes have time to dim;

Or, does the soul by instinct fly,
In calmness to its native land,
Forgetting grief, each painful sigh,
When soothed beneath a Father's hand?

O none can tell, when unconfined,
The spirit leaves a dull control,
How wanders forth the living mind,
Or where exists its final goal.—

When Death must close the eyes in sleep,
And bid some heaving heart be dumb,
O may the soul responsive leap,
And hear an angel whisper, 'Come!'

Then swift along the glowing sky,
To regions of Eternal Day,
Beyond the suns and planets fly,
With fast increasing strength away.—

Till safely o'er the wide abyss,
The Seraph hosts of God appear;
That onward lead to homes of bliss,
Where plaintive music soothes the ear.—

At last among the heavenly throng,
Bow down before the Saviour's throne,
And swell the loud triumphant song,
In notes of an immortal tone.

ROUND THE TABLE.

THE INFLUENCE OF SUPERIOR MEN.

AUGUSTE COMTE has a curious speculation to the effect that the vast intellectual superiority of the human race has had a depressing effect upon the lower animals, and has possibly prevented some species of them from framing for their own use much more perfect means of communication than any of them are actually found to possess. He seems to think that, but for man, some of them might almost have risen to rational language. However this may be, it is certainly the case that higher races of men do exert a depressing influence upon lower races, and seem to push them below their normal level. Without taking an unduly romantic view of the former condition of the Indian population of this continent, we may be allowed to believe that the Indian of three centuries ago was, in general, a vastly more dignified and respectable being than the Indian of to-day. In the accounts of the Indian tribes given by Champlain and the early Jesuit and Recollet missionaries, there is nothing to provoke contempt; but, on the contrary, much to conciliate liking and respect. The Indian of to-day has lost the savage virtues of his forefathers, and has borrowed little from civilized men save their vices, of which, it must be confessed, he has had much more ample experience than of their good qualities. Here a superior civilization coming into contact with an inferior has widened the gap between itself and the inferior, instead of closing it up, or at least diminishing it, by the elevation of the lower race.

Now, it has sometimes occurred to me to ask whether, in our own society, superior minds do not sometimes stand in the way of the development of inferior ones. The man who, in the words of Horace,

'prægravat artes
Infra se positas,'

may not always, there is reason to think, be a benefactor to his associates. As an administrator, he may assume too much responsibility himself, and leave too little to them. Doing things so much more readily, and seeing things so much more clearly and comprehensively than they, he may positively stand between them and that exercise of their intelligence which, in his absence, would become a matter of necessity. He thinks, perhaps, that he is mightily aiding in the development of their intelligence, forgetting that actual intellectual work, coupled with a sense of responsibility, is almost the only thing that really does develop intelligence. Then there is the other aspect of the case to consider: not only does the able man voluntarily do more than his share of work, and particularly of thinking, but others, when they have found out how much they can trust to his insight and capacity, voluntarily repose on his judgment when they ought to exercise their own. Their intellectual *vis inertia* readily accepts an arrangement under which it is so little disturbed. Even when there exists a disposition to exercise thought and assume responsibility, it meets with so little encouragement, or, perhaps, so much positive discouragement, that it is soon replaced by a mere spirit of routine. If rumour speaks truly, Mr. Gladstone is one of these men who do so much themselves, and leave so little to others, that they really train no very capable successors. Prince Bismarck possesses the same characteristic in a more extreme form; but a still more eminent Prussian, Frederick the Great, furnishes, perhaps, the most conspicuous example in history of the disposition to which I refer. 'Under him there was no room,' says Macaulay, 'not merely for a Richelieu or a Mazarin, but for a Colbert, a Louvois, or a Torcy. A love of labour for its own sake, a restless and insatiable longing to dictate, to intermeddle, to make his power felt, a profound scorn and distrust of his fellow-creatures, made him

unwilling to ask counsel, to confide important secrets, to delegate ample powers. The highest functionaries under his government were mere clerks, and were not so much trusted by him as valuable clerks are often trusted by the heads of departments. . . . He could tolerate no will, no reason, in the State save his own. He wished for no abler assistance than that of penmen who had just understanding enough to translate and transcribe, to make out his scrawls, and to put his concise Yes and No into an official form.

In family relations we sometimes see the dwarfing of one intelligence by another. Here is a wife whose nature has never been fully developed, because she has lived in the shadow of her husband; and here, again, we sometimes see a husband who, overmastered by the superior intellect or energy of his wife, has never taken the place he might have taken had he had a fuller share of responsibility and initiative. There are parents, in like manner, who are too clever for their children, too clever to sympathize with or understand intellectual weakness, and who, therefore, rather numb than foster a nascent intelligence. This may be the case even where the children give more than ordinary intellectual promise; and, if we do not more frequently see children perpetuating the talents of their parents, this may sometimes be the cause: the children are so intellectually 'sat on,' that they lose all spring and all originality. I incline, indeed, to think this a point of considerable importance. It does every one good to have some power of initiative, to have room and opportunity, and encouragement, to expand, to *se faire valoir*. Children, above all, need it; and to deny it to them is to shut them up in a dungeon. And a dungeon, be it remembered, would be none the less a dungeon if its walls were made of sparkling diamonds. The mind cannot feed on the cleverness of others; it must have some chance to exercise and display its own, without being promptly 'headed off.' There are some people who, in conversation, always want to express your thought better than you have done it yourself, and who will hardly allow you time to see what you can do, so prompt are they to come to your assistance.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be this. All intellectual supe-

riority ought to be dominated by a social purpose. The aim of the able man should not be to create a desert for himself where he can roam and roar in undisputed lordship; but to dwell peaceably side by side with his fellows, helping them where necessary, but looking to their good, and not to the increase of his own influence or prestige. Whatever is weak he should try to strengthen; the smoking flare of confused, inarticulate thought, he should try to blow into the flame of clear expression. And when the superior man cannot act in this spirit, society should by its attitude remind him that, with all his havings, he lacks the most important gift of all,—superiority of heart.

LE S.

SPELLING NOVELTIES.

I MUST admit that I take a savage pleasure in noticing and pointing out the slips and trips which piratical American publishers are always making in their reprints of English works. These tell-tale mistakes often occur from a too great, a too Chinese, fidelity in copying; such as allusions to plates or frontispieces which are not reproduced in the American edition. The instance which I last noted does not, however, fall under this head; but was caused by that insane love of petty tinkering with the accepted spelling of English words which is so much affected by the American press. Possibly they think there is something national in spelling 'centre' 'center,' and 'sombre' 'somber;' a Yankee-phobist might remark that the change must be a concession to a national ignorance which could not pronounce the words unless cut up to fit their mouths, like spoon-meat prepared for little children. Among these fancies I have always felt some approval for their preferring the form 'jail' over 'gaol,' the latter word being liable by a careless reader to be mistaken for 'goal.' But in the reprint of the *Contemporary Review* for last April, the purist proof-reader, in his intense desire to be plain and intelligible, has put 'jail' for 'goal,' so that the author of 'A Study of Carlyle' is made to utter the startling sentiment that a 'common starting point does not mean a common jail!'

Perhaps if the culprit were confined

to a 'common jail' for a year and set to read phonetic literature and correct phonetic proof-sheets (a different scheme each week), his awful fate would induce his fellow-criminals to refrain from tam-

pering with the spelling of their innocent brethren across the Big-water.

F. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Black Robe, by WILKIE COLLINS.
Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.
1881. [Canadian Copyright Edition.]

GOOD and evil, the domestic affections and the aggressive tendencies of a proselytising religion, these are the protagonists who wrestle in Mr. Wilkie Collins' pages for supreme domination over the soul of the hero, Lewis Romaine. Romaine is hardly a hero. In fact, there is too much putty and not enough sternness of purpose in his nature to enable him to do, or persevere in doing, anything that a respectable hero ought to do. He is a miserable travesty of Hamlet, daunted by an untraceable voice which most unfairly twits him with being a murderer, an assassin. We say a miserable travesty, because Hamlet was not scared out of his wits, nor did he lose his appetite because a spirit spoke unpleasant things to him, but because his belief in that supernatural message impelled him to actions of the deepest moment to himself and the state of Denmark. But Romaine is purely and simply scared at the voice, as people used to be at the Cock-lane ghost. By dint of calling him 'assassin' often enough, the ghostly visitant persuades this brilliant specimen of the cultured intellect of modern England that he is, at any rate, next door to being a murderer in dead earnest. As though this 'whoreson tingling' in his ears was not bad enough, poor Romaine is afflicted at the same time with a mission to write a work on 'The Origin of Religions.' It was an open question whether any man, not already insane, ever began such a work (if

the Rev. Mr. Casaubon, in 'Middlemarch,' will excuse us); but it is certain that no one has ever preserved his senses throughout such a terrible ordeal. Romaine is no exception to the rule, or rather he illustrates both of its branches. He is fairly and sufficiently cracked when he begins his amateur researches; and what small stock of brains he had left, he spills by the way as Hop o'my Thumb crumbled his bread crust on the road into the forest, only to be picked up by harpies in the shape of ancient divines who hover around his tortuous path. Amidst this sad imbroglio, two helping hands are stretched out to him from different and (alas!) opposing quarters. Both wish to save him from his hypochondria, and each one regards the other as a natural enemy. It is a case of two rival poulterers calling in suasive accents to the same duck, from opposite sides of the pond, 'dilly, dilly, come and be killed!' We really can't say if Father Benwell, who wants to cure and convert him (with ultimate views on the fine old landed estate of Vange Abbey), or Stella, who wants to cure him by the process of matrimony, displays more relentless vigour in the chase. The wily Jesuit has one advantage, however. Stella may, and does, score the first trick, and marry her lover; but, having done that, she can't do it again, and the man of the black robe is at liberty to play his little return match undisturbed, which he does with much skill and adroitness. Romaine is converted, hustled off, persuaded his marriage is not binding in the eyes of the Church, gets into holy orders and a de-

cline with all convenient speed, so that Vange Abbey (once monastic property and now unentailed) seems in a fair way to return to the Church. At the latest moment (for vice, even in a black robe, must not be allowed to prosper), Father Benwell's precautions relax, the dying priest has several interviews with injured wife and deserted child, and Vange Abbey slips back out of the Church's fingers again. Romaine then dies, presumably, from his spiritual superiors not having allowed him to complete his 'Origin of Religions,' and Stella decorously, but rapidly, marries again. Of course this is all told in Mr. Collins' usual, not to say stereotyped, manner; being cut up into 'Before the Story,' 'The Story,' and 'After the Story,' subdivided into chapters, grouped in books, and split up into correspondence and extracts from diaries. But these are peculiarities of the author's style of work which, like his odd use of capital letters, as in writing 'Me' for the less egotistic 'me,' are familiar to all readers of Mr. Collins' novels. As the story has just been completed in our pages, there is little occasion for further comment. We only add that we leave this really interesting book in the hands of a public which will no doubt extend to it the usual meed of approbation and applause.

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The English Poets, edited by THOMAS H. WARD, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1880. (*Fifth Notice*. Vol. IV., Wordsworth to Dobell.) Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

'The Age of Poetry has passed.' How often have we heard this sweeping judgment enunciated,—but by whom? Surely not by the poets, who exist in very sufficient numbers for any age which delights in dubbing itself hard-headed, prosaic, practical and matter-of-fact.

It is generally delivered *ex cathedra* by the most hide-bound, pedantic materialists of the day, men who could not be expected to know a poet if they saw one, and who would regard Shakespeare as an ordinary two-handed, five-fingered specimen of the genus '*homo*' just as Peter Bell saw 'nothing more' in the 'primrose by the river's brim' than a yellow flower of that name with a certain determinate number of petals. The locomotive engine and the telegraph are supposed to have banished poetry. Just

so we may imagine a Greek hero of a Conservative cast of thought, lamenting when that nasty dull coloured iron superseded the fine old rich-tinted weapons of bronze, and, to his mind, all the romance of war vanished like thin mist.

Such a shallow criticism meets its best refutation when we compare this, the last of Mr. Ward's four volumes, with its predecessors. Without too rashly provoking a renewal of the old contest between Ancients and Moderns, we may be allowed modestly to state our opinion that it contains more true poetry, more real poetical thought, than any of the other three, and that, without its covering so long a period of time as any of them. The limitations of this remark should not be overlooked. For instance, it must be remembered that the drama is outside of the scope of Mr. Ward's plan, and consequently the undoubted decline of dramatic writing does not affect the validity of our verdict. Neither do we commit ourselves to the statement that the fourth volume contains the names of greater poets than those whose works are enshrined in the earlier issues. A poet may hold a position by reputation, or in virtue of unachieved possibilities which disclose themselves in his work, or from the degree in which he is in advance of his age or in which he shares the glory of inaugurating a new school of thought, and yet this high position may be in a large degree *personal*, so that it is his name and fame that keeps much of his poetry alive, and not his verse that preserves his memory. One might imagine in the course of centuries the popular mind retaining, as weapons to conjure with, the exalted names of some great poets, while forgetting all their works, and at the same time cherishing in the inmost heart of the people some lyric bursts of melody, the very existence of whose author is a myth. In proportion as the poet outweighs the man will this risk of oblivion assail the personalities of our bards. In the case of Shakespeare, the greatness of the work nearly effaced the lineaments of the master craftsman, and only the accident of his near connection with the mechanical part of his business—the production of his works upon the stage—has preserved for us the scanty elements of portraiture which we do possess.

Without needing then to quibble over the question whether Dryden or Shelley

was the greater poet—a question that might be solved if there were any standard of comparison, and which, in the absence of such a measure, is about as practicable as a discussion about the relative weight of last year's rainbows—we may apply ourselves to the task of finding out the key to the superiority of so much modern poetry over the product of the corresponding minds of the Jacobean or Hanoverian period. A careful perusal of the extracts in this volume will bear us out when we affirm that the superiority exists in the greater wealth of thought with which the poets of this century have been endowed, and the more lavish hand with which they have scattered it over their pages. The effect of this profusion is two-fold. Here is the direct effect produced by the thoughts themselves; which we may compare, to borrow an example from Political Economy, to the actual purchasing power of so much wealth. But, to pursue the metaphor, as the free and judicious expenditure of wealth produces credit and confidence in the expender's resources, even so does the freedom with which a Keats heaps beauty on beauty and harmony on harmony lead our imagination to gift him with the inexhaustible resources of nature, and makes us feel as though it were as easy for the poet as for the poet's teacher to hide radiance behind radiance, to gem a hill-side with the burning jewels of the dew merely to hide it beneath a misty swathe of cloud that catches all the tints of morning, or to frame a glowing sunset that should last eternally merely to dissipate it, in all the capriciousness of power, by a breath of evening wind.

The richness and close texture of the thought which is found worked into our modern poems is marvellous when we compare it with the slender outfit with which so many good old writers ventured forth to scale Parnassus. A single, poor miserable idea, stunted by long abiding in the haunts of common-place, often furnished the motive of a long poem, the unit of whose calculation was never less than a Book or a Canto. If a man got a thought he strove to spread it, like gold leaf, over as wide a space as possible, and if it would not hold out, some judicious little piece of unnatural description, in which mountains would be sure to nod (if it were night time), and trees hide themselves in their own umbrageous shades, came to the rescue

and helped to stop the leak in the classical cock-boat. Surely there is more thought, more imagination and greater perception of the realities of things in many a verse by Wordsworth or Shelley than most long poems of the previous century could boast.

This wealth of endowment has lately tended in some instances to confusion, the poet striving to beat more thought into one short poem than it could fairly hold. Excess of meaning proves as unprofitable as defect, and the intellectual digestion declines to assimilate nourishment which is presented to it in so concentrated a form. Some of our poets of to-day appear to consider it sufficient if they *have* a good sound meaning, and regard it as the reader's province to puzzle out what it is. When these knotty thoughts are couched in language that appears to have learnt its style at the telegraph office, where the economically disposed lop off all excrescences, till their poor sentence is left at last, palpitating as from the knife of the vivisector, it is often very difficult to unravel the author's meaning. No better exercise could be set these criminals than to study a few pages of Pope every morning and write a few verses in his manner every evening. The thoughts which Pope enunciated were none of the newest, and very few were startling. They had been part of the stock in trade of the literary world for many a long year, and many of them had almost blundered into the domains of Proverbial wisdom. But stale and familiar as they really were, so that one might be expected to guess their meaning from the first few words, and closely and tightly as they were packed in Pope's well-filled lines, he took very good care that none but a dunce would need to read any one of them more than once.

We do not find the difficulty above complained of in the poems of Wordsworth or Coleridge, with which this volume opens. Yet, both of these men could put away much meaning in the compass of a line, or even convey it by the choice selection of a word. Wordsworth, particularly, excelled in the short poems which were confined to the rounding off of one complete and perfectly beautiful thought, like a spring song-bird in a bough of fruit-blossoms seen against the blue, soft sky. His grander thoughts too, are not to be sought for up and down the length and breadth of the 'Excursion,' but in his 'Sonnets,' from

which we gather, at random, such lines as these, lines of monumental beauty :

'(He) doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.'

'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.'

'This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers.'

The best of Coleridge's work, also, bears the mark of strong compression, coupled with lucidity of meaning, but the closeness of texture was not produced by any labour of cutting out, it was the result of those wonderful powers of insight which produced before him a vivid picture of the scene he wished to depict, accompanied, as he has himself explained by an inward suggestion of such words as would most appropriately embody the vision. We cannot be prolix or diffuse in looking at a landscape,—and, when that landscape passes into our being, like a lovely strain of music, we have, as Coleridge had in *Kubla-Khan*, a representation of sacred river and 'caverns measureless by man,' which could not contain a superfluous epithet any more than the hill-sides of Zanadu could be darkened by a single cedar too many.

The failure of Southey to achieve a permanent position abreast of his brother Lake-poets, appears to us in a large measure due to the fact that his verse is lacking in that richness of thought which we have singled out as the leading characteristic of the poetry of the nineteenth century. The quantity of poetry which really existed in Southey's nature would have qualified admirably for a poet of the epoch of the earlier Georges, supposing that his 'lawless structure of blank verse' could have then been tolerated. Or had he been content to accept the post of a minor poet, and, leaving 'the more important mythologies known to the world' without the long poems he sought to found upon them, had concentrated his energies on a few more little pieces like the 'Holly Tree,' or the 'Battle of Blenheim,' it would have been better for his fame. But this he could not do. Ten volumes of verse, unnumbered prose writings, and a host of miscellaneous and fugitive pieces did not satisfy him. He must needs write two poems at once, an idiosyncrasy which he attributes to his own over great excitability which could not bear the burden of his own fictitious woes too

long together. It would be almost too bad to suggest that the same regard for his own throbbing brain led him to water down his poems and tragedies to their present pitch of wholesome mawkishness. Judging by their effect on the reader they could hardly have given their author a nervous fever.

We do not find that Southey influenced the course of modern poetry as his other great Tory contemporary, Scott, did. In many respects we find that the effect produced by the latter depends upon the associations which he confidently knew could be conjured up in the then state of the public taste by the use of an archaic word. Where 'helmet' would fall flat on the ear, a reference to the 'barred aventayle' carried with it an irresistible smack of the Middle Ages. No doubt there was a little charlatanism in all this, so that the title 'Wizard of the North,' is not altogether inappropriate, despite its modern associations with Wiljaba Frikel and the pulling of rabbits out of gentlemen's hat-gear. Unless Sir Walter prefers to shuffle off the blame upon the 'infirm old Minstrel' we must charge him with sinning against knowledge in that famous passage about the knights at Branksome Towers, who

'Carved at the meal with gloves of steel
And drank the red wine through the helmet
barred.'

Yet the impossible verse has roused many a boy's blood to fever heat and sent him to old chronicle and ballad monger with an awakened belief in the reality of those bygone times, albeit his studies must inevitably result in his looking back at his genial teacher with critical eye which detects, to use the language of Prof. Goldwin Smith's introductory essay, the 'bastard Gothic' alike in his baronial mansion at Abbotsford and in 'many details of his poems.' Scott's ballad of 'The Eve of St. John' is very judiciously selected as an example of his power in a very difficult branch of poetry, and affords the student a favourable opportunity of tracing out the effect which the study of Bürger and other German writers of the *Sturm und Drang* school had in modifying the pure Border Ballad when revived by the last of the Borderers.

In Byron we find a spirit of antagonism towards most, if not all, of the forms in which the poetic thought of his age found vent and towards the poets who

were its exponents. Only towards the latter part of his life did his association with Shelley and the growing feeling that they were one at heart, in hatred of the shams and formalities which were then being bound like grave-clothes round the head of struggling Europe, tend to produce anything like that sense of brotherhood which might have done so much to mellow and refine Byron's embittered temperament. The group of poets we now approach, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, produce on us the effect we might expect to feel if some grand trilogy by Sophocles were discovered, and ere the papyrus could be unrolled, the spoiler's hand were to tear away and destroy all but the opening stanzas of each masterpiece. All so great, all so deeply imbued with the love of Liberty, and all dying so young! How their minds would have matured, and possibly reacted upon each other, and what a noble fellowship they might have formed in some historic Italian city,—this we may picture to ourselves, but can never know. Constitutional despotism, engineered by its Metternichs, must have smiled grimly as the grave closed on them, one by one.

The recent reaction in favour of Byron's poetry is manifested in Mr. Symond's introductory remarks, and appears to rest upon a solid basis. English opinion yearly becomes more cosmopolitan, and a writer who holds the high position on the Continent which Byron does cannot be much longer frowned down by the now decadent spirit of second-rate pharisaical morality which has so long tabooed his works. Increased remoteness from his life will tend also to bring about a juster criticism upon his poems. Possibly Byron exaggerated his sentiments and delighted to overlay the shadows of his despair with the most melancholy tints,—this element of insincerity will die out as we forget the author and apply ourselves more closely to his productions.

To do the scantest justice to Shelley and Keats in the short space still left at our disposal would be an impossibility. Their names must simply stand on record as witnesses to the truth of the position we took up at the commencement of this notice:—the 'Ode to a Skylark' and 'Ode to a Grecian Urn' would alone suffice to redeem the age from the charge of having produced no poets. To mention for a moment a lower name, there

is a curious coincidence noticeable between the poem of Leigh Hunt, given at page 346, on the 'Grasshopper and Cricket' and Keat's sonnet on the same subject, commencing,

'The poetry of earth is never dead.'

Passing on to Landor, we find that a greater poet than Southey has lost much of the recognition that posterity undoubtedly owes him from two faults not often found in company. Like Southey, his long poems, such as *Gebir*, are too long, and at the same time his thoughts are at times so involved as to be almost as inextricable as ordinary passages in '*Sordello*.' But as Browning can be as pure as spring water when he chooses, so could Landor be. A lovely example of this, his better, style is to be found at page 479, in a short piece of blank verse on *Iphigenia* and *Agamemnon*; and when he was once driven to be clear and compressed as in his epigrams and epitaphs (whether couched in English or Latin) Landor was simply unsurpassable.

Campbell, Moore, Hood,—Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn Law Rhymers, Mrs. Browning and Charles Kingsley,—all must be passed over without a word of comment, and yet they would have taken no mean place among the poets our grandsires delighted to honour. But we cannot refrain from pointing out the forerunner of a new school of poetry in Clough, the first poet of that vast transition movement which is hurrying the world away from its old mooring-grounds out into the dark ocean of Doubt in search of some 'land which no man knows.'

The last glimpse of those familiar havens, which can no longer hold our dragging anchors,—the faint lift of the clouds on the sea of despair,—the first distant glimmer of hope as we see the new shore shaping itself beneath cloud and tempest and know that it is very fair,—these will furnish the poet of the future with themes for immortal verse.

Clough has sung the siren voices that would fain tempt us back from that perilous voyage,—but tempt in vain.

'Come back, come back;—and whither or for what?'

To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half-believe.

Come back. Come back!

Primer of French Literature, by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Clarendon Press Series, Oxford. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Mr. Saintsbury is probably the most fit man to be found out of France to compile such a little work as this. And it is, indeed, a work that has been very much needed, the acquaintance of English-speaking nations with French literature having been too much of a broken and isolated nature, confined to a few favourite old authors of picked merit, and to such of the yellow-covered productions of to-day as chance to strike the peculiar British fancy. Few Englishmen cared to form an idea of French literature as a whole, and M. Taine attacked the complicated field of English poetry before any similar international work that we are acquainted with was attempted by any one on the other side of the Channel. Indeed we may extend our remark even further, and say that no Frenchman, until a comparatively recent period, has presented a comprehensive view of the literary achievements of his countrymen. As Mr. Saintsbury remarks, 'The first three chapters of this primer, the materials of which are now open to any one, could not have been written sixty or seventy years ago without a life's labour, and the very names of most of the books and authors mentioned in them were unknown, even to the best informed Frenchmen.'

The main characteristic of French literature, according to Mr. Saintsbury, and that which imparts its chief claim to interest, consists in the length of time which it covers 'without any sensible break in the manifestation of real, living literary activity.' The earliest French poems are not couched in a different tongue from that which is spoken in France to-day; the history of French literature, 'from the *Chanson de Roland* to the latest work of M. Victor Hugo, is continuous without a single break, and the *Chanson* itself can be read by a person only acquainted with modern French with at least as much facility as that with which a modern Englishman can read Chaucer.' There is a difference of 400 years in date between 'Roland' and 'The Canterbury Tales,' and the only English poetry that can be called con-

temporaneous to Roland was in fact written in Anglo-Saxon; two solitary facts which go to show what a wide difference exists between the early literatures of England and France.

Wordsworth by F. W. H. MYERS, English Men of Letters Series, edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

That there is anything very new to be said, either about the life or the writings of Wordsworth, is hardly to be expected. Some unpublished letters and traditionary reminiscences have been placed at Mr. Myers' disposal, which, without throwing any startling light upon the incidents of the poet's life, may be welcomed as perhaps the last gleanings of fact which biographers can expect to rake together. For new light upon Wordsworth's poetry we must wait until poetic thought has moved on to some further vantage ground;—all that can be advantageously said from the stand-point of appreciative discipleship having been already given to the world. Mr. Myers naturally, therefore, disclaims any pretensions to novelty in the views he has taken of the inner spirit and true scope of Wordsworth's genius; the views he propounds have, no doubt, been come to independently, but the result does not lead him to obtrude 'upon the public any merely fanciful estimate in which better accredited judges would refuse to concur.'

Within the limits thus prescribed, Mr. Myers has shown great skill and appreciation. He is a poet himself, and he deals with that aspect of Wordsworth's life in a congenial spirit, while the whole work is written in that good prose which poets not unfrequently write, when they escape being too flowery and rhetorical. We have no fault to find with his biographical sketch, unless it be that at p. 88, he follows the modern practice of sneering at De Quincey, although he certainly does not go so far in that direction as does Carlyle in his lately published 'Reminiscences.' We would select the 7th chapter on the 'Happy Warrior,' as perhaps containing the best passages in the book.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Canadian Press Association are about to pay a fitting and well-deserved compliment to Mr. Goldwin Smith by tendering him a dinner at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on the evening of the 3rd instant, at which, it is understood, there will be a large gathering of journalists and press writers of the Province. The circumstance which has immediately suggested the demonstration is the intended departure of the distinguished gentleman for a year's sojourn in Europe—the occasion being cordially taken advantage of to express the great respect in which Professor Smith is held by the literary profession of the country, and to acknowledge their appreciation of the service which he has rendered to independent journalism. We should have been glad had Mr. Goldwin Smith waived his objections to the Public Banquet which it was the desire of his numerous friends to tender him. Possibly, however, the Dinner Committee of the Press Association may see their way to relax the rule, excluding all but journalists, in favour of the many who wish to be present on the approaching interesting occasion.

The Book Steward of the Methodist Book House, Toronto, has done good and timely service in bringing out, by arrangement, and in cheap form, a Canadian edition of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Roberts' 'Companion to the Revised Version of the New Testament,' with a supplement by a member of the American Committee of Revision. The purpose of the work is to explain the reasons for the changes made in the authorized version as they relate either to omissions or to new renderings of the Greek text adopted by the Revisers. To this has been appended an account, by one of the American Revising Committee, of the part taken in the joint work by American divines and scholars, showing both the points of agreement with, and of variation from, their English colleagues. The 'Companion' throws a

flood of light upon the labours of both the Committees, and explains to the English reader, in an instructive and satisfactory manner, the why and wherefore of the emendations incorporated in the new text. It will be found an indispensable accompaniment to the Revised Version.

As we go to press, the second volume reaches us of Mr. W. J. Rattray's important contribution to our national literature on the subject of 'The Scot in British North America.' We can only at present announce its appearance, an event, however, of some moment when we consider the high character of Mr. Rattray's work, and the exceeding interest of the subjects dealt with in the present instalment. It will be remembered that in the initial volume the author discussed the subjects of 'The Scot at Home,' and the 'Scot across the Sea'; the latter dealing with 'Early Conquest and Colonization' and 'British Rule after the Conquest,' a fitting introduction to the events to be subsequently described. The present volume is devoted to the 'Scot in Public Life,' and treats of The War of 1812; public events from 1815 to the Union of Upper and Lower Canada; and, finally, the political development of Canada from 1840 to the period of Confederation. No work that has hitherto appeared does greater credit to Canadian literary talent than this history by Mr. Rattray. Its author has a firm grasp of his subject, and possesses in a high degree the judicial faculty, which, with the ability to write well and entertainingly, are important requisites in historical composition. This second portion of our author's work ought to meet with a hearty reception from all Canadians and those who take interest in historical studies. We shall review it at length in our next. The work is handsomely produced from the press of Hunter, Rose & Co., for the publishers, Messrs. Maclear & Co., Toronto.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

The excitement with which the public, on both sides of the Atlantic, have bought up the Revised New Testament as eagerly as, a few months ago, they did the first issue of Lord Beaconsfield's tinsel romance, is by some hailed as a sign of a vast revival of the defunct 'Queen of the Sciences,' Theology. But to those who read the signs of the times, both in the newspapers which have given to the Revised Gospel quite a prominent place amid the topics of the day, and in the current babble of society, this sort of half-patronizing, half-critical, attention accorded to the work which once made the word 'Book' a title sacred and infallible as that of Pope, will seem anything but a sign of reviving faith. It is rather an evidence of the general sympathy with the spirit of modern criticism, which induces many a practical mind, little accustomed to interest itself in the storms of the theological tea-cup, to watch for once this book, and ask how much Orthodoxy is prepared to surrender to Truth.

Those who look for any concession involving doctrine will be disappointed. A few notoriously spurious texts have been expunged, and the words 'Hell' and 'Damnation' have been removed from the New Testament, and relegated to the roughs and to the 'Park ranters.' It is to be regretted that the suggestions of the American Committee, printed at the end of this volume, were not more generally adopted. At the same time we have reason to be thankful for the conservation of the unequalled beauty of manner of the Old Version; and the cen-

sure thrown at the Revision by the *Standard* and other papers seems to us undeserved. The substitution of the word 'Love' for the old 'Charity' of 1 Cor. xiii., we hold to be an improvement. 'Charity' is a word which has undergone what Coleridge calls by the hard but useful name *desynonymization*—it no longer means what it meant three centuries ago—it is saturated with associations which recall tramps, Sunday-school pic-nics, and begging letters. Surely 'Love' is better, and, have we not already the assurance that 'God is Love?'

The Revision seems to us to halt between two opinions,—it has broken with the forgeries and interpolations which made the old authorized version as unreliable as the False Decretals; it has not adopted the most generally admitted results of modern criticism. It will be curious to see what the Old Testament Revision makes of the books of Moses and the Prophecies of Isaiah. In any case, the work cannot to be regarded as final. It is but the beginning of the end. If there is to be a revival of Bible worship, it must be on the ground that there is a human element in the sacred text, that the 'Book' is made up of poems, proverbs, histories, biographies, and letters; in all of which human weaknesses and human error are allowed to enlist our sympathies for what is fallible and human. Christianity, if it is to live, must live in the Present, not in the Past; blossoming in the light of day, not shut up like a pressed flower between the pages of a book. Meanwhile, the Revision is a step in the right direction.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A DREAM OF PARNASSUS.

The Era of Cheap Books, and what the Immortals think about It.

I slept where the moon, serenely bright,
Shone full in my face through a summer night;
I dreamt I was in a Land of Light,
With Fielding and Moore and Shelley and
White,
And Shakespeare and Milton—a goodly sight!--
With Addison, Dryden, and others, quite

Too numerous to mention;
And there the worthies, one and all,
Whom we the 'classic authors' call;
Beneath the shade of Parnassus tall,
On Pegasus Place, in Helicon Hall,
Were holding a big convention.

Virgil was sitting beside Voltaire,
Boccaccio chatting with Dumas, père,
And Pope curled up in the corner there,
While old Sam Johnson was in the chair,
Wall-eyed and grim, with carrotty hair,

And he said, 'Of course you are all aware,
Of the latest earthly advices :
The publishers seem to be going to smash
Beneath the great "economy" lash,
For the Book Exchange is cutting a dash
Exceedingly reckless and awfully rash,
And selling for almost nothing for cash,
And ruining regular prices !

'I hold in my hand a letter from four
American publishers who feel sore,
And they speak for a score, or possibly more,
Who live by a traffic in printed lore.
I read : "We pray from this earthly shore—
Ye authors of old attend us !
O, give us a lift in this hour of need,
For the publishing business is going to seed ;
The Book Exchange is making with speed
As many books as the folks can read,
And selling disgracefully low, indeed ;
It cheapens your fame—for you we plead !—
Ye talented ghosts, defend us !"

'What word shall we send to this earthly
band ?'
Then Scott, with GOOD LITERATURE in hand,
Arose (amid cries of 'Take the stand !')
And said, 'This scheme will possess the land ;
No good is the Harper or Scribner brand,
While Alden shows that he can command
The brains of sage and scholar ;
A shilling for Pope—good binding on ;
The same for the poems of Tennyson ;
Six cents for your Pilgrim's Progress, John ;
For the Iliad, thirty cents ; and Don
Quixote for a half a dollar !

Then Chaucer said, 'I am rather old,
But I am mighty glad this day to be told
How cheap my Canterbury Tales are sold,
And the poets and wits of the Queen Anne fold
Steele the bright and De Foe the bold,
Berkeley the sober and Swift the scold,
From the time of Sir Walter Raleigh ;
Shakespeare's Works, and Smollett's, and
Sterne's,
Eacon, Bolingbroke, Byron and Burns ;
And Babington, Lord Macaulay.'

Charles Dickens said, 'T'would be foolish to let
Good luck of mortal cause regret ;
For the price of a theatre ticket they get
Milman's Gibbon—the perfect set—
Dante and Virgil, two shillings net,
For a dollar Adam Smith on Debt,
And Mill on the Law of Nations ;
And I see by this wondrous circular
Sent up by the Book Exchange that for
Three cents you get the Seven Years' War,
For a dime King Henry of Navarre,
And for thrice the price of a good cigar
Will Shakespeare's inspirations.'

Then Goldsmith rose and expressed it thus :
'It is simply a case of *de gustibus*,
But I see no reason for all this fuss,
For publishers never did much for us
While needy, summer and winter ;
Therefore, confreres, I hold this view :
The high-price houses are doubtless blue,
But unto the man our thanks are due
Who sends our thoughts each palace through,

And into the humblest cottage too,
For the Many are always more than the Few
And the People are more than the Printer !'

A slight shade rose—'twas Edgar Poe—
Who said, 'I've been talking here with De
Foe ;
We agree, and the ancients have told us so,
That who makes two printed leaves to show
Where only one did formerly grow
Is as good a man as we want to know ;
And this letter here, from the realms below,
Reveals its earthly animus ;
I move it be not received !' About
A thousand voices removed all doubt,
Ben Johnson and Halleck and Hood spoke
out,
Kit North and Irving and Father Prout,
'Mid a storm of cheers and a mighty shout,
And the motion passed—unanimous !*

THE SUMMER PARADISES OF TORONTO.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M.A.

No. 2. *The Horticultural Gardens ; en fête.*

This one glad day in happy May, to me the
day of days,
Whose last, late myrtle-bud makes bright the
Poet's sombre bays ;
Not unremembered let it pass, the hour when
we two strayed,
'Mid festal throng, and lamp and song, be-
neath the lilac shade !
The hour of love that voiced at last long years
of dumb desire,
When the fair city joyed to greet her *fête* of
flowers and fire !

Like an Alladin's palace ; lo ! the Grand Pa-
vilion gleams,
Alive with all gay sounds, the place a witch's
garden seems ;
The fire-wheels blaze in coloured maze, the
rockets arching by,
With flash of coloured orbs make pale the
faint stars of the sky !
While comes and goes each burst that shows
the form I deem so fair,
The light step's grace, the earnest face, the
gathered golden hair !

Too bright to last, the *fête* has passed ; its
sober moral scan ;
As is the race of fireworks, love, such is the
race of man ;
And human joys are like those toys of pyro-
technic trick,
Each rocket bright becoming quite a charred
and cheerless stick.—
The night grows late, they close the gate,
we must not now remain,
For one bright unreturning hour we have
been happy, Jane !
Toronto, May 26, 1881.

* This unique production is understood to be from
the pen of one of the most widely celebrated of
American humorists, who, in this case, seems dis-
posed to add to his fame by assuming the even more
widely-known name 'Anonymous.'—Ex.

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